

# *THE PYRAMID, THE TREASURE AND THE BOY*

## *CHAPTER ONE*

*Egypt...Over Three Times a Thousand years  
It Has Been a Mystery,  
Now, We May See What...*

"This Summer I will spend in Egypt with my Mom and Dad", I wrote in my diary.

Excited and nervous at the same time to travel so far into a land as different and strange as there, I packed light as Mom told me to, then placed my two small bags, by the front door.

In the morning, the college transportation would come to pick us up for the first leg of the trip....to the airport!

Since I was a toddler, I have been playing with ancient Egyptian thisses or

that's, till I seemed to become as much an expert as my Dad, so to hear him say.

I can speak a pretty good Egyptian tongue and Hieroglyphics come as second nature to me, as easy to read as my ninth grade English reader.

To hear me ramble on it would seem I'm more pumped up for this trip and exploration than my Dad!

Well, it's gonna be a great time to finally see the things my Dad has been studying all these years and teaching at college.

That night, visions of Ancient Egypt ran completely free and insane through my mind. I could see myself in the middle of a Pharaoh's court, all dressed up in their robes and jewels! So cool, I almost believed myself there.

Morning came early and I dragged myself away from my royal dreams of ancient times so I may get dressed and ready for a real adventure of not so quite an amazing reality, or so I thought.

We were all in the front room awaiting the college's transportation when we heard the horn of the car blow.

"Wow," a limousine! We all poured into the long limo and off to the airport we went.

Almost couldn't control myself as I wanted to yell for the built up excitement inside me, but Dad gave me the look and I remained as calm as I could.

The trip to the airport seemed to take only moments and up the stairs to the private plane we climbed.

I had been on a big plane before, but never a small private one, sure was fancy inside. The seats were extra big and swiveled!

The captain said, "Buckle up your seat belts and get ready." We were off!

I had my laptop to brush up on all things Egyptian...and to listen to Dad's Rock and Roll music, my favorite.

Time sped by and strangely, my mind conjured up all kinds of stories about

different circumstances in the olden times I could have fit into, then, "Wow." I heard the Captain say, "Buckle up, we are coming into Cairo Airport for a landing."

"Were here," I guess I said out loud to my Dad's smile and little laugh by Mom.

As the plane door opened, I was hit by a wall of "Hot" breeze that almost gave me an instant tan.

We're here, I said to myself .... now, let's see what I can discover.

*END CHAPTER ONE*

## CHAPTER TWO

*Hey....I Can Read These Walls  
As Good as Dad!  
Won't Tell Him Though.*

Getting through customs was a breeze what with the government passes to help them with their studies.

Me, Mom and Dad hopped into an S.U.V. as our luggage stuffed into the back, then we were on our way to where we'd stay.

We kept driving farther from the city towards the spot Dad said had the most tombs. It seemed to be desolate and just desert till we pulled around this tall rock hill and there they were. About two dozen large built homes, all solar powered with a central huge building for all the work to go on in.

Piling out of the truck and walking the fifty feet to the front door proved to be

challenging as it was well over one hundred degrees!

As soon as I passed the doorway, the home's air condition smacked me in the face like a welcomed friend.

Mom unpacked while Me and Dad went to the facility to see what was going to be his job.

Into his office we went to a huge pile of carved stones all adorned with colorful hieroglyphics.

"Hey," I thought to myself, I can read these, well most of them anyway.

Dad went right to work, leaving me to my own curiosities.

After half an hour of just looking around, I saw this oddly shaped stone way off in the corner of the big "Stone Room" as I called it.

Let's see. It's a story about a boy of the court of some Pharaoh who was the son of one of his...let me see, eighteenth wife!?

Well, he was safe from harm being "That" far down the line to ascend to king. You know, assassinations and the such of ones in someone's way to the throne!

Look over here, there are more stones of that funny color buried under piles of debris. Here....let me separate them from the junk and piece them together to see what we may have here.

Two hours later it seems I have a pile of these shiny broken story pieces with tiny pictographs

Putting them together took the rest of the day, but with my laptop, I took a couple of photos of the finished job to translate back at the house tonight.

This symbol glyph was largest next to the sign for Mother...HmMMM.



Let me look it up on my memory banks.  
"Witch"...it means "Witch!"  
Mom was a witch. Will you imagine that.  
It starts with, "My name is "Ahmose,  
Child of the moon," Mama said.

It shows She protects him daily with  
spells and incantations for strength, safety  
and long life. The story goes on to tell where  
their home was and how to find it in  
reference to still existing land marks!

"I am Jo...and My dad is Mike and my  
Mom is Ruth. We are from California,  
U.S.A.," I said as he clasped my hand and  
smiled. Now "This" could be a cool  
adventure, to find an ancient home lost  
these millennia.



Sketching together a map took several days...Good thing Dad is super busy at the shop and Mom is making this home super to be in for the next three months.

Each night, I'd stare at the sky thinking of what Ahmose may have been thinking under those very same stars.

Well...tomorrow, I start my hunt for his home. Maybe I'll become famous for finding a yet unknown house of antiquity ...or be happy if I just don't get lost!

*END CHAPTER TWO*

*CHAPTER THREE*  
*What's That Little Thing*  
*Poking Out Right There?*

Two days and an extra long hot morning on the third seemed to be bringing me in as circle. The markings were extraordinarily precise...but I was still making loops like a horse on a race track.

I took a well deserved break, in the only shade for a mile in any direction from the point of an overhang, reaching into my chill pack for my last Pepsi then leaned back to rest and slurp.

"OUCH," my back. I had leaned onto a pointy corner of something, sticking it into the soft meat of my shoulder.

Spinning around, taking out my trusty pocket knife, started to scrape the crusted dirt that completely encrusted whatever the heck it was.

I remember Dad always saying, "Just like Italy. Scratch the surface in Egypt and you will find an antiquity.

Nut this thing was getting bigger, wider and taller!

After a hot and sweaty two hours, I had the beginning of what looked like an ancient wall and doorway.

After another hard and sweaty hour, I stood in front of an entry way, down a corridor to a door made up of the same shiny stone as the written tablets I had, with the same hieroglyphs!

I am standing in front of the entry...yes it must be the very home of "Ahmose!"

Reading the messages on the wall to the opening to the house, I can see that his Mom was very into incantations and prayers to her Gods as every inch was covered with a prayer to them, or a curse for those who crossed the portal's entry with bad intentions! Some of these curses even chill one today. Like this one here.

*"Be any of ill will step...let's see, what is this symbol...a yes, foot within this home or hold bad thoughts to any here.....their organs, yes that's it, will wither and rot!*

“Well,” that’s a party starter isn't it? The rest, I guess, are as fun as this one was. I'll take photos of them all and down load when I get back.

Finally, I get to the door. Something was strange. It has throw bolts to lock it on the outside...and good sized ones too!

What is this all about?

Carrying a pry bar and small but sturdy hammer, I go to work freeing them.

They pop open rather easily, and after some squirts of "WD-40" oil from my pack, the door swung open like a feather.

On my side I had a flashlight I received from Mom and Dad that could bounce off the moon!

Popping it on, the powerful beam shot everywhere, bouncing off polished walls and mirror like surfaces.

"Wow," The whole place seemed bizarrely clean, as if someone was still living in it, keeping it neat and tidy!

