

Escape The Smithsonian

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Escape The Smithsonian

by [zquicksilverz](#)

Summary

What would have happened had Kahmunrah not been the only Egyptian Pharaoh at the Smithsonian that night, what would have happened had his younger brother been there and what would have happened had the writers stuck to the original script?

This is my retelling of the movie with some of my favourite bits from the original script and the film all mashed together with parts of my own imagination stuck in too.

Notes

This fic will use aspects of both the movie, the original script and my imagination so the usual disclaimer applies. I hope you enjoy it.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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I hope you enjoy this and please let me know what you think!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Larry watched as McPhee made his way out through the revolving doors and he gazed up at the stillness around him. Was this really going to be the last time they'd all be together? Was this really going to be the last time he'd see his friends? He shook his head with a sigh, he'd made a point of visiting them every now and then over these past twenty-two months, almost two years had gone by since he'd hung up his uniform for good and moved onto greater things.

“Hey, hey buddy. How're you doing about this huh?” he asked as REXY began to nuzzle his cheek, “You want what's in here, huh?” Larry asked playfully, rubbing the dinosaur's nose as he reached into his bag, “You think I've got something for you huh?” he asked teasingly as a multicoloured knotted rope appeared in his hand, “Think you're stronger than me huh? Think you're stronger than me?” he teased as the skull latched onto the rope and the pair began to playfully tug at it. Before long, playful had turned into unintentional violence as too strong a tug sent the ex-night guard soaring across the lobby, landing in a soft heap of packaging. He pulled himself to his feet, chuckling slightly as the dinosaur stood there grinning, wagging its long bony tail. The wooden crates all around him burst open sending little Styrofoam peanuts into the air like overweight snowflakes. All over the place his friends were sitting up and climbing out of their crates as the President made his way over atop his horse.

“Lawrence!” Teddy called out cheerfully, extending his hand, “Good to see you lad.”

“Yeah. You too Teddy.” Larry replied gripping Teddy's hand in a firm handshake.

“The guardian of Brooklyn has returned.” Ahkmenrah said emerging from the corridor leading to his makeshift tomb with a broad grin plastered on his face.

“Hey Ahk.” Larry greeted, “Look. McPhee told me what's going on around here, I had no idea.” he said turning back to Teddy and Sacagawea.

“Indeed.” Teddy said solemnly, “A lot has transpired since your last visit. One would say that –” he was cut off by the buzzing and the bleeping of Larry's mobile, “Oh. Cricket.” he muttered as the former night guard held up his hand before checking his phone.

“Hey!” Jedediah's muffled voice called out from within a closed crate, “Little help over here!”

“Hey.” Larry said placing his mobile back into his suit pocket. The lid jiggled about as the miniatures beneath it fought to move it, but it was to little avail. “Hey fellas.” Larry said easily lifting the wooden lid and discarding it to the side, “How you doing?” he asked whilst Jed and Octavius, the unlikely duo, climbed out onto the ledge.

“Well lookie here. If it ain't Mr Big In The Britches himself. Come back just in time to see us off. ” Jed's surprisingly loud voice called out accusingly as he gazed up at his old friend.

“Yeah Jed, I heard. Look, I don't even know how this happened.” the incessant bleeping of his phone interrupted him once again and, holding up a finger in the universal sign of “One second please”, he pulled out his phone.

“Real mystery how this happened.” Jed huffed, “Maybe the answer's on the magic buzzin' box there in your hand. You weren't here Gigantor! That's what happened! Ain't no mystery!”

Octavius chimed in, nodding in agreement, “The fact is Larry, there's no one else here to speak on our behalf during business hours.”

“None none. Dum dum.” The old Easter Island head chimed in, causing an uproar of agreement from the Neanderthals.

“Whoa whoa, guys!” Larry said in a bid to calm things down, “It's okay. I'll call the board in the morning alright? I've got some pull now, I'll handle this. We're gonna be okay here.” he said turning back to face the bothered Roman and the fuming Cowboy.

“We?” Jed exclaimed, “You hear that? You hear daydream Johnny?” he muttered in disbelief to his Roman comrade who simply nodded in agreement. He couldn't have put it better himself. Well. Actually. That was a lie. He could certainly have said it with more grace but Jed's words had the desired effect anyhow.

“There ain't no we since you put us on the pay-no-mind list.” Jed continued, “And that's a cold place to be boy.”

“Larry. What's done is done. Even the glory of Rome had to come to an end.” The tiny Roman said looking up at him before staring off into the distance, for dramatic effect, hoping to give his words more oomph that way.

“Would you please not look dramatically into the middle distance when you say that? Makes me feel worse.” Larry said with an exasperated sigh.

“I don't know what you're talking about.”

“Where're you looking?” he asked looking over his shoulder, “Where are you looking I'm over here.” he said with a little wave.

“Just a bit of wall.” Octavius said with a shrug before furrowing his brow once more once he'd realised he'd broken character.”

“Look guys, maybe it won't be so bad.” Larry said encouragingly before being interrupted by the Hun, “Yes. You make a good point. But this is the Smithsonian we're talking about here!” he said enthusiastically, “Dexter you don't know that.” he said in response to the Capuchin's squeaks of protest.

“You're missing the point Gigantor!” Jed yelled up with a sigh, “They're shipping us out!”

“Larry, I know you're trying to make us feel better. I can see that you're genuinely slightly bothered. But it's never going to be the same, all of us here. Together. In this place.” the tiny Roman said in a bid to make his taller friend understand.

“It ain't never gonna be home, boy.” Jed sighed in defeat.

“Jedediah please.” Teddy spoke up, “Lawrence, these are emotional times for all of us. But it is our last night as a family, and I don't want to see it squandered in self-pity. So who will join me for one final stroll through these hallowed halls?”

Neanderthals began to grunt in agreement as Octavius turned to his enemy-turned-friend, “Do you want to go for a walk?” he asked.

Jedediah shook his head, “Nah, no, I'm just gonna squander in self-pity.” he said walking away, shoulders hunched in dismay.

“My dear, shall we?” Teddy asked assisting Sacagawea up onto his mount.

The elephant trumpeted sadly as the great family all went their separate ways down the empty halls.

Dawn was on its way all too soon and Teddy could feel a tear come to the corner of his eye as he helped the woman he'd been too afraid to talk to all these years into her straw-filled crate.

“It's almost dawn Lawrence.”

“Yeah...” Larry said sadly, casting his eyes over the wooden crates, “So uh, where's your crate Teddy?”

“I won't be making this journey Lawrence. It seems myself, REXY and a few of the signature exhibits will be staying here. For now.”

The yelling of the Hun drowned out their conversation as he charged down into the lobby screaming and tumbled into his crate.

Larry shook his head and turned back to Teddy, “Staying here? Without the tablet?” he asked.

“In truth Lawrence. Ahkmenrah's tablet will be staying here. With him.”

“What?” Larry asked, certain that he'd misheard.

“They're going without the tablet my friend. I'm afraid this night is their last.”

“You didn't tell them.”

“Sometimes it is more noble to tell a small lie than deliver a painful truth.” he said casting a final glance over to his true love. With sadness in both their eyes, Sacagawea blew Teddy a kiss before sliding back down into her crate and pulling the lid over her head, a sense of finality steeling about them as the lid slotted shut.

“Are you gonna be okay?” Larry asked Teddy as she vanished back into her crate.

“I shall do my best. Who knows, sometimes the greatest change brings about even greater opportunity.” Teddy said with an optimistic smile as he climbed back onto his steed, “Look at you Lawrence, you left this place and created quite a life for yourself.”

“Yeah.” Larry nodded, “Guess so.”

“I should hope you do more than guess, my friend. You're a captain of industry now, the world at your fingertips. Seems you have everything you wanted.”

“Yeah no I know.” Larry said with a slow nod.

“No you don't.” Teddy said sadly, “If I may lad, allow me to offer you one piece of advice. The key to happiness, to true happiness is –” he was cut off once again by the buzzing of Larry's mobile. But when the former night guard looked back up, the old President had assumed his position as dawn broke into the sky in bursts of colour that flooded into the museum's halls.

“See ya Teddy.” he muttered feeling like a fool but unsure as to why.

Standing on the steps outside, Larry watched as the crate was loaded onto a flatbed truck and trundled away with all occupants accounted for – plus two stowaways.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it!

I had a burst of inspiration in the middle of the night and somehow churned out six chapters by hand. Now I've just got to type them all up!

Until next time my friends!

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Here we are, hope you enjoy it. As always, I love to know what you all think so please do drop a comment.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

An hour before sunrise...

Ahkmenrah sat atop his sarcophagus, two Jackal guards stood at their posts, beady eyes watching for signs of danger. It was their duty to protect their King. This was their last night and try as he might, he couldn't bear to be there for the goodbyes, he couldn't bear the thought that the first family he had had in over 4000 years would be leaving him forever. Things would never be the same again. He did, however take comfort in the thought that he needn't be locked back up inside his sarcophagus for the journey. He would be remaining here, with Rex and Teddy. Ever since Larry had let him out he'd been doing his best to be nice to everyone, terrified that one wrong move would result in him being locked back up again. To awake each night in darkness only to die when dawn struck... Ahkmenrah shivered, it was the stuff of nightmares. He gazed up at his tablet.

"They're never going to wake up again." he said sadly to his Jackals. Though the guards never held up their side in a conversation, it was comforting nonetheless to have someone to speak with. Unbeknownst to the young King however, there were another pair of ears listening in. The figure slunk off unnoticed, determined that this could not be their last night. Something needed to be done.

Ahkmenrah ran a hand down the ornate detail of his sarcophagus, it wasn't one designed to scare like so many of his ancestors, rather, it was one to be in awe of. Before young C.J. Fredricks had fallen into his tomb he'd been able to roam free in his grave for but a year, not once setting foot outside. Except for one night.

In all his time of being dead, there had only been one tomb raider, he remembered with a fondness the moment he'd run into the raider in one of the long corridors – not being able to stand being in the same room as his organs – dressed in linen bandages with no crown atop his head but with curly hair sticking up in an elegant mess. So the tale of the cursed tomb spread, no one dared raid the tomb where a dead Pharaoh roamed the halls.

The day his parents died they too had joined him in the family tomb, their sarcophagi protectively flanking his own. The three sarcophagi lay before the black gate of Neter-Khertet: the gate to the underworld, that bore the Tablet of Ahkmenrah in all its splendour.

They awoke each night with Ahkmenrah usually wandering off to explore the vast halls. He moved carefully, with a silent grace, being sure not to step in any of the traps or pitfalls his father had ensured be rigged, and being sure not to lose himself in the intricate maze; leaving his parents to be alone with each other. The day that Kahmunrah finally joined them in the tomb was the day his freedom was forcibly taken from him. The elder sibling's deathbed resided in a separate wing of the tomb upon his final request.

Ahkmenrah shuddered as the unwanted memory seeped back into his mind, the first action of his waking brother was to lock him in. He remembered screaming and shouting, begging to be set free. He remembered the tears that trickled down the side of his face, he remembered the bruising of his hands and the shattering of bones each time he tried too hard. He had no idea what had happened to his parents, never once did he hear them speaking as those fateful centuries passed. Only the taunting of his brother, who roamed free through the halls, could be heard. He recalled the last night he'd spent with his parents, none of them had known that that night would be the last where they all roamed free. They had known things would change, of course, the tomb had been opened and preparations for Kahmenrah's burial had begun; how much things would change however, that they had not anticipated.

The first night had been the worst, banging and screaming. Shouting at the top of his lungs for someone to come. A single tear dripped down his cheek as he remembered the nights of panic and the nights where he had all but given up. The first few years had been the worst, filled with the hope that this could be the day where he was freed, only to be disappointed each night. Larry had been the only one in the entire museum who had taken the chance and opened his sarcophagus, admittedly it had been in a bid to save his own life from his Jackal guards and thus more selfish than selfless, but Ahkmenrah was thankful for it all the same.

He was brought back to the real world by the sound of scurrying feet. Snapping his head around and wiping his eyes he scanned the shadows for the source of the sound. The sound of a chuckling monkey echoed through the exhibit as he darted past the Jackal guards.

"What in the name of the gods...?" Ahkmenrah got to his feet, moving towards the noise as he scanned the dimly lit replica of his tomb.

Suddenly Dexter appeared from the shadows, clambering up a pillar behind the Pharaoh and dashing towards the sacred tablet. He tore the artefact from its mount on the wall and leapt back down to the floor as Ahk vaulted over his sarcophagus – with surprising dexterity – in an attempt to grab the thieving monkey.

Dexter darted out of reach and made a break for the exit.

"Guards!" he yelled, "Stop him!"

The guards, lumbering slowly, raised their spears and threw them towards the monkey. Both missed.

"No..." he cursed, "Return that at once!" Ahkmenrah shouted, leaping over the sarcophagus once again, golden robed billowing out behind him as he charged past the guards. He made a lunge for the tablet, almost losing his balance as the monkey scuttled away, just out of reach once again and into the shadow of the dark museum halls. No one

ever went down Ahkmenrah's hall towards his tomb but him, the lights always remained dull leaving a network of shadows. He chased the monkey out into the light of another corridor, "That is my birthright!" he yelled chasing the monkey, the metal and jewels that adorned his robes jingling as he ran.

Dexter darted around another corner with lightning speed, his squeals filling the air with the glowing tablet still in his small arms. Ahkmenrah, however, was not so fast and careered straight into the wall. Cursing, he pulled himself to his feet and resumed his chase after the small animal.

"I will string you up and allow the romans to use you for target practice!" he yelled running straight into Attila the Hun.

"What?!" Attila yelled in Hun.

"That wasn't directed at you my friend." Ahkmenrah assured the feral man and tried ducked out the way to find the monkey.

Attila yelled and bore down on the young Pharaoh with his sword raised above his head, ready to strike. Ahkmenrah barely had enough time to duck the swing and dodge the Hun's attempts to grab him before he tore after the monkey and ripped the tablet from his hand. With a satisfied sigh he looked up. Dawn was on its way, he glanced at Larry and Teddy, deep in conversation as he turned to run back to his sarcophagus, time was of the essence.

Without any warning, Attila yelled and charged forwards, rugby tackling him into the Hun's crate. Dawn broke before Ahkmenrah could even fight back. The King died all over again and the wax figure of Attila the Hun was lying on top of Ahkmenrah's still and decayed corpse.

Soon the lid was pushed onto the crate by an acne scarred removal man and the wooden crate lowered into the back of the big red cargo container whilst the golden sarcophagus lay empty.

Chapter End Notes

Here we are, hope you enjoyed it. As always, I love to know what you all think so please do drop a comment.

This is the shortest chapter I've written so far but I can promise you that all the coming ones will be longer, well, at least up to chapter 10. I've only written that far so far. Until the next time my friends.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Here we go! Next instalment!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The moon shone down over the Smithsonian and slowly, the museum began to come to life for the first time. The exhibits from New York slowly came to their senses in their individual crates within the large red freight container. Attila the Hun led out a rabid scream as he awoke to find himself lying on top of the corpse of King Ahkmenrah. The lid of the crate was thrown off and Sacagawea peered in, bits of straw still stuck in her hair. None of them had ever witnessed Ahkmenrah waking and it had honestly never crossed any of their minds that he would not wake in the same manner as the rest of them, he was the original after all and not a waxwork fake.

