

R.L. STINE
GIVE YOURSELF

Goosebumps®

READER BEWARE...
YOU CHOOSE THE SCARE!



**MORE
THAN 20
DIFFERENT
ENDINGS!**

DIARY OF A MAD MUMMY

 **SCHOLASTIC**

**BEWARE!!
DO NOT READ THIS
BOOK FROM
BEGINNING TO END!**

You and your family are visiting an exhibit in ancient Egypt when you make a discovery of your own: a 4000-year-old diary written by a mummy! Cool, you think, as you slip the book into your pocket.

But then you find out the mummy is alive! And he wants more than just his diary back ...

He wants your **BODY!** And you've got to find a way to stop him!

There are clues in the diary to help you. But first you'll have to decode ancient hieroglyphic writing. Or journey to the pyramids in Egypt.

Can you unlock the secrets of the mad mummy's diary before he gets you under wraps?

This scary adventure is all about you. You decide what will happen. And you decide how terrifying the scares will be.

Start on **PAGE 1**. Then follow the instructions at the bottom of each page. You make the choices.

If you make the right choices, you will escape the revenge of the mad mummy. You may even find his burial chamber filled with golden treasures! If you make the wrong choice ... **BEWARE!**

SO TAKE A LONG, DEEP BREATH, CROSS YOUR FINGERS, AND TURN TO PAGE 1 NOW TO GIVE YOURSELF GOOSEBUMPS!

GIVE YOURSELF

Goosebumps®

**DIARY OF A
MAD MUMMY**

R.L. STINE

SCHOLASTIC INC.

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“Welcome to San Francisco,” the tour guide says. Her voice echoes in the marble lobby of the office building. “This is the famous Pyramid Building — the city’s most famous skyscraper.”

“When do we get to see the mummy?” your five-year-old sister whines at your side.

You cringe and squeeze Susie’s hand. You wish you didn’t have to drag her around. But taking care of her is always your job on family vacations.

Oh, well, you think. Who cares? This is going to be the best vacation ever. You and your family are staying in a hotel in downtown San Francisco. You have a view of the whole city from your window — including the tall, spindly Pyramid Building just a few blocks away. And this month, there’s a display of ancient Egyptian artifacts in the lobby. Including a real mummy! You can’t wait to check it out!

“I want the mummy!” Susie whines again.

“I want my mummy! I want my mummy!” your older brother, Derek, chants, imitating Susie’s babyish voice.

You laugh at Derek’s joke. Then you whisper to Susie, “We’ll see it as soon as that tour group gets out of the way.”

You peer through the crowd at the mummy in his glass case.

Hey! Did the mummy just move?

Turn to [PAGE 2](#).

2

Your heart starts pounding. It can't be! But you know you just saw the mummy's arm move! Didn't anyone else see it?

You stare hard at the brightly lit display cases in the middle of the lobby. A tour group crowds around the glass, blocking your view. So you stand on your tiptoes. Under a pinkish halogen light, you can see an ancient bandaged mummy lying in a beautiful, gold-painted wooden box.

It's the first mummy you've ever seen. A king from more than four thousand years ago. A dead person.

Something about it gives you the creeps.

The tour group moves away, and the lobby clears. "Come on!" Susie squeals, pulling you toward the mummy case. A strange chill runs up your spine as you step closer.

You gaze at the mummy's face and shudder. It is hideous. Part of his face is still wrapped up — but part of it isn't. You can see his dried, leathery skin stretched tightly over his shrunken, bony nose.

You back away — and your foot bumps into something on the floor.

Turn to [PAGE 3](#).

You glance down to see what you've kicked.

"Hey — look!" you cry out softly.

But no one is listening. The tour group scattered. Susie has let go of your hand. She's pressing her nose to the glass in front of the wooden mummy case. As usual, your fourteen-year-old brother, Derek, is acting as if he doesn't know any of you. He's talking to some kids by the door. Your parents examine another display case.

No one notices what you've found on the floor. You pick it up. It's a small clump of folded paper tied together at the edge with dried grass. It looks like some kind of ancient book.

You open it carefully. The pages seem as if they might crumble in your hands. You peer at the squiggly markings on the page. To your surprise you recognize words ... They're in English! The handwriting is hard to read, but finally you figure out what it says:

"This is the first day in my tomb. I am wrapped so tightly that I fear I may never breathe again. The bandages that preserve me are a prison. I am a king, yet they have brought me here, drained me of my blood, and bound me with bandages. Against my will! Stop! I beg them. Do not do this horrible thing! I am not dead! I am alive!"

