

# CHAPTER 1

Cleaning out the attic was one thing the Zombiesons were always putting off, but the family had finally decided to get together and get the job done.

'Help me!' squealed Mrs Zombieson, who'd just tripped over a wandering eye.

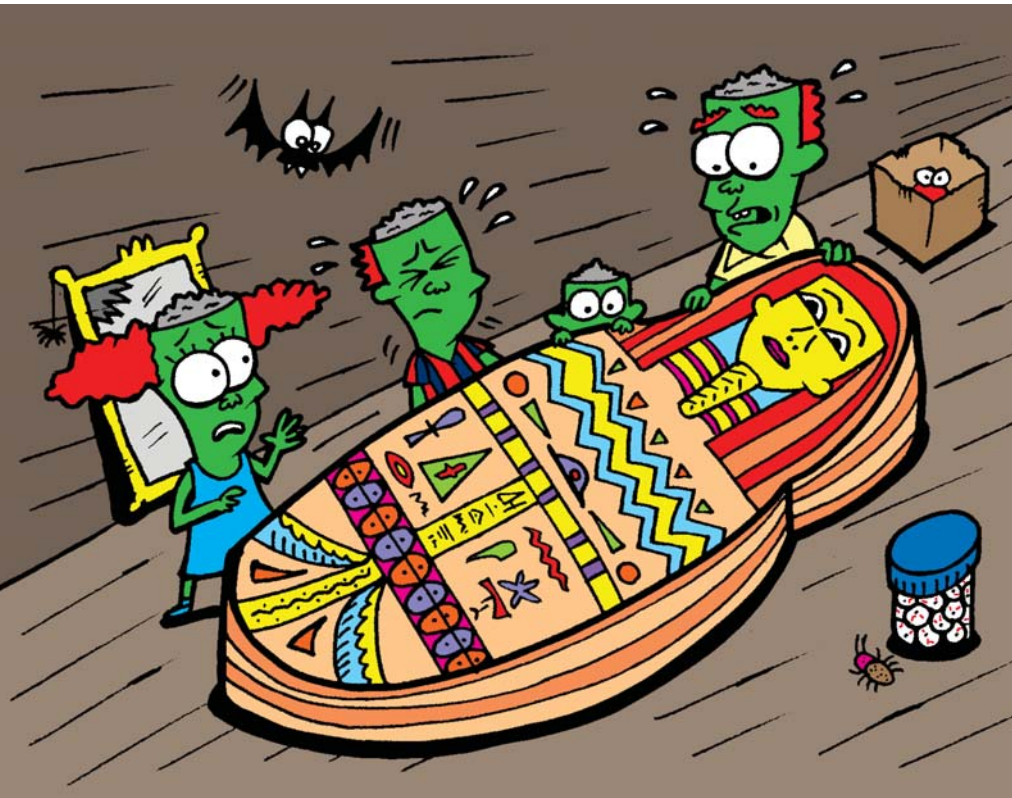
'She's fallen into a coffin!' cried Mr Zombieson as the lid slammed shut. 'Eek!'



When your attic's filled with jars of dinosaur eyeballs, vampire bats and giant tarantulas, cleaning can be pretty scary work!

'And that's not any old coffin,' Mr Zombieson continued to wail, 'that's a creepy ancient Egyptian sarcophagus! We should never have agreed to look after it for Granny Zombieson!'

'Why did she leave it here?' asked Zoey.



'It was meant for her mummy visitors, but she didn't have enough room for it at the Ridiculously Old Age Zombie Home,' Mr Zombieson replied.

'Help! Get me out!' screeched Mrs Zombieson. 'I don't think I'm alone in here!'

'It's jammed shut!' shouted Zigi.

The whole family tugged on the sarcophagus lid, but it just wouldn't budge.

'There seems to be some sort of ancient code written here,' said Zoey. 'Perhaps it explains how to open it. I might need a dictionary; my hieroglyphics are a bit rusty.'

'Whatever you do, do it carefully,' whimpered Mr Zombieson. 'It's probably cursed!'





'Then again, perhaps this will do it,' said Zigi, whacking the stubborn lid with a hammer.

There was a loud pinging noise as it sprang open. Out popped Mrs Zombieson and, right behind her, a very cranky Egyptian mummy! 'Phew! It was so dark and stinky in there,' she cried.



'And crowded!' howled the mummy. 'How dare you awaken me . . . and call *my* place stinky!'

'Who are you?' asked Zigi, 'and what are you doing in our attic?'

'I'm Tut, a very old friend of Granny Zombieson. I was sleeping,' he said. 'Being a mummy is very tiring!'

'Now, if you don't mind,' he said before closing the lid again, 'I must get back to sleep. You'd need a lot of rest too if you were over 3000 years old. Goodnight!'

'Phew! That was scary,' said Mrs Zombieson. 'I knew we had a few bugs and bats in the attic, but not a mummy!'

'We'd better not disturb him again,' warned Mr Zombieson. 'Let's drag this thing out of the way!'

The family lugged the sarcophagus to the furthest, darkest corner of the attic.