The Pharaoh slowly came back to life. Skin going from being old and leathery to young and fresh, muscle bulking out his body and warm eyes snapping open. He instinctively sat up as colour flooded back into his cheeks.

“I have a good mind to kill that monkey and stuff it into this Hun’s gut.” he said wide eyed with heavy rasping breaths as his lungs got to work once again. Dexter snatched the tablet out of his arms once more and dashed off into the corner to hide, “I will carry that out you menace.” he muttered angrily as he pulled himself out of the crate shaking his head, “I shouldn't be here. I should be back in New York. With my tablet. Where it's safe.”

“What's dangerous about this place?” Jed's voice yelled from inside the crate of miniatures.

Sacagawea hurried over and lifted the lid before assisting all of the little men out onto the closed lid of her own crate, so that they were safe from being trodden on underfoot.

“It would be rather helpful to know.” Octavius said smoothing out his flowing red cloak.

“It doesn't matter.” Ahkmenrah said moving towards the door, “I could be wrong. It's nothing to worry about.” he said, not wishing to worry them any more than he already had.

Sacagawea sensed his reluctance to speak any more on the subject and rallied the others into helping everyone else out of their crates. Once the Neanderthals were out she moved silently towards the door, bow and quiver hanging off her back, she extended her hand towards the door.

“Are you sure that's a good idea?” Jed piped up before he could stop himself.

“If we stay in here we'll never know what's out there.” Sacagawea reminded him.

“She has a point. But so does he.” Octavius said looking to his cowboy comrade, “This is an enormous museum, who knows what threats could be awaiting us outside.”

“If you wish to remain then be my guest.” she said calmly, “I will go outside and scout around, we'll see if there are any threats outside. We should also call Larry and let him know who stowed away.”

“This was never my intention.” Ahkmenrah protested, he would rather be anywhere else than here.

“No, it was their fault.” she said eyeing the Hun and the Capuchin closely.

Attila murmured an apology and something about thinking the Pharaoh was going to use him as target practice.

“Again.” Ahk told him, “That was directed towards the monkey.”

“Why do we wanna talk to Gigantor anyway?” Jed asked, “Ahk can just stay here with the tablet can't he.”

“I think it might be a little obvious that both I and the tablet are missing. We should let him know. Then he can come and correct this mistake.” Ahk said, he snatched the tablet back from the infernal monkey and tucked it under his arm.

Jed huffed, he was still pissed off at the big old ex-night-guard who'd left them. Sacagawea rolled her eyes at the cowboy and pushed the door of the crate open. The guide and the Pharaoh stepped out into the vast echoing hall. The hall was filled with row upon row of industrial shelving, stacked with crates of all colours, shapes and sizes. Muffled noises came from inside of each one as the occupants fought to get out. Ahk felt a great sympathy towards each and every one of them.

“You die.” Sacagawea said as the pair walked through the hall, it hadn't felt right to mention it until they were alone, “Every night. You die, don't you?” Ahkmenrah nodded solemnly, “I'm sorry.” she said, “It didn't occur to any of us until now.”

“That's alright.” Ahk said kindly.

“I'm sorry.” she said again, “I am. I'm sorry we left you in your sarcophagus. The old night guards, the one called Cecil. You wouldn't have met him, well, he told us all you were evil. He told us you would bring about the end. I'm sorry we believed him, and I know that Theodore is too.”

“The end?”

“I'm afraid that's all I know. He would never tell us quite what he meant. Perhaps the ravings of a delusional old man.”

“I'm over 4000 years old.”

Sacagawea chuckled, "I'm sure you're not delusional and you certainly don't look like an old man." Ahkmenrah smiled bashfully, "Look." she said rushing over to a map upon the wall. It depicted a cross section of the museum, "We need to go up two flights of stairs to reach the main museum. We should explore there first." she said as that was where the exhibits would be roaming free.

A dark sarcophagus rested in the shadows, intricate detail highlighted in golds and blues that wove their way over the black metal up towards the insignia of a screaming skull where the face should have been, making it look all the more menacing.. The Egyptian coffin lay before the looming gate of Neter-Khertet. The dark stone was decorated with an assortment of hieroglyphics and drawings depicting vicious battles. In the centre of the free-standing wall was the design of a lid of a black sarcophagus, bearing the face of a sneering skull, sticking out of the stone and in the centre, right where the ribcage would have been, lay a slot exactly the right shape and size for the tablet of Ahkmenrah. The lid of the blue and gold sarcophagus slid open, a mummified hand emerging from the darkness within. With one strong push the lid was sent clattering to the floor as its occupant climbed to his feet. The sarcophagus, however, did not stand alone. It was flanked on either side by ten waxwork Egyptian guards in traditional armour holding spears at their sides as they chatted amongst themselves.

The worn bandages were discarded on the ground as the Pharaoh adorned himself in his tunic and all his jewels, last but not least, pulling his crown onto his balding head.

"I am Kahmunrah. Great king of great kings and I have come back to life!" he declared triumphantly to himself, surveying all he could see as the guards got down on one knee before him.

"The largest museum in the world," Ahkmenrah murmured as they walked out of the door that led towards main museum "Anything could be out here."

"I do not know what." she said with a shake of her head.

"That's comforting." Ahk muttered to himself as the pair approached the night watchman, asleep at his post with drool dripping down his chin forming a puddle of saliva on his shirt. They stole silently past him, trying the locked door. It wouldn't budge. Ahkmenrah stood back as Sacagawea plucked the set of keys from the sleeping guard's hand and found the correct key. She slid it into the lock without the metal even clinking as she unlocked the doors and the pair slipped through. The Pharaoh treading especially slowly, his jewels caused him to jangle like a bell when he ran and jingle when he walked. This guard wasn't Larry, if he awoke there was a high chance they're both be shot where they stood.

Ahkmenrah was frozen to the spot, so too was Kahmunrah as the brothers locked eyes from across the room.

“Take this and go.” Ahk said handing Sacagawea the tablet, “Please don't say anything. Just take it and call Larry. We need the guardian of Brooklyn.” he said without taking his eyes off his brother, “Lock the door and go. Please. He is my brother. I must deal with this.”

“Don't do anything I wouldn't do.” she whispered as she took the tablet and took off running, locking the thick metal door behind her and shoving the keys over her shoulder into her quiver of arrows. She stole the guard's mobile from his trouser pocket as she ran. She didn't want to abandon Ahkmenrah, but she knew that the tablet was of top priority. The Pharaoh wouldn't be able to die tonight with the tablet keeping him alive.

Sacagawea burst back into the metal container, slamming the door shut behind her.

“What's the matter?” Octavius asked, “Where's Ahkmenrah?”

She shook her head, “Upstairs. I don't know. He instructed me to keep the tablet safe and call Larry.”

“Why do we need to call Gigantor?” Jed protested, “He abandoned us!”

“You must set aside your grudges.” she said sounding as though she was scolding a two-year-old, “Ahkmenrah is in danger.” she said as a frown creased her flawless skin, “We ran into his brother upstairs, and I sense that they were not friends. We must protect the tablet, and we must find him. Who's with me?”

“Brother.” Ahkmenrah said standing like a King.

“What are you doing here?” Kahmunrah asked eyeing him closely.

“Believe me it was not my intention to come.”

“Seize him!” Kahmunrah yelled, spurring his guards on forwards. “This is my Kingdom!” His brother could not be here; this could not be allowed to continue.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it! More to come soon! And please let me know what you think!

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I can't tell you how grateful I am for everyone's support, bookmarks, kudos and comments and I know it's been a fortnight since my last update but I can promise you this. I won't give up on this story if you guys don't.

Thanks once again and ENJOY!

“Wait what?” Jed exclaimed, hands on hips, “He's got a brother? I'm with you yeah but... a brother?”

“I admit I did not see that one coming.” Octavius murmured.

“Shiny king. Brother has?” Attila raised an eyebrow as he tried his best to speak so he was understood, after all, the only one who spoke his language wasn't there.

“He's never spoken about a brother before.” Octavius nodded.

“He's never spoken about any of his family before.” Sacagawea agreed, “But there must be a reason why.”

“We're his family dammit, if he's never told us about his brother do you really think he'd going to tell us why he hasn't told us about his brother because that would make one hell of an awkward conversation.”

“He'll tell us if he wants to.” Sacagawea defended, “When he is ready to.”

“Oh sure.”

“This is not what we should be arguing over.” she said slamming her palm down onto a crate.

Attila nodded in agreement before standing up with the look of a man about to deliver a great speech upon his face, “Sparkle king! Find!” he yelled charging out the doors before anyone could stop him.

“No!” Sacagawea called but it was too late, “You've just gone and thrown the element of surprise straight out the window.”

“This is the first time we've seen each other in thousands of years brother, are you sure you want to...” he trailed off as the Egyptian guards advanced, “Understood. Your mistake brother.” he said quickly, tearing off down towards another set of doors at the end of the display hall, robes billowing out behind him followed by the heavy footsteps of armed guards. He darted through the doors and down a stairwell taking two steps at a time until he got down to level C where he rushed through yet another set of double doors. He hadn't taken the time to watch where he was going and cursed under his breath as he ran directly into the path of a drunk Viking trio with spectacular facial hair.

“By the gods!” the one with the most beard exclaimed, “Watch where you're going lad or you will not live to regret it!”

“I'm so sorry.” Ahk said backing away, “I'm rather in a hurry.”

“Hurry for what laddie? What could a skinny wee imp like yourself be up to then eh?”

“I'm being chased.” he said quickly.

“Chased?” the one with the gruffest voice asked raising a bushy eyebrow, “By who?”

“My brother. I fear he wants to kill me.” Ahk told them, omitting the 'Again. that hovered on the tip of his tongue.

“Why?”

“Because he's a jealous moron!” Ahk almost shouted, desperate to get away, “Now if you'd kindly excuse me he'll be coming through these doors any second and I would rather like to last the night.”

“You seem like an honest enough fellow. We'll hold him off for you lad. I could do with some action.” the one with the largest axe said stepping up, “Now by Odin go before we decide otherwise.”

“I am in your debt.” Ahk thanked as he dashed off into the maze of industrial shelves, constantly scanning them to find some sort of weapon, he would have been pushing it if he'd asked for the axe of one of the Viking warriors and he knew he couldn't run forever. He could hear the battle behind him as the Egyptians ran into the Vikings, the clashing sounds of metal on metal and metal on flesh filled the air as the two sides fought. He could only hope he hadn't got the Nordic warriors killed on his behalf. Looking up at the towering shelves, an idea struck him just as a spear sailed past his head. Gathering his robes, he began to climb the metal structure with agility of a monkey, and rolled onto the top shelf just as a spear sailed up through where he'd been only moments beforehand.

“What's the point in running brother?” Kahmunrah called out with his signature lisp.

Ahkmenrah said nothing as he hurriedly sifted through the crates searching for a weapon of some kind. A weapon of any kind as long as it would help him stand his ground. His searching hands landed on an ornate wooden bow and he pulled it, and three arrows, out

of the half open crate. "Better than nothing." he muttered to himself as he watched the men moving down below.

"Come down brother. You can't hide away up there forever you know."

"What, you think I'm just going to hand myself over to you?"

"Well. Yes."

"You're just as delusional as always, glad to see nothing has changed."

"Look, if you're still hung up on the whole assassination thing then I can assure you it was perfectly justified."

Ahkmenrah scoffed, steadying the bow after what seemed like hours of silence but in reality was only minutes. His breathing slowed as he focused on the head of a guard. They were, essentially, wax, an arrow in the arm wouldn't stop them but an arrow in the head might. He took aim and let it fly. The arrow dove down through the air, straight towards the open mouth of the guard closest to his brother. The arrow flew through the guard's mouth mid yell and straight tore right the way thorough until it came out the other side, the arrowhead embedding itself into the tough wood of a deep blue crate amidst the pained yells of the guard and the clattering of a spear falling to the floor. Kahmunrah snapped his head around, looking from the arrow to his brother as he picked up the fallen spear and threw it lamely into the air. His brother smirked as the spear fell back to Earth having missed him by miles.

"You always were a terrible shot." Ahk said taking aim once more. In the blink of an eye a second guard met a similar fate to the previous one – head pinned to the side of a crate. The young Pharaoh had always turned his nose up at the idea of murder unless it was absolutely necessary or revenge was being exerted. Either way, he took aim once more. The final arrow missed its mark by mere millimetres and the unprecedented movement of the tunic clad guard. The young King cursed, discarding the bow as he got to his feet once more. He soared over the crevices between shelves as the remaining seven guards tried to climb up to catch him. As he ran over the tops of the shelves in the great federal halls he could feel his lungs straining for air and his pace slowing. He looked over his shoulder, trying not to let the adrenaline coursing through his veins become panic. Six, six guards were scrambling over the tops of crates to get to him.

"Down." Ahkmenrah whispered to himself as he made his way back down to the ground with the skill of that infernal monkey. The tip of a spear pressed against the thin robes on his back.

"I always way better at chess than you." Kahmunrah lisped, gripping the spear with a grin on his face as Ahkmenrah turned around, palms raised.

"We aren't playing chess."

"Oh do be quiet brother. You will not make me look like an idiot." he said standing taller to further fuel his ego.

“Believe me you don't need my assistance there.”

“Shut up and tell me where you sent the girl with funny things in her hair and the tablet.”

“Funny things in her hair?” Ahk raised an eyebrow, “Well you're one to talk. What are they, claws? Gold coated scarabs?” he asked looking at the gold ornaments that decorated his brother's hair.

“I'm not the one dressed like the inside of Mother's jewel box.”

“That's not even a new one.”

“Tablet.” Kahmunrah repeated, tapping the spear against his brother's chest as he steered the conversation away from his attire.

“You will not have *my* tablet.” Ahk replied, suddenly gripping the shaft of the spear with both hands, forcing it upwards with all his strength and away from his chest. The pair wrestled for the spear, each yelling threats and insults at the other's face.

“It's not *your* tablet!”

“Father had it crafted for me!”

“He was a fool, like you!”

“What do you even want it for, you senile snake?”

“Why...World domination, of course! Nothing you could ever aspire for!”

“And telling me the plan was a smart move on your behalf then was it brother?”

“I should have killed you when I had the chance.” Kahmunrah spat, clawing at his brother's face with blunt nails, “You will not make me look like a fool!”

“You always were melodramatic.” Ahk hissed as the skin of his cheek tore, spurring him to kick out his at brother – striking him in the centre of the chest and knocking him backwards, “And trust me in this. You don't need me to make you look like a fool. You are already there.” He took off once again, abandoning the spear and charging round a corner, there was still over an hour to go until sunrise, he couldn't keep this up much longer.

An ear piercing battle cry came out of nowhere, echoing through the cavernous halls.

“Fool...” Ahkmenrah muttered as he ground to a halt and, by the sounds of it, so did the remaining guards who pursued him.

Kahmunrah's angry yells could be heard from all around the archive floor, “What in the name of Anubis is that?! Don't let anyone leave!” he barked at his small army. Clinks of metal filled the air as they all veered off in separate directions, searching for both the King and the battle cry. Kahmunrah rounded a towering metal corner, a grin creeping across his

face when he saw his younger brother. The grin, however, quickly slid off his face as the source of the battle cry revealed itself.