Keep reading on [PAGE 4](#).

4

Your mouth drops open as you flip through the ancient pages. Could this be a diary of some kind? A mummy's diary? Written four thousand years ago?

But why isn't it ancient hieroglyphics? How can it be in English?

This is weird. Definitely weird. But somehow, in your heart, you know the diary is real. Every word of it is true.

You glance around again. No one notices you. You turn to another page and read on.

"I am embalmed alive. Me. The pharaoh. The king! And why? For one reason only. Because, upon my neck, I bear a strange birthmark — a red stain in a strange shape that frightens my people. They think it is a sign of evil.

"Even I am not sure what it means. Does it really mean I am evil? Could I actually hurt people? Am I mad?"

Your hands tremble as you flip to another page and read on.

"Each night my spirit walks the earth. For centuries. Each night my spirit writes this diary. But now, at last, my chance has come. Tonight, my body will walk the earth! Tonight, here in this strangest of all pyramids, I will escape my prison!"

Turn to [PAGE 9](#).



The American looks like a nice guy. You think he's someone you can trust. And he might be able to help you get home. You decide to show him the diary.

"Hmmm," the American says, taking a magnifying glass from his suit pocket. He flips through the pages, studying them. "Verrrry interesting."

"Don't trust him!" the Egyptian guard whispers in your ear. "He's a thief!"

"I heard that. And I certainly am not a thief," the American declares. "My name is Webster MacArthur Woobly the third. But just call me Web. I'm a professor of ancient studies at Cairo University. And you are ...?"

You introduce yourself.

"Nice to meet you," Web Woobly says. "Can I buy you a glass of lemonade in town? Cairo is just a few miles from here, and I'd like to talk to you about obtaining this diary."

Obtaining? As in buying it? Hmmm — sounds good to you!

"Don't go with him!" the Egyptian warns you.

Last chance to change your mind....

If you still trust Web Woobly, turn to [PAGE 28](#).

If you trust the Egyptian instead, turn to [PAGE 22](#).

6

Let the mummy take Susie? You can't do it.

"No way," you tell the mummy, your voice shaking. "Take me — but leave her alone."

"Yes ..." the mummy whispers in his hoarse, raspy voice. He grips your wrist with his gauzy bandaged hand and starts to drag you out of the hotel.

"Wait," you tell the mummy. "I need to get my jacket." The mummy stares at you a moment, then releases you.

"Don't worry," you whisper to Derek as you grab your jacket. "I'm just going with him so he won't hurt Susie. But I'll get away from him as soon as we're outside."

"Okay," Derek whispers back. "I'll follow you."

"No ... you ... won't," the mummy says to Derek. Then he points a bandaged finger at Derek's head. Instantly, your brother is frozen stiff. He can't move!

But you can, so move over to [PAGE 53](#).

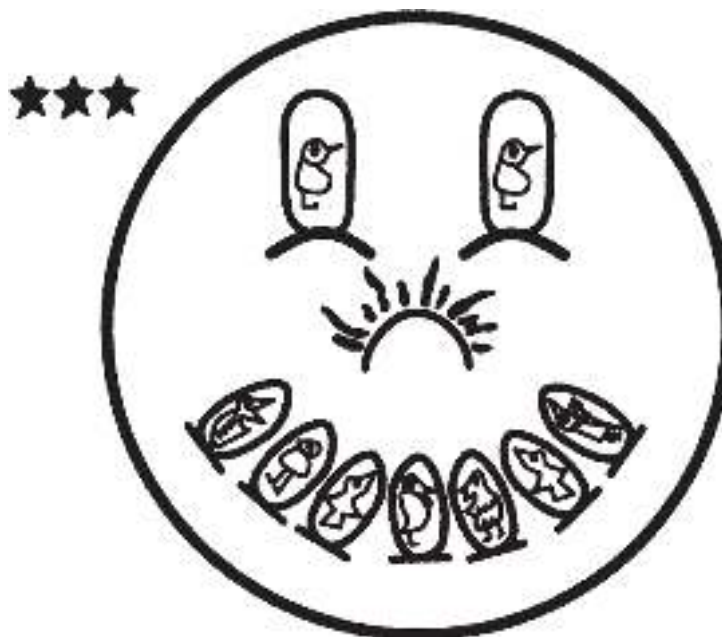
Nobody seems to be around. Nothing but sand. Egypt's hot sun beats down on you, making you feel dizzy and faint. You'd like to sit down in the shade, but there isn't any.