Slowly moving about, marking my way in case of a hasty retreat never know about those curses, I just couldn't shake the feeling I was being watched. How silly could "That" be...?

*END CHAPTER THREE*

*CHAPTER FOUR*  
*O.k. Now, This...*  
*Ain't Right!!*

Just ooching around, seeing what I could. I could swear this place "Is" being lived in. So clean, even rumped sheets on the bed!

What have we here? Food in a plate. doesn't look a couple of thousand plus years old. As a matter of fact, these dates taste fresh picked!

What is going on? Let me set up these reflective plates just so. Now put my monster flash light facing this one, ricocheting off into that one then those others and lighting up darn near the whole house.

Wow...the place is huge!

On the far side seems to be another opening with its own light glowing at the end of its corridor.

Twisting my head in every direction, not wanting to miss anything important, I am now standing in the portal exit which, which, opens out onto an open area with fruit trees and an ample garden of fresh vegetables!

This is a completely surrounded area by the high jagged peaks pointing inward, circling it, unable to be seen from the outside.

Then my world became a bit...well a serious "Lot" weirder!

"How do you like my garden," a voice asked from behind me in a language mostly forgotten for a thousand years plus.

You know how your stomach clenches that second you drop down the roller coaster? This was so far past that, I had to sit on a rock bench to my right just not to faint.

With an ever so slow turn, I was face to face with a young boy, probably my age, smiling and offering me a bowl of fruit.

With a wobbly hand, I took a date, they are my favorite, and said thanks in his tongue...or as close to it as I could get. He seemed to understand and sat beside me.

"Are you Ahmose," I asked?

He jumped up, shaking his head yes and my hand at the same time.

"How did you get in?" "How did you find me? How ...?" I put my two fingers over his lips to stop him, so I could best explain.

"Do you know what time we are in," I asked him? Shaking his head, no, again I quieted him.

"From the reading of the writings of your time, this is, near as I can tell, about two thousand years or so from then. Your home was buried in front for these many years, only being found by my reading ancient hieroglyphics that held the secret of your location."

It was "His" turn to almost faint as he sat back down and wobbled a bit, well a lot more than a bit.



"How did you come to be here, locked in and well...still alive after all these years, I had to ask?

"Come with me and I will show you my Mother's writing," he said.

*END CHAPTER FOUR*

*CHAPTER FIVE*  
*Through the Love of a Witch,*  
*Her Son Lived On*

He opened up this good sized scroll and as trained by Dad, the glyphs (Symbols for words) showed me what had occurred.

During a time when the great sickness took many weaker and young, her son Ahmose fell ill to the disease that affected so many.

Medicines, treatments, nothing worked as he slipped farther into sickness.

She then looked farther into her sect of witches for the only thing to keep him from succumbing to the disease.

The older witches brought her to a deep place in the mountain, where she read the ancient words, even then they were so old, to instruct her in the ways of preservation of life.

Studying, day and night for three days, she was able to decipher the words into a chanting spell that would give her son a way to stay alive and healthy, but at a price.

She had this place secretly built into the mountain. The gardens planted and locks put on the outside to keep him inside, as the chant she would have to say would forever change the air within to keep him as he was that moment for as long as he remained there.

Were he to step outside the front door, the disease would again start to destroy his body.

“Wow,” I said to him! “What a story, but here you are, here in front of me, a several thousand year old teen ager smiling.”

Yes, smiling he was, for he hadn't had company to speak to for longer than he could count.

Now, the scientist Dad trained into me came out. My questions to him were these. “What were the symptoms of the sickness?”

He looked at me in an odd way, not understanding the question.

Hmmmm, let me think. “What did you look like when you were ill and how did you feel?”

“First” he said, “My stomach became sick, and all foods came out.” “Then a darkness circled my eyes and my arms felt so heavy and weak.”

“Mother said I had a demon within and these words said in just the right word here would save me.”

“As time passed, I grew more ill, so weak. The words only slowing the illness that had me in its grasp.”

“The building of this place went very fast, as many workers came to assist, and before long, I was brought here to have my Mother finish the last half of the incantation to bring me to health, but here only.”

I listed to Ahmose carefully, writing his symptoms in my pocket pad to bring to Dad, hoping He could recognize them and

hopefully the medical world had come up with a cure since, well...way the heck back!

“You wait here and I will return, I need to speak with my Father, He is a....well....a special person like your Mom was.”

He smiled then led me back across the long rooms and corridors to the front door asking me to lock him in, as he did not want to be tempted to leave.

With a smile and a wave, I shut him in throwing the double bolts.

As fast as I could, I ran home to speak with Dad, but had to be careful not to say anything about a two thousand year old boy with a mystery disease locked in a hidden garden palace in the side of a mountain.

Don't think it would go over too well and I may end up in a room with outside locks!

*END CHAPTER FIVE*

*CHAPTER SIX*  
*And Why Do You Wish To know*  
*The Cure for Cholera?*

O.k. here's what I'll say, "Oh, Hi Dad!" "Have a question for you." "What do these symptoms seem like to you?" "Some people I met asked me to ask you." Yeah, that sounds good...well semi good, I thought.

"Well" he said, let me take a look at your notes." "Hmmm, was there any loss of body fluids as in copious amount, that is lots of, throwing up and bathroom time?"

"Exactly, Dad!"

"Text book For Cholera," he said. "But haven't been Cholera outbreaks in many years here."

"Is the cure difficult?"

"Usually, I.V. fluids, some antibiotics and a few chemicals or so, but pretty easy to fix if not gone too long," Dad told me.

“Thanks Lots,” and I took off for Ahmose’s place.

Looking back to smile, Dad had a completely confused look on his face which was good for now.

Back to the wall house front door which I had thrown dirt all over to help hide it and having done a pretty good job, took a while to find again!

Aha, there it is, thankfully an odd shadow from the sun off the top corner of the door showed me the way.

Brushing off the covering and throwing back the locked bolts, I opened to a waiting smiling lad.

Shutting the door and taking him by the hand to sit in the garden, I turned to him saying, “It seems, the problem you have was so bad in your time that it destroyed many in communities that were close and a bad water supply.”

“The good word is...We can cure it today with some liquid and swallowing tablets!”

His eyes lit up. All he could say is “My Mother lived so long, waiting for the day to hear words as these, but age took her away long ago” “I have been alone in my beautiful cell since.” His face had such pain and sadness till I said to smile as soon we would leave this place, cure him and begin anew to live as your Mom wanted you to.

This gave way to a half smile as he squeezed my hand and gave me a hug.

“My Mother always hoped I may leave my prison some day and put this away for me,” he said as we walked hand in hand to the far side of the garden to a smaller building about twenty feet square but the same tall.

Pulling a pomegranate off a huge tree laden down with them, we approached a tall beautifully hand hammered, tall lotus flowers adorned the door, which seemed to be made of ... “Gold!”

Unlocking the same type of throw bolts as are on the front door, this one, although



it's hugeness and apparent weight, opened with the ease of moving a feather. Wow!

They swung slowly open allowing the bright afternoon sun to sparkle off whatever was piled and stacked inside.

Focusing my eyes from the glare, I was unable to speak.

“This is what my Mother put aside for my keeping when I could possibly leave here,” he said as if this was a regular thing.