“What is that thing?” he asked, frowning in disgust.

Attila ran towards the pair of stoic standing Kings, sword raised above his head and yelling bloody murder. Get Ahkmenrah back. Safe and alive. That was his job.

“Attila no!” Ahk said frantically as the huge hunk of man grabbed him while running, pulling him onto his shoulder in a fireman's lift, “Set me down at once! You're going to –”

He was cut off by the ear piercing “Seize them!” generated by his brother's lisping voice as guards approached from all angles. The Hun turned and ran, charging back towards the crate with the young King still atop his shoulder.

“Don't you dare.” Ahk hissed, after all this they would not lead them straight to the tablet, they simply wouldn't.

“This could be easier than I thought.” Kahmunrah smirked as he strolled along behind his guards and the fleeing Hun.

Attila charged through the unlocked security guard's booth, accidentally knocking him to the ground. There was a vicious crack as his head stuck the tiled floor and he was out cold, drool still dripping down his chin. The Hun ran the pair into the cargo container, dropping the King onto a crate as he tried to catch his breath.

Ahkmenrah ignored the confusion on the faces of all the others, “You led them here!” he hissed at the Hun who simply shrugged apologetically and mumbled something about the sequin king being the mission. Ahk turned away, “Do not worry.” he sighed securing the door shut as best he could from within. “Did you summon Larry?”

“They're doing it.” Sacagawea said nodding to the pair of miniatures in the corner of the crate.

Something heavy banged against the door, the resulting vibration resounding throughout the metal crate. The crowd was silent as death.

“He led them here.” A murmur from the back echoed through the silence.

“Ready yourselves.” Sacagawea said calmly, readying an arrow as the guards outside began to pull heavily on the doors of the container and the cowboys and Romans formed ranks on the front line.

Jed hid in the corner with his Roman partner, calling out the numbers as Octavius hopped across the screen. It had taken them fifteen tries to even unlock the bloody thing, who knew if the signal would even hold out that far below ground. A small Roman foot landed on the green call button.

“Larry!” the pair yelled down the phone, mindful to yell after the tone, in an attempt to be heard over the banging on the metal.

“Jed? Octavius? What's going on here?”

“Ahkmenrah was not an only child!”

“His big brother....” Jed looked to Akh for help.

“Kahmunrah.” Ahk added.

“Kahmunrah.” Octavius repeated

“Yeah, that guy. Anyway his brother is not a friendly, I repeat, not a friendly!” Jed yelled down the line.

The signal faded and the call cut off.

“Here we go partner.” Jed said gripping tightly onto his gun.

“I will stand by your side.” Octavius nodded, pulling his gladius from its sheath. And joining his Roman comrades by the doors on the front lines.

The frail rays of dawn covered the museum in a glowing orange light, freezing everyone in its vast halls into position. That is, all bar two. They fell to the ground as limp corpses in Kings' clothing when death caught up to them once again. The two bodies and all the wax figures remained frozen in position as the tablet ceased to glow.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

HERE WE ARE GUYS! FINALLY!

I SWORE I WOULDN'T ABANDON THIS AND I HAVEN'T!

SOOOOOO UNBELIEVABLY SORRY ABOUT THE LONG WAIT AND I HOPE YOU THINK IT WAS WORTH IT!

A HUGE THANK YOU TO ALL THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE STUCK BY ME THOUGH MY SPORADIC POSTING SCHEDULE, THANK YOU FOR READING I LOVE YOU ALL!

UNTIL THE NEXT TIME (which hopefully will be pretty soon but exams for the whole of this month sooo..... maybe not... we'll see, eh? We'll see)

“Nicky?” Larry called into the phone, resisting the urge to throw it down the last remaining stairs. They'd somehow forgotten that the underground archives were, believe it or not, underground. He jogged nervously through the deathly silence of the archives. 26 minutes until sundown. That's what Nicky had last told him wasn't it? Or was it 28? Did it matter? He'd go with 26. Larry shook his head, either way, he had to get to the tablet soon or the security guards would be the least of his worries.

His footsteps echoed beneath him as he strolled carefully through the cavernous room. "Where is it...?" he asked himself as he picked up the pace, jogging amidst the crates and towering shelves. A large wooden crate sat on the floor, surrounded by a dusty silence. The eerie silence crept up on Larry as he edged towards it, reaching a hand out towards the latch and flicked it open. Gazing at the other frozen figures in the room, he flicked open the final latch, which, incidentally resulted in him being almost crushed by a wax squid. "Crap." he muttered and clumsily tried to gather up the tentacles and shove them back inside, "Come on man, work with me here." Larry pleaded with the squid, eventually succeeding in closing the latches with a relieved breath. "Okay. No. Squids. Right." Larry muttered as he jogged deeper into the maze of crates. He cast a quick glance towards his watch and frowned. Five minutes. Not nearly enough time.

But then he saw it.

The container.

Larry approached it tentatively, weaving his way past the oddly dressed men. Given the datedness of their attire he assumed them to be Ancient Egyptian and, given the spears they were holding, he doubted they meant well. He stepped carefully over a body clad in

robes adorned with jewels. Larry turned away frowning and shimmied between the spear-bearing-guards towards the door of the crate and jimmied it open. The Romans and the Cowboys had formed ranks right by the entrance. The tablet glistened in his torch-beam and a grin broke out on his face, "Right. Now to...uh." Larry muttered as he tried to squeeze into the crate. One arm in, the rest of his body to go, "Nah this isn't working." Larry muttered and suddenly an idea struck him the way ideas do and he pulled a spear from the hands of the nearest guard. "Right. Okay." he said slowly edging the spear into the great metal container. Time was of the essence he painfully reminded himself as he slowly slid the tip of the spear towards the tablet and, with a nudge, the tablet slid onto the tip and he gently eased it out. It was like a game of operation where the punishment was more than a high pitched buzz. The tablet landed in his hands and, as soon as his fingers touched the cool metal he knew he'd been too slow. The tablet began to glow.

After a moment's confusion all the spears found themselves pointed at the short man in a stolen uniform. Crap. This was really not the way he'd been hoping for this to go.

Behind him, the crate door flew open as the livid pharaoh discovered his tablet was not where he'd left it. One door slammed into two guards, sending them both staggering back.

"Larry?" Ahkmenrah asked wide eyed, he hadn't expected the ex-guard to actually come.

"Hey Ahk..." Larry said sounding exasperated as the guards closed the doors behind the pair, muffling the protests of the inhabitants still within.

"I am Kahmunrah. Great King of great Kings and I demand you hand over the tablet!" he spat in Ancient Egyptian, staring at Larry expectantly.

"Uhhhh...." Larry garbled, he had no idea what the other Pharaoh had just said, "Ahk?"

"He wants you to hand over the tablet." Ahk hissed into Larry's ear, "And he had an ego trip too but that part wasn't important."

"Seize him." Kah ordered, once again in the ancient language, staring directly at his younger brother who looked back with wide eyes as two guards grabbed him from behind, pushing him forwards towards his elder brother.

Kah cleared his throat and approached Larry, "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" he asked.

Larry continued to stare blankly at him, eyes drifting to his friend in the arms of the enemy.

"Parlez-vous français? No? English perhaps?"

"Yeah. English." Larry finally responded, wishing he hadn't dropped French back in high school.

“Well I am Kahmunrah, great King of great Kings. Half god once removed on my mother’s side. And I demand you hand over the tablet immediately!”

“Well, I. Uh. I’m Larry. Larry Daley. Whole human on both sides. And I’m not going to do that.”

“I rather think it would be in everyone's best interests if you did Larry Daley.” he said sauntering over to his brother, “It would be a shame to kill him again.” he said wrapping an arm around Ahk's neck and pulling the younger King towards him.

Ahk's hands flew to the arm around his neck, “Don't give it to him Larry!” he yelled.

“Shush.” Kahmunrah said like a pampered aristocrat.

“Don't you tell me to shush.” Ahk grunted, clenching his fist and punching his brother right in his nether jewels.

“You will pay for that!” he wheezed, tightening his grip around Ahkmenrah's neck.

“You... uh... your English is very good.” Larry said trying to buy himself time to think.

“Yes, I was on display at a rather prestigious university.” Kahmunrah said, bursting with pride.

“Oh? Cambridge with your brother?” Larry asked.

“Hah! He wishes!” Ahk scoffed, nearly stumbling as he was shoved back into the arms of the two guards, glad to have the pressure off his throat.

“Actually... Birmingham Tech. It's a two-year college.”

“Prestigious huh?” Larry raised an eyebrow.

“Yes yes I know. Ahkmenrah went to Cambridge. I went to Birmingham. He had the bigger temple. He has a bigger crown. He got the crown first even though it was my birthright!” Kahmunrah roared, “Ooh Ahkmenrah this. Ahkmenrah that... pathetic...” he sneered.

“Oh get over it already!” Ahkmenrah rolled his eyes.

“Get over it?!” Kahmunrah exclaimed incredulously as he turned to face Larry once more, “That’s easy for the favourite child to say. Did he tell you how mother put me in a basket in the Nile, hoping I'd be taken in by another family.”

“Like baby Moses?” Larry asked trying to keep the smirk off his face.

“I was twenty-seven!” he exclaimed, “Well, you'll see.” he said turning back to his brother, “Now I'm about to take over the entire world! So you can stick that up your papyrus,

favourite son!” he spat, jabbing Ahk in the chest with his index finger in an attempt to look threatening.

“If you're trying to scare me it's not working.” Ahk replied calmly, “You have the face of a baboon. It's hard to take anything you say seriously.” His smirk was quickly wiped from his face as Kah backhanded him.

“The tablet.” he said holding his hand out to Larry.

“Don't give him what he wants Larry!” Ahk yelled, tasting the blood inside his mouth as he looked away from the face of his sneering brother.

“Give it to me.” Kahmunrah said calmly, holding his head regally high.

An idea suddenly struck Larry as he reluctantly handed the tablet over, “So it's just the tablet you want then?”

“Well, yes.” he replied.

“Ah sorry man, I thought you were wanting the cube too.”

“The cube?”

“You know, the Cube of Rubic... no?”

“Say I believed you, hypothetically speaking.” Kahmunrah lisped, “What is this cube?”

“It's just the cube, you know, the one that turns all who oppose you to dust? You know what, never mind. My bad.” Larry said holding his hands up in surrender, “Your brother didn't want to mess with it either, he wanted to play it safe. You just struck me as a next level sort of guy. Sorry, forget I said anything.”

“Is this true?” he asked his brother, eyeing him carefully.

“No... Yes...” Ahk lied, “I wasn't scared. I just...” he trailed off.

“Hah, not as brave as you say you are.” he sneered as Ahk averted his eyes, “Take me to this cube.” he said turning to Larry. Ahk smirked at the ground...What a gullible fool his brother was.

“I don't know where it is.” Larry said lying obviously.

“Show me!” he yelled, spraying globules of saliva over everyone.

“Disgusting...” Ahk muttered.

“Okay calm down and I will.” Larry said nervously.

“You. Restrain him. Seal the box.” he said to one guard, “The rest of you come with me.” he said urging Larry forwards.

“Whoa whoa buddy. First you let my friends go.” Larry said turning to face the taller man.

“No.”

“Then no Cube.”

“Take me to the cube or I gut every single one of them.”

Larry glanced at Ahk, “Take him Larry.” Ahk said, full of confidence in the man, “We'll be fine.”

The Egyptian guards marched behind their King as they followed Larry through the archive.

“Just down here.” Larry said leading them towards the crate he'd seen on his way in, “Here we are.” he said and slowly flicked open the metal latches. His fingers flipped open the final latch and he threw himself out of the way. The crate door burst open and slimy tentacles burst out as the squid made its way out of what was left of the wooded crate. Tentacles flung themselves about in every direction, knocking down guards left right and center and flinging them into crates which splintered open, allowing more beasts to escape into the archives. A giant tentacle knocked Kahmunrah's legs out from under him, forcing to lose his grip of the tablet which soared into the air. Larry ran, dodging tentacle after tentacle as he slid onto the ground, catching the tablet in his outstretched arms as he slid to safety beneath a row of shelving.

“Come back here!” Kahmunrah roared as he pulled himself back up to his feet, “Come back here with my tablet! I still have your friends! I still have my brother!” he threatened, urging his guards after the elusive man.

Larry ran through the aisles, his ears filled with the sound of his own footsteps and the muffled yelling of people yet to break out of their storage crates. A pterodactyl screeched overhead as he rounded yet another corner, running back into the giant squid. Just his luck. His mind was blank with panic as the squid threw him back and sent him crashing into a crate housing a hippopotamus. He skittered to the floor as the great grey beast lumbered out and away. The squid advanced upon him, soon joined by Kahmunrah's guards. They ran at him from all angles, spears raised like harpoons, and he soon found himself backed into a corner. There was nowhere to run.

All of a sudden an adrenaline-filled “YEEHAW!” sounded above him as a golden-haired man soared down on his motorbike. “Take the wheel!” the man yelled maneuvering himself into the side-car.

“What?” Larry asked dumbfounded.

“Take. The .Wheel!” he yelled hoisting his flag up into the air and wielding it like a lance, “Aw yeah! I'm lovin' this!! Go boy, go! CHARGE!”

Larry revved the engine, a look of confusion plastered on his face as they streaked off down the corridor, “So what's the plan here?” he asked the man with the elaborate moustache.

“We're Americans!” he replied grinning from ear to ear, “We don't plan! We do! Now hold on!” he yelled as the ran down a group of guards.

A trio of kangaroos bounced past, narrowly avoiding being struck by the bike as they screeched around yet another corner.

“See that?! Act first! Think later! You're in good hands here boy! George A. Custer, at your service!” he said foolishly standing up. Larry had no time to warn him before the old General came head to head with a metal beam and was sent sprawling to the floor due to sheer stupidity.

“I'll be fine boy!” he called, “You go!”

A beautiful old-fashioned voice called out as a woman stepped into the path of the vehicle, forcing Larry to grind to a halt. “What's the rumpus Ace?”

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Am I sorry or am I sorry. I cannot believe how long it has been! I feel awful for making you all wait so long! I hope you're still interested in this story and I can promise you that there will be another update at the start of February, cross my heart.

I hope you're enjoying the story so far! Please let me know what you think!

“What's the rumpus Ace?”

“Look, lady, could you get out of the way?” Larry asked with an exasperated sigh.

“Lady? Who you callin' lady? The *name* is Amelia.” she said proudly just as an Egyptian spear pierced the motorbike's front tyre.

Larry glanced up, heart sinking as he locked eyes with the guard, and grabbed the tablet out of the bike's sidecar before tearing off in the opposite direction with Amelia quickly following along behind him.

“Amelia Earhart, perhaps you've heard of me?” she asked, keeping up with his nervous jogging with a strong quick pace of her own.

“Oh, right.” Larry said, finally recognising the name, “You're, like, this famous pilot.” he said jogging nervously around the corner, they seemed to have been able to shake the guard for the time being.

“I'm not just any pilot!” Amelia exclaimed, mildly outraged, “I'll have you know I was the first woman to fly the Atlantic. First woman to receive the Flying Cross. First woman to fly across the 48 states in a Gyro-Prop! And now. If you'd wipe that, perhaps permanent, look of alarm off your kisser I was wondering if you might be so kind as to tell me exactly where I am?” she inquired as Larry hopped back and forth from foot to foot, nervously looking about. He wouldn't be in the clear until the sun rose again.

