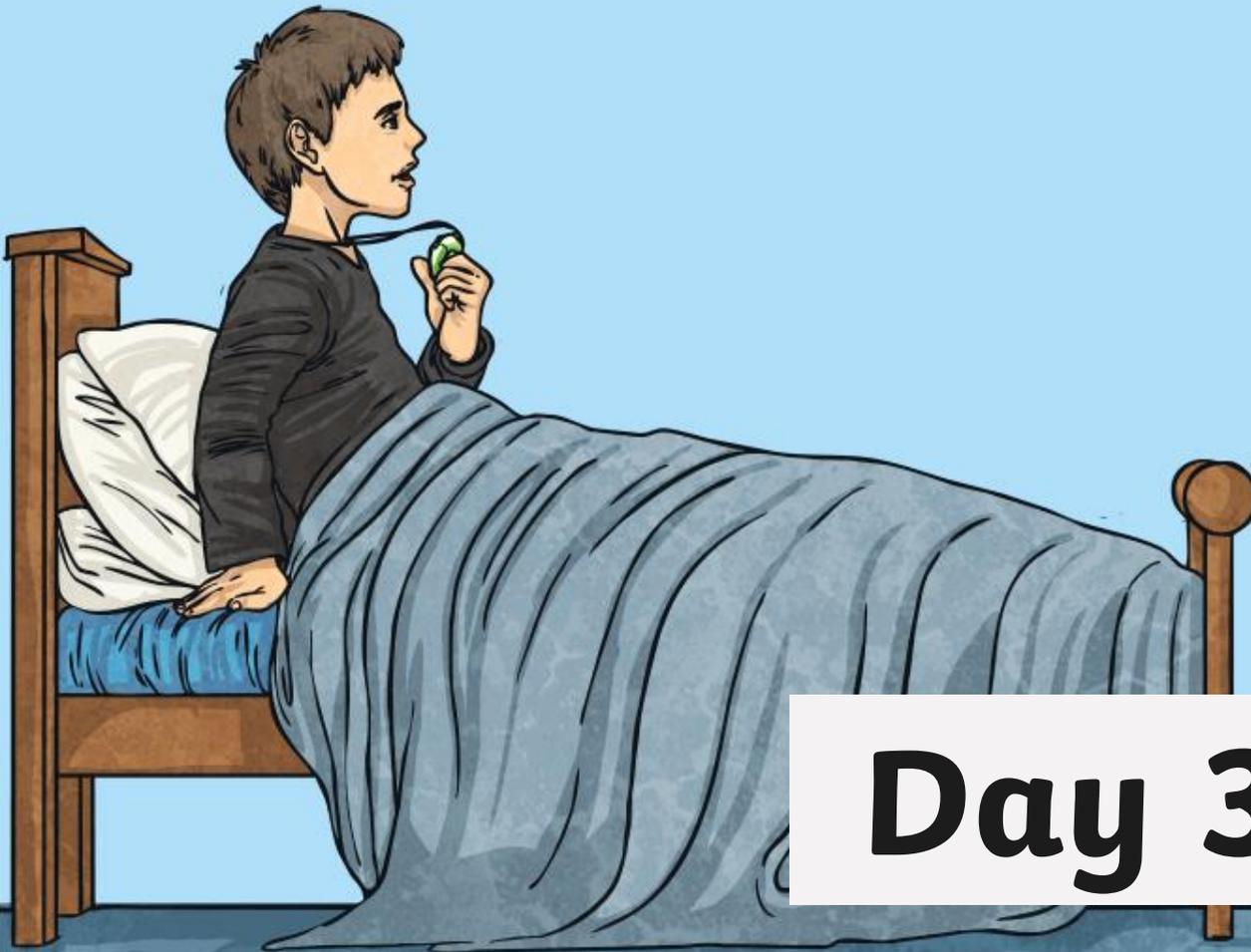


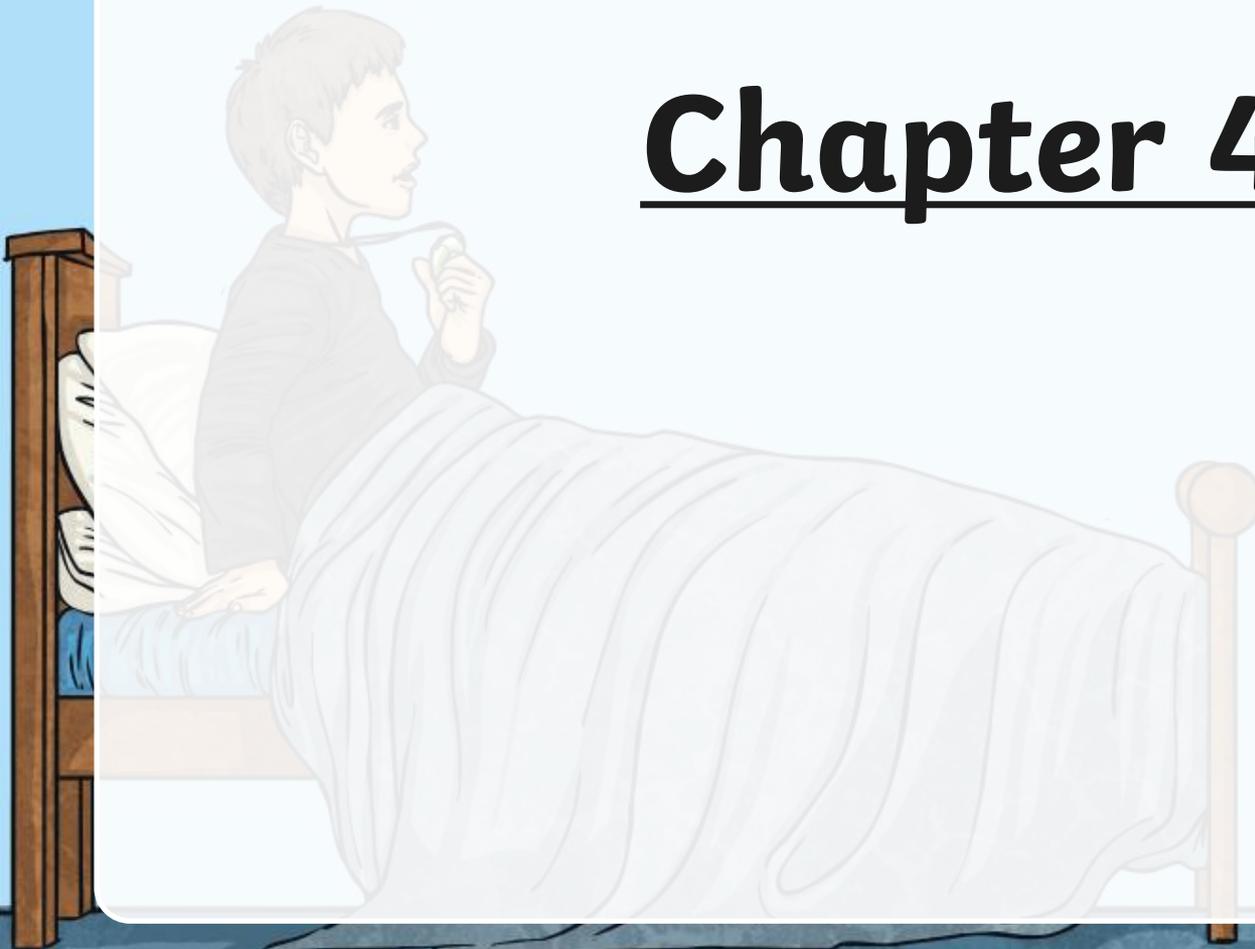
Jimmy and the Pharaoh

Guided Reading: Class 5



Day 3

Chapter 4

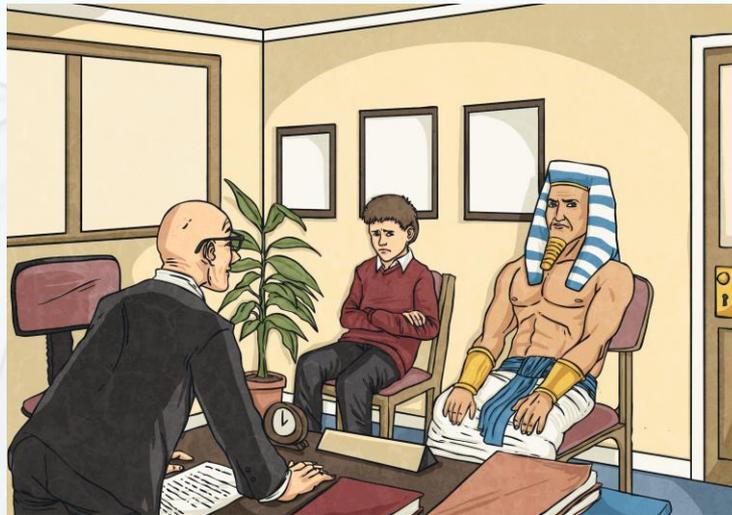


Tutankhamun Meets the Headmaster

“Ah, Jimmy, so nice to see you again. I think that’s twice this week?”

“Erm, three including the incident with the rotten tomato and Wendy Bridge’s pig-tail, Sir,” Jimmy replied, looking very sorry for himself.

“Oh, yes, of course. Three. Silly me.” Mr Bradstock was a wiry old man who had been headteacher since before mobile phones were