

ONE

Tut, Tut, Nut

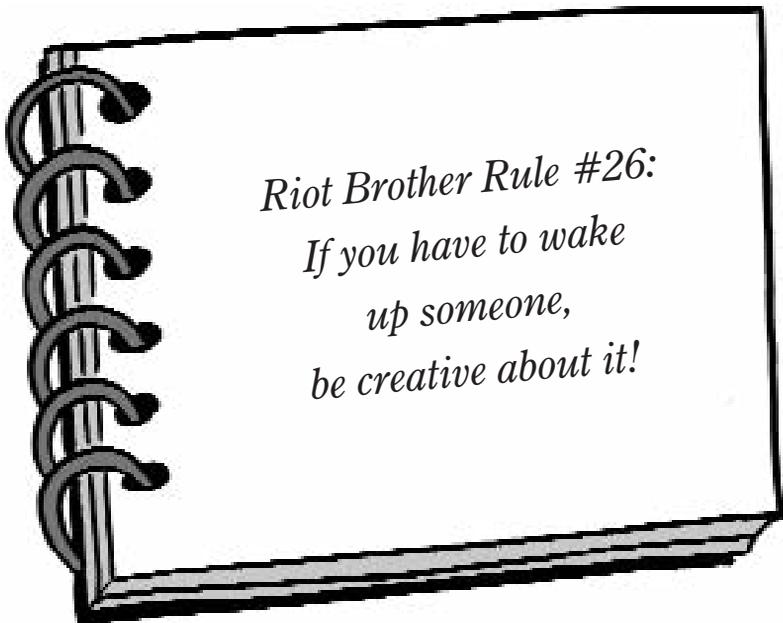


I woke up nice and early and knew without even looking that Orville and Amelia were still asleep. How did I know? Because they were both snorgling like wild pigs. As anyone who has ever had a sleepover at my house knows, Orville does more than snore—he snorgles. And now you know that Amelia E. Hart snorgles, too. Up until this point in my life, I didn't even know that girls *could* snorgle.

I glanced at them to see if they looked like wild pigs.

They did!

I really wanted to take a picture of them so that I'd have something to look at whenever I needed a laugh, but I had to follow Riot Brother Rule #13: Whoever wakes up first has to wake the other. And according to our new rule, I couldn't wake them up in an ordinary way.



I crept downstairs and got the mop bucket. Quietly, I tiptoed back upstairs and filled it with whitey-tighties, socks, and fluffy white tissues. I climbed on my bed and held the bucket in both hands as if it were very full of water. (It helps to be a good actor.) Then I said, “Yoo-hoo. Orville, Amelia, time for a shower!”

Amelia opened her eyes and saw me standing above them with that big old bucket.

“Orville!” she said. “Wake up!”

Orville’s eyes snapped open. “Wilbur! You wouldn’t—”

“Here it comes!” I tossed the contents of the bucket at them.

“NOOOOOOOO!” They covered their heads.

An avalanche of white socks and under-pants and tissues landed on them.

I laughed my head off.

Pow! Amelia got me right in the forehead with a sock ball.



“Sock fight!” I cried.

Orville started throwing socks in both directions like a wild, two-handed pitching machine.

When we were socked out, Amelia sighed and said, “What a way to start the day! You guys know how to do it.”

“Thank you, Amelia,” I said. “It’s nice to be appreciated.”

“It certainly is,” Orville said, and put a pair of whitey-tighties on his head.

“That gives me an idea!” Amelia exclaimed. “Let’s play Costume Countdown! You get one minute to use anything you can find to create a costume. Then we guess what we are.” She didn’t wait to find out if we wanted to play. Why would she? Of course we did! She pulled a stopwatch out of her backpack. “You may get something from another room, but you must be back here in one minute. On your mark, get set, go!”

The three of us raced around, grabbing stuff and putting it on. We ran back.

“Time’s up!” she said. “Okay, guess what I am.”

She was standing very straight and was wearing Curly the snake wrapped around her right arm, a T-shirt on her head like a scarf, and a fake beard.

“A fortune-teller?” I guessed.

“No.”

“Santa Claus’s evil twin?” Orville guessed.



She laughed. “No. I am the great Egyptian queen Nefertiti!”

“A queen with a beard?”

“Yep. When she became the pharaoh, she wore a fake beard! Isn’t that cool?”

“Do me next!” Orville yelled. He was wrapped in toilet paper with my striped tie around his neck.

“You’re a daddy mummy!” Amelia said.

“I can’t believe you got it right!” Orville exclaimed.

Amelia bowed.

A chill went up my spine. “This is very strange.”

“What’s so strange?” Orville asked.

“You’ll see after you guess who I am.”

I had a pair of whitey-tighties on my head with two tissues sticking down on either side.

“You’re a sheep?” Orville asked.

“Baaaaad guess,” I said.

“Give us a hint,” Amelia said.

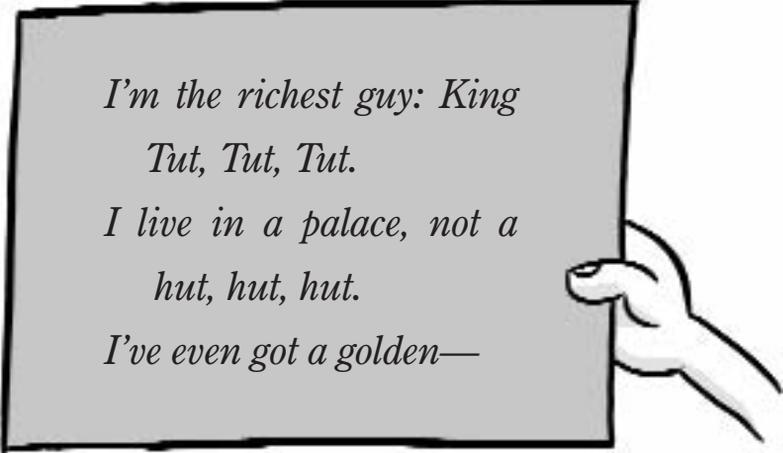
“I’ll tell you that I’m a rich king, but you’ll have to figure out my name.”