“Museum.” he replied, “Well, actually, under it. And I'm in kind of a dangerous situation right now so you might not want to be anywhere near me.” he said poking his head out from behind a large faded yellow crate. Amelia shuffled closer to him, a smirk teasing at the corners of her mouth. “You think fast.” Larry muttered.

“What's your name flyboy?”

“I, uh, my name's Larry Daley.” he replied, still warily casting quick glances every which way.

“Well Larry Daley,” Amelia said stepping out into the open with her hands proudly on her hips, “In case you weren't listening, I'm not one to shy away from danger.”

Larry's eyes widened comically as spear upon spear embedded themselves into the wood behind her, narrowly missing her limbs. “How about spears?” he asked, “You one to shy away from spears?” he asked dashing off once more and tearing towards the door.

“Let's ankle Skipper!” Amelia grinned as she pulled her cap and goggles off from the top of her head of curls and sped after Larry, guards following quickly behind.

Ahkmenrah sat with his back against the outside of the crate, left wrist bound to the side of the crate with a zip tie, other drumming against his knee as he gazed towards the spear heads pointed towards him. The guards were stood just out of reach of his legs and, even if he stretched, he'd more likely injure himself than them. He rested his head back against the door of the crate and, to his dismay, the golden haired man with the silly moustache was still talking. He'd been shoved into the container not long after the Pharaoh himself had been secured to the outside. The outside, Kahmun evidently didn't trust him to be surrounded by his friends even if they were all locked up. Ahk could hear the blond counting the strokes as he brushed his obnoxious hair.

“98... 99... 100.” Custer said triumphantly, “Just like a golden fleece. Alright troops!” he declared loudly, placing his hands on his hips, “When the enemies captured me they made themselves my enemies as well. Big. Mistake.” he said trying, and failing, to sound ominous. “Alright. Here's the plan. On the third bugle blast I shall loudly announce 'ATTACK', at which point,” he paused, scanning the faces of his audience, “At which point we will all jump out of this godforsaken box and attack!” he declared triumphantly, grinning from ear to ear as he caught eyes with various members of the party waiting for an applause, “Whaddaya think?”

Sacagawea politely raised her hand.

“You.” Custer said pointing at her, moustache wobbling as he spoke, “You uh... Sacagawaga?”

Sacagawea shook her head, “No.”

“Sacagawallabanungga?”

She shook her head again.

“Sagagawalla.” he said, confident that this time he was right. After a few more mispronunciations and looks of disapproval from all the other members of the party Sacagawea spoke up again.

“No. That is not my name.” she said looking at him as though he was a five-year-old with food all over his face, “Look, I know you are a somewhat famous general, but won't yelling attack alert the enemy that we are about to attack?”

His face fell, “Alright, you do have a point there Missy.” he muttered and took a seat once again.

Jed and Octavius exchanged glances, this guy was a lunatic if they ever saw one. The pair moved down onto the floor of the crate and snuck towards the door.

“Hey Ahk.” Jed called through the crack.

“Yes Jedediah?” Ahkmenrah replied quietly.

“This guy's one hell of a goofball. We need you to get us out of here.”

“I'm afraid I'm a little tied up right now, I'll see what I can --” his reply was cut short by the cool metal of a spear touching his chest.

“Quiet!” the guard hissed.

“My apologies.” Ahk replied politely, not once taking his eyes off the spear. The spear was slowly moved away from the young, or old depending on your point of view, King's chest. Though the guard remained within reach, never once looking away.

Taking advantage of the guard's proximity, he shot out his leg, hooking his foot around the back of his knees and bringing him crashing to the ground. The second guard acted fast, charging at the pharaoh, spear raised and ready for the kill. Ahkmenrah kicked upwards, sandaled foot landing right on the man's groin. He awkwardly rolled himself out of the chaotic path of the spear and flung his foot out again, catching the second guard in the back of the knees. He brought him crashing down to the ground, head crashing against the side of the container. He slipped down bonelessly to the ground and was officially out for the count.

“What's goin' on out there?!” asked Custer, jumping like a frightened rabbit at the clang.

The first guard leap, spearless, at his captive. But Ahk brought his legs up, kicking the guard square in the face, sending him careering over the King and into a concrete pillar. A sickening crack resounded through the archive hall and the guard remained still. Whether he was dead or unconscious Ahk didn't know, but he couldn't bring himself to think on it a moment longer; he needed to focus on freeing himself from his bindings, after all, fighting was one thing but fighting with your back on the ground and your arms trapped behind you was a whole other story. He maneuvered himself, with a great deal of effort, into a position where he could reach the blade of the fallen spear and began to saw away at the plastic tie. He was so absorbed with trying to free himself that he didn't hear the footsteps approaching from behind until it was too late. The handle of a spear was swung against the back of his head sending him clattering back onto the floor. A blackness began to overtake his vision as his body succumbed to the hazy darkness that filled his mind.

“Not so fast brother.” Kahmunrah spat as he stood over the unconscious form of his younger brother, “Now, let's see what the matter is in here.” he said and pulled open the doors of the crate. None of the crate's residents had been expecting the doors to swing open of their own accord and so their guards were down. Kahmunrah quickly plucked Jedediah up from where the small cowboy was stood and held him up for them all to see, “Good evening all. Now, I ought to let you all know that should any of you try to escape your little friend here will get it.”

“Let me down!” Jed yelled, struggling for all he was worth, “I do not like bein' manhandled!”

As much as it pained Octavius to see Jed being treated in such a barbaric manner, he knew that if he stayed inside the crate he would never be able to help his friend. Making use of the protests of the cowboy, he silently slipped out of the crate and ducked around the side to hide, pity ceasing his brow as he passed the fallen King.

Attila, however, drew everyone's attention rather quickly by snapping out: “What about jeweled king?” though all he received were blank stares, no one could ever understand him.

“I'm sorry, what was that?” Kahmunrah lisped, looking at the Hun in distaste.

“He asked about your brother.” Sacagawea explained calmly.

“What about my brother? It doesn't matter whether you behave or not, he dies. Again.” the Egyptian replied calmly as he exited the crate, Jed still clenched in his fist, and closed the doors, locking them once more.

He looked down at one of his guards with a sigh, they truly were useless. One seemed to be coming to his senses and sat up with a groan.

“Make yourself useful will you, keep this creature contained.” Kahmunrah instructed him and handed him the angry little American. The guard scurried off, thankful that he hadn't been run through by his own spear. Sighing a little, he pulled his brother up onto his shoulder in a fireman's carry, causing the young king's crown to clatter to the floor. However, unbeknownst to the bitter King, the tiny Roman followed the pair as Ahk was carried out, Octavius was on a mission to destroy.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Here we are! Another chapter! Please leave a comment and let me know what you think!

“You're quite the popular fellow Mr Daley.” Amelia observed as she followed him through the doors and towards Cupid's fountain, “Why don't you just skidaddle?”

“I can't just skidaddle.” sighed Larry with a shake of his head, “My friends are being held down there. I've gotta go get them. I've got to find another way down.” he explained to her as the pair moved through to the art gallery. His foot hadn't even touched the floor of the gallery when a snowball hit him hard in the side of the face, “Well that's new.” he murmured, bemused, and took a closer look at the pictures. As he leaned towards a painting filled with joyous laughter and flying chunks of snow he noticed his breath begin to fog up and could feel the coolness of the air within the painting on his stubbly cheeks. He had not known this could happen, he hadn't even thought about the possibility if he was being perfectly honest. A loud hammering of feet from all directions roused him from his musings and his head snapped up to see Kahmunrah's guards advancing on them from all sides.

“Well.” Amelia pursed her lips as the pair backed towards a canvas of *V-J Day*. She had been looking for some action in her life and she certainly could not deny that, now, she had some. Just as the guards let their spears fly, Larry grabbed Amelia by the elbow and leapt backwards, pulling her into the photograph with him.

The two Americans stood up, eyes wide with wonder as they looked at the black and white world that surrounded them. Larry almost couldn't believe that his idea had actually worked. The square was alive with the hum of the cheering public. They were cheering for all they were worth; blowing noisemakers and jitterbugging with WACs and bobbysoxers. Beside them stood the iconic photograph's centerpiece: a sailor and a nurse locked in a passionate black and white embrace.

Before them, however, hung a hole the size of the photograph. And through it Larry could see the colourful gallery and once again marveled at the power of the golden artifact in his hands. He met the eyes of one of the guards and, to his dismay, watched as he began to climb through.

“Let's ankle.” Amelia said quickly and grabbed his arm, dragging him into the bustling crowd.

“Scuse me. Sorry. Gettting chased by crazy Ancient Egyptians. Could you please... thank you.” Larry said in a hurried jarble as they weaved their way through the crowds. Much to his surprise, his phone began to ring. “Oh sure, I get four bars in 1945 but a stairwell is too

impenetrable?" he snapped irritable at his phone before attempting to regain his composure. "Hello?" he said into the phone.

"Dad! Finally!" Nick's voice came through, "I've been trying to get you for ages. Anyway, looks like once you get down the stairwell – "

"Oh I'm way past the stairwell." Larry said, cutting his son off mid sentence.

"So you found everyone?" asked Nick, not in the least bit put out but the interruption but wishing he'd factored in the fact that the archives were underground when they were formulating their plans.

"Sort of!" Larry replied sounding somewhat panicked as he continued to attempt to weave his way through.

"Who are you speaking to?" Amelia asked him.

"Who's that?" asked Nick, confused.

"It's uh, well. It's Amelia Earhart." Larry replied.

"You found Amelia Earhart?" asked his son in disbelief, "That's awesome!"

"Hey! Amelia!" Larry yelled, attention snatched away from the phonecall as the pilot rushed off with a man to dance. Attempting to run after her, Larry ran straight into the buff form of the sailor Joey Motorola.

"Hey hey buddy, what's your hurry?" Joey asked, "Didn't you hear? The war's over!" he yelled, eliciting a cheer from the surrounding crowd.

"These guys are chasing me." Larry explained quickly, tapping his phone to hang up on his son, he'd call him back soon.

Joey spun around to look, an amused expression creeping over his features, "What am I looking at? Mardi-gras? Look man, what unit are you from?" he asked Larry.

"I'm from, uhm, Brooklyn." he replied, hoping it was a decent answer.

"What?! You serious? Hey fellas!" Joey yelled over to his mates, "These so and sos are trying to rough up my pal here just 'cos he's from Brooklyn!"

Joey's mates were outraged and Larry grinned in relief as they charged towards the Egyptian guards, "Thank you!" he told them as they patted him on the back on their way past.

"You got it!" Joey grinned back as Larry ducked off into the crowd, "Hey Mister!" he called out, holding up Larry's mobile, "You forgot your... wait... what the hell is this thing?" he asked, but Larry had already become just another body in the crowd in search of his pilot friend.

He still hadn't located her when some of the guards escaped from the fray. They were back on his tail. "Crap crap crap." he muttered, looking about wildly. "Hey, 'scuse me." he said in a moment of flash thinking and pulled the sailor off the nurse. He locked his lips with her, holding her body in the exact same way as the sailor had. It worked. The guards charged straight past, knocking the fuming soldier out of the way.

"Any time you're done Mr Daley." Amelia said strutting back over and pulling Larry off the nurse and dragging him back through the picture frame.

"Call me!" the nurse called out, fluttering her eyelashes at him with a sweet smile.

"Thank you for that." Larry said, breathing heavily as he looked to Amelia.

"Well, you're quite the smooth operator aren't you Mr Daley?"

Larry opened his mouth to comment but glanced at the photograph at just the right time to see the guards charging towards them through the monochrome, "Quick!" he yelled and the pair each grabbed a side of the canvas, swiveling it around so that the guards would have nowhere to run but into the wall. "I can't believe that actually worked." he breathed.

"What's next?" Amelia grinned and Larry sighed.

"Look, it's nothing personal but I'm kind of in the middle of something here and it isn't really your fight."

"It's because I'm a woman, isn't it?" Amelia asked, voice so sharp it cut right through him.

"No!" Larry shook his head quickly, "It's because I've got this ancient raised-from-the-dead-evil-pharaoh guy who is pretty willing to kill me and everyone near me to get this tablet so that he can rule the world or something."

"So it is because I'm a woman."

"Look," Larry began.

"No you look Mr Daley. If it weren't for me you'd still be stuck in that monochromatic mayhem."

"Monochrowhat?"

"The black and white photograph." she explained, "Now listen, and listen good. I can help you. I want to help you. And not because I like you which, so far, I don't. But because I smell adventure, Mr Daley, and damnit. I want in."

Larry shook his head with a sigh, "Okay, you know what? Fine. But don't blame me if anything happens to you."

"Oh I should be so lucky." Amelia said with a twinkle in her eye and the hint of a smirk playing on her lips as the duo dashed off once more.

Octavius charged through the corridors as quickly as his legs would carry him, cloak billowing out behind him; he had to find Larry. His footsteps echoed loudly in his head as he ran, keeping his hand on the hilt of his sword should any threat arise. But sooner than he expected it was as though his prayers had been answered, "Thank you Jupiter." he whispered before yelling Larry's name. He could only hope the man would hear him.

"What's the matter?" Amelia asked when Larry ground to a confused looking halt.

"I could swear I just hear... no." he shook his head.

Octavius took a deep and bitter breath; Larry would not not hear him if he had a say in it. "LARRY!" he yelled louder than he could have though possible.

The ex-night-guard looked down at his feet and his face broke out in a broad grin, "Octavius!"

Octavius beckoned Larry to the floor and the other man obliged, Amelia watching on in amazement. Larry crouched before the tiny Roman.

"What are you doing out here Tavius?" he asked him.

"Larry, I was searching for you. Now assist me up so we may speak." he instructed and Larry carefully scooped him up, depositing the miniature into his shirt pocket, "And who is this magnificent creature?" the Roman asked, looking up at Amelia.

"Famous pilot Amelia Earhart. Famous Roman general Octavius." Larry said by ways of introduction.

Amelia was delighted and did her best to shake his hand, "It is a pleasure to meet you, General. And just as I ask not to be judged by my gender, I pledge to not judge you by your size."

"I like her Larry, good job." Octavius smirked, patting the other man's chest.

"You were going to tell us something?" Larry said, clearing his throat and giving the Roman a pointed look.

"Ah yes." Octavius straightened his helmet, "Ahkmenrah's brother has taken Jedediah and I fear for his life. Along with Ahkmenrah's life."

"He's got Ahk too?" Larry asked, brow creasing with a deep frown, "Why?"

Octavius shook his head, "I do not know. He says he shall kill the young pharaoh, sibling rivalry I believe. And if any of us tried to escape he would kill Jedediah. But I could not sit idly by when I could slip easily past." he declared proudly.

"Know where he took them by any chance?" Amelia asked.

"I am afraid I do not." the tiny man said, clearly concerned by the fact.

“You have to go get help. From anybody.” Larry told him and carefully placed him back on the ground, “We're counting on you. We'll keep the tablet safe and see what we can do to help the other in the meantime.”

Octavius looked up at the kneeling Larry and nodded sharply, he would not fail. “If we do not meet again, let our spirits be bound in the pantheon of those who did not retreat in the face of their enemies.”

