

• The Lost Scrolls of Notankhamun

an adventure for GURPS [Illuminati University](#)

Special Thanks to Archangel Beth for telling me the name of the Curator of Illuminati University's Museum.

Tony

This adventure has everything a first year student at Illuminati University could possibly want: a frantic search of the campus (including the not so brightly lit steamtunnels beneath the University), a self-serving aristocrat, an Ancient Egyptian Scroll, a careless disregard for the integrity of the time-space continuum . . . oh, and a 3,000 year old Egyptian mummy.

This adventure can be played as a one-shot involving a group of 3-5 freshthing characters, or it can be worked into an ongoing campaign set at the University.

BACKGROUND

The Roaring 20's were landmark years for Illuminati University. C.O.U.P. was still basking in the afterglow of the whole Titanic scenario, the Music Department got hooked on the Jazz craze, WUSE illumnus Henry Ford built his first automobile, and the Law School created an entire new department to handle all the new business from auto-accident cases. The radio provided a cheap and convenient way of conveying misinformation, concerts, religious sermons, and later in the decade, "Red Menace" conspiracy theories. Sigmund Freud put IOU's Medical School onto the cash crop of psycho-analysis (although it was the business school that came up with idea to charge patients by the hour!).

In 1922, archaeologist (and famous illumnus) Dr. Howard Cartedoff made one of the most significant discoveries of the 20th century - the unspoiled tomb of the Egyptian teen-angst ridden king Pharaoh Notankhamun!

But that's jumping ahead a bit . . .

An undergraduate in the College of Temporal Happenstance, Ultimate Lies, and Historical Undertakings, Cartedoff had originally come to Egypt in 1891 for a class in the Department of Ancient History; however, he quickly became convinced that there was at least one more undiscovered tomb - that of the almost unknown pharaoh Notankhamun. Unfortunately, he couldn't convince his instructor of the validity of his theory.

Oddly enough, the name of Cartedoff's instructor - the man who almost cost the ArchDean her 10% - seems to have been obliterated from the University's records. Hmm.

Fortunately, Cartedoff managed to find a stooge . . . (ahem) "backer" for his tomb search: the wealthy Lord Carnarvor. For the next five years Cartedoff searched across the Egyptian dessert for the missing Pharaoh - sending back progress reports to his stooge . . . (ahem) "backer" in England. In reality Caretoff spent the five years drinking mai-tai's and spending Carnarvor's cash in a posh Cairo hotel.

Carnarvor eventually summoned Cartedoff back to England in 1922 to tell him he would not be funding his research any longer. Cartedoff - his fast-talk skills honed by years of propositioning female tourists in the hotel lobby - managed to con the English lord into supporting him for one more season. After a brief stopover at IOU, Cartedoff returned to Egypt, bringing with him a yellow canary (which had been annoying his grandmother's cat), an amulet (obtained from a girlfriend in the College of Metaphysics) which was supposed to protect him from the Undead, and a time-machine he borrowed from the Department of Ancient History.

Cartedoff used the time-machine to jump ahead one year. He then picked up a copy of National Geographic and learned exactly where he was supposed to "discover" the tomb. He then directed his workmen to a hidden location where they found a step cut into the rock. They soon found more steps which lead to an ancient doorway that appeared to still be sealed. On the doorway was the name Notankhamun and a terrible warning...

As for anybody who shall enter this tomb in his impurity: I shall ring his neck as a bird's.

As for any man who shall destroy these, it is the god Thoth who shall destroy him.

As for him who shall destroy this inscription: He shall not reach his home. He shall not embrace his children. He shall not see success.

. . . . This means YOU.

When Cartedoff arrived home that night his servant met him at the door. In his hand he clutched a few yellow feathers. His eyes large with fear, he reported that the canary had been killed by a cobra. Cartedoff, familiar with standard COUP tactics, told the servant to make sure the snake was out of the house and then - despite the man's continued ramblings of curses - sent him home.

