

# Jimmy and the Pharaoh

## Chapter 1

Jimmy lay in his bed and closed his eyes. He was thinking about all the good things that had happened on the school trip earlier that day. Mrs Richards had forced the class to wander around a boring old museum just because they were learning about the ancient Egyptians. Everyone knew that visiting a museum was the worst kind of school trip teachers had ever invented, but luckily Jimmy had come prepared. He smiled as he thought about it. It wasn't the frog he'd let loose in the ladies' toilets that made him smile, or when he'd let off a stink bomb during lunch – it wasn't even when he'd sneaked a fake poo into Alice Thornley's sandwich (which made her throw up) - no, it was what he'd 'borrowed' from the museum as a souvenir that Jimmy was so happy about.



Jimmy was too excited to sleep. He opened one eye and uncurled his fingers. 'Wow,' he thought to himself, twiddling what looked like a model of a shiny beetle in his hand, Tutankhamun's lost heart scarab! He'd 'borrowed' it when the boring old museum

guide was droning on about the pharaoh's curse or something. It just kind of called out to him so he grabbed it when she wasn't looking. He kissed the scarab for good luck then tried to drift off to sleep.

POOOOF!

Suddenly, out of thin air, a rather thin-looking, half-naked man appeared with a strange hat and a funny little beard.

"Waaaaghh!" the man squealed, jumping in fright.

"Arrgghh!" Jimmy squealed back.

The strange man seemed confused and peered around Jimmy's bedroom. "Okaaaaay," he said, shrugging. "Wasn't expecting that."

Jimmy stared at the scarab then back at the man.

"Anyhoo, let's get on with this shall we?" the man said cheerfully before clearing his throat. "Ahem. Right then. Osiris! Great God of the Underworld!" he boomed. "I am Tutankhamun, King of Egypt, living image of Amun! Will you let me pass?"

Jimmy pulled the covers high over his nose.

The man waited, arms stretched in the air. Then he smiled.

That's when Jimmy lost it. "Mummy!" he shrieked.