“Go swiftly.” Larry nodded, attempting to sound as noble as the other man.

“Not technically a word but I do appreciate the sentiment. Farewell Lawrence.” he said before bowing to Amelia, “A pleasure to meet you my lady.”

Larry rolled his eyes and stood up as Octavius set forth to slip unnoticed through the museum.

“Goodbye soldier.” Amelia said with an awe filled smile on her face as he watched the red cloak disappear around the corner. “I like him.” she told Larry with a smile as the other adjusted the tablet under his arm, shaking his head with a light chuckle.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Yikes... it has been a while hasn't it? Exactly a year. If I'm honest, I simply lost track of this story. Life got so busy I forgot the direction it was headed in. But when sorting out my revision earlier today I found my old notes for it and it is beginning to come back to me. The traction I lost on this is, I think, beginning to come back. I've got another exam soon, but when that's out of the way I've promised myself that I'm going to focus a little more on this story. I've really enjoyed to write it so far and, honestly, starting it back up again reminded me of how much I missed it.

Also, I've gone back and corrected a few mistakes in earlier chapters in case you're interested. Though nothing plot-wise has changed.

I hope people are still reading this, it has been a year so I'd understand if you weren't, but if you are I'd like to thank you and I hope you enjoy what I've come up with!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ahkmenrah awoke slowly, a throbbing his head slowing his thoughts as he tried to claw his way back to a coherent state of consciousness. His brother's mere presence wasn't doing much to help his head either. He groaned as he tried to sit up, mentally cursing when he found both his wrists and ankles restrained. Kah had always been the better fighter, his stature and muscles allowing him to always end up on top. Ahk, on the other hand, had always been the better thinker. While he could fight, he was better at strategising; he was more of a leader than a fighter.

Kahmunrah paced amidst the crates, stepping up to face the three men and their henchmen. They were an odd looking bunch, he would be the first to admit that, but they certainly were a legendary bunch.

"I am Kahmunrah. Half god once removed on my mother's side. Ruler of Egypt and future leader of, well, everything else. I've lost some men. Actually, all of them. All bar one." he said, nodding to the corner in which stood his final guard sporting a mottled lump on his head and held the cowboy's birdcage to his chest, seemingly clinging onto it for dear life. He was an odd fellow, not quite up to Kah's standards; he must have been made from the dregs of wax the others had been crafted from. "I am in need of some new generals to join me in my plan to conquer this world. And I have selected you three. Al Capone. Napoleon Bonaparte. Ivan the Terrible. Some of the greatest, most feared, leaders in history. Gentlemen. Really, really fantastic to meet you."

Ahkmenrah couldn't help but scoff, Kahmunrah sounded far more like an awestruck fan than a ruthless leader. In hindsight, staying silent may have been a better option.

“Something the matter?” he asked, turning to his brother with a scowl set into his brow. Ahk stayed silent, simply shrugged his shoulders and returned his brother’s gaze. “Not talking, eh? Then maybe you should stay like that whilst the grown-ups talk business.” Kahmunrah snapped, grabbing a piece of cloth from a dusty corner of the room. He gripped Ahk’s jaw with a brutal grip and stuffed the cloth into his mouth. “Ah ah ah.” He scolded, retrieving his fingers before little brother could bite them clean off. “Now stay there, stay quiet, or I will hurt you before I kill you. And I can promise you, baby brother, it won’t be as peaceful as it was last time.” He whispered in threat, face mere millimeters away from the younger Pharaoh’s. Slowly, he turned and moved away from his brother, facing back towards his collection of villains.

“Who is dat?” Ivan asked, indicating to the prisoner with his scepter.

“My brother, goody-two-shoes. No ambition. Any other questions? No? Good.”

“Yeah I got one pops, how comes you’re wearing a dress?” Al Capone asked, a smirk crossing his monochromatic face.

“It is not a dress. It is a tunic.” Kahmunrah explained bitterly, “It was the height of fashion 4000 years ago, I assure you. Any other questions? Preferably none about the dress-tunic.”

Napoleon lowered his hand and shook his head, still looking doubtfully at the dress.

“Right. Moonlight is wasting and time is short.” He reminded them all, glancing across the assortment of faces.

“Short?” The Frenchman exclaimed, “Short? Why do you look at me when you say short? I am perfectly normal height.”

“Sorry, it just slipped out.” Kahmunrah replied with a small shrug; Napoleon continued to frown, unconvinced. “Now, I would like to wrap up this meet and greet by asking you gentlemen a question. Are you with me?”

“Yeah, I ain’t got nothin’ else goin’ on for me around here.”

“Oui.”

“Da.”

“Superb!” The Egyptian’s eyes lit up like a child’s after being given a new toy, “Then bring Larry Daley, Guardian of Brooklyn and the golden tablet of Ahkmenrah to me!”

“Ahkmenrah? Who’s that? A lion with a sore throat?” Capone asked, stepping forwards slightly.

“No. It’s him.” Kahmunrah huffed, nodding to his brother.

“Then why don’t you ask him for it?”

“He doesn’t have it. Now get on with it! And before I forget. Station two men outside a large red box. We don’t want what’s in getting out.”

“Sure, no trouble, Lady Kahmun. Count on us, we’ll do you right.” Capone smirked again, leading the way as he exited the room.

Eyes aflame, he turned back to face his smirking brother, “You cannot look at me like that. You’re wearing a skirt.”

“We’ll get you back to your chums, Mr Daley. You won’t get lost following Amelia Earhart.” Declared the pilot proudly as she walked around the fountain again. A murmur of voices in hushed French echoed from around the corner and Larry quickly pulled Amelia down to hide. “Well, well Mr Daley I quite like the way you’re holding me.”

As though electrocuted, Larry removed his hand from her back, “No, sorry, I was...” he trailed off, words becoming little more than incoherent mumbles.

“Oh please stop beating your gums, Mr Daley. You haven’t been able to take your cheeters off my chassie since the moment we met.”

“I really didn’t understand a word of that.” He whispered, eyes narrowing as Napoleon and his men emerged from around the corner and began to edge around the fountain towards them. Larry and Amelia scurried around the other side, ducking low to remain out of sight. As soon as they were opposite the corridor, the pair took off running. They darted right into the raised bayonets of Napoleon’s men.

“And so!” Napoleon reentered the hallway, strolling towards them with a silver dagger held calmly in his hand, “The little mouse, the little tiny man, runs into the claws of the cat.”

“Wow. You’re really hung up on the height thing.” Larry said with mock sympathy, holding his hands up in surrender.

“I am not *hung up* about height!”

“You’re calling him a mouse and yourself a big cat. Of course you’re bitter about your height.” Amelia interjected, “You know, they named an entire psychological complex after you. You ought to be proud.”

“You’re famous for being little.”

“It is not about height!” Snapped the shorter of the two men, “Now, if your boyfriend would come kindly with me...”

“We’re not, no...” Larry shook his head.

“Just friends.” Amelia nodded.

“Friends. Absolutely.”

“Acquaintances even.” She added.

“Clearly, you know nothing of love.” He tutted and sighed, “Now, this way please.”

At a lack of ideas, Larry frowned and unwillingly obliged, gripping the tablet tightly in his hands, leaving Amelia looking lost on her own.

Bathing in his glory, Kahmunrah sat atop his mound of treasures. Priceless rugs covered the floor, encircling a mound of golden treasures, gems and other expensive rarities.

“Whoever you were, Archie Bunker, you had one comfortable throne.” He smiled to himself, relaxing into the armchair as though he were always meant to be there. With a jeweler’s lupe, he looked over Dorothy’s ruby slippers and tossed them angrily down the slope, “These aren’t real rubies at all!” he snapped, furious at being misled. “Bring the tiny man to me.” He instructed, sitting up in his ‘throne’ as the last of his guards scrambled up the mound of treasures and presented the birdcage to him.

Jed’s eyes locked with Akhmenrah’s and his blood froze. He’d never seen the Pharaoh so vulnerable, mouth gagged and limbs restrained behind him, discarded at the foot of the pile of gold like some worthless treasure. When the birdcage shook in Kahmunrah’s hands, Jed forced himself to peel his gaze away from his friend and towards his friend’s psychotic brother.

“Whatta you want, King Tut?” he demanded, doing his utmost to look fierce despite his size.

“Oh, please, Tut was an idiot. Nothing more than a preening adolescent. I assure you, if he hadn’t been unearthed at the right time no one would have uttered his catchy little name.” Kahmunrah shook his head, “Would you like to know why you are here?”

“Are you giving me the option or is this just rhetorics and you just want to listen to your own whining voice?”

“Mr Cowboy. You are here to guarantee the safe return of the tablet and that your friends stay put.” He informed him calmly, attempting to keep the offence from showing on his features.

“Let me tell you somethin’, and let me tell it good. If you don’t release me, and Ahk, right now you have a whole world of hurt coming your way.” Jed threatened.

“While your friends can expect your safe return if they do as I ask, I will not promise the same for my darling little brother. Is it not my responsibility to look after him?” he smirked, “And what damage could you do? Why, you’re no bigger than a little grain of cuscus.” He chuckled, “Aren’t you? You’re tiny.”

“You know,” Jed began, folding his arms across his chest, “There’s two words that come to mind when I hear you talk. Delusional. And Weirdo. And, you know, if I had to pick a third, plain goofy. Downright goofy. Now you let ol’ Jedediah out of here or he’s gonna get angry.”

Kahmunrah burst out laughing, “I can’t take you seriously, I really can’t. I tried but I can’t. You’re just... what’s the word... adorable. Even when you’re threatening me, it’s hilarious. Is it just me,” he asked, glancing towards Capone and Ivan, “Or are these guys unbelievably cute?”

“Now hold it one second.” It was a fight for Jed to even get his words out, his anger was overwhelming, “Now I respect your right to keep me as a prisoner or whatever, but do not call me cute!”

Octavius watched from outside the window, how he’d managed to climb up there he would never know. Adrenaline was a miraculous master. “Steady, my friend. Just stay alive Jedediah! I will rescue you!” he swore, pounding his tiny fist against the glass before making his way back down to the ground.

The heavy sound of footsteps filled the hall as Napoleon’s soldiers marched a deflated-looking Larry into the hall.

“Gigantor... no.” whispered Jed as he was set aside, no longer the most interesting object in the room.

“Mr Daley. Nice to see you again.” Kahrunrah said, walking swiftly to greet him, “I’ll take this, thank you.” He said, plucking the tablet out of his arms. “Behold!” he declared, holding it up so all could see, “The tablet of Kahmunrah!”

“I thought it was Ahkmenrah’s tablet.” Larry interjected.

“It’s mine now.”

“So...?” Capone asked, standing in an unimpressed hunch, “What happens now? You get your brother’s tablet and sing about it? What’s your deal?”

“No one ever listens, do they?” the elder Pharaoh sighed, sparing a glance towards the younger, “Father may have given it your name, but he isn’t around to stop me from giving it mine.”

Ahk’s protests were muffled, the only discernable sound being the clinking of coins and gems behind him as he struggled to free himself. That tablet was his, it was under his protection. Kah couldn’t simply take it. He wouldn’t allow him to.

“Anyway.” He continued, turning back to the people who mattered, “This is all we need to take over the world. It isn’t some sort of run-of-the-mill everyday slab of gold that

magically brings things to life. No, this is also a key. My key to world domination.” He grinned wickedly, moving over to his gate: the freestanding black wall etched with glyphs and images of battle. “On the other side of this gate lies the army of Horus, the all-powerful army of the underworld. An undefeatable and immortal army that are just awaiting my command to arise and destroy!”

“You’re crazy.” Muttered Larry, shaking his head.

“Funny, that’s exactly what little brother said the night before he was mysteriously murdered in his sleep. By me. In case that wasn’t clear. I did it. It was me. I would say sorry, Ahkmen, but we both know I don’t mean it.”

Ahkmenrah screamed at him through the gag, doubling his efforts to free himself.

Seeing him in such pain shattered Larry’s heart, “How could you? How could you kill your own brother?”

“Mother and father gave him everything!” roared Kahmunrah, “They gave him my throne!”

Larry caught Ahk’s eye and the younger Pharaoh simply shrugged, giving him a look that read ‘It was me or him, which would you rather on the throne?’

“Well, now I’ll take back what was rightfully mine.” He growled and slotted the tablet into the gate, “They even made him this tablet when he was born. And what did I get? Nothing.” He snapped, voice so low only he could hear himself. Tapping the combination onto the segments of the tablet, a wild evil began to grow in his eyes. “And now, after 4000 years, my army of the damned shall be unleashed.”

The tablet remained dull and the gate remained silent. Confusion and anger waged a war across Kahmunrah’s brow. He stormed over to his brother and dragged him to his feet by the edges of his robe.

“Hey Ca-ca-rah.” Jed called out, “Maybe your dead Horus birdie army got bored after a few thousand years and deserted you.”

“Silence!” he roared and snatched the gag from Ahkmenrah’s mouth, “For the love of Isis, you changed the combination, didn’t you? What is it?”

“I don’t know.” He replied smirking, and Larry couldn’t help but note how calm he seemed despite the situation. If he was being harassed by his murderous older brother he would be terrified, that was for sure. “Mother and father would never tell it to me.” Ahk continued, “They thought you might *ask* me and had some crazy notion that you couldn’t be trusted.”

Kahmunrah backhanded him across the face for the second time, “What’s all this writing on it?” he demanded.

“Why don’t you read it?” Ahk suggested, frowning at the taste of blood in his mouth, “Or better yet, return to me my tablet and give up this venture.”

“Hah. Hah. Very funny. So funny I forgot to laugh. Tell me the combination!”

“What is the matter?” Napoleon asked, “Can’t you read?”

“Of course I can read. I had Nany Monfia to read to me.” Kahmunrah countered, dropping Ahk back to the ground bitterly.

The young Pharaoh had no time to steady himself for a fall and landed harshly on his back, bound hands trapped beneath him. “And you wonder why I was excelled where you failed, brother.”

“Read it, brother.” He hissed but Ahkmenrah only shook his head.

“Over my dead body.”

“Soon enough, no need to be in such a hurry.” Kah replied and Ahk visibly paled. He moved back over to the gate and began his second attempt, “Bear with me, gentlemen, this will be sorted out very soon. Let’s see...” he murmured, pausing for thought, “My birthday.” Once more, nothing happened. He then began to type in his brother’s birthday, “Favourite son...14...9...1105.” Again he was met with nothing, “Mother’s birthday?” he gave it another shot but was met with the same empty silence of the door.

“Mother and father would never use a birth date as a combination.” Ahkmenrah pointed out to him.

“You have no right to get all high and mighty over me, Ahkmen. Remember where you are.” Kahmunrah hissed as he stalked towards his brother once more, “Remember what I can do. Besides, you couldn’t survive one year on the throne without getting murdered. You have no grounds to lecture me, you’re not mother.”

“I wasn’t the only one who survived a year.” Ahkemnrah replied and Larry could barely recognise him. This wasn’t the sweet young man who wandered the museum halls afraid to offend anyone. There was a malice in his voice, and suddenly it clicked in Larry’s mind. 4000 years gave a person a long time to change their ways. “Do you remember the first time the tablet awoke you?” Ahkmenrah asked, “When we were both being shipped out to England after that young man fell into my tomb? I remember you swearing to exert your vengeance on he who murdered you before your first year on the throne was up.” He glanced towards Larry and caught his eye, a softness gracing his features as their gaze met. He directed his gaze towards the tablet first, and then to Jed, and Larry knew what to do without needing to hear it. “Did you ever wonder why we share a deathday?”

