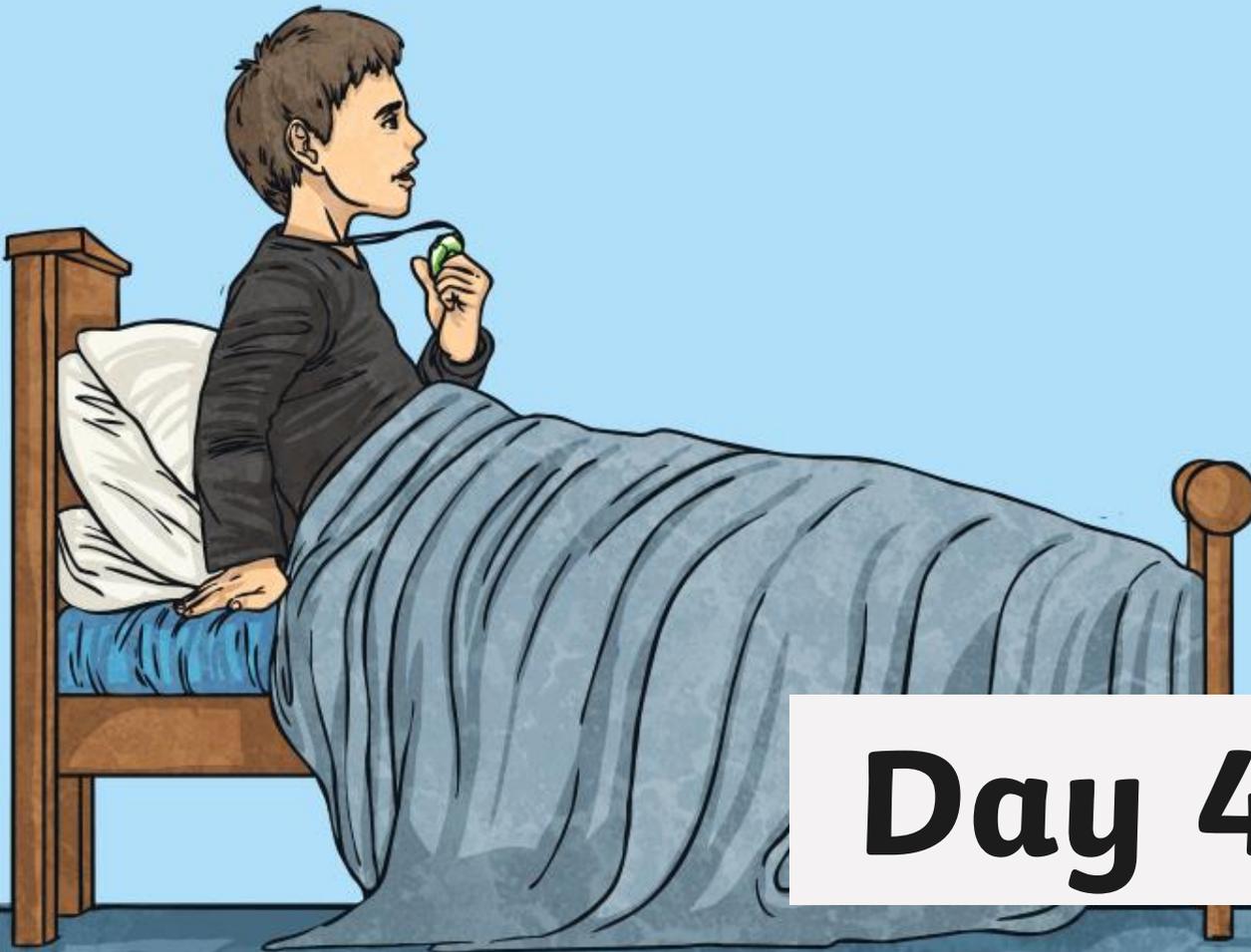


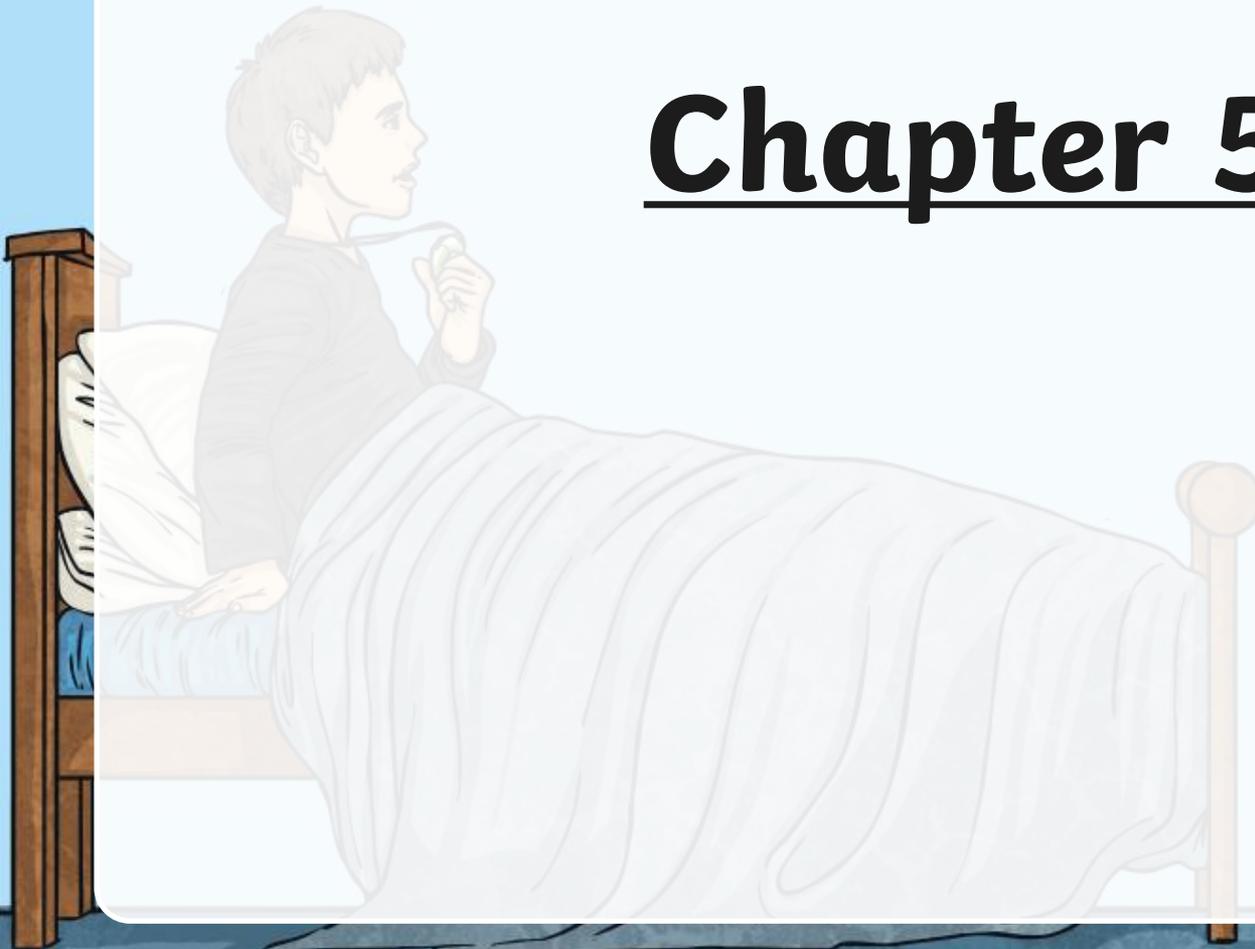
Jimmy and the Pharaoh

Guided Reading: Class 5



Day 4

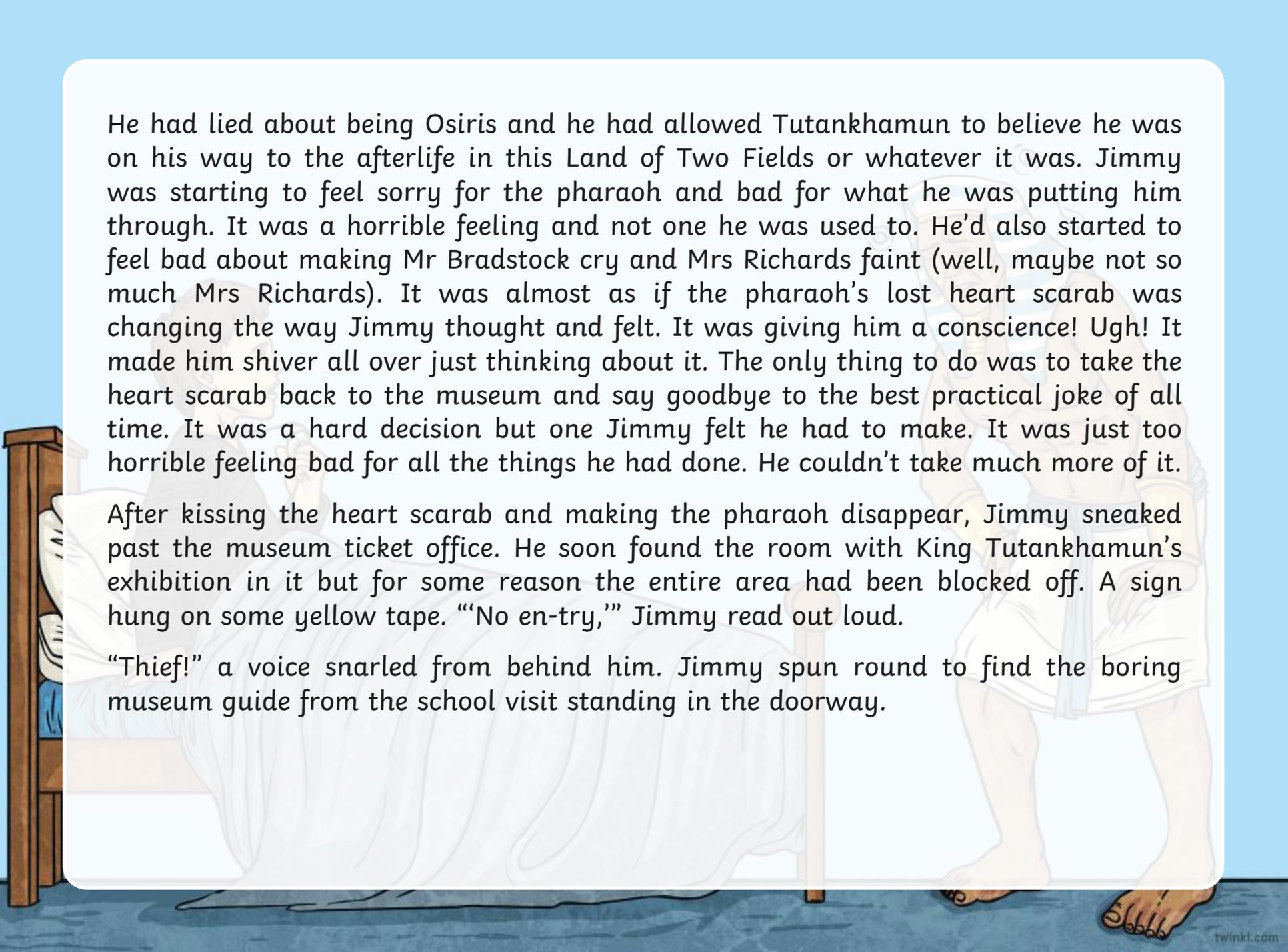
Chapter 5



Jimmy and the Pharaoh

It was good of Mr Bradstock to give Jimmy the rest of the day off school. There were a lot of things that he wanted to do, so many pranks and jokes he could do with his new 'pet' pharaoh. But something strange had happened while he was considering who to scare and who to amaze, something that hardly ever happened: Jimmy had started to feel bad. Every time Tutankhamun appeared after Jimmy had kissed the heart scarab he had droned on about the weighing of the heart. It was all the pharaoh talked about and it was something Jimmy couldn't actually help him with.