Guess even being the son of the “Eighteenth” wife of “Pharaoh” has some extra serious perks, I thought to myself.

“This is an amazing treasure your Mom has put aside for you,” I told him.

He then gave me a pretty huge smile not having really known how great a thing she did.

“If I get free of here, this will keep me well for my lifetime,” he asked?

“Oh, your lifetime and twenty generations past you!”

Not understanding that, I smiled and said, “For “Many” lifetimes.”

“Now,” I said, “I just have to figure out how to get You, and the cure together.”

Ahmoose shook his head, understanding as much as he could as we looked around this pile of goodies beyond belief with a way to get Dad in on this without exposing my new friend to the scientific community as an experiment.

Let’s see ... “This” ought to do it.”

*END CHAPTER SIX*

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### *Hey Dad . . . Let Me Show You Something And Tell You a Neat Story!*

Before I left Ahmose's treasure piles, I picked out a couple of items to convince Dad, I hadn't been in the sun too long and lost my mind completely.

As I got back home for the second time...it was getting on towards dinner time as Dad was in the washroom cleaning up.

Our meal went fine, but as soon as we were finished, He asked me if something was bothering me. Thought I kept a pretty smooth look on my face, but taking into consideration the story I was about to tell, I'm amazed I wasn't bouncing up and down in my seat.

“Can we go for a walk, Dad, as I have a story to tell you?”

“Well...been a long time since there were stories told between us, and it was “Me”

doing the telling, but let's go," He said with a smile.

Slowly but carefully, I took him step by step through the finding of the door and into the compound where Ahmose stayed, without yet telling him of the "reeeealy" old boy who lived there.

His eyes opened, with the excitement of his favorite daughter. O.K, only daughter, encountering such an amazing find!

We sat in a nearby park, made just for the scientists on this lovely bench completely carved with the most ancient glyphs that I started to read to my Dad's amazement.

"Your learning is equaling mine in reading of the old languages," he said with some pride.

"Ohhhh, that's not the half of it," I said with a wiggly voice, "Here's the other half, or so, of the story."

Slowly and exactly I told him every step. His eyes slowly opened bigger than ever

bigger than I thought a person's could. Then there was silence.

While he was holding his breath, I pulled the wrapped objects from the bag I had put them in...you know, from the treasure pile.

Handing the package to Dad, he unwrapped the most amazingly beautiful solid golden, jeweled figures his dog god,



Anubis

Then Bastes, their cat goddess



“Dad, breathe!” He looked at me, then the statues, me again and let out a big breath.

“You, These,” he sputtered. “Then He’s two thousand....!”

“Just like I said Dad, every single word.”

Sitting back on the bench, finally, from a seriously tight upright position, and breathing much better, he shook his head and smiled.

“Twenty years, searching and you find the most amazing of ten lifetimes”

“But Dad, we can’t tell anyone!!” “He would just become an experiment, locked up again and two thousand years is way long enough!”

He looked at me sort of on a slant, thinking for several moments, said, “You are completely correct, please forgive my crazy excitement.” Then he gave me a hug, saying, “May we go meet this young gentleman in the morning?”

I hugged him back saying “Thanks Dad.”

That night proved restless for us both, as I arose at five o'clock to find Dad sipping a cup of cocoa. "May I have some?" He pointed to the pot, I poured then sat down beside him.

*END CHAPTER SEVEN*

*CHAPTER EIGHT*  
*Knock... Knock*  
*HI, Ahmose... This Is My Father*

As we reached the doorway, Dad wasn't sure what we were looking at as I had really dirtied it up this time when I left.

Brushing it a bit cleaner, He say where and helped me.

Noticing right away, he said, "Bolted from the outside?"

I shook my head saying, "He was meant to stay in, remember?" He shook "Yes" this time.

Knocking and throwing open the bolts, the door swung open to expose a lavish living expanse that impressed and stunned my Dad.

Ahmose peeked from around a corner. When my Dad's eyes saw him, it was almost too much for him to believe.



“Even though he heard your story,” He said, “and said to myself “I believed,” it was not till this moment I could have possibly understood the sheer impossibility, but complete truth of what you told me!”

Reaching around with his hand for a seat to plop down for a few minutes of reality check, Ahmose handed him an ornately carved chair of gran worth as if it was a kitchen chair at home.

In the state Dad was in, he hardly noticed, took it and dropped his bottom holding his head with both hands.

Looking up, He had such a smile, like a kid at Christmas present opening time. Yeah, for him I guess it would be like that, but super-sized!

With the complementary tour of the house complete, Ahmose asked if Dad would like to see his gardens.

Almost bouncing, he said “YES!”

Then out we went onto, as maybe I hadn't properly explained, a huge garden

with dozens of fruit trees and a veggie area bigger than most people's homes!

Again, Dad dropped to the bench to look, just look. A few minutes later, up he was again, walking and picking, to Ahmose's Request, just having the time of his life. Little did he know what lay at the other end of the garden nestled in the treasure house.

We walked the outside for over half an hour till he saw me point behind him.

Looking at me puzzled, he pointed over his shoulder with his own finger to my nodding "yes."

There he stood in front of those dramatically ornate golden doors that started to overload him. So quickly, I said, "Dad, that's not the treasure." "It's "Behind" the doors!"

"Ohhhhh really," Was all that came from his mouth?!!!

I just smiled and nodded as he grasped the two handles and just swung them open.

The morning sun was glaring off so much gold and many pounds of colored jewels bouncing my Dad's face the look of a rainbow.

Or maybe it was just his happy glow, I wasn't sure.

For the next hour, Ahmose and I picked fruit and vegetables for his kitchen as Dad was in a trancelike state, talking to himself and the treasure pieces as if they understood him. Thought it best to leave him alone till he remembered we were there.

Out he came from his trance and the room, carrying a large rolled double papyrus with writing all over it.

“Your Mother loved you very much, Ahmose.” “She wrote of all the things she did to maintain your health and what she went through to do so.”

His eyes teared up a bit when Dad said those things of his Mom.

“This is as far past any imagination as, as well, “Anyone could invent.”

“But here we stand, there you are, and let’s not forget the “ROOM!” We all had a bit of a smile.

“Have you given any thought as to what you two are going to do,” Dad asked?

Until now, it had not even crossed my mind, and I don’t think Ahmose’s either.

“First, we need to cure him. Then, though it may sound sooooo odd, get him home with us to teach and protect till he can do so himself.

“You are growing up into an intelligent and caring person my dear. That’s exactly what we shall do, with your permission Ahmose.”

With a smile a nod and grasping of both our hands, the decision was made.

*END CHAPTER EIGHT*

*CHAPTER NINE.*  
*Hey Dad... Who Are Those Guys*  
*Standing by Our House?*

Dad was sorry to tell Ahmose we needed to leave him there one more time in order to set up treatment, but he understood.

We closed, locked and covered over the front door before we left, looking around making sure no one was around.

Half way back, we felt the presence of someone behind us following.

Stopping around a corner, we noticed two robed men looking around as if it was “Us” they were searching for.

Taking a different way back, Dad and I could see them across the street, lurking in the shadows of the bushes.

Immediately, Dad figured out, they must be trying to see where we disappeared to into the mountain.

