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Flat Stanley - The Great Egyptian Grave Robbery

Written by

Jeff Brown

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FLAT STANLEY

The Great Egyptian Grave Robbery



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The Great Egyptian Grave Robbery



The Great Egyptian Grave Robbery

Created by Jeff Brown

Written by Sara Pennypacker

Illustrated by Jon Mitchell

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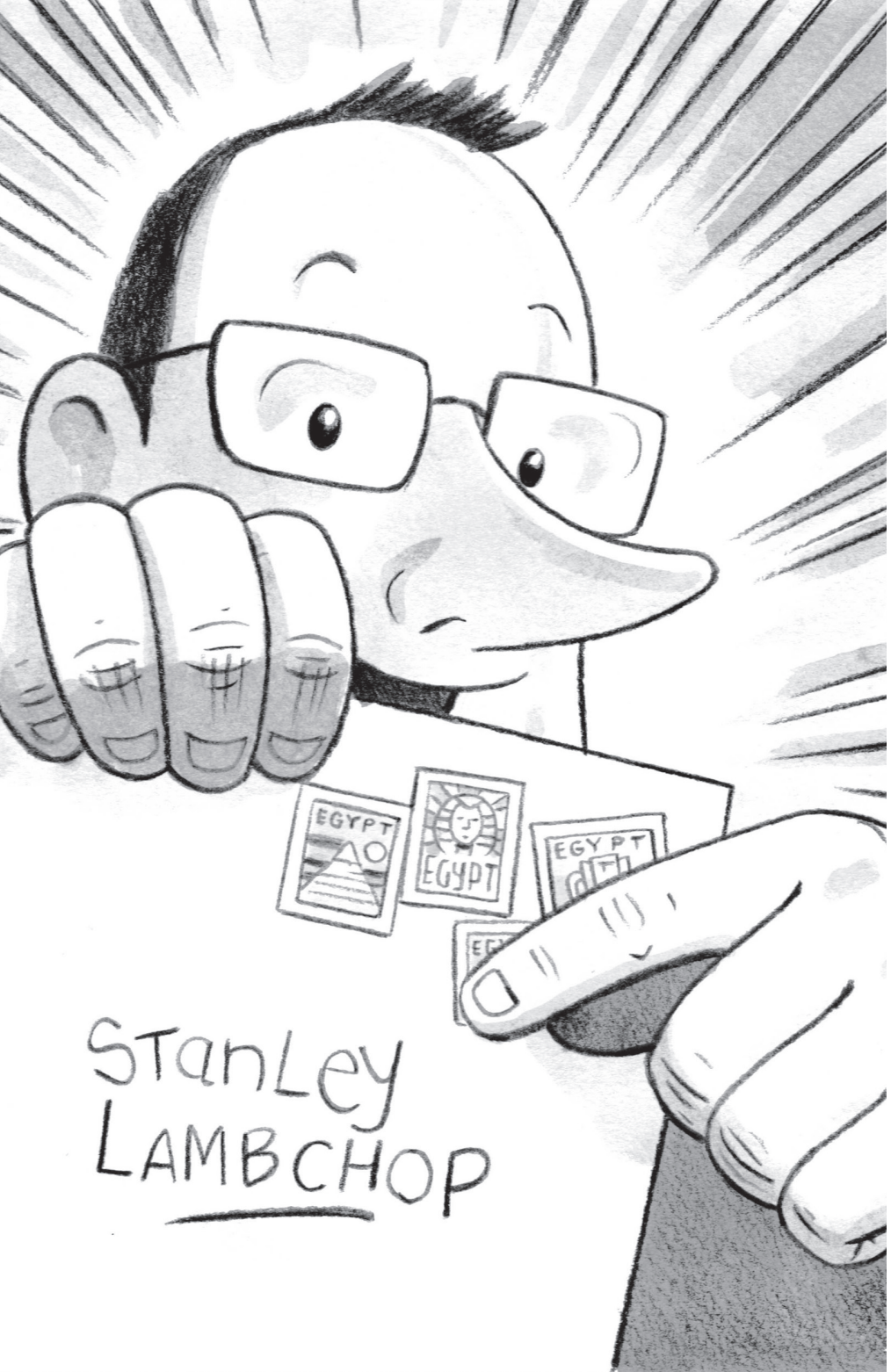
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EGYPT
EGYPT
EGYPT
STANLEY
LAMBCHOP



A Letter for Stanley

George Lambchop was sitting at the kitchen table, going through the mail as his wife cooked breakfast. 'Look at these beauties, Harriet!' he called, holding up a letter with many exotic stamps in the corner. 'From Egypt!'