Water, you think. I must have water....

Now you know why they say things like that in old movies. You've never been so thirsty in your life.

Luckily, you had a light jacket with you in San Francisco. It's tied around your waist. You take it off and hold it over your head, using it as a tent for shade.

You open the diary to the first page with writing. It's page seven. You study the hieroglyphs. They look like this:



What do you think it means? If it looks like a bunch of birds sitting around a campfire to you, turn to [PAGE 58](#).

If you see an ancient Egyptian smiley face instead, turn to [PAGE 12](#).

8

“No!” you cry out. You stare into the wooden box. The mummy is gone! And something else is in its place.

Gold! Tons of it. Coins, little statues, scepters, and crowns. All made of gold.

For a moment, you can't believe it. Is this some kind of illusion? Is there a trapdoor in the box? A sliding panel? Or mirrors? You've seen this kind of thing done by magicians on TV.

You lean into the box and feel the bottom and sides with both hands.

It's solid.

You pick up one of the coins and bite it.

It's really gold.

I guess the chant worked! you say to yourself. Maybe the mummy came back to life in Egypt. Maybe he went back to his own time and sent this gold to thank me. He said he was a king, didn't he? Then you hear a sound that makes you turn around.

“Thank ... you,” a voice whispers, echoing in the empty lobby. It's the familiar voice of the mummy, with the wheezing sound between each word. But the mummy is nowhere to be seen. “Thank ... you ... for ... saving ... my ... life,” he says. “I ... hope ... this ... gold ... can ... repay ... you ... in ... some ... small ... way.... And ... now ... I ... King ... Buthramaman ... bid ... you ... farewell”

THE END

Can it be possible?

Is the mummy going to escape *tonight*? How?

And is *this* the “strangest of all pyramids”? The Pyramid Building? It would seem strange to some old pharaoh, you guess.

You read over the same pages again — trying to make sense of them.

“Each night my spirit writes this diary,” it says.

No way! you think. He isn’t writing with his hand. He’s writing with his mind! The mummy *thinks* something, and it appears on the page.

Awesome.

You shoot a quick, sideways glance to make sure the lobby guard isn’t watching. Then you tuck the diary under your shirt.

Turn to [PAGE 132](#).

10

Frantically, you glance around for someplace to hide. Any place.

You spot a storage closet a few feet away. The door stands slightly open. Yes! you think as you quickly slip inside.

You flip on a light, hold your breath, and listen.

Are the footsteps coming toward you?

You wait. Your heart pounds.

Finally, the footsteps pass.

You breathe and glance around at the supplies in the closet.

Rolls of toilet paper. Soaps. Tiny bottles of hotel shampoo. Towels. Mops. A vacuum cleaner.

And pens! Ballpoint pens with the hotel's name on them. Small note pads, too. There are some just like them by the telephone in your room.

That's what you need, you realize. Paper and pen, so you can write your family a note!

You start to scribble a note to your brother, Derek.

But suddenly you notice something else on the closet floor. Something even better than a pen. Keys! The housekeeper could have dropped them, you decide. They look like master keys that will open every room in the hotel.

If you use the keys to open your hotel room, turn to [PAGE 41](#).

If you write a note and slip it to Derek, turn to [PAGE 117](#).

“Younger,” you repeat. “Okay. We can do that.”

Quickly, you hop out of the sarcophagus so he can’t close you in. “Follow me,” you tell him.

Snaking your way through the streets of San Francisco, you lead the mummy to a building a few blocks away. It’s a glass-and-chrome-fronted building with a fancy sign painted on the door.

THE HEAVEN-ON-EARTH HEALTH SPA.

You remember this place because you’ve passed it every day on the way to your hotel. And it’s open twenty-four hours a day!

“What’s ... this?” the mummy asks. He stands back from the door, hesitant to go in. In fact, he’s acting a little shy.

“It’s a health spa,” you explain. “A fancy place where they give you health drinks, mud baths, and things like that. They make you look younger. That’s their job.”

