

pieces when something breaks, it changes from one thing into lots of these ancient very old palace a big house where a king lives Chapter 4 Every day we find new things December 22nd 1922 Today, a month after my night visit to the tomb, we opened the tomb door again, this time in front of everybody. Many important Egyptians came to the Valley of the Kings with lots of newspaper men and interested people from all over the world. Many people talked to us, but I said nothing about the golden treasures in the tomb. Only my father knows about them. When we opened the door in the sunlight, everybody could see the gold and the treasures. First Mr Carter is going to photograph everything we find in the tomb. After the photographs, we can move things and look at them carefully. Then we must write all about each treasure in a book. After that, we must send them to the Museum in Cairo. This work is going to take a long time, but we must be very careful when we move things. Mr Carter picked up a shoe in the tomb today and it broke into little pieces in his hands! January 2nd 1923 Every day we find new things in the first room in the tomb. Today we found some pens and some old Egyptian games. Mr Carter says the Ancient Egyptians loved playing games. He says Tutankhamun was happy when he was a little boy. Most of the time, he played with his brothers and sisters in the palace gardens. He didn't go to school because he had a teacher in the palace. He couldn't go out of the palace very often because the Egyptian people thought he was a god. They thought all Ancient Egyptian kings and their families were gods. Near the games we found a beautiful golden chair, and there were also many different things to wear. Mr Carter says it took more than 3,000 hours to make only one of his shirts! Sometimes, when I look at Tutankhamun's things, I feel he's near me. But he died when he was one year older than me. Why? I want to know the answer to that question more than anything. February 18th 1923 Today, at last, we opened the second room in the tomb. It took us seven weeks to take everything out of the first room. All this time, everyone wanted to go through into the second room, but Mr Carter said: 'No! We must take all the things out of the first room – slowly and carefully – before we do that!' I know it was difficult for him too, because he knew the second room was the burial room. Lots of people were here again today for the opening of the burial room. It was very hot in the tomb. Mr Carter opened the door between the two black statues and he went in first. When he was in the second room he could see god an important 'person' who all of the golden wall. never dies, and 'But it isn't a wall,' he called out to us. 'It's one side of a happens in the world tall, golden shrine.' burial for a dead The shrine nearly filled the second room. It was very bodyto lie in difficult to move around the shrine because there were side a box has six of these treasures on every side of it. On the far side of the burial shrine a small, room is an open door and a third room. This room also special place for a statue of a god has lots of treasures in it. After a short time, Mr Carter around all the asked all our visitors to leave. He said: 'We can't open the way round 21 'Forget Tutankhamun. He is dying.' queen the wife of a king shrine now because it has lots of treasures around it and we must look at all of them first.' The newspaper men took lots of photos of the shrine and of the treasures and then they left. The walls of the burial room are covered with pictures. There are many pictures of Tutankhamun with a young woman. Mr Carter says she is his queen, Ankhesenamun. She has a strong, dark face. It makes me think of Anne, the French artist from my dream. In some of the pictures, Ankhesenamun is giving Tutankhamun flowers, and he is smiling at her. They look very happy. Mr Carter thinks they were very happy when they married. Am I going to be