Ever since their eldest son, Stanley, had been flattened by a bulletin board

and could now travel by mail, the Lambchop family had become keenly interested in stamps.

'In a minute, dear,' Mrs Lambchop said. 'I'm just at the difficult part of flipping this French toast. A letter from Egypt, you say! Why don't you open it and read it to me?'

Mr Lambchop began to do just that, but then he caught himself. 'That was a close one!' he cried. 'It is a federal offence to open mail that's addressed to someone else. This letter is for Stanley!'

Just then, both Lambchop boys appeared in the doorway, drawn by the delicious breakfast aroma of

French toast and bacon.

'Stanley, son, letter for you here. Looks important.'

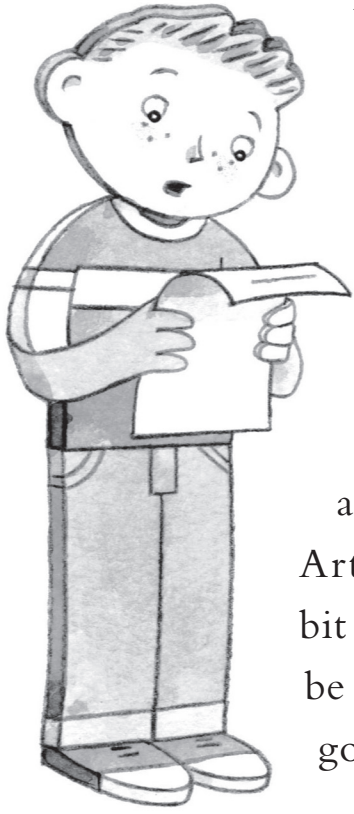
'What about me?' Stanley's younger brother, Arthur, asked. 'Any mail for me today?'

'Not today, sorry,' Mr Lambchop replied. 'But, Stanley, why don't you open yours and read it to us over breakfast?'

'*After* breakfast,' Mrs Lambchop said firmly. '*And* hand washing. You know how maple syrup gets all over everything.'

The boys finished their breakfast and washed up. Then Stanley finally opened his letter.

‘If you are the world-famous flattened boy of America,’ he read out loud, ‘and if you are less than three inches thick, you must come to Egypt at once. We are beginning an archeological project and are in urgent need of someone of your dimensions.’



‘I don’t know about *world-famous*,’ Arthur grumbled – a bit enviously, it must be said. ‘Maybe they’ve got the wrong person.’

'But I *am* only half an inch thick.' Stanley sighed. 'So that's me, all right.'

'*I*,' Mrs Lambchop corrected her son. 'That is *I*.'

'It's signed Sir Abu Shenti Hawara the Fourth,' Stanley said. 'And look: he's taken care of my travel arrangements.' Stanley held up a very large envelope covered with stamps.

George Lambchop took the letter and read it over. 'No mention of Stanley's *family* going with him,' he said, frowning. 'I don't know . . .'

'Well, an archaeological project . . . it's not as if it's something dangerous. And travel *is* broadening, George . . .' Mrs Lambchop mused. 'Oh, Stanley,

darling . . . I didn't mean it that way! What I meant was, it rounds out one's education . . . oh my, that didn't come out quite right either!'

'Well, your mother and I have always encouraged you boys to lend a helping hand when needed,' Mr Lambchop said. 'I suppose that goes even if it's needed halfway around the world.'

'We'd better take you to the post office at once, Stanley,' Mrs Lambchop said. 'I will pack the leftover French toast and bacon for you to eat on the way. No maple syrup, of course. It wouldn't do to arrive all sticky!'

'Something to drink?' Stanley asked.

'I think not, dear,' his mother told

him. ‘Egypt is quite a distance, and I’m afraid you won’t be near a bathroom for some time. Which reminds me . . .’ And she went off to pack a toothbrush and facecloth for her son’s trip.

Stanley noticed that Arthur seemed glum. He knew Arthur sometimes found it difficult being the only round brother in the family. ‘Would you like me to bring back something from Egypt for you?’ he asked.

‘Hmmmph,’ Arthur replied. ‘If you’re going to Egypt, you should bring me back a mummy.’

‘I don’t believe they offer those as souvenirs. And besides, it wouldn’t fit in the envelope with Stanley!’ chuckled

the boys' father. Mr Lambchop was known for his sharp sense of humour. 'How about a nice postcard?' Mr Lambchop was known for being a practical thinker, too.

Arthur folded his hands across his chest. 'A mummy or nothing.'

Stanley was very sorry to see his brother looking so grumpy as he slid himself into the envelope.