Cartedoff immediately sent a telegram to Carnarvor and waited anxiously for his arrival. Then together without fear of the curse - Cartedoff had his amulet, after all - the two men entered the ancient tomb. . .

Inside the small tomb, they found the king's mummy laying within a nest of three coffins, the innermost of solid gold, the two outer ones of gold hammered over wooden frames. On the king's head was a magnificent golden mask. Jewelry and amulets lay on the mummy and were partially concealed within its wrappings.

The coffins and the stone sarcophagus were themselves surrounded by four shrines made of hammered gold-covered wood, and laden with parchments inscribed in a strange form of hieroglyphic. In the other rooms, Cartedoff and his flunkies found furniture, statuary, clothes, a chariot, weapons, staffs, and numerous other objects.

A few months later tragedy struck. Lord Carnarvor, was taken ill and rushed to Cairo. He died a few days later. The exact cause of death was not known, but it seemed to be from an infection started by an insect bite. Not uncoincidentally, the night Carnarvor died there was a short power failure and all the lights throughout Cairo went out. On his estate back in England his favorite dog howled and dropped dead - which was *really* strange considering it had died during the previous year and Carnarvor had ordered that the dog stuffed and placed near his fireplace.

Even more strange, when the mummy of Notankhamun was unwrapped in 1925, it was found to have a wound on the left cheek in the same exact position as the insect bite on Carnarvor that led to his death. Scandal rags of the day (many of them funded by COUP's Department of Dirty Tricks - which was in the middle of a faculty bloodfeud with C.T.H.U.L.H.U. at the time) labeled the distinctive mark - the "Mummy's Hickey"

By 1929 eleven people connected with the discovery of Notankhamun's tomb had died early and of unnatural (for non-IOU grads anyway.) causes. Cartedoff, who -- thanks to his amulet -- had been untouched by the curse, went back to IOU, where he taught AH203 - Escaping Pharaoh's Curses; until his death in 1939 -- by natural causes.

The artifacts - including the parchments with the strange hieroglyphics - were eventually placed in the museum at Illuminati University. . .

All save one.

Cartedoff had given one of the strange parchments to his former girlfriend (the metaphysics major) as a thank-you for the protective amulet. Not wanting to share what she believed contained a powerful magic spell (or other esoteric secrets) with her fellow students, she kept the scroll a secret, studying it in her spare time. . .

Cartedoff's girlfriend never managed to successfully translate the scroll and eventually graduated from Illuminati University. Not long after, she sold the scroll to a private collector and used the money to finance a move to Europe where she took a job in the private sector giving spiritual advice to wealthy clients. . .

One of those clients was an odd little Austrian man named Adolf, who also had an interest in matters of the Occult. Cartedoff's girlfriend made a small fortune regaling him with tales of monsters, alternate timelines, and extra-terrestrials for many years. Unfortunately, she also happened to make a comment that she thought his mustache looked "silly". . .

Her checks to the Illumni Association stopped after that.

Although he was still considerably upset about the whole "funny looking mustache" comment, the odd little Austrian decided that he wanted to investigate the truth behind a number of the stories the woman had told him. He assigned the task to an associate who was even odder than he was - a man named Heinrich. Heinrich sent groups of agents across the globe seeking out occult artifacts. Sometimes, these agents ran afoul of students or faculty from Illuminati University, but more often than not, they ended up butting heads with an archaeology professor from the University of Chicago.

The agents never managed to find the missing parchment and the whole matter seemed to be forgotten with the conclusion of the war. . . so that should have been the end of the story, right?

Wrong.

The "private collector" who bought the scroll was Lord Pemberton Dethewaite II, a young and (unlike Lord Carnarvor) relatively uninteresting member of English blue-blood society. Lord Dethewaite had hoped that his acquisition of the scroll might be the catalyst to gain greater acceptance among his fellow aristocrats. . . , or at least get him invited to some of the better parties. Unfortunately, he did not factor in acquiring Notankhamun's curse along with the parchment.

