

# LOONEY BAY ALL★STARS

## Egyptian Slam Dunk

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ILLUSTRATED BY SAMPAR

 SCHOLASTIC

LOONEY BAY  
ALL★STARS

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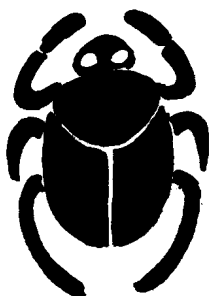
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# Chapter 1

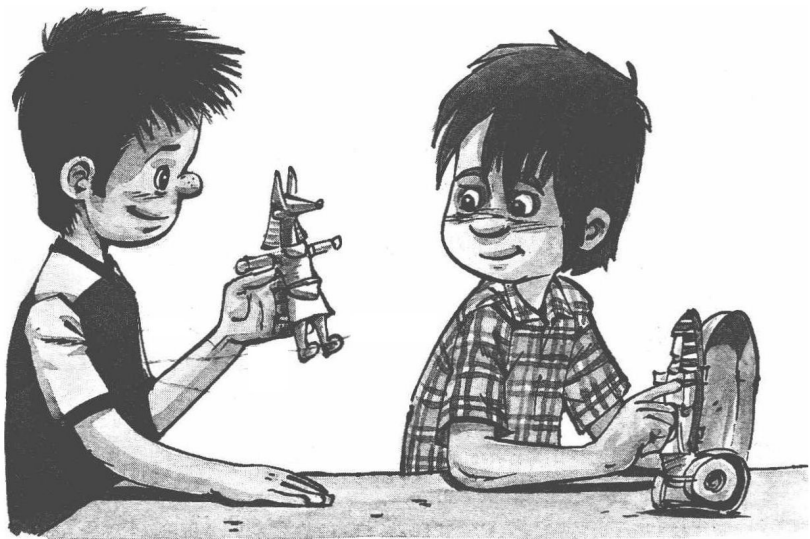
“Wooo-oooo . . .” Darren clamped his hand on Reese’s shoulder and giggled, making him jump. “The mummy reaches from beyond the graaaave . . .!”

Reese had been putting the finishing touches on his social studies project — a model of an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus. It had a duct-tape hinge on one side so that Reese could put a tiny masking-tape mummy inside.

“Hey, is that a sar-cough-cough-cough-agus you’re making?” Darren joked. “If so, that poor pharaoh must have died of a terrible cough-cough-cough!”

“Ha ha,” Reese replied. “What did you make, Darren?”

“I made a model of Anubis, the dog-headed god of the underworld,” said



Darren. He showed Reese the clay model. It looked like a cross between a poodle and a claw-footed bathtub.

“You know, Reese,” Darren said, hesitating, “I’m thinking that with this ancient Egypt stuff we’re working on, you better stay far away from that coin of yours. Especially with basketball season about to start.”

Reese nodded. “The last thing we need is a bunch of mummies on the loose in Looney Bay. Having to round up ancient dead guys would cut into our court time. Besides, I still haven’t recovered from our brush with the gladiators.”

Darren shuddered. “Yeah — that was a close call.”

The two friends were talking about



the time the entire Roman Colosseum — complete with mad emperor, blood-thirsty barbarians and ravenous lions — had plunked itself down in Looney Bay. The boys had only escaped gruesome death thanks to Reese's quick thinking.

That was only the latest of their strange adventures. The wackiness had started the day Reese found a



mysterious coin at the hockey arena. Since then, he'd also been kidnapped by time-travelling pirates, gotten caught up in a knights' duel to the death, been captured by Vikings, and gotten trapped in the fifteenth century.

Reese had had enough of these close calls. That's why the coin was now tucked safe and sound in his desk drawer. Reese wasn't going to touch it again. Ever.

At home, Reese put the sarcophagus on his dresser alongside his model mummy.

As he sat and admired his artifacts, thoughts-of the magic coin kept nagging him.

Whenever something weird was about to happen, the picture on the

coin changed. The last time, the coin had gotten bigger too. What if it had changed again?

