

Frankie ran at him, his blood pumping. Rob tried to go around him, but Frankie kept his eye on the ball and tackled him. The ball spun up into the air, straight toward the ancient green jar.

Frankie, and everyone else, sucked in a breath.

The ball just missed the jar and rolled under the rope, toward the mummy's sarcophagus.

"What are you kids up to?" said a voice over the silence. It was Mrs. Murray, Kevin's history teacher. She might only have been five feet tall and about a hundred years old, but Frankie knew they were terrified



of her. "Don't you have work to do?" she said.

Kevin and his friends all scattered quickly, muttering "Yes, Mrs. Murray" and "Sorry."

Mrs. Murray glared at Frankie, then followed them out of the room.

"Whew!" said Louise. "That jar is priceless!"

Frankie blew out a long breath and went to get his ball. He stopped right in his tracks when he saw the ball had somehow rolled *inside* the sarcophagus. "Weird," he said.

"What?" asked Charlie.

Frankie pointed over at the sarcophagus. "Did you put it in there?"

Both Louise and Charlie shook their heads.

Frankie edged closer. He was going to have to step over the rope to get the ball. He looked up, checking for cameras. *If Mr. Donald sees me, I'm going to be in deep trouble.*