“Grave Robbers”, Dad said. Only this wasn’t a grave, but an amazing find they need never know about.

"We have to figure out a way to get them out of the picture permanently," Dad whispered to me as we entered the house.

"You know, the local Chief of Police is a close friend of our College saying on several occasions that if he could be of any service we need only ask."

"Follow me into my home Lab for what is about to go down," Dad told me.

Opening a locked tall cabinet, Dad showed me amazing golden and jeweled statues! "Oh, these are all reproductions for us to translate and familiarize ourselves with what the museums are looking for," He said.

"Boy, could have fooled me!"

"I say, we put some of these on my desk, leave the window open, go out and sit around the block with the Police Chief in his car to see what happens." "I'm betting, we

will have an answer to our problem pretty quick...and the penalty for stealing antiquities is kind of severe. Almost makes me feel bad for doing it, but I am pretty sure "This" is not the first time they have done anything they should have been punished for!"

"Sounds like a super idea, Dad. Should we call the Chief first?"

"Right now, and I'll explain what he needs to know. Nothing about Ahmose though," He said with a wink.

I placed half a dozen of the sparkliest statues on the desk near the window, making sure Dad's powerful spot lamp hit them perfectly so the shine would even be seen outside.

"Great extra, the lamp, honey. The Chief is on the way and I could still see the two would be thieves peeking out from their corner."

We walked outside to an unmarked car, as not to draw attention, entered, then drove off, just for a bit.

Several minutes later, we oh, so slowly came around the corner to see the rump of one of the thieves scootching through the window.

Quietly entering the front door, we waited in the next room till they loaded the statues into bags and left by the same window.

Outside, unknown to me and Dad, were half a dozen police and a special wagon to give them a ride far away from here.

The look on their face was "Where the heck did these guys pop up from and how did they know?"

"Thank you for allowing us to clean the town of two more thieves," the Chief said.

Little did he know, we were much more thankful than him.

Back into the house when it was all over to have Dad call a Medical Doctor friend of



his to obtain the items necessary to administer to Ahmose to cure him.

As Dad hung up the phone, he said, "My friend the Doctor wasn't overly thrilled to give the medicines, stating, "What if this got out of hand?"

I guaranteed him it was an odd circumstance of one and only one infection. He was fine with my call telling me to swing by his office and pick up a bag of necessities.

This made me giggle with excitement and even gave Dad a wiggle of adventure too.

*END CHAPTER NINE*

*CHAPTER TEN*  
*What Do You Plan To Do*  
*With That Gleaming Spike?*

Picking up the medical necessities that night, we get an early start the next morning.

Not wanting to expose him to anyone who hasn't been immunized against it, we decide to do the process here till he is free of the sickness.

Knocking on the door, Ahmose opens it with an anxious smile inviting us in.

"We have brought everything with us to completely cure you of your malady."

Watching carefully, I notice, from the corner of my eye, an anxious look upon his face.

"What's wrong," I asked him.

"Jo, what do you plan to do with that gleaming spike in your Father's hand."

"Oh, that's just a needle to help you add more fluid to your system from the loss you have had."

"How about I drink a lot instead," he asked a but nervously?

"Trust me, all you'll feel is a slight stick and the fluid in these bags plus these small tablets to swallow will have you better in no time."

With an unhappy nod, Dad quickly started the I.V. and the fluid was on its way.

"Now...did you feel that," I asked?

"Feel what," he responded finally unclenching his whole body?

We looked at each other and laughed to my Father's confusion upon turning back and seeing two laughing hyenas, till we explained it to him.

"Just lay here and relax. We will be with you for the next several days," Dad said.

I looked at him puzzled. He said that Mom already knew we would be gone for

the next few days and He would explain to her as soon as we could.

"O.k. then, let's make something for lunch," I said.

Groping in the kitchen through what I found was a greatly varied bunch of veggies and fruit, oils and some herbs...I was able to set a pretty grand table!

A nice salad Mom taught me to make with lettuce, honeyed almonds, green onion shoots, a type of vegetable that resembled celery, orange slices, olive oil and vinegar was just the thing to perk up Ahmose, and Dad munched up a bunch too.

We sat by him as Dad soaked up all that he had to tell about ancient times. Like a living library of grand first hand knowledge that has never before been available to any living person.

For dinner, I made candied carrots, a sort of broccoli in spiced oil and a fruit salad to beat all others.

Ahmose said he hadn't eaten like that....

then stopped.

"Since your Mom," I asked. He just shook his head yes.

Well, now, you are "My" Family, and I'll knock anyone out who says different."

"What's this, "Knock out," he asked?

Oh yeah...doesn't translate. So, I took my right hand and punched it into my left, bringing a big smile and laugh, even from Dad.

That night went smooth and all seemed well...till the next morning...

*END CHAPTER TEN*

*CHAPTER ELEVEN*  
*Should Have Better Hid*  
*The Front Door*

Awakening to muffled voices outside, we ran to the door to listen. No one was right outside so we figured to dart out and cover it up if we could.

Opening it up as little as possible, we skinned out, throwing dirt and vines across the opening till it wasn't visible at all.

Around the corner, two men came walking, snooping as to why we were there.

"This is private property leased to the college through the government. What business do you have here," Dad said in his "I am the Dad voice"!

Immediately they began to point at each other and stutter.

"You did hear of the "Two" thieves who were captured last night didn't you," Dad again boom voiced?

They shook their heads, begged our pardon and backed away bowing and scooching in reverse as fast as their slippers would allow, till completely out of sight.

Dad turned to me with that scowl, which turned into the biggest grin I'd ever seen on Him. We quietly laughed till certain they had gone from the area and went back to the door.

Dad fixed up a pile of dirt and vines above the door so when we closed it, all would fall over it and hide the opening from sight. Ahmose seemed already, perking Up, even though the disease was stopped inside, there was a residual effect from it, making him slower, and more frail.

My job was to forage in the gardens, make great meals, keep him smiling and spirits up. Dad, on the other hand, was like a detective...looking everything over with an

eagle eye. Constantly hearing Him mumbling. “Aha!” ....or “So ‘That’s’ what it’s for!”

Mix that in with excited giggling, yeah my Dad, and bursts of “Omigosh!!!” There you’d have him, like a kid in a candy store with a fist full of money!

While on a fruit hunt in the trees, I came across a small out pouring of water from solid rock, into a pond no bigger than one of Mom’s turkey platters. A thin stream wandered almost unobserved throughout the trees and into the veggie garden.

After loading up on some scrumptious things, I went back inside to ask Ahmose about the water.

“Oh,” he said, “My Mother said I must drink from it daily to preserve the state of well being left to me. Without that, I would progress with my illness.”

This was a “Dad” thing, so I showed him, explaining what Ahmose related to me.



Taking a good sample, and bringing some for Ahmose to drink, packed it away to take back with us and test for any wonder healing properties.

The third day came and Ahmose seemed, well...taller, happier, bigger!

Dad removed the I.V. but kept him on antibiotics and” Mom’s water just for extra safety. He moved around, saying, “I do not remember feeling this light on my feet or strong.”

“After dark, we will leave here, for awhile, to our house in order to properly have you examined,” Dad told Ahmose.

“But not until we get you looking like this century,” I laughed.

Dad got it. Not sure Ahmose did.