Not long after purchasing the parchment, Lord Dethewaite's house burned to the ground - taking with it his lordship's prize flower garden (his one claim to notoriety). His son, Cecil was charged with desertion and unceremoniously drummed out of the service. His wife of thirty years left him to run off with her tango instructor. After the divorce, he discovered that for the last five years of their marriage she had been siphoning off money from their estate.

His family honor disgraced, his fortune squandered by his ex-wife and her lover, the elderly Lord Dethewaite was forced to sell his one remaining asset - the strange parchment he had purchased back in 1939.

Of course, the Curator of the Museum at Illuminati University was overjoyed to acquire the parchment and decided to spotlight it in an exhibition commemorating the 75th anniversary of the discovery of Notankhamun's tomb. Unfortunately, this being Illuminati University . . .

Something was bound to go wrong.

Unknown to the Curator or Lord Dethewaite, Cecil Dethewaite (remember him?) had other plans for Notankhamun's scroll. Poor Cecil, it seems never forgave his father for nearly disowning him and even worse - squandering his rightful inheritance. The Lost Scroll represents the last potentially valuable asset in the Dethewaite estate and he's decided that he'll be damned if he's going to allow his father (the senile old coot!) to just give the thing away to a museum! So he substituted the real scroll for a reasonable (and magically inert) facsimile. Cecil sent the facsimile to the University and planned to keep the real scroll in his room at his family's estate until his meeting with a private collector later in the month. Cecil didn't know about the Curse, but even if he had - he probably wouldn't have believed in it.

Unfortunately for Cecil, the scroll is a kind of a magical anti-theft device left behind by the ancient Egyptians. It contains a special and powerful form of the *Zombie spell* ([GURPS Magic](#), p. 73), which once recited will re-animate the long dead boy-king as a powerful member of the Undead.

During a brief examination of the scroll (just to see what all the fuss was about), Cecil unwittingly uttered the strange, time-lost words. By the time he realized what he'd done - it was already too late. The scroll tore itself from his hands. Strange lights began swirling about the room. There was a crack of thunder. The heavens shook. Magically enhanced winds tore open the estate's antique windows. Etc. , etc. (you get idea. . .).

Back at the Museum and mere hours before the big event celebrating the anniversary of the discovery of Notankhamun's tomb, the storeroom containing the sarcophagus was bathed in an eerie green light. The dead king's sarcophagus crackled with arcane energies. Eventually, the eerie light faded, and the sarcophagus slowly opened. . .

The Pharaoh Notankhamun walks the Earth once more!

GETTING THE PLAYERS INVOLVED

There are a number of ways to involve the characters in this adventure:

C.T.H.U.L.H.U. - The characters could be students in Professor Rasmuzin's Egyptology class, and have to go to the museum to see the newly completed exhibit.

Metaphysics - The students might be sent by the DeanMon to retrieve the parchment (and all its mystic secrets) before it falls into the wrong hands (namely...not his!)

W.U.S.E. - Characters from the College of Weird and Unnatural Sciences and Engineering might want to come along to examine certain parts of the exhibit, not to mention look around for any alien technology which has been mistaken for ancient relics.

Communications: Journalism majors would be sent along to cover the story for the *Daily Illuminator* (the University paper).

C.O.U.P. - An enterprising group of students might decide to steal some of the artifacts in order to (a) cause an international incident, (b) make some quick cash by selling them back to the owners or on the black market, (c) recover some ancient Egyptian healing magic for the Medical School, or (d) all of the above.

Conservative Arts - An exhibit like this is bound to be attended by some very wealthy individuals, the ambitious SCA student could use an opportunity like this to forge some good contacts for after graduation.

Performing and Creative Arts - Isn't there another sequel to *The Mummy* in the works? An exhibit of ancient Egyptian artifacts might be just the place to "be seen" by a movie producer or director.

Social Anti-Sciences - Students in the Departments of True Historical Research or Misanthropology might be required to attend the exhibit - if only to keep over eager C.T.H.U.L.H.U. students from getting any ideas.

A NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM

The Curator of the Museum has gone to great lengths to make the anniversary of the unveiling of Notankhamun's tomb the highlight of the University's social calendar for the year. He and his staff have spent the better part of two weeks preparing the Museum for visiting dignitaries, distinguished alumni, prominent faculty and just about anyone else (i.e. - students) who will be attending the event.

Everyone **will** be dressed for the occasion . . . even characters like Og will be admitted, provided they made an earnest effort to conform to the dress code (such as wearing a black tie and cummerbund over his normal clothing). Guests are also required to go through a security checkpoint manned by Campus Security. So students (or faculty) hoping to bring along

some heavy firepower will need to come up with way to either bypass the security devices and enter the museum some other way or somehow render their gizmos undetectable by the security devices.

Once past the security checkpoint, guests can enter the Museum proper. The Curator and his staff have painstakingly re-arranged all the exhibits so that the entire ground floor consists solely of Egyptian artifacts - everything from sarcophagi and boats to enormous statues. Gamemasters running a silly or weird IOU game might want to give the PCs the feeling that some of the statues are turning and watching them as they pass by. Only to have them appear perfectly normal when the PCs turn around or try to explain it to their friends.

The labels on some of the older exhibits date back to the early 1900s, making them somewhat difficult to read. The Curator would have replaced them, but he couldn't really read the information on the labels. Many items have no labels at all. Guidebooks are available at the museum gift shop, though they are limited to only the major items - and none of them mention which ones are magical, cursed or relics of alien technology.

The fake scroll rests in a display case along with a number of other important scrolls from Ancient Egypt, including the famous slate palette of king Narmer, one of the first documents of Egyptian history. Also on display are small masterpieces of sculpture, some nearly fifty centuries old and quite fragile.

Of course, everyone at the party wants to see the treasures from Notankhamun's tomb. These occupy a large area along the back wall of the museum. Chariots, gloves, jewelry and the famous mask are all displayed along with photos of Cartedoff's excavation team. The tomb itself contains four gilded shrines nested one inside the other. All four of these shrines are on display in the museum and lined up in order of decreasing size: the innermost of these is the stone sarcophagus from the tomb.

The three coffins from the tomb are also on display. The innermost coffin which was the final resting place of Notankhamun - remains covered until the unveiling later in the evening. The other coffins are on display next to a glass case which holds the mask and more jewelry.

At the highpoint of the celebration, the curator - wine glass in hand, will move towards a small podium near the still concealed sarcophagus. He will make several - at first unsuccessful - attempts, before finally getting everyone's attention.

"Students, faculty, distinguished Illumni and honored guests, it is indeed an honor to present to you: THE TREASURES OF THE PHARAOH NOTANKHAMUN!"

The curator then signals for the curtain to be raised . . .

WHERE'S MY MUMMY!

After the crowd has gotten over it's initial collective shock (and one "Dude!, is it supposed to do that?") at the empty sarcophagus, the situation will quickly descend into a near riot as:

(1) The Curator will accuse the Dean of the College of Metaphysics of stealing the mummified remains for some ghastly necromantic experiment. The DeanMon dismisses such accusations as ludicrous, only to comment in the next breath that he wished "He'd have thought of that before..." and asking one of his underlings to start writing this stuff down.

(2) The DeanMon might also suggest - and in great detail - that the Dean of C.T.H.U.L.H.U. might have popped back into the past and stole the prince's body at some earlier point. Doctor What⁷ denies having any involvement in the whole affair, of course. His other 6 selves are standing in the wings, writing the specifics of the hypothetical mummy-napping down. The good Doctor also mentions that this is just the sort of thing that the School of Social Anti-Sciences might engage in as revenge for the many times where C.T.H.U.L.H.U. *has* 'adjusted' history.

(3) The Dean of the School of Social Anti-Sciences dismisses his C.T.H.U.L.H.U. counterpart's accusations - and points out that such an obviously immature prank is obviously an attempt by the School of Conservative Arts to bolster the floundering trade in Antiquities.