happy when I marry? I'd like to marry Anne. But where is she now? Back in France? Or here in Egypt in a museum somewhere, looking at Ancient Egyptian jewels and statues? After Tutankhamun died, Mr Carter says, the next king of Egypt was Lord Ay, a man twenty years older than Tutankhamun. When Mr Carter told me about this, I remembered my bad dream of Anne and the old Egyptian 22 mummy in the sands of the desert. And I remembered the time when her eye bracelet fell in the sand. After work today I slept and had another dream. This time I saw Anne wearing a white Egyptian dress. She had Egyptian jewels in her hair and Egyptian bracelets on her arms. We were in a room in an old Egyptian palace. I lay with my eyes open on an old Egyptian bed and she sat next to the bed on an old Egyptian chair. 'Tutankhamun,' she said, holding my hand, 'Lord Ay is watching me all the time now, and I am afraid.' I wanted to say, 'My name's Tariq', but I couldn't speak. 'What is going to happen to me when you die?' she asked. Again I could say nothing. 'First our two children, and now you. People say Lord Ay killed them. And they say he's killing you, too, with poison because he wants to marry me and be king of Egypt.' Suddenly a man came quietly into the room behind her. He wore a white Ancient Egyptian skirt, but he had the face of Anne's teacher, Mr Ayrton! I wanted to tell Anne to look behind her, but I couldn't open my mouth. The man came to her and put his hand on her arm. 'Ankhesenamun,' he said, smiling coldly. 'Forget Tutankhamun. He is dying. You must take a new husband now. Are you ready to be my wife?' I woke up suddenly, crying 'Anne! No! Don't do it!' Karim sleeps in the tent next to me, and he woke up when he heard my voice. 'What's the matter, Tariq?' he said. 'It's three o'clock in lie (past lay) to the morning! Are you crazy?' have all of your body on a bed Am I crazy? Why am I having these dreams? I don't poison understand them. Are they telling me to stop working for something that kills people when Mr Carter and to leave the Valley of the Kings? they eat or drink it. mosquito a small insect that drinks people's and animals' blood bite where a mosquito takes blood from someone dangerous something that could kill you sure when you feel something is true Chapter 5 Tutankhamun's mummy is killing people March 15th 1923 We had some bad news today. Lord Carnarvon is very ill. Mr Carter says it's because of the poison from a bad mosquito bite. Mosquitoes can be dangerous in Egypt. Some people are saying that he's ill because the spirit of Tutankhamun is angry. In the newspapers, a woman called Maria Corelli says that he's going to die because Tutankhamun is angry. Some people say that all of us here are going to die soon because we opened the tomb. So nobody is sleeping easily in their tents tonight. We're all thinking about the spirit of Tutankhamun. Is he angry with us? And why am I dreaming about that French girl, the artist, Anne? Where is she now? I'm sure we're going to meet again. But where? April 6th 1923 Lord Carnarvon is dead. I am sorry because I liked him and his daughter, Evelyn. The newspapers say that all the lights in Cairo went out when he died. The city was dark for many hours. Mr Carter told us that Lord Carnarvon's dog died in England on that night too. Mr Carter only laughs at the things in the newspapers. He's not afraid of anything. But he's sorry too: Lord Carnarvon was a good friend. May 29th 1923 People are talking about Lord Carnarvon dying. They are saying that we were wrong to go into a dead man's tomb. But Mr Carter doesn't listen to anybody. He wants to open 26 the shrine in the burial room soon and find the body of Tutankhamun. It's going to take us all summer to finish our work on the things in the burial room and the treasure room, but what happens then? Are we all going to die after finding the body of the boy-king? October 3rd 1923 A week

ago we sent the last treasure from the first room to the museum. My father has everything now. In his last letter, he told me they are looking for more workers at the museum in Cairo. My father has a lot of work to do there now because the museum has lots of visitors every week. Everyone wants to see Tutankhamun's beautiful things. Mr Carter thinks we can open the shrine some time in the winter, perhaps in December. December 12th 1923 Today we opened the shrine. In it there was a second golden shrine. We must open this very carefully! January 20th 1924 There are three golden shrines! After opening all three of them, we found a stone sarcophagus. How much more must we open before we find Tutankhamun? November 12th 1924 When we opened the sarcophagus we found a golden coffin, with two more golden coffins inside it. On each sarcophagus I saw a beautiful golden face – the face of Tutankhamun. I know his face well now from all the pictures on the walls of the tomb. On the last coffin, his head is blue and gold, and on the metal box that you put a dead person's body in there is a golden snake and a bird's head over his big, dark person's body. On the last coffin, his head has blue and gold eyes. These mean he was