Packing up some things, we carefully spied through a crack in the front door. Seeing, “all clear” we exited, really covering up the entrance with lots of dirt, vines and wiping away our footprints, then left for home.

As Dad opened the front door lock, there was Mom, smiling. Looking at Dad, then Her, I said, “Mom, we have something pretty different to tell you.”

“Rather amazing,” Dad added.

Half a smile from a confused Mom as she said dinner would be ready in half an hour was all we would get till we were done with the dishes.

Glad I brought fruits and veggie for Ahmose as don't think he's ready for spaghetti and meatballs quite yet.

*END CHAPTER ELEVEN*

## CHAPTER TWELVE

*Now... Mom Asked,  
Will You Introduce Me to Your Friend?  
"He's the Amazing Thing We Have for You!"  
I said.*

We ate, and Ahmose stuffed three times the fruit and veggies he usually did.

Smelling the pasta sauce, a recipe from Mom's Grandma he asked if he may taste it. Dad said, with a shoulder shrug, what the heck, giving him a small bowl of rigatoni and Mom's sauce.

Like a ravenous wolf, he polished off three bowls of it, till we stopped him not to cause and stomach problems.

Seems like the only problems was burping and that other country heard from. You know what I mean. He looked at me as if he'd never done that before, so outside we went where all is forgiven.

He looked up at the sky saying, "Over the years, the stars have changed. "Ever so little in their positions, but I could tell."

"The time I knew as a youth are so far gone, I feel lost."

His face seemed lost as did the, oh so many years that had passed.

I thought, "Just think of all the amazing things just waiting for you outside!"

Breaking his sorrowful gaze, looked right at me, and with half a smile, asked, "Like what?"

You see that big shiny thing in the night sky we call "The Moon."

"We called your "moon" the home of "Khonsu the traveler," Ahmose said.

"Well, now we call it the Moon, and we have sent people flying to go there!"

He looked at me as if I had three heads, shook his head saying, "Nooo."

Nodding, I told him, "Many times!"

"There are so many amazing and wonderful things to learn, and tonight will be the start."

With a bigger smile, he took my hand as I led him into his room along with my laptop, setting up "Learning English for the beginner."

He took to it like a fish to water and it held his attention completely.

Leaving him to go to bed, I told him that he may awaken me anytime he was confused but don't stay up too late.

It was about five o'clock in the morning when I felt a tap, tap on my arm.

There stood Ahmose, saying in English, "Good learn...come see!"

So excited to hear that, I jumped up, going with him to the laptop as he did not know it was moveable. He pushed the tab and enter buttons as I showed him, repeating so many words it pushed my idea of learning to new heights.

Teaching him Good Morning and Hello, plus half a dozen other phrases, I was ready for him to try them out on Mom and Dad at breakfast.

As we sat, Mom came to him and Ahmose said, "Good Morning Mom," shocking Dad, confusing Mom to no end. All it did to Ahmose and me was to make us bust out laughing.

Telling them both about the English on line lessons, Dad said in ancient Egyptian to him that he was very happy to see how well he has done. Ahmose gave off a proud grin, sat down and had his first ever plate of pancakes.

At first, he fiddled with them, till he saw me chow down and tentatively put a small hunk of cake in his mouth.

That was all it took. His eyes lit up and a stuffing he did go. Two plates full to be exact fell down his throat!

The Pyramid, the Treasure and the Boy by Mike Romano (page 55)

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Return to [BB Hidden Menu](#)

After breakfast, He, Dad, Mom and I sat out back trying to figure out what would be next on the Ancient boy caper!

*END CHAPTER TWELVE*

*CHAPTER THIRTEEN*  
*What Do You Do*  
*With Half a Ton*  
*Of Gold and Jewels*  
*Away from Prying Eyes*

"So, Dad, Ahmose is a young man, well a several thousand year old young man, and is "Now" going to live a regular life." "How do we get his belongings and you know what I mean...here from there without a huge truck and help?"

"A bit at a time my dear," Dad said.

That day went by uneventfully, with a yelled out word from Ahmose, cause I taught him to use the headphones and he didn't know we could hear him saying new things every so often, a bit loudly, but happy.



That night, Dad borrowed a small pick up and a tarp from the school's yard and we, all three went back.

Having the foresight to bring sacks, we took just enough to lay on the bed floor of the truck without sticking up, covered it with a tarp then took it home.

Pulling to the back door, we were almost completely unseen, well...almost.

Seems like hunting antiquities anywhere is done by both good and bad people.

The ones who were watching us weren't of the good kind. I was wondering where the heck they all came from!

This time they came to the front door and knocked. Can't be bad guys unless they are getting super bold.

Mom answered as we were unloading in back, and she showed badges from the Egyptian antiquities department.

When Dad and I got to the front, we asked what they wished, freaked out by who and when they came.

"We heard you have been accosted buy several groups of, shall we say, less than desirable citizens as of late," the smaller one said.

Dad nodded yes.

The government branch handling these things spoke with your University asking if you may need some unmarked cars stay by your house for awhile to make you and your family feel more secure?"

Just him saying that made Dad and I feel more secure that they weren't checking "Us" out.

"We appreciate it so much but won't be needing any protection as we have nothing for them," Dad said, which was the truth as there was nothing for them. It was all for Ahmose, ha, ha!

One more trip that night and Ahmose was huffing and puffing from carrying and perhaps the remnants of the sickness, but had plenty enough breath to ask, "What's

for this evening's meal? A smile was on his face.

"Well," Mom said, smiling directly at him, "Meatloaf!"

"I have "NO" idea what that may be but already I am excited," He said with anticipation.

At the table, he watched me stuff my cloth napkin in my shirt, as not to drool too much on my shirt, doing the same.

I squirted catsup on my meat loaf, asking him if he wanted some to which he gleefully shook his head yes, and into the meat pile we dove.

The first scoop into his mouth made his eyes light up like slot machines when Mom hit the jackpot that time in Las Vegas.

All seemed well with the world and we ate, laughed and I introduced Ahmose to television. This was more fun, watching him walk around the T.V. trying to see where the little people were than was the show itself!

*END CHAPTER THIRTEEN*

*CHAPTER FOURTEEN*  
*Now That We've Got Him....*  
*What Do We Do With Him?*

After seven more nights and as many back aches, we finally got Ahmose's treasure home and also a serious amount of fruits and vegetables. Which in reality is a more improbable, finding grand vegetables and luscious fruits than finding antiquities in Egypt, even though there are a massive amount of them!

Finally, we brought Mom into the work room to show her what we had transported. Glad there was a chair close, cause she just plopped right down into it, with her hands to the sides of her face, not saying anything but "Omigosh" over and over again. "They surely are all "That" Mom, "I said to her with a smile.

Ahmoose is the only son of the eighteenth wife of the Pharaoh, and as you see, it does have its perks!

Mom could only shake her head up and down, speechless.

We all went into the living room for several reasons. One to discuss what to do with this, double millennia old "Boy" and to introduce him to "Chocolate chip cookies and Ice cold milk."

First ...the cookies.

Handing him a big, warm chewy delight, with the other hand grasping firmly onto a glass of chilled milk. I with mine, chewed then drank.

He bit into it and chewed. His eyes almost spun around, then he took a slurp of chilled milk. Down he plopped into the chair like Mom when she saw all the treasure.