around. He had lots of lines on his face, bushy eyebrows and no hair. He sat at his desk, glaring at Jimmy and the pharaoh for a few moments before taking a deep breath. “Well, looks like Mrs Richards won’t be teaching for the rest of the week.”



“That’s good, sir,” Jimmy replied.

“No, that’s not good, Jimmy, that’s bad,” Mr Bradstock said, sounding remarkably calm. “Mrs Richards isn’t well now which means I need to find a supply teacher at short notice. Do you know how hard it is to find a supply teacher at short notice, Jimmy?”

“No, sir,” Jimmy murmured with his head hung low.

“No, I don’t expect you do,” Mr Bradstock said, sternly. “Do you know, it took three buckets of water and a number of smelly socks from lost property to bring her round. Have you any idea what that stinks like, Jimmy?”

Jimmy shook his head glumly.



“Not nice, Jimmy. Like a nasty mixture of old bins, cat food and mouldy cheese. The poor woman’s wet through and is now suffering from smell shock.”

“Sorry, sir,” Jimmy mumbled.

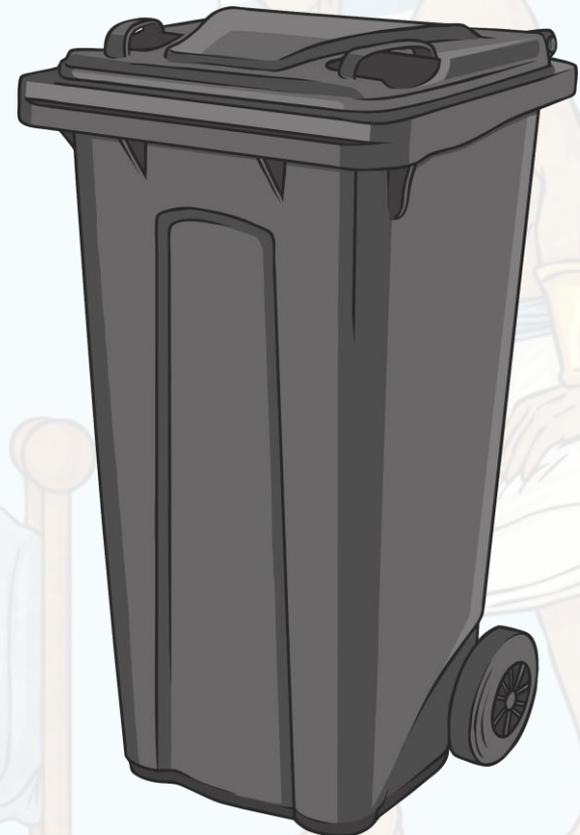
Mr Bradstock took another deep breath and turned to Jimmy’s left. “And you are...?”