king of the North and the South of Egypt, Mr Carter says. Today, at last, we found the mummy of Tutankhamun. It is only a young boy's body inside all that gold and treasure. Around the mummy were 143 jewels of all colours: red, green, white and blue. There were also some blue flowers. I'm sure his beautiful queen Ankhesenamun put them there. When we found the body, there were lots of people in the room and it was very hot, but I felt cold and afraid. Mr Carter was very excited. But I could only hear a little voice in my head. The voice said to me it was wrong to be there. I left the tomb and ran outside into the warm sun. But I felt cold out there, too. In the evening, Mr Carter came to my tent. 'Why did you suddenly leave us, Tariq?' he asked. I told him that I felt afraid of Tutankhamun's spirit. 'You're tired,' he said. 'You need a holiday. Why don't you visit your father for one or two weeks? I know he'd like to see you. You can help him in the museum.' 'Thank you, Mr Carter,' I answered. 'And remember, Tutankhamun died three thousand years ago. He can't be angry with anybody any more.' 'Perhaps not,' I said, but I wasn't sure. So tomorrow morning I'm going back to Cairo! All my things are ready in my bag and my diary's coming with me too. I'm going to be far away when the doctor comes to cut up Tutankhamun's body. I don't want to see that. I hope my father understands. I'm looking at the stars now. I must say goodbye to my best friends in the desert. January 14th 1925: Cairo I'm not going back to the camp. My father and I spoke about it today. All over the world, people are saying Tutankhamun's mummy is killing people. And my friend Karim died last week at the camp. How did he die? I don't know, but I know everybody's going to say Tutankhamun's angry spirit killed him. Mr Carter still isn't afraid, but he's the only one now. My father doesn't believe in the curse of the mummy, but he wants me to stay with him and help him in Cairo in the museum. Last week Mr Carter found more coffins and the mummies of two little children. He thinks they are Tutankhamun's children. They died before they were born. I feel sorry for the boy-king and his beautiful queen. We're going to look after all his things very carefully here in Cairo. Then perhaps he isn't going to get someone by saying that it is angry with me or my father. going to happen 29. food you eat this wine a red or white drink: when you drink a lot you feel happy and sleepy 32 Chapter 6 The end of a wonderful time February 13th 1932 It's time for me to finish my diary now. I stopped writing it seven years ago, but the story of Tutankhamun's tomb didn't finish

then. For seven more years Mr Carter and his workers stayed in the Valley of the Kings. They found a small fourth room in the tomb. There was food and drink there. (Would anyone like some 3,000-year-old bread?) There were also thirty bottles of wine! There were many more beautiful treasures in the fourth room too. We have them all in the museum here in Cairo now. I'm happy to say no more workers died at the camp and Mr Carter is still alive and very well. The last treasure arrived at the museum three weeks ago and then Mr Carter at last left the Valley of the Kings. He's coming to our house tonight, and we're all going out to have dinner at the best restaurant in Cairo. 'It's the end of a wonderful time,' my father says. 'We're going to have an evening to remember.' Four of us are going to the restaurant: Mr Carter, my father, the French artist Anne, and me. I met Anne again at the museum a year ago. She came to make some pictures of Tutankhamun's treasures. When she arrived at the museum, I remembered her at once and she remembered me. So it was easy to begin to talk. And what happened to your old teacher, Mr Ayrton?' I asked soon after we met. 'Oh, him!' said Anne and she laughed, 'What a bad man he was!' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'He wasn't a good teacher. He was a tomb thief, only interested in getting ancient Egyptian treasures.' I looked at the Egyptian eye bracelet on her arm. Anne's eyes met my eyes. 'Yes. He liked beautiful things, and in the end, I think I was only one more beautiful thing for him to look at. So I left him. I'm much happier now. I feel free without Mr Ayrton, without his eyes watching me all the time.' Anne and I worked in one of my father's offices at the museum for some weeks and in that time we talked about many things – often about Tutankhamun. Anne feels the boy-king is her friend. And I feel I understand him very well, too. We talked about many things. 