

The Golden Staff Of The Pharaohs

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Chapter One

Strange dream

It was a beautiful morning in the South Pole. The sky was a deep blue, the sun was bright and the temperature was a pleasant -40 degrees.

Poots woke early. He jumped out of bed and looked through his curtains. 'Nice' he thought to himself, as he looked at the day outside. This was just how he liked things on a Saturday. He washed, brushed his teeth and combed his tuft, and then thought about his morning rhyme.

Poots you are the special one,
Poots you are delightful,
Flowing tuft, slim as a rake,
And always so insightful.

He always had to have a morning rhyme. He was not very bright, in fact you could say he had the intellect of a root vegetable, but he did have a way with rhymes, especially about Poots.

As he stood admiring himself in the mirror, he suddenly remembered the really strange dream that he had during the night.

In his dream he was a falcon, soaring above a magnificent desert. Up to this point, this was not an unusual dream for a young penguin. Having been born with wings but not

being able to fly has always been very frustrating for Poots and his kind. But in this dream, as he soared high in the warm sky, he could see huge pyramid structures. He looked down to see thousands of people in a large mass standing in front of a single man. Poots could hear that the man was addressing the crowd who were completely silent, hanging on his every word. Eventually, he knew to land on the outstretched arm of this man, whom he then noticed had a long colourful beard and a strange headdress, which looked like a lion. As he settled himself on the arm of this stranger, the crowds cheered. The last thing he could remember was bowing his head to the crowds in appreciation of their applause.

He shook his head, 'Must be something I ate', he thought to himself.

He made his way to the kitchen for a nice big Saturday breakfast. He was surprised to see his mother already up and about, as Saturday was normally her 'lazy day'. His mother was even more shocked to see him.

'Goodness me dear, you are up early,' she said in a surprised tone.

'I always get up at this time on a Saturday,' he replied smiling at his mother. 'Can I have some breakfast now? I am full of hunger, but nothing else.'

'I know you get up early on a Saturday my dear, but this is Friday.'

Poots' smile disappeared, and was replaced with a long frown. 'Friday! Are you sure? I thought it was Saturday.'

'Sorry precious, I am sure. You need to get ready for school, but on the bright side, you will have plenty of time for a change.'

Poots put his hand on his stomach. 'I feel very sick,' he said. 'I think my tummy is about to fall off.' He then put his hand on his forehead. 'I feel faint', he said as he fell forwards towards his mother. He was expecting her to catch him, and carry him

straight back to bed, but she didn't. She stood and watched him fall face first on to the kitchen floor with a loud thud.

'Oooowwww,' he screamed. 'I could have died. What sort of mother lets her child die like that?'

'Fortunately you didn't die dear, so you will be able to get ready for school now.'

The young penguin went back to his room in a sulk, rubbing his head, to put on his school uniform. All of a sudden he really didn't feel so well. It was a Friday, a school day, and not any old school day, a spelling test day.

He was definitely going to learn his words this week. His score of 0 out of 10 last week was quickly followed by a detention. So this was going to be the week that he sat down and worked hard to learn his words. But then came the TV, and the computer and all the football that needed to be played and somehow there was no time left for homework. And when he did have a spare moment, he had to read his Wibbly Pig collection, otherwise what would be the point of it all?

Poots was mad about Wibbly Pig. He had all his books, and lots of stuffed toys. He referred to him as the Lord Wibbly, or the little God with the curly tail.

His friends knew all about his strange obsession, but given he was generally very strange they didn't pay much attention to it. However, they knew never to take the name of Wibbly in vain, as it sent Poots into a frenzy.

After putting on his tie and blazer, he made his way slowly back into the kitchen.

His mother had set out his breakfast (2 large fish), which he tucked into. Food normally improved Poots's mood, and today was no exception.

'Nice,' he said sitting back in his seat and rubbing his tummy. 'Any breakfast pudding?'

'You can have fruit,' replied his mother.

‘Fruit,’ Poots said in disgust. ‘That’s not pudding, that’s health food!’

‘Puddings are allowed to be healthy,’ his mother replied. ‘And since when did we have breakfast pudding?’

‘Today?’ he added hopefully smiling at his mother.

To his disappointment, his mother just shook her head. At that moment Punk came into the kitchen.

‘Morning Mrs Poots, morning loser,’ Punk said in a cheerful Friday voice.

Poots just looked at him and carried on picking his nose.

‘What’s up with you,’ Punk asked.

‘He thought it was Saturday,’ replied his mother on his behalf, as Poots didn’t seem to be very talkative.

‘Ah, fair enough. Still, you wouldn’t want to miss the spelling test would you?’ asked Punk smiling at his friend.

Poots looked daggers at Punk. ‘Funny,’ was all that he could come up with.

‘Off you go, you two,’ said Mrs Poots. ‘You don’t want to be late.’

‘Bye Mrs P,’ said Punk. ‘Come on Pootster. One more day and then it’s the weekend.’

‘Bye dear,’ said Mrs Poots, kissing her son on the tuft.

‘Oh man, I am going to have to redo it now,’ said Poots trying to get it right again.

‘Come on, do it on the way, I don’t want to be late again. Mrs Bowl-Of-Onions said we used up our last chance on Wednesday.’

Poots slowly followed Punk out of the door with his head bowed. He waved at his mother without looking up.

Punk had to virtually drag his friend into school. They made it into the classroom with 30 seconds to spare before being late again.

‘Morning Mrs Bowl-Of-Onions,’ said Punk as he passed his form teacher on the way to his desk at the back of the class.

Poots came in just behind his friend with his head still bowed. He gave a small wave to Mrs BOO as he passed her.

‘Good morning to you Poots. Thank you for those kind words of greeting,’ said Mrs BOO as he made his way to sit next to Punk.

‘Good morning class,’ said Mrs BOO in her best early morning teacher voice.

‘Good morning Mrs Bowl-Of-Onions,’ replied the class. That is the class except Poots, who whilst looking down at his desk just waved a little.