A faint, stylized illustration of King Tutankhamun in his golden chariot, wearing a blue kilt and a golden headdress, is visible in the background. The scene is set in a museum with a wooden railing on the left and a blue carpet on the floor.

He had lied about being Osiris and he had allowed Tutankhamun to believe he was on his way to the afterlife in this Land of Two Fields or whatever it was. Jimmy was starting to feel sorry for the pharaoh and bad for what he was putting him through. It was a horrible feeling and not one he was used to. He'd also started to feel bad about making Mr Bradstock cry and Mrs Richards faint (well, maybe not so much Mrs Richards). It was almost as if the pharaoh's lost heart scarab was changing the way Jimmy thought and felt. It was giving him a conscience! Ugh! It made him shiver all over just thinking about it. The only thing to do was to take the heart scarab back to the museum and say goodbye to the best practical joke of all time. It was a hard decision but one Jimmy felt he had to make. It was just too horrible feeling bad for all the things he had done. He couldn't take much more of it.

After kissing the heart scarab and making the pharaoh disappear, Jimmy sneaked past the museum ticket office. He soon found the room with King Tutankhamun's exhibition in it but for some reason the entire area had been blocked off. A sign hung on some yellow tape. "No en-try," Jimmy read out loud.

"Thief!" a voice snarled from behind him. Jimmy spun round to find the boring museum guide from the school visit standing in the doorway.

“Pardon?” Jimmy gulped.

“Thief,” the guide repeated. She was old and thin with wide goggling eyes that seemed to stare right through Jimmy’s head. “Stole Tutankhamun’s lost heart scarab,” she said.

Jimmy gulped loudly. He wasn’t sure if the guide was accusing him of stealing it or just telling him about it. Either way, he felt that strange swirling sensation twist inside his tummy. This must be what guilt feels like, he thought to himself. He didn’t like it.

“Without the heart scarab the exhibition’s ruined,” the guide mumbled. She stepped forward and bent her wiry neck towards Jimmy. “Beware the curse,” she whispered.

“Curse?” Jimmy said, his eyes widening.



The guide edged even nearer. "Tutankhamun's curse," she nodded. "I wouldn't want to be the one to have stolen his heart scarab, that's all I'll say..." The museum guide took a few steps back. "You take care," she said with a wink and then disappeared back through the doorway.

Jimmy let out a deep breath and carefully fetched the heart scarab from inside his pocket. He rolled it around his fingers. It glinted in the warm glow of the museum light. He'd never noticed how beautiful it was before. Jimmy couldn't help but think of all the great things he could do with Tutankhamun; the adventures they could go on; the fun they'd have. Then that swirly feeling twisted itself inside his tummy again. Guilt, sorrow, regret and sadness all fizzed their way to Jimmy's head and he knew this couldn't go on. He kissed the heart scarab for the second-to-last time.



Poof!

The pharaoh appeared out of thin air. "What is this?" Tutankhamun boomed, staring at his own tomb.

"Where you belong," Jimmy replied.

The pharaoh spun around with a puzzled look on his face. "Osiris, I do not understand. Is this but more trickery?"

Jimmy smiled and held out his hand "You're right, I have been tricking you. I'm not Osiris. My name's Jimmy and I'm a ten-year-old boy."

The pharaoh glanced down at Jimmy's hand. "Is this another test?"