In English he said, "Don't know." "Like much!"

Had to stop him at sixth cookie explaining a stomach ache to him in ancient

and getting plump with too much of everything.

Guess he understood cause he smiled but did steal another cookie when he thought I wasn't watching.

Dad said that in order to either look after him here or back home in the United States, someone needs to help us high up in the government that would see the need to keep this a secret.

Dad's long time friend and college room mate was now the right ear of the Egyptian president.

We phoned asking for a meeting to speak with my daughter and myself.

The very next day we sat waiting in his outer office for him to be done with a meeting.

As his office door opened, and he escorted a group of people out, we were noticed and a nice smile came across his and my Dad's face.

Waving us in, Dad whispered to me, "This could either go good....or very, very badly." I clenched his hand as we entered.

Clasping my Dad's hand, they hugged and said how long he has missed him.

"Mike, we need to visit on a regular basis!"

Dad said, "Hori, it looks like we may just be doing that!"

Hori asked us to have a seat and tell him how he may be of service to his oldest and most honorable friend.

"O.K. here goes. Dad started with the phrase, "I need you to know, what I am about to tell you is the complete truth, and here..." handing him a solid, jewel encrusted statue of Ahmose's father the Pharaoh.

Halfway through, his secretary interrupted, to where Hori snapped, "Clean my schedule for the rest of the day. I am not in for anyone!!"

At that point Dad and I knew he was in. Finishing the story, at which Hori took his twenty seventh look at the statue and slumped back in his seat just said an American word that summed it all up.... "Wow!"

If we could leave now, we would like to take you to his home these two plus millennia, then home to meet the young, ahhhhh, old boy.

All Hori could do was barely shake his head and up we stood to leave. His secretary attempted to ask him a question, but in a sort of a trance, he waved her off saying he would be out the rest of the day.

Preferring to ride in our car, it took a few minutes to convince his body guards "Not" to come with or follow. I could see the not so trusting in their eyes. Hori told them he lived with Dad for five years and is as his brother.



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Return to [BB Hidden Menu](#)

With that, off we went with me, Dad and a still stupefied high ranking Egyptian official.

*END CHAPTER FOURTEEN*

*CHAPTER FIFTEEN*  
*I Would Like to Introduce to My Very Best  
Friend.*

As we walked up the stairs to the front door, Hori reached up to knock but Mom opened it first. Seeing the close to hysterical look in his eyes, she stepped aside to allow a full view of our amazing guest.

There was Ahmose, smiling quite largely, holding out his hand, as taught, still wearing his garments from the ancient world just to give the full experience of what was to be the thrill of a lifetime.

Frozen in his tracks, Ahmose walks up taking Hori's half outstretched hand and shakes it vigorously.

In pretty good English, said. "Pleased to meet you." Then Hori sat right down on the chair I slid under him.

He spoke quite good ancient Egyptian to our special guest and off they went into a thirty minute conversation of which both were smiling through, thank goodness.

Finally, looking back at us, Dad nodded, and Dori said, "This is the greatest day of my life, and repeated it to Ahmose in his tongue so he'd understand the largeness of this occurrence.

He also said that he had only a few "Many thousands" of questions to ask him, then smiled. Ahmose did too.

We had talked through lunch and almost through dinner, till Mom brought out a plate of southern "Mommy Fried Chicken" as we called it since, well, as far back as I can remember, and Ahmose's head spun in the direction of the Fried Chicken smell like a mysterious spell calling to him. Hori caught it too and stopped talking, got up and in a daze, followed Ahmose to the dining room.

After Mom's special call to eat did its job, we sat back on the couch rubbing our stomachs. Ahmose did it too. Guess they pigged out even back then.

"For now, Michael, may he live with you," Hori asked?

"Of course," Dad and I said together.

The only problem is that we shall go back to America at Summer's end, then what," we asked.

Everybody thought about till, finally, Mom said, "Let's worry about that a bit farther into Summer and for now we can simply adjust this lad to our time.

We all agreed, even Ahmose when I translated for him.

Before the evening was over, Ahmose excused himself for a moment and left the room.

Coming back moments later, he had a statue of his father, gold with stunning jewels the size of my open hand and handed

it to Hori saying in English, "Thank you much."

Mom almost cried and Hori was so pleased he almost shook Ahmose's hand off.

That night after all was quiet and I was in bed, I heard a faint knock on my door.

It was my two thousand year old new brother and he just wanted someone to talk to, as his Mom was long ago gone and he said, "My life just found new meaning with you and your parents." "I am greatly in your debt, please accept my humble gratitude."

He sat near my bed in the big arm chair, holding my hand till I guess we both fell asleep, as we woke up to Mom's pancake smell at the same time with the "Yummy Smile" on our faces.

*END CHAPTER FIFTEEN*

*CHAPTER SIXTEEN*  
*Nothing Like Bad News*  
*To Start the Day*

It's nine p.m. home. Dad said, "Shush, it's the college, but six in the morning here. What could they want?"

Looking up at Mom and, he I said, "The Dean of Boys had a heart attack ... I'm the assistant, and that it was the Head of the University was on the other end of the phone, and by the look of Dad's face, it wasn't too very good news.

After only a few short minutes he hung up then sat in the kitchen, holding his cup of coffee quite tightly.

"Must take over Monday morning," He said

"But it's already Thursday Dad," I bleated like a stuck sheep!

"What will we do with Ahmose? Thank all the Gods he didn't completely understand...although he did know something was amiss.

Dad called Hori first thing, explaining what transpired. I could almost hear his bottom plop into his seat!

"I have an idea," Hori asked Dad, "May I impose myself to upon house for tonight's dinner?"

"I'll be waiting out front," Dad said!

Dad went outside to pace, long before dinner, then up drove Hori, all alone, no body guards, no chauffer.

He flew out of the car, slammed the door in haste then quick walked up to Dad.

Shaking hands, walking in to the office, I could hear Hani say, "I have set into motion, a "Plan."

"It's gotta be a great one," Dad responded

Listening from outside the door, I could Hori speak of special permission if both

parents of a youth were killed and their only relatives lived in another country.

"How could we "Ever" pull this off", Pop half yelled, the other half cried?

"My office is, somehow, in charge of this process," Hori said, a smirk on his face.

Dad sat back down, kindly called for Mom asking for two glasses of their best Port wine.

Sitting next to each other heavily breathing, they clinked their wine glasses and drank a toast.

Needing to explain all this to Ahmose to see if he would even allow any of this gave us all an uneasy time trying the right time to bring it up.

Later that evening, Mom made a double batch of her chocolate chip cookies of which Ahmose immediately smelled, smiled and waited.

To be sure he fully understood the hugeness of what we were about to ask, I pumped him full of cookies and ice cold



milk. Completely stuffed with goodies, Dad and Hori thought it would be better for "Me" to tell him.

Sitting him next to me, handing another chocolate chip and topping off his glass of milk, began to talk.

While I was explaining, I could see him holding back smiles and a laugh.

"What is so funny Ahmose." I slowly said to him in the ancient tongue.

"I understood there would be something hard to speak on when you gave me all the, ... and he said, "Chocolate Chip cookies" in English!"

We both laughed as Dad and Hori couldn't hear us from across the room but smiled also.

