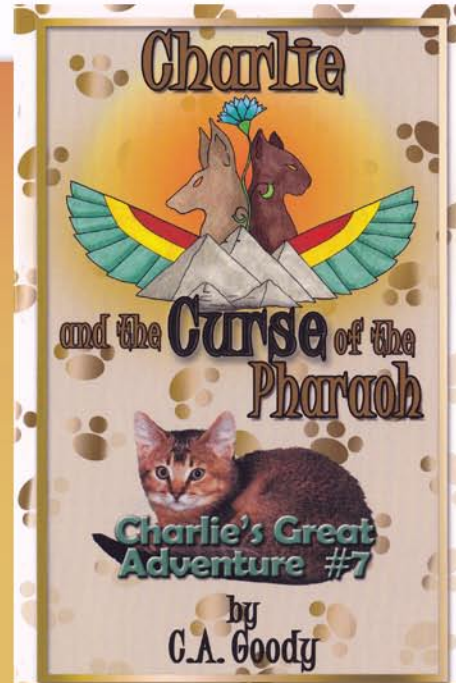




CHARLIE *and the* Curse *of the* Pharaoh



Is an ancient curse causing chaos?

When an exotic dog shows up with a problem, Charlie just can't resist going on another adventure. At a museum filled with Egyptian artifacts, he learns a lot about his ancient origins, but he can't figure out what's causing the strange events that are taking place. Is an age-old curse responsible for the spooky occurrences, and if so, will the evil follow him home? Charlie will need to use all of his natural abilities plus a little bit more to solve this mystery.

**Take a look inside Charlie
and the Curse of the Pharaoh**





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I stayed exactly where I was for a few more minutes. If he came back, and I wasn't there, all the guards would be looking for me. As I sat, pretending to be made out of stone and trying to figure out which direction to run next, the mummy next to me began to move.

At first, I didn't realize what was going on. I heard a soft, raspy sound, like papers being shuffled. I didn't know it was actually the old, stiff cloth that the mummy was wrapped in scraping against the table. Then I saw movement out of the corner of my eye. I had been so focused on being a statue that it took me a minute to realize that it would be okay to turn my head and look. When I did, what I saw totally freaked me out.

The mummy was rocking back and forth. It was laying on its back, rolling slightly one way and then the other, like a turtle trying to right itself.

Looking back on this moment, I recognize that there were several things I could have done. I could have poked the mummy to see if it reacted. I might have asked it what it was trying to do and if it needed any help. I could have grabbed a sword from the other room and tried to kill it. What did I actually do? I screamed and ran out the door.

While moving as fast as my little paws would carry me, through one room and then the next, I tried to think of a logical reason for what had just happened. But I couldn't. I could not come up with one valid excuse for a mummy moving by itself. I began to wonder about the curse, and if it might be real. I tried to imagine what that would mean. I wished, for about the tenth time that afternoon, that I had ignored the knock on my door this morning and had just gone back to sleep.