“Tutankhamun! King of Egypt! Living image of—”

“Yes, yes, yes,” Mr Bradstock interrupted before the pharaoh could properly get going. “You’re not in character now Mr Inappropriately-Dressed, you’re in a school. You know, with children?”

“You mean the whining devils?” the pharaoh asked, his eyes wide with anger.

“I beg your pardon?” Mr Bradstock replied.



“The devils! Were they supposed to test me, demon?”

“Demon?” Mr Bradstock gasped, open-mouthed. “Now hold on one moment—”

Suddenly, the pharaoh jumped up. “Lest you forget, demon,” he yelled furiously, “I am a god and this is the Hall of Judgement! The devils do not scare me! I pity them and I pity you!”

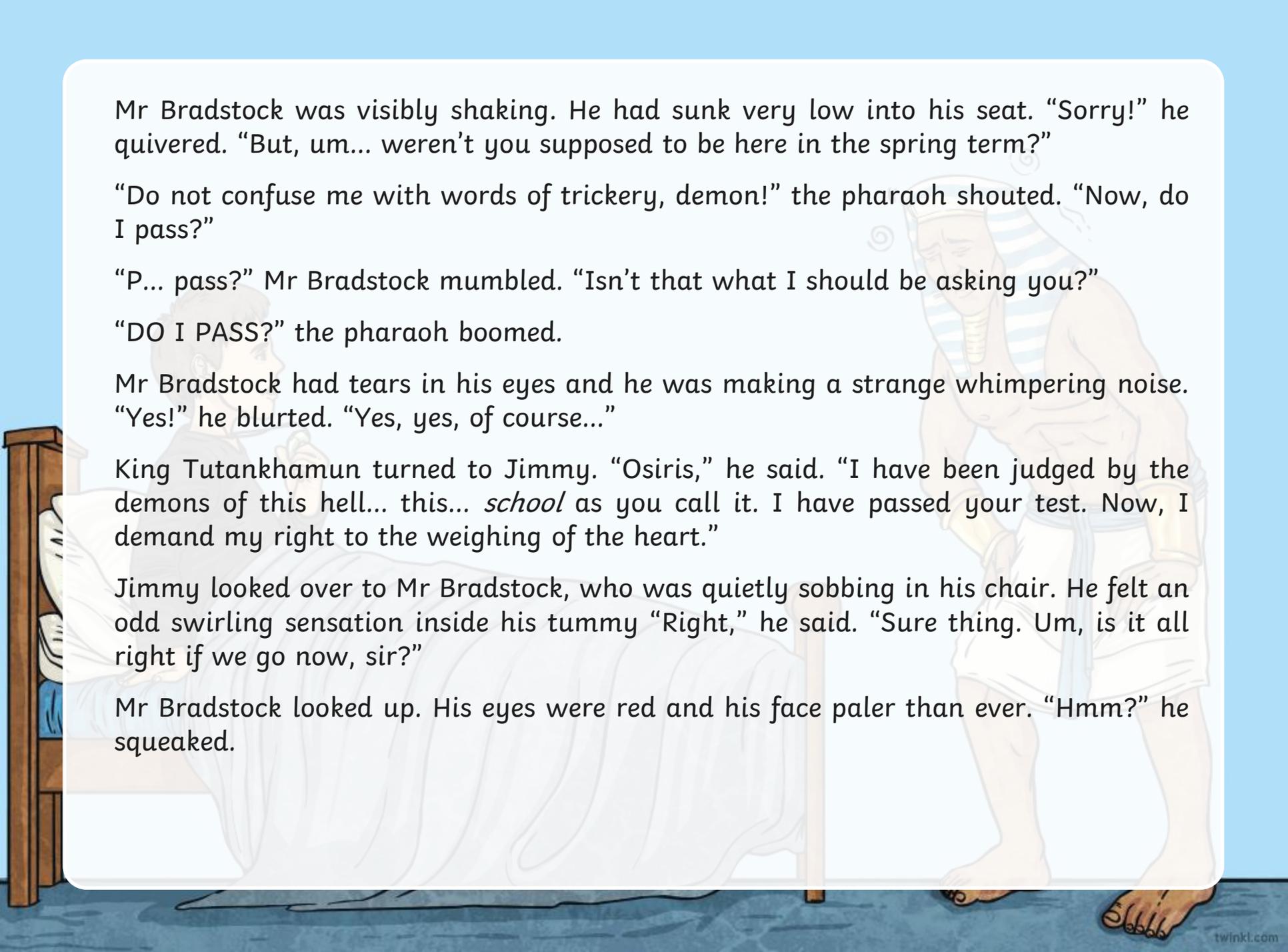
“What...? *Pity* me? *Judgement*?” Mr Bradstock whimpered. He looked like he wanted to cry. “Oh, goodness... you’re not an OFSTED inspector, are you?”

