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Opening extract from

Greek Warriors

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1

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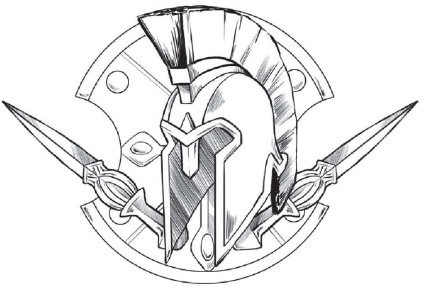
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CHAPTER 1

SUPERMARKET SWEEP

The old lady's shopping trolley was closing in on Isis Amun-Ra and her cat, Cleopatra.

Tom watched in horror.

"Get out of the way!" he shouted to Isis, waving his arms.

But the mummified Ancient Egyptian princess just stood at the entrance of the supermarket, hands on her hips, and said, "Why?"

The old lady wheeled her trolley straight

at the two Egyptians.

Tom ran over and pushed his friends out of the trolley's path.

"Are you trying to get killed?" he squeaked.

"Don't be silly!" Isis said cheerfully. "I'm already dead."

She ran in and out of the supermarket's automatic doors, making them open and close.

"Stop! People are staring," Tom hissed.

"Not at me!" Isis laughed. "Nobody but you can see us. Cleo and I are pretty nifty on our feet for five thousand years old, aren't we?"

Suddenly Isis squealed. She pointed at Tom's mother, who was pushing a supermarket trolley with a wonky wheel towards them.



"Look, Fluffpot!" she cried. Our very own chariot!"

"Tom," Mum said. "I thought I told you to wait by the trolleys!"

"That's right, you naughty boy," said Isis, wagging her finger at Tom. "You should listen to mummy."

Tom groaned and shot Isis a look of frustration. Under his breath he muttered, "I've been listening to a mummy ever since I broke that statue."

A few weeks earlier, Tom had accidentally broken a statue of the goddess Isis at the museum where his dad worked, releasing the mummies of Isis and Cleo, who had been trapped inside it for over five thousand years. And now Tom was stuck with them until they'd found all six amulets that Anubis had scattered throughout history.



"Shopping's so boring!" Tom grumbled, as they passed under the neon-lit entrance to the supermarket. "Why did I have to come?" he whined to Mum.

Mum was busy checking her list. "I need you to push the trolley," she said, wandering over to the fruit and vegetable section.

Tom grabbed the trolley's handle. But just as he was about to stop next to the tomatoes and peppers, Isis shouted. "Come on, Cleo! Let's ride the chariot!"

Cleo mewed heartily. The two climbed up on to the banana shelf and sprang into the trolley, with Cleo nestling in the front section and Isis perched on the child's seat.

Isis reached up and pulled down some bunting that was advertising the bananas. She flung it round Tom's body and gave it a yank.

"Giddy-up, horsey! Pull me and Cleo to victory! YAH!"

"Isis, no!" Tom said.

"What's wrong?" Isis asked. "You said you were bored. I'm only trying to liven things up a bit. I thought we could play chariot races."

Just as Tom was about to tell Isis what he thought of her pretending he was a horse, the supermarket manager loomed over him. He knew it was the manager because the red-faced man wore a badge that said: 'Brian, Store Manager' on it.

Brian tapped Tom on the shoulder. "Young man! You are not to play with the bunting!" He pulled the tangle of yellow triangles off Tom's coat.

Then, worst of all, Mum came over.

"Tom! What on earth are you doing?"



Her face was pink with embarrassment. She waved a bunch of celery in the air, almost hitting Brian on the head. She turned to him and bit her lip. "I'm so sorry. He's normally such a sensible boy."

Tom glared at Isis. He was sure she was smirking under her bandages.



"Blah blah blah blah *sensible boy*!" Isis's impression of Mum was spot on. She giggled as Tom stormed off, pushing the trolley towards the meat counter.

"You'd better behave yourself now!" Tom hissed at Isis when Mum wasn't looking.

"Wheeeee!" she shouted, as Tom rounded a corner. "I wiiiiill!"

They pushed on towards the frozen food section. To Tom's horror, as they turned into the coldest aisle in the shop, Isis grabbed an enormous pack of toilet roll from a shelf. She tore the pack open and started to wrap white toilet paper round herself.

"What on earth are you doing now?" Tom cried. "You're already all bandaged up."

Isis tutted loudly. "K-keeping warm. It's f-freezing in here. Do you want me to f-freeze to death?"