

THE DAY THE MUMMY ESCAPED

It was summer in Ancient Egypt and the two twins, Brad and Chad, basked in the midday sun blissfully unaware of the labouring slaves constructing the Great Sphinx as it would become known. All was well until the messenger came. He came down the Nile on a raft so they instinctively knew he was important. He proclaimed, "The pharaoh Tutankhamen is dying and you are the servants going in the coffin with him!"

Brad and Chad went to see Tutankhamen. Upon their arrival in his great chamber, they saw a very weak and pale pharaoh. They found out he wasn't one for small talk. "Right", he said in a voice barely above a whisper, "any questions?" Brad raised a hand. "Great now leave me alone". Brad and Chad were dragged out by the royal guards. "A messenger will send for you when it's time", said the guard before he slammed the door in his face. Three days later the messenger came. They followed wordlessly and within the hour had entered the tomb of Tutankhamen.

The next night when they were trying to sleep on empty stomachs a sound like a fist pounding on a door echoed across the room. They split up to search for it. Chad opened the coffin and before he could call out, a hand lashed out and crushed his windpipe. Brad grabbed a ceremonial knife and having heard the commotion walked over slowly. He saw the mummy emerge and threw his knife. It bounced off the mummy shoulder and only alerted it where he was. Brad ran to meet it head on and threw punches, to no effect. But before the mummy could grab his throat Brad's fumbling hands found a goblet and he brought it crashing down on its head. And so it was that the mummy moved no more.