Hope you liked this chapter! The next one should be on the way soon as it is in the works. But alas, only time will tell if I get it out sooner rather than later.

Thanks again for reading!

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

And here we are again! Another chapter! Hope you enjoy it!

It made sense, Larry couldn't deny that, the plan did make sense. Grab the tablet, grab Jed and run. But he couldn't bring himself to, he couldn't bring himself to leave Ahkemnrah alone with his psychotic brother who, clearly, had yet to kill Ahk because he wanted someone to gloat to who actually understood what was at stake. He met the young Pharaoh's eyes and shook his head, he couldn't leave him defenceless.

He met Larry's eyes, urging him to help Jed and take the tablet away whilst Kahmunrah's attention was focused on him.

"What are you insinuating?" he lisped and grabbed one of Ivan's men's spears, must to the Russian's distaste, "Tell me what you mean!" demanded Kahmunrah, digging the tip of the spear into the skin of Ahk's throat.

"Look, Mr Rah." Larry spoke up and watched as a frown set on the younger Pharaoh's face. He wouldn't let Ahkmenrah sacrifice his own wellbeing for theirs, there was always another way. "I get that you've been waiting however many thousands of years to be reunited with your brother –"

"His tablet, not him."

"However many thousands of years to be reunited with your brother's tablet. You must be really frustrated man, this whole unleashing the underworld thing isn't working out very well for you." Larry continued, "You've waited thousands of years to come back from the dead and now you can't get it open."

"Fear not," Kahmunrah stepped away from his brother and towards Larry, Ahkmenrah's words still ringing through the back of his mind, it couldn't mean what he thought it meant, and if it did he would make good on his vow, "I shall wait a thousand more if I must. But I will unleash my army."

"Good, cause in just a few hours you're gonna be stood frozen in a frustrated position and –"

"Actually, he'll go back to being a corpse." Ahkmenrah added, he didn't miss the look of horror on Larry's face as the ex-night-guard remembered the scene he had first walked into. He had been too preoccupied with finding the tablet at the time, to even think of why the brothers had been lying on the floor when everyone else was frozen in position. He had never given much consideration to the fact that the Pharaoh was the only one – bar REXY – in the

whole museum who was actually real, who had actually been alive once. He had simply assumed Ahk would be frozen in position within his sarcophagus as all the others froze on their displays.

“Yeah...” nodded Larry slowly before continuing, “And when that happens I’ll just take the tablet there, and my friends, and go back home. So really, I’ve got all night.”

A scowl flashed across Kahmunrah’s face, “Really? All night?” he asked, nodding slowly, “Well you may, but he doesn’t.” He moved over to Jed’s cage and plucked him out, ignoring the protests of the tiny cowboy, before dropping him inside an hourglass and sealing it shut. “By the looks of this...” he turned the hourglass over and sand began to trickle through, pooling on the rim of Jed’s hat, “You’ve got little over an hour. Unless you’re willing to sacrifice him, of course.” He added, smirking through his lisp.

“Let him out.” Larry made to step forwards, but spears from Ivan’s soldiers and bayonets from Napoleon’s soon found themselves in his way.

“No.”

“Please man, this doesn’t have to be like this, just let him out.”

“I said no.” Kahmunrah huffed and plucked the tablet from its mount, “You are the guardian of the tablet. You know all of its secrets. And you’re *obviously* much more clever than the rest of us. You may or may not know the combination, but I am going to give you exactly one hour to figure it out. If you do not, I shall kill your friends. And please don’t think about escaping, I’ll be watching you.”

“Look. I don’t even know how to begin to decipher this thing. Alright? Really! I took French in high school but I dropped it. They didn’t offer Ancient Egyptian!”

“Oh... what a pity.” Drawled Kahmunrah, “And your little Cowboy friend seemed like such a charming little fellow. Ah well. Tick tock Mr Daley, your hour has begun.”

“Hey!” Jed called out from inside the glass, “You got this partner, I know you do.” Larry couldn’t help but feel a swell of pride for the bravery of the miniature man.

“Look, would you at least let Ahk help me?” he asked, “I mean, he can at least read this thing, right?”

“Well, my hieroglyphs are rather rusty.” Ahkmenrah glanced up at the two of them.

Kahmunrah frowned at his brother and let out a breathy sigh, “You will assist your Mr Daley in deciphering it. And I don’t want to hear any more whinging! You should be aware brother, that if you attempt to trick me, in any way, all of your friends will die.” He warned him and pulled him to his feet, “There is no sense in running with the tablet whilst I have them. Oh, and little Ahkmen, when you return with my combination I want you to tell me what you meant when you spoke about my deathday.” He hissed the final words into Ahk’s ear before roughly shoving him towards Larry. “Chop chop, Mr Daley.”

Larry caught Ahk before he could hit the ground and made light work of undoing his binds, "You okay?" he asked, helping him to his feet.

"Perfectly." The young Pharaoh gave a reassuring smile and cracked his aching limbs, "Let's go."

The pair ran out of the room, sparing a last glance at Jed as they did so.

Amelia strode briskly into the corridor down at the far end, her frazzled expression fading into a grin when she spotted him. "There you are. I've been looking everywhere for you. Penny for your thoughts? And who's this?" she asked, smiling to the Pharaoh, "That is quite the outfit."

"My thoughts? My thoughts are that I have less than an hour to guess a 4000 year old password." Grumbled Larry, running an exasperated hand through his hair, "This is Ahkmenrah." He explained, resuming his brisk walk through the halls, "He's a Pharaoh."

"My, isn't that exciting!" she took his hand and enthusiastically shook it, "I'm Amelia Earhart, first female pilot."

"It's an honour to meet you Miss Amelia." Ahk replied, ever the gentleman.

"So! What's the plan?" she asked, hands on her hips and ready for anything.

"The plan is we need to translate this tablet and guess Ahk's dad's password." Before he could say any more they found their path blocked by the giant squid he had released earlier. In hindsight that may not have been the best plan. "Oh, it's you again." He muttered and handed the tablet to Ahk, "Take this. We're in trouble, alright?" He told the squid, "You need to let us through."

His request seemed to fall on deaf ears, if the squid even had any ears to speak of, as the creature approached them. Glancing to the walls, he spotted a painting of a ship on the ocean and without a second thought, grabbed it and made to throw it at the squid. Water gushed out from the canvas and soaked the creature; satisfied, it began to retreat, allowing them space to pass through.

"He's not such a ballywager after all, just a fish who didn't like being out of water." Amelia shrugged and led the way as she strode on past.

"He's somewhat larger than a fish." Ahkmenrah murmured to himself as he followed behind, rubbing his wrists softly to alleviate the burning sensation of rope burn that had been left behind.

"Ahk, there's something I gotta ask you." Larry said as he fell into step with him.

"You want to ask me the same thing my brother does." Ahk nodded his head and sighed, "I did not kill him if that was what you were afraid of. I don't think I quite have the stomach for that. I asked one of my tomb raiders to do it for me."

"You... oh. Okay." Larry's brow was etched with confusion, "And he just, did it?"

“If you believed it was divine intervention, would you not?” he asked, shrugging in a nonchalant manner, “It wasn’t difficult, most people will do what is asked of them when the Pharaoh whose tomb they are thieving from asks a small favour.”

“That makes sense, I guess.” Stammered Larry, bemused by how he could be so calm about having his own brother assassinated. Though he supposed being assassinated by your brother first could leave you with a bitter taste in your mouth; it could leave anyone wanting revenge.

“Of course, I was expecting him to have his own tomb, not be tucked into mine and my parents’.” He added with a small shrug.

“Can you read that thing?” Amelia asked, spinning around and walking backwards as she talked. Larry hated to admit it but he was thankful for the interruption.

“Well, father never actually taught me how.” He admitted, “I had people to read for me. But when I was at Cambridge I managed to study these glyphs. I believe it says something along the lines of ‘You will find the combination you seek if you find the secret at the heart of pharaoh’s tomb.’”

“And what does that mean?” Larry asked.

“I’m not the sphynx. My best guess is it has something to do with a pyramid. A specific one I’m not sure.” Ahkmenrah told them, shrugging apologetically.

“Follow me.” Declared Amelia, “I’ve a thought on who might have a thought on this.”

She led them through the halls to the sculpture gallery where the ballerina danced and the thinker sat.

“Why, aren’t you exquisite!” she grinned and began to dance alongside her.

“Can we keep this moving?” Larry asked her but Amelia shook her head.

“This is a rare and wonderful opportunity. I mean, she is a Degas.”

“Yes but it would be great if we could move this along, I’ve got a friend stuck in an hourglass, a friend whose evil brother wants to kill him, and a pitch meeting at Walmart in the morning.” Countered Larry, urging her to continue.

“Mr Thinker, we’re sorry to interrupt your concentration but could you help us?” Amelia prefaced then stood back, allowing Ahkmenrah to step before him with the tablet.

“You wouldn’t know the secret at the heart of Pharaoh’s tomb would you?” he asked, “Any tomb will do I believe, it doesn’t necessarily need to be mine. That wasn’t specified.”

“I’m thinking... I’m thinking... I’m thinking...” The Thinker glanced down at them briefly before casting his bronze eyes towards a marble statue of Aphrodite and sending her a wink as he flexed his muscles, “I’m thinking go play with your secrets in your tomb, I got a

beautiful lady to win over.” He waved them away and turned all of his attention to the goddess before him.

“I really thought that would work.” Huffed Amelia as they walked away from him, “He’s certainly no Einstein.”

“No.” Ahkmenrah agreed, “Amelia, you wouldn’t happen to know if there was an Einstein in this museum?” he queried, “A Turing would do as well.” Larry raised his brow at him, “We went to university together. I believe he’d be willing to help.”

“Of course you did.” Larry blinked, startled, “Actually, I passed a few Einsteins on my way in here. They’re in Air and Space.”

“All I want is Chicago. And by extension, North and South America. Any of you bums got a problem with that?” Al Capone asked, casually shrugging his shoulders as he moved to place his cigarette case on the map, covering the Americas.

“Take it.” Kahmunrah waved at him dismissively, moving towards Ivan and Napoleon who seemed to be at the tipping point, if either of them got any angrier blood would be spilt. “Boy, boys.” He tutted, “You can’t both have Europe. How about you take Western Europe, Napoleon, and Mr Terrible can have Russia and Eastern Europe. And I shall take the most fertile and beautiful and peaceful region on Earth. Paradise itself: The Middle East. Any objections?”

One of Napoleon’s soldiers called out to his commanding officer, cutting their replies short. “Ze Daley. He is running!”

Kahmunrah hurried over to him and snatched the spyglass from his hands. He gazed through it, searching for Larry. His eyes landed on his brother’s billowing robe first and he threw the spyglass away in outrage. “They’re not trying to figure out the combination... they’re trying to escape! With the tablet! All of you, go! Kill Daley and the girl, and bring me my brother and his tablet.”

With Kahmunrah still barking orders, Capone, Napoleon and Ivan snatched up their weapons and thundered out of the hall with their troops in tow. They thundered out of the museum and down the path, clearly not aiming for the element of surprise.

“Hey!” Al Capone shouted and gestured with his gun, “They’re over there.”

“Split up!” yelled Larry, “Meet by the Einsteins!” and they parted ways, each member of the unlikely trio splitting off in different directions.

“Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do!” Amelia called after him, patting Ahk lightly on the shoulder as she took off in the opposite direction.

Ahkmenrah ran, blood drumming in his ears and tablet tucked under his arm. His robes jangled as he ran and, for once, he wished he was dressed in something a little more

conspicuous. Ivan's soldiers were hot on his trail, barking orders at him in Russian, demanding he halt. He didn't look back, simply kept powering forwards. He had no idea how he made it into the Air and Space museum, but he slammed the door shut behind him and slid a wet-floor sign between the long handles to keep Ivan's guards out. Only when he was sure they wouldn't get in through this door did he allow himself a chance to rest and breathe as the tablet's magic extended throughout the Air and Space museum.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Octavius sucked in a large breath, pausing in his trek. It was all well and good searching for help, but what good would it do if he couldn't get it in time? Brought out of his musings by a rustle in the grass, the Roman silently unsheathed his sword and turned around.

"Who's there?" he asked, eyes scanning the undergrowth in search for his pursuer. The beast in the grass reared up on its hind legs, casting its shadow over him. Afraid though he was, he stood his ground and held the sword up – ready. "Jupiter, protect me." He prayed as the beast's head moved towards his own, sniffing and inspecting him. He remained still, certain that if he moved the beast would be able to smell his fear. "Hear me, o' mighty beast. I defeated two hundred armoured elephants at Malventum. I suffered ten thousand arrows at Arausio. On this night, as Mars is my witness, you shall not defeat me."

The moment Ahk entered the museum with the tablet, the world around him came to life. It always took him much longer to awake than the others due, he assumed, to the fact that he was a being returning to life and not an object gaining new life. Yet for those made to be images of the past, life came instantaneously. Life, it was a spectacle to witness. Slowly, he began to walk through the foyer of the museum, jaw agape as the machinery around him began to whirr. Aeroplanes hung from the ceiling, rocket engines jutted out from the walls, and the most famous pilots, engineers, mathematicians and physicists began to stir. They bustled busily around him, very few paying him any attention despite his attire.

"DC, this is Air and Space, we are back online and fully operational." A voice called out from above and Ahk swiveled around to see who was speaking before remembering the device Larry had shown him, the one that could make a man's voice sound from anywhere.

They bustled busily around him, very few paying him any attention despite his attire.

"Whoa there kid," said one of the Tuskegee airmen, holding up a hand to stop the young Pharaoh before he walked right into them.

"Sorry," Ahk said quickly, "I've never seen anything quite like this."

"It is amazing." The other man nodded nostalgically, "But, no offence, you don't look like you're from around these parts. Who are you?"

"King Ahkmenrah. Fourth King of the Fourth King, Ruler of the land of my fathers." He introduced, nodding to them with a smile, "I was rather hoping to find someone to help me crack a combination. Larry and Miss Amelia were supposed to meet me here but..." he paused and glanced back towards the glass doors, "I don't see how they can get past the people who were chasing us."

“Miss Amelia? Amelia Earhart?” One of them asked and the young King nodded his head.

“She’s a charming woman.”

“We owe a lot to her,” they nodded their heads, “A lot of people didn’t think we could fly either. She cleared the runway for so many people. Any friend of Amelia’s is a friend of ours, right boys?” There was a hum of agreement from the rest of the group, “You need someone who can crack your code? Control desk right over there, the Einsteins are playing with the sticky-notes. If anyone can crack a code, they can.”

“Thank you.” Ahkmenrah said graciously as he moved in the direction they had pointed.

He reached the desk and set the tablet down atop it, fingertips tracing the etched hieroglyphs. “Excuse me?” he called out yet went ignored by the men hurrying about behind the desk, “Excuse me?” he tried again. When met with no response and a growing impatience, he reached for the microphone on the other side of the desk and pulled it away from one of the waxmen. “Excuse me.” He repeated into the microphone and his voice rang out through the announcement speakers.