33 We all had a wonderful time last night. My father likes Anne. He says she's a very good artist, and she loves Egypt – the ancient country and the new country, too. She says she would like to live here always. Would she like to marry an Egyptian man? I'm not sure. But I think I'm going to ask her one day soon. A taxi is stopping outside our door. It's Anne and Mr Carter. I must go downstairs and meet them. February 14th 1932 We all had a wonderful time last night. The food and wine were very good and everybody talked and laughed a lot in the restaurant. Mr Carter looks very happy and not much older than seven years ago. It was nice to see him again. 34 Nobody could think that Tutankhamun's spirit is angry with him. Mr Carter and I talked more about Karim. Some people are saying there were dangerous bacteria inside the tomb and these killed my friend. But why only Karim? Other people say the ancient Egyptians put poison in the tombs to kill tomb thieves. Mr Carter thinks these stories are wrong. He says there was nothing strange about it. One day Karim got dangerously ill and died before the doctor could get to the camp. My father told Mr Carter about the new stories in the English newspapers. People in England are now afraid of having mummies and ancient Egyptian treasures in their houses. They're sending them all to the British Museum. And the Museum is going to need a new room to keep all these things in. Some people think that the great Titanic accident happened because the ship had an Egyptian mummy on it. A museum in New York wanted the mummy for its Egyptian rooms, but when the Titanic went down in the Atlantic, the mummy went down with the ship. After dinner my father asked Mr Carter, 'Do you want to go and see The Mummy?' It's a new film here in Cairo and everybody loves it. Boris Karloff is the mummy. He's a very famous film star in Cairo these days. Mr Carter laughed again and said 'Why not?' So he went to the cinema with my father. But Anne and I didn't want to go with them. We can't laugh about the curse of

the mummy. I think the spirit of Tutankhamun doesn't do anything bad to Mr Carter because these small things can because he isn't a tomb thief. He found Tutankhamun's make you ill treasure, but he's leaving it here in Egypt. With my father's film star you see this famous help the Tutankhamun rooms in the Cairo museum are person in a film 35 key you can close or open a door with this music singing or playing instruments now beautiful. So Tutankhamun isn't angry with my father or with Mr Carter. But I'm not sure about Lord Carnarvon or my friend Karim. Why did they die? And what about me and Anne? Anne and I walked slowly back to her hotel from the restaurant. The stars over Cairo were wonderful that night and I told her how the stars were my friends in the desert. 'Let's go to the museum,' she said suddenly. 'You've got your key, haven't you?' 'Yes, of course,' I answered. 'I always have it with me.' We went there at once and, with my key, I opened the museum door and we went into Tutankhamun's rooms. We looked at one of the golden shrines there. On it there's a picture of Tutankhamun and his queen Ankhesenamun at a table. She's putting some wine into his glass. Some women are playing music for them. It's wonderful to think this all happened thousands of years ago! 'I think they were happy for a time,' Anne said, 'before Lord Ay came along, before their children died, and before Tutankhamun died. And perhaps they can be happy again now. Who knows? She took my hand. 'I want to leave my bracelet here, Tarig,' she said. 'For Tutankhamun and Ankhesenamun. I don't need it now, you see. Now I have you. So I can close the door on Mr Ayrton, and on Lord Ay.' She took the Egyptian eye bracelet from her arm and put it down in front of the golden shrine. When she put the bracelet down, I thought I could hear far away music, and some strange and beautiful singing coming from somewhere. In my head I closed the door on Lord Carnarvon, on my friend Karim, and on Tutankhamun's curse, and I felt happy. 36 Then Anne and I left the museum, arm in arm. She was free of Mr Ayrton and I was free of the mummy's curse at last. I smiled at Anne and she smiled at me. We walked slowly back to her hotel and said goodbye at the door. 'See you tomorrow morning,' said Anne looking at me, with stars in her eyes. 'Yes, see you tomorrow morning,' I answered, and I walked back home, happy and excited, dreaming of asking Anne to marry me. I want to leave my bracelet here. 37