*Impossible*, Reese told himself. *Nothing could have happened to it.*

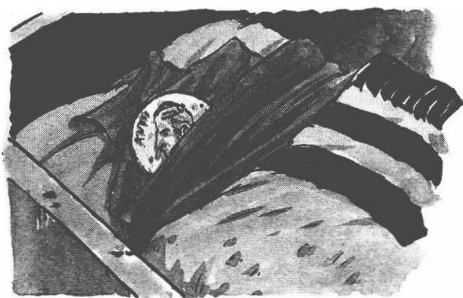
. . . *Or could it?* Reese's stomach roiled. If the coin *had* changed, wouldn't that mean trouble was heading his way? Shouldn't he check, so he could be ready if it were? *I won't touch it, I swear. I'll just look at it.*

*Don't do it!* one half of Reese's brain screamed.

*A teeny peek won't hurt*, whispered the other, *as long as you keep your hands off it.*

Reese felt himself rising to his feet. He watched as his hand pulled the drawer open . . .

Inside, gleaming on a scrap of blue velvet, was the coin. On it was Emperor Zero's sharp profile, just the way Reese remembered.



Reese breathed a sigh of relief. *Nothing strange is going to happen*, he told himself. The coin and its stupid tricks were history.

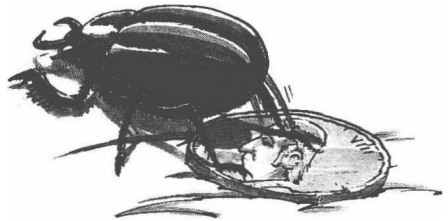
Reese heard a buzzing at his ear. A shiny bug was hovering around his head. He swatted at it. The bug landed on his desk. It looked just like the one pictured in his history book — the sacred Egyptian scarab beetle!

Reese watched the bug in fascination. It lifted into the air again. It circled

Reese's head once. Then it zeroed in on the open drawer.

It hung in the air, over the coin . . .

Then it dropped down — smack on the Emperor's pointy nose! The beetle began rubbing its feet on the coin.



Reese tried to shoo it away. But even as he watched, the Emperor's profile seemed to melt away. In its place arose an image of the Sphinx.

“Nooo!” Reese yelled.

That's when he heard the noises behind him.

“Cough! Cough! Ah-choo!”

Reese cringed and turned. A sneezing, coughing, dust-covered mummy was lying on his bed!





# Chapter 2

“Slave! Release me from these binding cloths!” the mummy shouted. “I’m choking on this dust!”

Reese ran over and pulled mouldy linen strips from the mummy’s face. Dust billowed.

“Yuek!” said Reese, wiping tomb scuzz off his tongue. “This is beyond gross!”

When the dust cleared, Reese saw a



handsome man peeling wraps off his very buff arms.

“Who are you?” Reese asked.

The mummy puffed himself up. “I am King Tootandhonkin, Pharaoh of Egypt!”

Reese had learned a thing or two about dealing with time travellers during his recent adventures. So he bowed and said, “Welcome to Looney Bay, Your Highness.”

The pharaoh stretched his arms and legs. Thunderheads of dust rolled off him, sending Reese diving for cover. The pharaoh surveyed Reese’s room.

“Gee, the netherworld doesn’t look anything like I pictured it! Have you provisions for our journey?” he continued. “The Field of Offerings awaits my radiant presence.”

Reese sighed. He hated having to



break bad news to his time-travelling visitors.

“I’m sorry, King Toot, but this isn’t the netherworld. It’s Newfoundland.”

“You lie, whelp! Are these not my grave goods assembled here?” the pharaoh demanded, pointing to Reese’s school artifacts.

“Only models,” said Reese. “See?” He held up the mini-mummy, making its teeny legs dance a jig.



“So you are not a slave of Anubis?” the pharaoh asked.

“Nope. I’m Reese McSkittles, just an ordinary kid from Looney Bay.”

“But I have awakened from death . . .