It garnered the attention of the men at mission control, at least, “We’re in the middle of a launch here. What do you want?” one of the men asked.

“I would like to speak with Mr Einstein.” Replied Ahkmenrah and the bobble-heads popped up from behind the desk.

“Which one?”

“Which one?”

“This one?”

“That one?”

“I’m one.”

“He’s one.”

“Me too!”

Taken aback, the Pharaoh was lost for words. “My, there are rather a lot of you. I don’t suppose you could assist me in cracking my father’s combination for this tablet?” he asked them, “I’m to figure out the secret at the heart of Pharaoh’s tomb, a Pyramid.”

“My, but that’s an easy one!” one of the Einsteins declared gleefully, “The answer is in the question. It is the *figure* at the heart of the pyramid. The magic number, so to speak.”

“Pi?” Ahkmenrah asked hesitantly.

“3.14159265” they nodded, “Bingo!”

“3.14159265, I am eternally grateful.” He said, smiling as he snatched the tablet back up into his arms. He turned on his heel and darted away from them, repeating the number over and over in his mind in a bit to commit it to memory.

Larry ducked behind a large sign post and cautiously peeked out. The Russians still had Air and Space surrounded, though some had split off into smaller groups, evidently trying to find another way in.

“Still no sign?” Amelia asked, creeping up on him so silently Larry would swear she could have given him a heart attack.

“Ahk got in with the tablet. I know that, and they will too.” He grumbled, glancing back over to the museum building, “He hasn’t come out yet, or if he has he’s done it without anyone knowing.”

“He seemed clever enough.” She shrugged, pressing herself against him to take a look without being seen by the soldiers. “We can’t dilly dally here all night, time is wasting. So, what’s the plan? What’s next on the to do list?”

“Uhm...” Larry ran a hand down his face, shifting away from her a little, “We’ve gotta trust that Ahk’ll take his brother the tablet. And then get him back up ‘cause I don’t want to see what’s going to happen when Kahmunrah unleashes the dead, or whatever he’s going to do.”

“It’s that young man’s brother who’s orchestrating all this?” Amelia asked, eyebrows raised, “Well doesn’t that just put a delightful twist on the situation.” She paused, “Tell me, Mr Daley, do you have a lady friend?”

“What?” stammered Larry, entirely taken aback by the nature of the question.

“I mean, you’re not horrible to look at. A certain kind of woman may even find you attractive. So, what’s your story?”

“We’re doing this now?” he asked, receiving a prompting nod in return, “Uh, my story is... I don’t really have one. I mean, I used to have a story, we worked together at the museum but... I dunno, things just got kinda busy and the story ended.

“Busy?” Amelia asked, raising a doubtful eyebrow, “Busy is not a reason. Busy is an excuse.”

“Well whatever it was, she left.” He huffed, turning away from her. Really, this was neither the time nor the place to talk about his love life.

Amelia simply shrugged and peered out again, “Perhaps you gave her no reason to stay.”

Larry pulled them both back into the shadows as a handful of Al Capone's men ran past them, "We've gotta get back up. Now."

The carefully crossed the path and scurried onto the grass. Larry ran with no destination; he just knew he had to find someone or something willing to help out. For a wax mannequin, Amelia was remarkably quick on her feet, so much so that Larry found it was a struggle to actually keep up with her. Before he could react, she grabbed his wrist and dragged him up a short flight of steps.

"So, what exactly were you busy doing?" she asked, hopping up the steps a little ahead of him, "When your lady friend left you."

"Are we still on that?" sighed Larry, "I need to find back up not a life coach."

"And I've found back up" she retorted, pointing up at the yawning form of Abraham Lincoln as the 19ft statue roused himself from his nap. "Now come on, he's a big fella, he'll presumably take a while to wake up. We have time."

"Okay, fine. If you must know I was working on a business venture." Larry grumbled, shrugging his shoulders defensively, "I invented some stuff."

"Oh. You're an entrepreneur then."

"Yeah," he nodded, "I guess so."

"How exciting," she couldn't help but grin. Though noticing the lack of enthusiasm on Larry's face her own expression fell to match his, "You don't seem very excited."

"No, I am, it's great. I'm doing really well." Amelia's sharp gaze forced him to glance down, "What?"

"I'm just confused, is all. If you're not excited by is, then why do you do it?"

"I just said I'm excited. Look, I just couldn't really be a Night Guard at a museum for the rest of my life." He countered.

"Was it a bad job?"

He shook his head, a faint smile of nostalgia creeping onto his lips, "No. It was an awesome job. I loved it. But that's not the point. I had to do something more with my life, you know?"

"No. No I don't know, Mr Daley. Something more? I didn't become a pilot because I wanted something more, I became a pilot for the fun of it. Why else would anyone do anything?"

"I think it's more complicated than that..." Larry trailed off as Amelia's words burst forth once again.

“Is it? Let me tell you something, Mr Daley, you think I didn’t know what people said about me behind my back? That I was a second-rate pilot? That I was married to a publishing magnate who gave me free publicity? That I was a loudmouth female who was better off at home? I heard every word, but I didn’t care a whit. You know why? Because, Mr Daley, I was doing what I loved.”

“The lady makes an excellent point.” Yawned the giant statue as he climbed to his feet, flicking the pigeons off his shoulders.

“Great Gatsby...” she murmured in disbelief, gazing upwards, eyes wide with awe.

“So, this was the backup you had in mind?” Larry said slowly, suddenly feeling far more able to relate to Jed and Octavius than he ever had before. The ginormous statue lumbered towards them and Larry scurried backwards, holding his hands up in a vain attempt to stop him. “Mr President! No sir! You can’t go out there!” he yelled up, trying to be heard.

The monument of Lincoln, however, was far too keen to explore his new lease of life. “I always say, never leave to tomorrow what could be done today.” He said to himself, stretching as he moved towards the steps.

“Sir, there are people out there who want to kill us. I can’t let you go out there just yet!” yelled Larry, scrambling to a halt once he reached the first step.

Gazing at him curiously, the statue crouched down and picked him up with his forefinger and thumb and Larry’s eyes blew wide with panic as his heart dropped into his stomach. “Oh God.” He muttered weakly and, at that moment, he swore to himself that he would never pick Jed or Octavius up this way again.

Ahkmenrah approached the doors of the Air and Space museum hesitantly, tablet still held tightly to his chest; the glare of the lights within the museum made it impossible to see anything on the other side of the glass. Time was running short for Jedediah, and he could see neither head nor tail of Amelia and Larry. The doors shuddered as one of Ivan’s men charged forwards and he jumped back, startled. He quickly regained his composure, however, it wasn’t Kingly to be seen getting frightened so easily.

“Amelia’s friend.” One of the Tuskegee airmen, Edward as Ahk later discovered, clapped him on the shoulder and fell into step beside him, “You’re not gonna get far out those doors. I can tell you that.” Ahkmenrah’s face fell, “Not unless the Tuskegee airmen hold them off for you.” Another added with a brilliant grin.

“I thank you for your offer, but I need to get caught by them in order to see my brother. Good sirs, I may still need you to fight. Find Miss Amelia.”

“If you’re sure.” Edward nodded his head, “Come on men, we’ve got a pilot to find.”

Breathing deeply to hide his nerves. Ahk stepped up to the doors and pulled them open. The Russians were on him in moments, latching onto his arms and pulling the tablet

from his grip. Larry and Amelia watched in horror as the young King was frogmarched down the path and into the main building.

“What’s he doing?” Larry hissed to Amelia, “Why did he get himself caught?”

“I don’t know, but he will need our help.” She replied, brow furrowed with a frown as she tried to comprehend Ahkmenrah’s actions – his decision to walk right into the lion’s den.

Chapter End Notes

I swear I haven't abandoned this!

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ahkmenrah approached the doors of the Air and Space museum hesitantly, tablet still held tightly to his chest; the glare of the lights within the museum made it impossible to see anything on the other side of the glass. Time was running short for Jedediah, and he could see neither head nor tail of Amelia and Larry. The doors shuddered as one of Ivan's men charged forwards and he jumped back, startled. He quickly regained his composure; it wasn't Kingly to be seen getting frightened so easily. Ahk frowned deeply and glanced back at the gleeful Einsteins. He'd found the combination, yes, but he couldn't help but feel like he shouldn't have. He pushed that thought quickly from his head, he had to save his friends and this was the only way, giving up the combination to his lunatic brother and murderer.

Ahk was roused from his thoughts with a fright, "Amelia's friend." One of the Tuskegee airmen, Edward as Ahk later discovered, clapped him on the shoulder and fell into step beside him, "You're not gonna get far out those doors. I can tell you that." Ahkmenrah's face fell, "Not unless the Tuskegee airmen hold them off for you." Another added with a brilliant grin.

"I thank you for your offer, but I they have my friends. If I do not return with this tablet then good people will die, and I will not have that on my conscience." He didn't dare to think about the possibility that good people would die either way. It was either his friends die or the death of the world as he knew it. He couldn't trouble himself with the bigger picture, with his friends free they would be able to figure out a way to prevent Kahmunrah from unleashing his hell, he had no choice but to believe that. "Good sirs, I may still need you to fight. Miss Amelia and Larry are still out there. Find them. It was pi, tell them it was pi."

"If you're sure." Edward nodded his head, "Come on men, we've got a pilot and her beau to find."

Breathing deeply to hide his nerves. Ahk stepped up to the doors and pulled them open. The Russians were on him in moments, latching onto his arms and pulling the tablet from his grip. Larry and Amelia watched in horror as the young King was marched down the path and into the main building.

There is nothing sweet about his brother's smile, it is laced with malice and glee. The tablet is handed to Kahmunrah by one of the Russians. "It's about time." He huffs, though he cannot keep the grin from his mouth, "You know, pathetic is a good look on you, brother, you're really not as smart as you think you are. You may scrawny, but you could never outrun me."

"And your memory is as selective as always." Ahkmenrah replied with a sigh, "Besides, it was these men who were doing the running, as I remember, not you, brother."

His brother's smile faltered, brow furrowing into a frown. Dismissively waving a hand at his brother, he turned to face the gate and slotted the tablet into the black marble. Al

Capone's men did the honours of bringing Ahkmenrah to the gate, their grip tight around his arms.

"The combination?" he demanded.

"Not until you let my friends go. Release Jedediah from the glass prison and call your men off." Ahk replied calmly.

Kah scoffed, "No. That wasn't the deal. You can't break the deal."

"This is my tablet, crafted for me. I alone know the combination, and as such, I alone can be the only one to enter it. The tablet doesn't respond to your touch, but it will to mine." The younger pharaoh's lies were effortless, but not without a seed of truth. "Release my friends, call off your men, and I will unleash your army."

"If you give me the wrong combination, I will kill you over and over again, every night until you tell me the truth." His brother threatened, but Ahk simply shook his head.

"I would not lie to you, it was always you who lied to me." He replied.

A hint of smugness crept to Kah's cheeks, "Well, it wasn't my fault you were so gullible. So coddled by mother and father, you never learnt a thing about the real world. I mean really, you can hardly blame me for enjoying myself a little given what I had to put up with from you, perfect child."

"Brother, I care not for a trip into our memories. I ask at least that you release my dear friend the cowboy." Ahk caught a look from Jed, it was so clear that the man was putting on a brave face but the worry was starting to show through the cracks as the sand started to reach dangerous levels.

"Fine." Came the curt reply followed quickly by the hourglass being tossed roughly into his chest. Without wasting a second Ahk smashed the hourglass on the cold stone floor and sand spilled out, a disheveled looking cowboy in tow. Ahk hid his smile, it really was far too easy to wind his brother up, blinded by the promise of hell he'd lost sight of having leverage, having the upper hand. "Now, the combination."

"No."

Larry and Amelia found Octavius astride a squirrel outside, charging towards the hall where he had last seen Jed. "Octo! My God, where have you been?!" he called out happily, the more of them the better.

"Larry!" The general halted on his squirrel and looked up at his friend, the gorgeous pilot and a large troop of men – the Tuskegee Airmen. Feeling a great sigh of relief leaving his body. His breath stopped in its tracks when he looked up even further at the giant towering form of a pale stone man, quite who it was he didn't know, but he didn't need to. As long as that firepower was on their side he was content. "Larry, I have a plan." It was a simple plan, but it would work. Larry straightened up from crouching down to talk to

Octavius and relayed what was said to the pilots and to Lincoln. Wishing each other luck, the airmen split off from the others, ready to carry out their part in the plan.

The airmen made light work of the two guards that had been left outside the red container, leaving them unconscious in a heap by the wall. Edward yanked the crate open and marveled at what he saw inside. A whole army of miniature Roman soldiers flanked by an army of tiny cowboys filled the floorspace and quickly spilled out. Sacagawea stepped out hesitantly, but upon hearing Larry's name from the airmen she, and all the others, knew they could be trusted. She glanced at Attila who had Dexter perched on his shoulder and the large man nodded, "Save king, help Larry."

Sacagawea smiled at their rescuers, "We will help in any way we can, lead the way."

"No? What do you mean no?" Kah yelled in outrage, grabbing his brother and pulling him forwards, "You said you'd tell me the combination. You have to tell me!" Struggling to maintain a calm front, Ahk tried to push away from his brother. Kah slammed him against the gate, hand gripping tightly onto his throat. Black spots closed around his vision, whether from the cracking of his head against the gate or from the hands around his neck, he couldn't be sure. The only clear thought in his mind was that it didn't get easier. This was worse than the first time he died, it was worse than the death he experienced every day when dawn broke. He was scared, afraid to die at his brother's hand again, afraid that maybe this death would be for good. He knew his thoughts were selfish, he should have been afraid for his friends, for what would happen to them when his brother opened the gate, but he was blinded by his own death, what he feared would be his final one.

He was hanging limply from Kahmunrah's hand, but he could feel the force of his brother slamming him into the marble over and over again hands tightening around his throat. There was a shouting accompanying the pain, but he couldn't make out his brother's words. All of a sudden it stopped, the hands left his throat and his body fell, crumpled at the foot of the gates of hell.

When Larry and Amelia ran in, his heart sank. Kah's hand were around his brother's throat, squeezing the life out of him. Ahk didn't have long, and Larry didn't think, he just acted. "Pi!" he yelled and cautiously approached, wary of Kahmunrah's generals and their men, "Let Ahk go, the password is pi." He could feel the sadness in Amelia's eyes on the back of his neck, she knew as well as he did what had to be done. "3.14159265"

Ahkmenrah was released and fell heavily to the ground, it was all Larry and Amelia could do to stop themselves rushing to his aid. Jed didn't wait, he knelt by Ahk's face, still managing to remain largely out of sight of Kah and his men.

"Ahk, buddy, can you hear me?" Jed called, frantically tapping the young king's face, "Ahk!" but he didn't move. Then Jed felt an almost imperceptible exhale of breath that rushed through his hair and his heart lifted, Ahk was alive, injured and unconscious, but alive

at least. Glancing back, he managed to catch Larry's eye and gave a small thumbs up, causing Larry to let out a breath he didn't even know he was holding.