"I understand things don't always go as thought or wished, but I trust you and the Father that saved my life. I will go with you anywhere."

Looking at him closely and playing with his hair, to his wonder, I said both in his

language and ours, "Gonna have do something with that hair and buy him new clothes. Yep, a twenty first century makeover."

Not knowing what I meant, he looked at Dad and they looked at me with an "Omigosh, what have we done" stare.

Tomorrow, you and I go shopping!

*END CHAPTER SIXTEEN*

*CHAPTER SEVENTEEN*  
*Dragged Into Our Century*  
*He Was!*

After all the craziness was done here, Hori went home to start early in the morning as we had to. He to get a passport and I had two days to update Amose's look!

Up at seven and showered, a new idea for our two thousand year old guest, but he took to it like a baby duck to water. Had to call to him after forty five minutes. Finally, I flushed the toilet and turned on the water in the kitchen, he screamed and jumped right out. (the flush changes temperature lots)

"Done huh?" I said smiling. I am pretty sure he knew I had the shower power and better not mess with me.

Mom drove us to the sort of mall. Looking first for shirts. We went through twenty shirts, settling on four. Then the

pants...a totally new concept not well received by him, but I told him that no good bakery would let him in without them on!

His love for chocolate chips over shadowed most everything. I pulled two from my pocket and we picked four different pants right quick.

Underwear, another foreign concept, I picked. Shoes confused him but he thought they felt nice so two pair and off to Mom for a ride home to have a fashion show for Mom, Dad and now back by popular demand... Hori.

Walking from his bedroom to the office, where we all sat, he sauntered in like Mr. Cool with each change.

Mom clapped, Dad and Hori smiled while I giggled like a monkey.

Ahmoose thought this to be a fun day, Yep...he was gonna fit fine.

After the initial shock of the "New and Improved" Ahmoose wore off, we set to

hatching a plan how to get his treasure back to the United States.

Hori spoke first saying he had pondered this last night and could get two wooden chests for College property sealed, nailed and marked exempt to inspection for shipment direct to Dad's office back home.

We all shook our heads, all except Ahmose, who was still admiring himself in the long hall mirror.

Mom brought up an interesting thought "Don't you think you should explain "How" we are getting Him to the U.S., as he has no idea what a plane is.

Oh yeah, I shook my head, grabbed his hand, till by the mirror and yanked him to the computer room to try to upgrade his brain hard drive into the 21st century.

I started all the way back with the Write Brothers, which made him react like "Witch Craft"!

Boy. if that makes him squirm, wait till we get to rockets!

Three hours, and several complimentary plates of Mom's Chocolate Chip Cookies. and I swear, over a quart of milk, he looked at me saying. "I'm ready." "But will need some cookies!"

I smiled, nodded yes and both of us went for a walk

"Is the U. of S. as nice as here," he asked?

"Everywhere is as nice as you make it," was all I could answer. This seemed to calm him even more.

*END CHAPTER SEVENTEEN*

## *CHAPTER EIGHTEEN*

### *Off We Go, Into The Wild Blue Yonder!*

With a "Man sized" bag of cookies and a Government permitted large "squeezie" of cold milk, Ahmose walked down the long tube to the plane. Thank goodness they were first class tickets, so he wouldn't feel so claustrophobic. Into the seats we went, and into his mouth a "whole" cookie went!

All seemed well till the captain spoke over the intercom...something completely alien to him, sounding like the gods, adding to which was the roar of the engines!

I stuffed two chocolate chip cookies in his hand, one in his mouth and gave him the surprise milk squeezie of milk, which seemed to make him so happy, he momentarily forgot the noises.

Then there was the rush!!! Take off which pushes you pretty much back into your seat, oh, and add to it the ground outside the window, moving fast!!

This seemed to excite him...in a good way.

Dad looked at him saying, "He might like the raceway near home," with some jest in his voice.

As we rose through the clouds, Ahmose turned to me saying, with half a cookie in his mouth, "This is what I say in so many of my dreams...puffy sky and shapes of white."

He seemed truly at peace with the situation. Let's see how he handles the airport home with a thousand times more people ...and then there's the freeway!

He was amused by the flight attendants walking up and down the aisles offering all kinds of snacks, drinks and foods in first class. Taking some of everything he seemed even...happy.



After several hours of stuffing himself, he simply fell off to sleep.

I guess I did too, cause Ahmose woke me up just before landing.

Both of us looked out of the side windows watching the ground speed by, enjoying the rush.

He was a 21st century guy all the time.

As we got off and went to the special place where commercial boxes were taken off, I could hear the off loaders talking to themselves asking, "What the heck are in these boxes, "Lead?" Little did they know!

The school had a big van waiting for us with a man holding a sign.

The boxes were loaded, we were too and off we went.

Still, Ahmose seemed to be in a great mood.

"I have to ask you, how can you move so far from home, after those many, many years and be this happy?"

"It is as if a captive bird, wings clipped, grew them back and was able to fly high and far, that is how I feel," he said with his eyes up to the clouds.

I looked, feeling so good at that point.

There were football players waiting at our home as requested to off load the "Lead" feeling boxes.

Up two of them started to lift these guys were the front line and pretty darn big.

The box didn't budge. Then four strained leaving all six to take in each case.

We had serious goodies in the kitchen Mom was making for them when they were done. As they walked into the kitchen, the smells instantly made them forget about all strains as the hand to mouth motion took over as the quantity of goodies on six plates quickly was reduces to about one or two pieces left.

Fed and happy, they were on their way as we stood in the front room welcoming Ahmose to his new home.

Looking around, I suggested we go out back to our huge expanse of a yard, to give him the feeling of freedom.

The tapes he wore when he slept teaching him English, compounded with the tapes online I showed him how to use, his words were sounding better, and he was stringing sentences strangely well.

Outside, we looked up at what was now the night sky, seeing what he similar to what he saw for these thousands of years, alone with only his thoughts.

"Ahmose...tomorrow, we shall see the college and all the thousands of students there who will be so happy to meet you."

This seemed to perk him up as we went back to his room, where a fresh made bed, half a dozen of Mom's chocolate cookies and two glasses of ice cold milk.

I got a glass of milk and "One" cookie before Ahmose slipped into bed. He seemed much happier now, so I kissed him on the forehead and shut the lamp, leaving the door half open to his sleepy smile.

*END CHAPTER EIGHTEEN*

*CHAPTER NINETEEN*  
*School Was Something*  
*Ahmoose Should Be Teaching!*

Walking onto the campus seemed to excite him as there were many, although new, Egyptian statues and symbols in and by the Archeology department.

Inside, we walked by a room, in which several scholars from around the world, were attempting to translate a huge tablet in an archaic written hand. Ahmoose passes by, looked and backed up.

He spoke to me in the ancient tongue, translating it to me easily, as I told the professors what it all said word for word.

Their eyes shot back and forth from the tablet to me to Ahmoose then back to each other. Almost in disbelief but sooooo happy and overly impressed with "Their" newest,

they believed, newest member, grabbed Ahmose, pulling him into the room, pointing at everything.

He looked at me laughing till I explained that he was just a visiting distant relative.

"Oh...but we "Must" have him. There is so much he can help us with!!!"

"Tell you what...write down or photograph your questionable words and e-mail them to me and he will look at them daily, o.k.?"

