

Goosebumps SLAPPY WORLD

The background is a dark, swirling green. In the center, a mummy made of white bandages is on the left, reaching out towards Slappy the Dummy on the right. Slappy is upside down, wearing his signature red bow tie and brown shoes. At the top right, a small cartoon boy with a wide grin is peeking over the title.

**THE DUMMY
MEETS THE MUMMY!**

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 SCHOLASTIC

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SLAPPY HERE, EVERYONE.

Welcome to My World.

Yes, it's *SlappyWorld*—you're only *screaming* in it! Hahahaha!

Are you wearing sunglasses? You should. I'm so bright, the sun hides when I come out! Hahaha. I'm so bright, I glow in the dark!

How smart am I? Even though I don't know you, I can spell your name.

Are you ready?

Y-O-U-R N-A-M-E! Hahaha!

Do you know my favorite national holiday? It's *my* BIRTHDAY. Everyone likes to come to my birthday parties because my parties are a SCREAM. Hahaha.

Know my favorite birthday present of all time? It was a pony.

It was DELICIOUS! Hahahaha!

I have a story to tell you, and it takes place in a museum. Did you ever see my picture in the

National Dummy Museum? Of *course* not! Don't call me dummy, Dummy!

But I do belong in a museum. That's because people like to stare at me and admire my good looks. I'm so handsome, every time I peek in a mirror, the mirror says, "Thank you!" Hahaha.

Well, the museum in this story is a haunted museum. And three guesses who haunts it!

I call the story *The Dummy Meets the Mummy!* It's a very creepy mummy story. I think you'll get *all wrapped up* in it! Hahaha!

How did I end up in a haunted horror museum? And why did I have to do battle with an ancient, angry mummy?

You'd better start reading or you'll never find out! Hahaha!

Believe it or not, the story starts at an ancient mummy's tomb in Egypt. And then it gets so scary, you may want to call *your* mummy! *Hahahaha.*

It's just one more terrifying tale from *SlappyWorld.*

PART ONE
CAIRO, EGYPT



Dr. Richard Klopfer gazed at his mobile phone. He smiled at the face of his son, Christopher, on the screen. Dr. Klopfer leaned forward in his armchair to talk to him.

Outside the hotel window, he heard car horns honking, a rumble of traffic, voices speaking loudly in Arabic and French and English. A crowded Cairo street.

“I will bring you with me next time, Christopher,” he said. He tugged at the sides of his wide salt-and-pepper mustache. “This mission is far too dangerous for a ten-year-old.”

“Why is it dangerous?” Christopher demanded. “You’re going into an old tomb, and you’re going to open up a mummy case and discover another mummy.”

“This one is different,” Klopfer explained. “The tomb has never been opened because people are too afraid to go inside it.”

Christopher squinted at his father. “Afraid?”

“Some kind of curse,” Klopfer said. He chuckled. “There’s always some kind of curse. People believe the weirdest stories. Even in this modern day and age.”

Klopfer saw a look of fear cross Christopher’s face. “Dad . . . are you going to be okay?”

“Of course!” Klopfer cried. “I’m a scientist. I don’t believe in curses. I’m not afraid to go into that tomb.”

“Then why didn’t you bring me?” Christopher asked.

Before Klopfer could answer, Bella Wortham, his assistant, entered the hotel room. Dr. Klopfer said a quick good-bye to his son and set his phone down on the table.

“Dr. Klopfer, the man from the Egyptian Science Council is here,” Wortham said.

“Does he have a worried look on his face?” Klopfer asked her.

She nodded. “Very worried.”

Klopfer tugged at his mustache. “I thought so. Send him in, Bella.”

Wortham brought the man into the room. “Dr. Klopfer, this is Mr. Amari,” she said.

Amari removed his white fedora as he entered and forced a smile to his face. He had black hair, slicked straight back, and dark eyes that studied Dr. Klopfer. He wore a white suit, slightly wrinkled and baggy, with a narrow black tie over his white shirt.

He gave Dr. Klopfer a short bow, then reached to shake hands. Klopfer motioned to the chair across from him. Amari sat down and placed his hat on the table.

“You know why I have come,” Amari said in a soft voice. “To ask you—”

Klopfer raised a hand. “Please.”

“To ask you not to go into the Tomb of Arragotus,” Amari finished his sentence. “The tomb has not been disturbed in any way for five thousand years. And there is a good reason.”

“Can I offer you something to drink?” Klopfer said. “I could call up for some snacks.”

“You are ignoring me,” Amari replied, his voice still a murmur.

“Yes,” Klopfer agreed. “I am ignoring you, Mr. Amari. I plan to go into that tomb tomorrow and open the mummy case and see Prince Arragotus. I plan to be the first ever to see his remains.”

“He was never a prince,” Amari said. He picked up his hat and twirled it in his lap between his hands. “You know the story very well. Arragotus was about to be crowned prince. And he was murdered on the morning of his crowning. He never sat on the throne he deserved.”

“I’ve read all that,” Klopfer replied. “I still don’t believe in the curse.”

“He’s angry. I’m warning you.” Amari grabbed Klopfer’s shirtsleeve. “He has not rested. Yes, he is a mummy. But that has not stilled his anger.

He is a mummy who would like to take his revenge.”

Klopfer shook his head. “You have watched too many horror movies, sir. That story may frighten children, but I am a scientist. I plan to take Arragotus home to Chicago and study him at great length. He will be famous. He may be angry as you say. But he will still be dead.”

Amari rose to his feet. “His remains should not be disturbed. Is there nothing I can say to convince—?”

Klopfer shook his head. “No. But it was kind of you to come, Mr. Amari. I do appreciate your warning.”

Amari pushed his hat onto his head. “If you insist on disturbing Arragotus tomorrow, there is only one more thing I can say.” He paused. Then he murmured, “Good luck.”