(4) The SCA Dean denies such a blatant and totally unethical venture, while at the same time instructing his Bimbira secretary ("It's a business related function. . . there's nothing wrong with her being there! No matter what his wife's divorce attorney says!") to take a memo. He might also toss out the suggestion that pranks such as this fall under the auspices of COUP'S Department of Dirty Tricks.

(5) The Unseen Dean - who just made two notes (1) a memo to the illumnus representing the SCA Dean in his divorce case and (2) a plan to discredit C.T.H.U.L.H.U. which involves stealing a rare artifact from one their archaeology symposiums - reminds everyone that the School of Performing and Creative Arts might be staging the whole thing to drum up publicity for the upcoming _Mummy_ Sequel.

As tempers continue to rise, the PCs suddenly find themselves in the middle of a large scale impromptu faculty blood feud. . .

I . . . WANT . . . MY . . . MUMMY!

The PCs either manage to survive the resulting cataclysm (in which case they've just dug themselves out from under the rubble), or they wake up mostly intact in the Lazarus Health Center. Either way, they are greeted by a low level administrator with a note telling them to report to the ArchDean.

When the PCs get to the ArchDean's office, they find the University's chief executive to be somewhat upset. The University can't justify the loss of revenue caused by letting museum exhibits (and COSTLY museum exhibits to boot!) just disappear. She then tells them that she has offered a reward of 3 credit-hours to the students or student that finds Notankhamun's remains and returns him to his sarcophagus in the University Museum.

Currently the following students/groups are involved in the search:

The Team - Quarterback and University Senior Biff Sprainman just discovered that he's *again* exactly three credit hours short of the required number for graduation. What Biff hasn't caught on to yet (he's not very bright, after all) is that his faculty advisor keeps adjusting his degree plan upwards by 3-credits a semester in order to keep the 6'4" tall, "golden boy of the Illumni Association" around for another season.

ROTC - These guys will jump at any opportunity to prowl around campus in full combat gear. Although the tank is a bit much . . . even for them.

Sarah Holden - Sarah graduates in two years and getting the scoop on who stole Notankhamun's remains is just the kind of attention-grabbing story she needs to attract the interest of media executives.

Wadsworth Wiggins (GURPS Villains) - Finding and returning the mummy (after he's had a chance to study it of course) could be a good PR move for when he asks the administration to re-instate the currently defunct Department of Phlogiston Chemistry.

John Smith - More than a few humans believe that the pharaohs of Ancient Egypt were extraterrestrial - or at the very least, had been in contact with them. Maybe he could also find something or someone that could give him a lift off this planet.

Swomi Tift - She's heard the same theories as John Smith and figures that "ancient astronauts" translates to "more alien saucer tech that she can back-engineer."

THE UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

The being that emerged from the tomb appeared to be a young-man wrapped in rotted strips of linen funeral wrappings. Stray ends of the cloth dangled at the joints and around his shoulders. His movements were stiff-legged and awkward. Combine that with the fact that he was wandering around Illuminati University and the GM can imagine all sorts of possibilities for what happened.

The Lazarus Health Center - A few misguided (and somewhat over-eager) pre-med students found this poor soul (bandaged head to toe, no less) wandering about the campus. He was obviously still "out of it" from whatever train wreck he was in. Fortunately, they managed to get him back to a private room (complete with a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door.) and replaced his old dirty bandages with a full body cast.

Beta Chi Nu You - While wandering the campus, Notankhamun happened to encounter members of this sorority. In a typical valley-girlsque feat of reasoning, the girls concluded that the poor thing had obviously been out in the sun too long ("I mean look at how gnarly and dry his skin is! G---ross!") and took the Prince back to their sorority house for a massive regimen of skin conditioners and moisturizers.

The Student Liberation Organization - Operatives for the SLO took one look at the bandaged prince and assumed that he was yet another victim of one of College of Alchemy's explosions. They've stashed the prince in one of their secret meeting places awaiting the arrival of a local TV reporter.