With a grumble and some "darns," they lowered their heads nodding semi approval.

Off we were, again, towards Dad's lab.

"What do you think so far, Ahmose", I asked.

"A wondrous compilation of knowledge that can help all kind," he answered.

Dad welcomed us with a kiss for me, and a hand shake hug for Ahmose but as was as intensely stuck on a translation like the other bunch.

Ahmoose saw his scratchings figuring Dad was in a rut.

Looking over the very ancient writings on the brittle papyri, he started to spout out sentences I could understand.

Dad looked at me with these huge eyes, smiling at the answer.

Ahmoose shook his head saying, "Food making." "Ha, ha"

Dad asked, "He means a "Recipe?!"

"Guess so Dad," I said with a grin.

Throughout the day, we wandered, helped and got six job offers, ending up back at Dad's for school's end. Thank goodness for the dozen and a half cookies Mom packed for us, along with a grand thermos of chilled milk, as Ahmoose did not like the smell emanating from the lunch hall.

On the way home, He said in quite good English, "This change...umm, good. I like here and the people are smart, I truly like this."

As we drove into the garage, He asked if someday he may be able to ride one of these things, "You mean, "Drive" the car?"

In English, "Yes...Drive...the ...car."

I looked at him, smiled saying, "Not a problem," in English and ancient.

This answer received a wide and happy smile as "He" shouted, "Mom, What's for dinner," in perfect English?

I looked at Mom, and all three of us laughed.

*END CHAPTER NINETEEN*



## *CHAPTER TWENTY*

### *The Treasure of Ahmose*

After the sixth month with us...our merry visitor's English was sounding more like a born here rather than a snuck here person

The best part is that what he learned in English sounded exactly perfect, no accent as the tapes were repeated by Ahmose repeatedly into the tape player we got him.

The understanding of the family unit we can credit to his Mom as he had a love that was ultimate in his thoughts and life. We were his family and he and we liked it that way.

One day, I remembered the boxes locked up in the read room of the garage. Half a ton, or so, of gold and jewels sitting there with no purpose what so ever.

After dinner that night, I asked Ahmose if there were any special pieces in the boxes he liked the most. His answer shocked me.

"One...two, maybe three, that's all," he said.

"What do you think of selling the other pieces, over time, and start a place to feed children and seniors who haven't enough to eat," I asked a bit nervously?"

He turned with wide eyes as if holding back a tear, saying, "I have had many nights without sleep, wondering what to do with the treasure." "I need so little and there are those who need much but have little." "Let's do it!"

I jumped from my seat starting to bounce like the monkey girl my Dad called me as a kid. Ahmose jumped up and joined me.

Mon came in to see what the ruckus was all about. We told her, and she joined in, till Ahmose said, "Perhaps this calls for some hot cookies?"

Mom said, "It sure does!!" We went and got Dad all intent in his home laboratory and told him.

His smile and group hug were all we needed.

After an intense round of cookies, we brainstormed at where, who and how we would start.

This would become an even greater undertaking than we had ever expected!

Dad said that the cataloguing and photographing of each piece to find their importance, would allow us to see how and to whom to sell them.

A pretty huge task ...but we're soooo ready!

In the morning, Mom, Dad, Ahmose and I unloaded the cases into a closed garage, with curtained windows and locked doors.

Boy, there was sure a buncha loads of things, all glaring the reflection of the bright lights needed to photo them all.

Some being spectacular pieces, would go on that side...the lesser ones, in the sell immediately area.

"These jewel bags are for quick money as they give to little or no historical importance but will bring "Huge Money", Dad said.

Within six days, there were five piles in the garage. One for great beauty, another, historical content, third was showing the period, fourth questionable and "Five"...for immediate sale.

Dad and Ahmose plopped down on the bench in the garage wiping their brows.

"What a bunch of "girls", I'm still fresh and ready to go, till it hit me and sat right down beside them.

Looking at each other and giving a "Good Job" nod, we knew we were ready.

*END CHAPTER TWENTY*

*CHAPTER TWENTY ONE*  
*Who Would Have Known,*  
*Selling Two Thousand Year Old Treasure,*  
*Would Be So Hard?*

With the first piece we tried to sell, a small statue with minor jewels, the questions flew. Where? How? When? So, we quickly left to rethink.

Many of Dad's friends are collectors, but Dad knew it was to be off the books if Ahmose's secret was to remain intact

Ahmose came up with a brilliant idea, with each purchase, the buyer would get "three free translations" of ancient text they may be having gotten nowhere with.

Believe it or not, "This" was a great game changer and many Egyptologists clambered (were loudly happy) to come to the quietly held auction at our home.

Dad, me and Ahmose cleaned out the large storage room out back, setting it up very great looking, I may add, and fancily impressive area for such a grand endeavor.

The soiree' (Fancy old party!) was a week from Friday, the day after tomorrow.

We covered all the fold up chairs, so they'd look expensive, got fancy covers for the multi sized tables and piled every mirror we could buy, around, to reflect the spotlight's off the gold and jewels.

Well...the night of the auction came.

I could not believe the turnout. Must have been seventy five folks there. Had to carry out three couches!

The air was electric. Also smelled of Mom's chocolate chip cookies as she made about two hundred of them, placing them on her best crystal plates, bowls and flats, all around. Almost had to tie Ahmose up!

Mom snuck up behind him and gave hem his own dozen on a paper plate.

Then, as the people sat down, after carefully looking everything over, Dad got up.

Pointing his gavel at the first item was all I remembered. It got “Crazy” after that... the tables stood bare, and boxes, brought by the buyers, were being rolled out to their vehicles by their help.

Now, they all stay down in their seats quietly, which scared me for a moment, till the leader, I suppose, spoke.

“How do we know that this “Interpreter” is the savior you claim him to be?”

“Dad looked at him saying. “Anyone bring some article with them?”

They seemed to huddle for a moment, then the leader handed Dad a parchment of and ancient fashion.

I brought Ahmose out, handing him the piece. Immediately, he began to read it in English...not too bad English either.

All the professors went nuts!

“We will take the three articles, and he said said, nothing larger than your open hand.”

Things started flying up almost by themselves!

An hour or so later, and many, many cookies sacrificed, Ahmose was finished.

Everything was gone, statues, objects of antiquity a bunch and darn sure “all” the cookies!

Left were two piles. A grand one of large money checks....and an even larger one of business cards and folded papers begging Ahmose to tell them his fee to translate.

We looked at all the money, and future money and just screamed then laughed.

Mom walked into the three of us just being big kids and held up the remaining plate of cookies. Ahmose ran into the kitchen for a pitcher of cold milk to finish off a spectacular evening.

After counting, Dad told Ahmose that he'd never have to worry again, and the sale



of the large pieces would wonderfully fund the feeding of untold thousands of needy people.

This made him more happy than what we did for him.

All of us sitting back on the bench just gave out a sigh of relief, when Dad said, “Let’s call up “Hori” to tell him tonight’s goings on.”

“But its “Four o’clock” in the morning,” Mom said.

“Yep...I know, “Dad said with a great grin on his face.”

Then Ahmose asked if there were any cookies left.

“No”...Mom tiredly said, “But I can make a fresh batch,” to all our smiles.

*The end... maybe...*