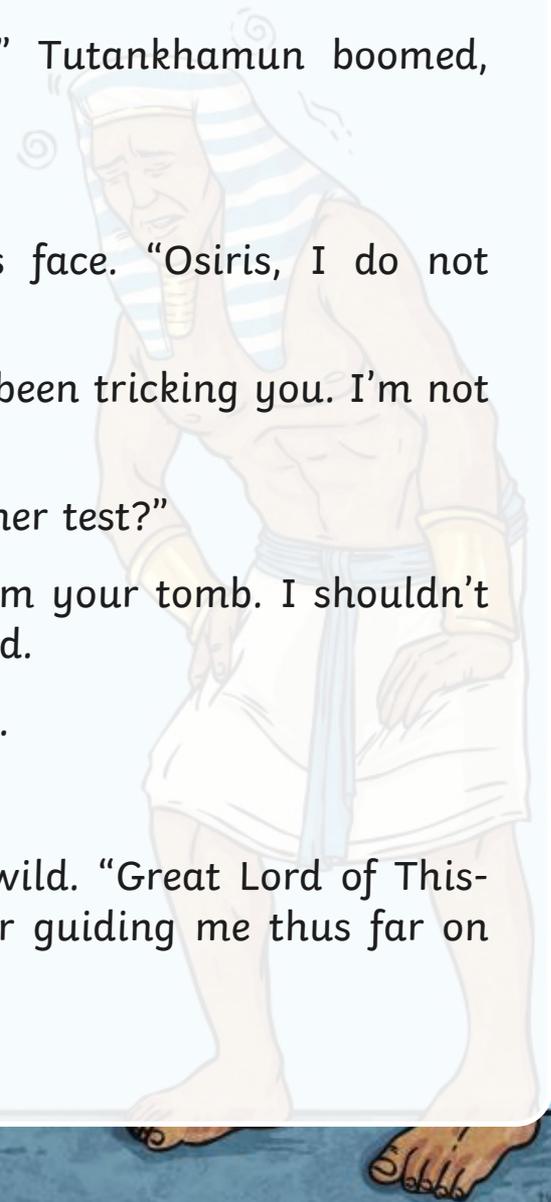
Jimmy shook his head. "I borrowed your heart scarab from your tomb. I shouldn't have done, but I did." Jimmy looked up. "I'm sorry," he said.

"So... this is not the underworld Duat?" Tutankhamun said.

"No," Jimmy replied.

King Tutankhamun glared at Jimmy, his eyes wide and wild. "Great Lord of This-world," he said, grabbing Jimmy's hand. "I thank you for guiding me thus far on my journey to the afterlife."

"You're not mad with me?" Jimmy gasped.



“Mad?” the pharaoh said, smiling down, “Jimmy-who-is-a-ten-year-old-boy, you have prepared the great King Tutankhamun for the trials that lie ahead. Nothing I am about to face could be as terrifying as that which you have shown me. I thank you.”

Jimmy smiled and let out a loud sigh. “Oh, thank goodness,” he whispered. “Goodbye, King Tut! I’ll miss you...”

“And I you, Jimmy of This-world.”

Jimmy gave a sad wave then kissed Tutankhamun’s lost heart scarab for the last time. As soon as the pharaoh had disappeared, Jimmy nipped under the tape and carefully placed the scarab back where he had borrowed it from in the first place.



That night, Jimmy lay in his bed and closed his eyes, wondering how King Tutankhamun was getting on with the real god of the underworld.

He was glad Mrs Richards had forced the class to wander around a museum. Visiting a museum was like bringing the past to life and learning about history was the coolest thing ever. Although mucking around with jelly babies, jumping frogs and fake poo was sometimes funny, it stopped him from learning about all the awesome stuff – especially stuff about the ancient Egyptians. He turned over and promised himself he was going to be good from now on. For the second night in a row, Jimmy was looking forward to school.

As he drifted off to sleep, Jimmy began to dream of a man with a strange hat and a funny little beard. The man was sailing on Ra's boat towards a glowing horizon, and there, far away in the distance beyond the setting sun, was a land of two fields...



Chapter 5

Activity

Put the story into the story mountain.