The Janitor Did It - Is Notankhamun currently 'pickling' in a barrel of Industrial Strength Janitor in Drum (GURPS IOU p.63)? And if so, what will emerge when the PCs open it? (maybe it wasn't a bad idea for the ROTC guys to have brought that tank after all!).

Sanford and Son...of Pharaoh? - Poor Notankhamun....he was just minding his own business exploring this *really* strange new world.... when one of WUSE robotic streetsweepers scooped him up and carried him off to the town dump (see entry for "The Elephant's Junkyard" on p. 79 of GURPS IOU).

"...There were rats." - Did Notankhamun run afoul of the rats living in University's Steam Tunnels. And if so, it's going to take more than stale synthetic sponge cakes to ransom him back. (GURPS IOU p.90).

GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN

The quickest way to get to Notankhamun of course would be to have the students make use of magical, psionic or technology-based sensors/teleportation. However, most 2nd semester fresh-things typically don't have access to that kind of

power. They could “borrow” the appropriate device/item/psi-booster, but they’d better bring back some pretty nice stuff (and hopefully lots of cash) to use as a peace offering to the original owner(s).

GM’s might also want to use the “instant transport’ set-up to add even more complications (and comedy) to the adventure. The WUSE teleporter booth might short momentarily - causing two students to switch bodies, or maybe it’s time for “An Enemy Within” like scenario from Star Trek (the character in question is split into “good” and “evil” personas. (which might provide the right introduction for an Evil Twin (see [GURPS IOU](#) p. 21). Teleport spells might suffer a critical failure, dumping the students anywhere or anywhen. They might even suddenly become reluctant participants in Lord Carnarvor’s excavation of the tomb back in 1922.

Of course it probably wouldn’t hurt them to do a little research first . . .

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING . . .

More than likely, the PCs will want to do a little background research in the hopes that they might find a clue to whomever or whatever stole Notankhamun’s remains. Possible subjects of such research would be: Notankhamun himself, the Cartedoff dig, and the previous owner of the so-called Lost Scroll.

The Original 1922 Dig

Prof. Razmusin, the *C.T.H.U.L.H.U.* professor that teaches the Egyptology class, knows the full story of the original excavation and will gladly tell it to the PCs. Although, be warned, the Professor is still somewhat euphoric over all the recent attention that the Egyptology Department’s gotten in the last few days and so the PCs might have to sit through a few anecdotes concerning the “good ol’ days . . .”

Carnarvor, George Edward Stanhope Molyneux Herbert (1866-1925)

Lord George Carnarvor was actually the 5th member of his family to hold the title of the “Earl of Canarvor”. He family’s estate was at the time (and still is) Highclere Castle, in Berkshire, South England. Carnarvor was something of an amateur Egyptologist (in addition to his other pursuits) and had in his youth visited Egypt during his recovery from a serious auto accident. Lord Carnarvor sponsored Howard Cartedoff’s expedition to the Valley of the Kings in 1922. He died shortly thereafter, the victim of a mysterious illness.

Carnarvor was a rather “larger than life” member of the British Aristocracy. He was noted for , among other things: taking off at a moment’s notice to go on safari, an odd habit of calling his butler, “Susan” and an enormous appetite for meat pies. He also seemed to have an irrational fear of pygmies. So much so, that he would develop a nervous twitch in his left eye at the mere mention of them.

Physically, Carnarvor was a rather imposing man. 5’11” tall and 180lbs. He had light brown hair, cut to the style of the day and a neatly trimmed mustache. As befitted his status, he typically dressed in suits. He was a habitual cigar smoker.

Notankhamun

Information on Notankhamun is a little easier to come by. Again the players (if they’re gluttons for another 3 hour side lecture on the cosmetic uses of pulped beetle larvae) could simply ask Prof. Razmusin or they could venture to The Library. They’re they’ll find the Head Librarian, Ignatius Potts (see [GURPS IOU](#) p. 63) in an unusually good mood. Apparently, Potts has had a long standing rivalry with the Curator of the Museum (John M. Fnord) and is enjoying his rival’s current humiliation over the missing mummy fiasco. He will rapidly return to his usual unhelpful demeanor when he learns that the PCs are here to help solve the mystery.