“Oh my gosh!” Amelia exclaimed. “This is strange.”

“What?” Orville asked.

“He’s King Tut!” Amelia said, and I nodded. “He looks just like him.” She pulled a book called *Egyptian Wonders* out of her backpack. “See? Here’s King Tut, except he’s painted gold.”

Orville jumped up, made a King Tut hat for himself, and danced like an ancient Egyptian with his mummy bandages trailing. He sang:

A hand is shown on the right side of a grey rectangular sign, holding it from the edge. The sign contains four lines of lyrics in a cursive font.

I'm the richest guy: King

Tut, Tut, Tut.

I live in a palace, not a

hut, hut, hut.

I've even got a golden—



“Orville,” Amelia said. “Sorry to interrupt your song, but don’t you see how strange this is?”

He stopped.

“What’s so strange?” Orville asked.

“We all picked costumes from ancient Egypt,” I explained.

“I think it means that our mission for today must have something to do with Egypt,” Amelia said. She started jumping up and down. “I love ancient Egypt!”

Orville's costume was giving me a great idea for a mission. "What would be a cool thing in the world to find?"

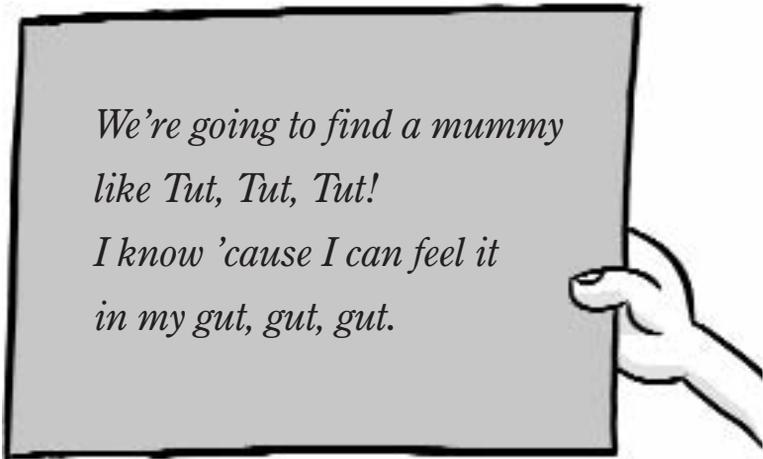
"A dollar?" Orville guessed.

"Cooler."

"An air conditioner?" Amelia reasoned.

"Well, that would be cooler. But that wasn't what I had in mind. I think our mission should be to find a lost mummy!"

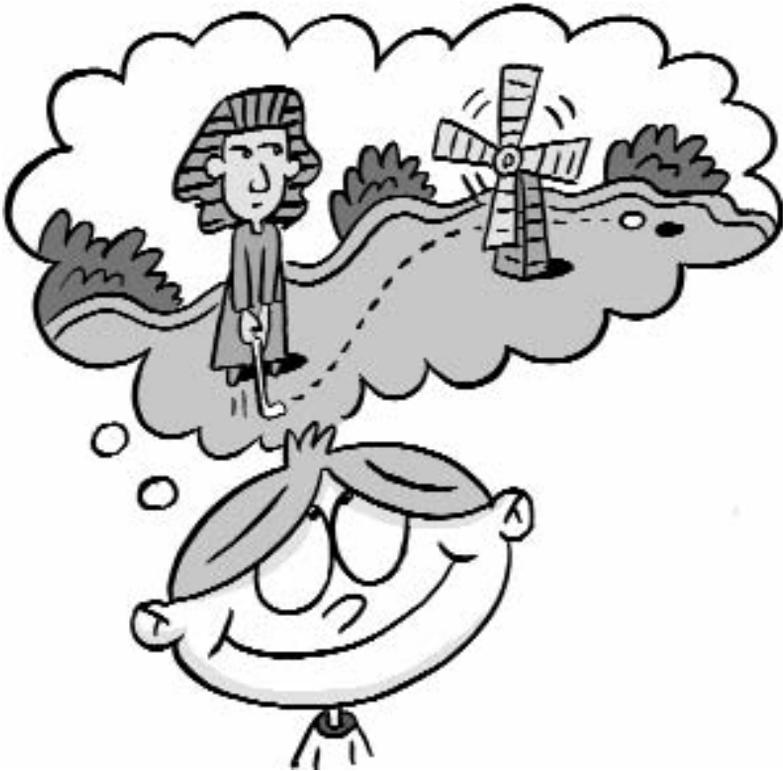
"Bingo bongo!" Orville started singing:



He stopped. "You know what King Tut should do?"

“What?” we asked.

“Make a mini putt!” Orville said. “He could decorate it with miniature pyramids and call it King Tut Mini Putt! It’s a great idea. Let’s go visit King Tut and tell him about it, and he’ll give us a bunch of gold as a reward!”



“There’s only one problem.” Amelia patted him on the back. “King Tut is dead.”

“That is so sad.” He plucked the tissues out of his hat and blew his nose. “No mini putt for King Tut.”

I said to Amelia, “When you’ve got a brother like Orville, there’s only one thing to do. . . .”

“Put on a King Tut hat and be a nut, nut, nut?” she suggested.

“Bingo bongo!”