“Really?” the mummy whispers.

Although it seems impossible, you almost see a flicker of a smile spread across his lips.

You lead the way into the spa and approach the receptionist.

“Uh, hi,” you stammer. “My, uh, friend, here, wants to get a skin treatment.”

The receptionist eyes the mummy suspiciously. “Does he have an appointment?” she asks.

An appointment? Uh-oh. Think fast on [PAGE 99](#).

12

“Looks like an ancient Egyptian smiley face to me,” you say out loud.

Uh-oh. You’re talking to yourself. And you’re seeing smiley faces. You’d better find some water soon!

You suddenly remember that you had a pack of Fruity Bites candy in your pocket. You reach for them. They’re still there! And they’re only a little melted.

You pop two in your mouth. Ahhhhhhh.

They almost make you forget your parched throat.

Almost.

But not for long.

Get up and search for water on [PAGE 24](#).

The three men lean closer and peer into your sarcophagus.

“Yeow-sa!” the other guard yells. “He’s starting to rot!”

No! you think. But it’s true! Your ancient, mummified body is turning to mush! Your face is losing its shape. Your hollow, ancient eyes are caving in, leaving huge holes in your face.

No wonder you feel so weak!

“It’s the salt air!” the man with the deep voice cries. His eyes open in horror as pieces of your body begin to fall away!

“Without bandages to protect it from the fog and salty air, the dried flesh is molding and breaking down.”

“What should we do with him?” George asks, holding his nose.

“He’s no good to us now,” the man with the deep voice answers. “We’ve got to get rid of him.”

“No,” the other guard insists. “I say we take him back to the museum.”

“Flip a coin,” George declares. “That’s how we’ll decide.”

Oh, no, you think. Not another coin!

Flip another coin. If it’s heads, turn to [PAGE 35](#).

If it’s tails, turn to [PAGE 27](#).

14

See what's inside? Are they kidding?

The doctors close in on you, rubbing their hands together eagerly. "I'm going to enjoy this," Stuart says with a creepy smile.

"Let's find out what's in there," Dr. Lacey adds eagerly.

You stare at the surgical tools in terror. You want to scream. You want to yell for help. But when you open your mouth, no sound comes out.

You can't talk!

You'll never be able to explain that you're really a kid! What will you do?

You're desperate to escape. You scan the room, searching for something — anything — that will help you. You spot a chemical beaker full of some kind of clear liquid. You pick up the beaker and toss the liquid in Dr. Lacey's face!

"Hey!" she sputters. "He just threw water at me!"

Water? Your heart sinks. That was the only plan you had. And it didn't work.

These doctors are going to open you up for sure!

Turn to [PAGE 31](#).

You enter the cool, dark tomb with Mohammed right behind you. He carries a torch to light the way.

The passageway, a narrow corridor made of large stone blocks, is creepy. You feel as if someone — or something — might jump out at you at any minute.

You walk a few more steps forward and come to a place where the passageway splits into a fork or a Y.

“Which way?” you ask.

“Follow your heart,” Mohammed answers mysteriously.

My heart? you think. Is that some kind of clue?

Let’s see.

Your heart is on the left. Is that what he means? Should you take the passage to the left?

You peer down the left passageway and see nothing but darkness. A horrible, empty darkness — as if no one has ever returned from that path.

Then you peer down the passageway to the right. It looks wider than the other one and brighter. isn’t nearly so dark.

If you take the passageway to the left, turn to [PAGE 123](#).

If you take the passageway to the right, turn to [PAGE 79](#).

16

Your bandages, the ones the mummy-kid is unwrapping, have trailed across his arms.

All at once, they start to wrap themselves around him just as they had mysteriously clung to you. They bind him quickly. Tightly. They seem to have a life of their own, as if they want to choke him to death.

The mummy-kid's eyes flash with fear.

"No!" he cries, trying to pull away.

Yes! you think. This is it! This is how I can trade places with him again!

If you can just get all the bandages off in time ...

Then they'll wrap around him, just as they wrapped around you in the lobby of the Pyramid Building.

As fast as you can, you start to unwrap the rest of your bandages.

Quickly, you unwrap the horrible gauze so that it will be free to encircle the mummy. The bandages wind themselves around his face, his neck, his body. They pin his arms to his sides so he can't move!

Turn to [PAGE 111](#).

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