Notankhamun was the son of Amenhoplis III, the ninth king of the Eighteenth Dynasty. His father, whose life has been documented to a far greater extent, was something of a controversial figure in Ancient Egypt for his devotion to and patronize of a rather obscure religious sect called Nileantology.

Fortunately Notankhamun did not share his father’s view of Nileantology. Three years after his installation as Pharaoh, the Church of Nileantology was banned throughout Upper and Lower Egypt. The rest of his reign was relatively unremarkable and he died without issue (re: heir) before his 15th birthday.

The Lost Scroll

Prior to its sale to the University, the Lost Scroll was the property of Lord Pemberton Dethewaite II (see background information above for more details on Dethewaite and his family.) Dethewaite was apparently quite young when he came into possession of the Lost Scroll and is apparently still alive (he’s about 85 years old.) His son, Cecil, handles most of the day to day administrative aspects of running what’s left of the family’s holdings in the English countryside.

If the PCs examine the fake “Lost Scroll” (the one Cecil Dethewaite substituted for the real scroll), those with magical aptitude will note that the scroll, which according to all reports carried considerable mystic importance - is strangely “normal” to their perceptions. If the GM allows it, more technically oriented characters could determine that the ink used scroll isn’t

right for the period in question. And that there is a distinct lack of the sweet smell of scented spices (the kind used in Egyptian funeral rites) which permeates all the other artifacts recovered from the tomb.

Of course this could spark a follow-up adventure where the PCs travel to England to get the real scroll before the younger Dethewaite can sell it to his buyer.

THE MUMMY RETURNED

Whether it be by following a trail of mystic “breadcrumbs” from the sarcophagus, asking around the University, designing a mummy-detector gizmo, or just plain luck, eventually, the PCs should be able to track down Notankhamun. At first the PCs will have a little trouble communicating with him, since the mummified teen can only speak ancient Egyptian. However, this is IOU after all, and it won’t take long before someone: (1) cobbles together a translator gizmo, (2) casts Lend Language, or (3) uses some form of psi power, and starts up a conversation with the ancient teen.

However, they still face something of a problem. The good news is that unlike traditional, more malevolent undead Egyptian pharaohs, Notankhamun has no desire to rule a restored Nile realm or even to take revenge on the pitiful mortal’s whose actions brought him back from the Land of the Dead. The bad news is that he doesn’t want to spend the rest of his “un-life” as a museum piece either.

No, what Notankhamun really wants . . . are GIRLS! Like all teenage boys, Notankhamun is a little “girl crazy.” Even three millennia spent in the Land of the Dead couldn’t hope to change that.

Some interesting possibilities are:

(1) The PCs suddenly find themselves assigned to “baby-sit” Notankhamun while the Administration (really just the ArchDean) decides what to do about him. You thought going to Pyramid Mall or Pancho Sanzo’s was odd before. Just wait till you do it with a 3,000 year old reanimated Egyptian Prince! Sadistic GMs are advised to use the following combination: teenage mummy + record store + headphones + Britney Spears CDs.

(2) Notankhamun might plead for the PCs to let him return to his native Egypt, which of course could involve all sorts of hi-jinks as the PCs try to get him past Customs.

(3) Who’s to say that Notankhamun was the *only* mummy to be reanimated by the ancient spell? Or that the others are as harmless as Notankhamun? The University hasn’t been in this much trouble since that horde of Zombie-gerbils stampeded the International Cheese Symposium back in 1992.

(4) The ArchDean might even allow Notankhamun to stay on as a new student. After all, his burial treasures would more than cover the cost of tuition and the University is always looking to attract prominent members of royal families as students. Although, it’s probably a given that most aren’t 3,000 year old mummies.