“I am King, I am ruler, I am the living image of Amun. I am god!” Tutankhamun roared.

“Oh, Mummy!” Mr Bradstock yelped. “You really are an OFSTED inspector!”

Tutankhamun leaned over the headteacher’s desk. “Do not call me mummy,” he growled.



An illustration of King Tutankhamun, wearing a blue and white striped nemes and a gold collar, standing and looking distressed. He is barefoot. In the background, a man with brown hair, Mr. Bradstock, is sitting in a wooden chair, looking towards King Tutankhamun. The scene is set against a light blue background.

Mr Bradstock was visibly shaking. He had sunk very low into his seat. “Sorry!” he quivered. “But, um... weren’t you supposed to be here in the spring term?”

“Do not confuse me with words of trickery, demon!” the pharaoh shouted. “Now, do I pass?”

“P... pass?” Mr Bradstock mumbled. “Isn’t that what I should be asking you?”

“DO I PASS?” the pharaoh boomed.

Mr Bradstock had tears in his eyes and he was making a strange whimpering noise. “Yes!” he blurted. “Yes, yes, of course...”

King Tutankhamun turned to Jimmy. “Osiris,” he said. “I have been judged by the demons of this hell... this... *school* as you call it. I have passed your test. Now, I demand my right to the weighing of the heart.”

Jimmy looked over to Mr Bradstock, who was quietly sobbing in his chair. He felt an odd swirling sensation inside his tummy “Right,” he said. “Sure thing. Um, is it all right if we go now, sir?”

Mr Bradstock looked up. His eyes were red and his face paler than ever. “Hmm?” he squeaked.

“Have you finished with us, sir? May we leave?” Jimmy asked.

“Oh, um, yes of course,” the headteacher said. “Whatever you like...”

Jimmy and the pharaoh turned to go, but just as he got to the door, Jimmy turned back round. “Um, sir?” he said. “The inspector wants to know whether it's OK for me to get out of all the lunchtime detentions this week. He says it will look better on his report.”

“Oh,” Mr Bradstock replied, wiping his nose with his sleeve. “Um, yes, of course. Is there anything else I can do?”

Jimmy thought to himself for a moment and that strange feeling inside his belly began swirling again. “Well, there is one more thing, sir...”



Chapter 4

Answer the following questions

Red Group = Q1 -4

Yellow Group = Q1-6

Green Group = Q1-7

- 1) Tell me 3 things about the headteacher's appearance.
- 2) Why did the school need a supply teacher?
- 3) 'Jimmy shook his head glumly'. What does glumly mean?
- 4) What do you think Jimmy has asked Mr Bradstock at the end of the chapter?
- 5) Is Jimmy being fair to his teacher, headteacher or even Tutankhamun?
- 6) How does Mr Bradstock changes as chapter 4 progresses?
- 7) Make up 3 of your own questions to test someone's understanding of Chapter 4.