Standing over the body of his brother, Kahmunrah triumphantly began to tap out the combination. "Must suck, Larry." He mused as he typed, pausing every now and then to look smugly at Larry and occasionally down at his brother, "To know that all your efforts were for naught. How disappointed you must be in yourself." He chuckled and the tablet began to glow when his fingers hit the final number, "I'm the only one who can do it, oh look at how special and amazing I am." He muttered mockingly, "Knew you were lying the whole time." He said to his brother smugly.

Larry moved towards Ahk and Jed, moving the young man away from his brother and the gate. Kahmunrah paid them no mind, neither did any of his henchmen, all were far too busy focusing on the glow of the tablet. "I'm sorry Jed." Said Larry solemnly, cradling Ahk's head on his knees, "You called the wrong guy, I wasn't the man for this job."

"What are you on about?" Jed shook his head, "You're an idiot, Gigantor. Thinking I called you cause we needed you...pfft, no. I mean, sure, we were in a pickle. We could have dealt with it ourselves though. It wasn't us that needed you, partner, I called you cause you needed us. That fancy suit you been parading around in, that ain't you. That suit's a hanging suit, leaving you dead on the inside. That ain't you. This is."

Larry knew he was right, but before he could respond a loud crack of thunder shook the ground and his eyes shot back up to the glowing tablet. He didn't even notice Ahk beginning to stir, his eyes were fixed upon the tiles of the tablet.

Kahmunrah was entranced, gaze focused on the spinning of the tiles, watching intently as they stopped one by one. The tablet began to glow so brightly they all had to shield their eyes, but the dreaded groan of the door opening brought them all back to reality. Inside the door, a darkness seemed to stretch to infinity, but the air was alive with sound. Eerie screeches filled the air, flowing out from within the darkness. "Welcome to the new extended reign of Kahmunrah." He said proudly, standing confidently before the gate, "Fifth king of Egypt, and now: the world.", and out of the doorway emerged the soldiers of Horus, marching in at an inhuman pace. The bird-headed soldiers surround Larry, Amelia, Jed, and Ahk, holding the tips of their spears uncomfortably close.

Ahkmenrah was sitting up now with not a mark on him, Larry was barely able to register his seemingly miraculous recovery, more focused – and rightfully so – on the circle of spears that surrounded them. As the soldiers were about to strike their blows, a small but booming voice captured the attention of the room.

"Hold." Demanded Octavius, riding proudly astride his squirrel, surrounded by his army and Jed's cowboys. Behind them stood the Tuskegee airmen, Attila and Sacagawea as well as General Custer and all sorts of exhibits they'd collected on the way from Neanderthals to Huns to the Degas Ballerina and the Thinker. "The mighty Octavius has returned with an army! Do you wish to surrender honourably, Kahmunrah, or with the spilling of your blood?"

Jed whooped, "Oh you're in for a world of hurt now KahmunHAH!"

Before Kahmunrah could reply, the large stained-glass window behind him was smashed in with a cacophony of shattering glass. The gigantic marble Lincoln stepped gracefully into the room, dusting any excess glass off his suit.

“What is that thing?” he stammered, and looked around at his generals and his army, “What are you waiting for?! Attack!” The soldiers of Horus charged at Lincoln, throwing spears which merely bounced off his chest.

Wrinkling his nose, the statue brushed the soldiers aside, sending them flying into walls and each other. “Disgusting half-pigeons.” He muttered distastefully and, without a second’s thought the armies of Horus turned tail and ran back through the gate, diving back into the underworld. When the last one was through, Larry and Amelia lept to their feet and slammed the gate closed. Nodding to Larry, the great man retreated.

“I have evened the playing field for you, but I will not fight a fight that is not fair. The rest is up to you.” Lincoln said and Larry could do naught but nod in thanks and awe.

“Well, that’s just fabulous.” Muttered the failed pharaoh, standing shocked.

“Larry, the tablet.” Hissed Ahk and Larry wasted no time in following the young pharaoh’s instruction. He yanked the tablet from the door and took off with Amelia at a sprint, dashing behind Octavius and his army and out into the corridor.

Taking this as his signal, General Custer thrust his fist in the air and triumphantly yelled “CHARGE!” at the same time as Kahmunrah regains enough sense to scream “GET HIM!”

The sound of battle fills the air as Attila, his Huns and his Neanderthals attack with sheer force and power. Jed joins Octavius and their fellow miniatures, sprinting amongst the battle, toppling men as they shoot their guns and stab their swords into the feel of Capone’s men. Sacagawea fights like an angel, and it is all Ahk can do to drag his eyes away and remember to get himself out of the way. No wonder Teddy’s infatuated with her.

Larry dragged Amelia into an alcove out of sight of any of Napoleon’s, Al Capone’s or Ivan’s men who may have slipped past. “I need you to take this and, they’ll be chasing me, not you.”

Amelia nodded and held it to her chest, “I will guard it with my life.” She promised him, but before either of them could make it any further, they found themselves surrounded by all three of Kahmunrah’s generals.

Larry glanced amongst the three, making sure he stood in front of Amelia who, though unimpressed by his actions, knew better than to bring it up at that moment.

“Hand over the tablet.” Al Capone demanded, stepping forward with an outstretched hand.

“Okay, okay.” Larry said slowly, an idea quickly beginning to form in his head, “Just... just tell me who’s in charge and I’ll hand it over.

Catching onto his train of thought, Amelie piped in, “Unless we should just give it to your master, Kahmunrah.”

Ivan’s gaze grew colder, “He is not our master.”

“Oh, sorry.” Larry said in an exaggerated apology, “Which one of you would be the boss then?”

“Yes,” Amelia nodded, “We’re just terribly unclear about who the boss is.”

“Me.” Capone says without hesitation.

“This man is a peasant.” Interjected Ivan, “I am the only one here of noble blood.”

Larry moved his head in a so-so movement, “But Napoleon does have more medals.”

“Although is Capone here not the original gangster, surely he is the natural choice for the boss?” Amelia reasoned, carefully watching their reactions.

The pair grinned to each other as the bickering of the generals descended into chaos, with none paying the least bit of attention to Larry and Amelia, they hurried away. In moments their joy sank to the pits of their stomachs when they saw, facing them, Kahmunrah with a spear pointed at the pair.

“Clever, get them to fight amongst themselves.” He nodded, “But you should have saved yourselves when you had the chance. Though I can’t deny that it will bring me great pleasure to kill the two of you. Perhaps not as much as killing little baby Ahkmen again, but I’ll make do.”

As though out of nowhere, a glistening sword appeared at Kahmunrah’s throat and he turned slowly.

“No, you won’t.” Ahkmenrah growled with a fierceness Larry had never seen before, “Not tonight, and not ever. Now drop the spear.” His brother did as instructed, but Ahk nonetheless pushed the tip of the sword slightly harder into his brother's flesh, “You forgot that it is my tablet, it responds to me. I can’t stay dead, not with it around.” He took a deep breath, barely able to control the rage coursing through his veins. “Larry, could you open the gate back up.”

Unwilling to question Ahk in this state, and with a hunch at what Ahk was planning, Larry slid the tablet back into the lock and Amelia typed in the combination. Around them, the battle had died, and a confirmative nod from Sacagawea told Larry not to worry, that all of their friends had survived. Ahkmenrah marched his brother towards the gate, the tip of the sword digging deep enough into his neck to draw blood.

“Brother think about this.” Kahmnurah pleaded, “You’re not a killer, you’re not strong enough.”

“I’ve had you killed before.” Ahkmenrah replied with an eerie calmness, “You always underestimated me, but you don’t scare me anymore, and you were never my brother.” With a scream, Ahk buried the sword into Kahmunrah’s chest and shoved him through the gate and

into the eternal darkness. He closed his eyes, unwilling to feel the pain that was boiling within his body. Having his brother killed was a very different thing to doing it himself. And without warning, as soon as he closed the door and removed the tablet from its slot, he dropped to his knees and began to cry. Silent tears dripped onto the gold of the tablet as he knelt, surrounded in a shroud of silence.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, this took an unreasonably long amount of time to happen. Sorry about that, but it was thanks to all of your kudos and comments that I managed to finally get back into the swing of this story. So thank you all so much, and I hope you enjoy this last installment (although I might add an epilogue, not sure yet).

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sacagawea was the first to approach the fallen king; silently crouching down beside him, she took his hand in hers. A simple gesture, but one to show that he was still loved by them, regardless of what had transpired. They stayed like that, in silence for several moments until she spoke. “Ahkmen, do not forget that you are loved, by all of us. It was difficult, I know, but you did what was right. You do not believe me, I see that, but you must. You saved us all.”

Jed and Octavius stood together, uncertain as to whether or not to approach. They looked at each other with concerned eyes. Neither one was particularly emotional, and feeling that their efforts might hinder rather than help, they held back. Larry was the next to approach and he crouched down beside Sacagawea, placing a hand on Ahkmenrah’s shoulder like a father speaking to his son.

“Ahk, are you okay?” Larry asked, but he was unsurprised with the lack of response. It had to take a lot out of a person, killing your brother after almost being killed by said brother. Sighing he glanced past the young king and to the shattered window. Colour was beginning to return to the sky, they had an hour at best before the sun rose. “We need to get out of here. I’ve gotta get you guys back to New York.”

“But Gigantor,” Jed looked up at Larry with pained eyes, “They don’t want us there anymore.”

Larry shook his head, “I want you there. I’ll figure out a way to keep you guys there. I promise.”

Ahk slowly looked up, thoughtfully running his hands over the inscriptions on his tablet, “Well.” He said, pushing past his heart and focusing solely on his head, he was a king once, he needed to act like it, “I suppose we had better return this museum into its proper state.” He stood up, walking over to where his crown had been discarded by his brother. Slowly, he picked it up, the golden fabric of his robes glistened in the light as he straightened. With a sense of purpose, he placed the crown upon his head and turned back to face his friends. “Larry, go with the lovely Miss Amelia and the honourable Tuskegee airmen back to the museum of air and space, ensure everyone there is back in position for sunrise. Thank you each and every one of you for your help, I am honoured to call you my friends.” He fought back any emotion as it rose to the surface, continuing to thank his friends and delegate tasks. It was only when the room was empty that he allowed himself to cry.

He dropped to his knees before the gate, clutched the tablet to his chest, and wept. “I’m sorry.” He whispered, “I’m sorry, Kah, I’m sorry. I had no choice... you left me no choice. I had to do it... I had to.” He knew he couldn’t justify his actions just as well as he knew that his brother would never forgive him, and as well as he knew that he would never forgive himself.

They had waited until night fell again before they started their journey, Larry had thought it would be easier if they were all awake. Ahk felt numb. Rarely speaking to the others. He couldn't bear to look at their faces, refusing to see the disappointment in their eyes and the disgust they must now feel for him. If he couldn't face the others, how would he face Teddy? After being released from his sarcophagus and meeting the exhibits who had left him trapped there, and after a period of adjustment and forgiveness of course, he had only ever had the highest respect for the man. What would he think of him now? Ahk closed his eyes, resting his head in his hands. He was a murderer, no better than his brother. He deserved to remain in his sarcophagus, and never see the light of the moon again.

It was night, and when they were perhaps little more than a half hour away the truck stopped, and Larry climbed into the back. "So guys, I've been thinking. I think I have a plan."

"You think you have a plan?" Octavius queried, "You know, that doesn't inspire me with much confidence."

"Me either, Gigantor." Jed concurred, "We're going to need more than a maybe plan if we wanna get back in that museum for good."

"Will you just let me tell you the plan guys, before you decide it's a crap one?" Larry asked, and the two miniatures shrugged, "Anyway. I was thinking that we spill the beans to McPhee."

"WHAT?" Jed exclaimed, "Guys this is crazy." He turned around, searching for the support of his fellow exhibits. Sacagawea's face was unreadable, as though she both wanted to believe it could be a good plan whilst simultaneously finding the idea abhorrent. Ahk stayed silent, and Larry couldn't help but feel a sharp pang in his heart at the pain his friend was so clearly going through.

"No, listen, you guys. I think this could really work. What if we started up a night program or something? Play it off as special effects instead of magic. It'll generate some revenue for the museum meaning we wouldn't have to cut back on any exhibits, meaning no one gets sent to the archives! So? Thoughts?" he asked, scanning the faces of the room, "And Ahk," he added, capturing the attention of the young king, "I think you would be the perfect man to speak to McPhee with me." That got Ahk to look up, and got everyone else in the crate to stare at him.

Attila clapped a hand on Ahk's shoulder and nodded, "Shiny king. Good friend. Good king."

Ahk looked up into the eyes of his friend, but he was still blind. He couldn't see past his own fear and pain to the truth that his friends still cared about him, that they loved him unconditionally. "I'm sorry, Larry. I can't." he shook his head, fingers nervously playing with the tablet, "There are better people to choose from amongst us."

"Ahk," Jed said before anyone else could step in, "You're the strongest one amongst us. Now wait, you gotta let me finish before you go all defensive and self-hating, ok? There's a reason we all love you here. Heck man, you're like a brother to all of us. It don't matter

what your real family is like, we're your family, and like it or not you ain't getting rid of us any time soon."

Octavius stepped forwards, "Ahkmenrah, I understand your pain. I do. I too have taken lives I did not want to take. We must all make sacrifices in the field of battle."

"I'm a murderer..." he stammered but Larry quickly cut him off.

"You're a hero, Ahk. Whether you like it or not, you're a hero. A hero and the best shot we've got at convincing McPhee that I'm not crazy."

Sacagawea nodded, taking Larry's side, "Larry is right. We are wax figures, seeing us come alive could be written off as actors with an ability to stand still for long stretches of time. But seeing you return from death, that is irrefutable. Ahk, you must put aside your pain for now, for in time – and with the help of your friends – you will heal."

Taking a deep breath, slowly Ahk nodded. Already he could feel some of the anguish leaving him, his friends were right. They always were. "Alright." He nodded again, managing a small smile.

"Thanks man. We'll make this work together, all of us." Larry grinned and wrapped his arms around Ahk, pulling him in tight for a hug that was too long and too tight but everything that Ahk needed. The young man breathed deeply into the lingering hug, allowing himself to relax and truly feel their victory. "You guys can camp out in the basement tonight, and at nightfall tomorrow I'll get McPhee and see what we can do about getting you all reinstated full time."

Once back in the museum, Sacagawea, with Dexter perched upon her shoulder, led the others down to the basement, but Larry hung back with Ahk, walking him to the tomb where they would replace the tablet.

"I know you probably don't want to talk," Larry said, "But I'm worried about you Ahk, I'm really worried about you."

Ahk remained silent until the tablet was slotted back into its spot above his sarcophagus. He ran his fingers along the top of what had been his prison for so long. "How can I say that I am a better man than him? He was my brother and I sent him to the underworld, to hell." He shook his head, "In truth, I don't believe I ever was a better man. After all, this isn't the first time he has died, and it was I that orchestrated that. I killed him twice."

"And he would not have hesitated to send you down there either, he tried to choke you to death, remember?"

"That was more than an attempt." Ahk corrected, "I think, at least for a moment, he succeeded. But with the tablet I cannot truly die again."

"Even more reason to do what you did." Larry shrugged his shoulders, trying not to dwell on the image of Ahk's body, limp and lifeless on the floor at the foot of the gate.

“My family...”

“They would know you did the right thing. They’d be proud of you.” Larry pulled Ahk into another long hug, “But it doesn’t matter what your mom and dad would think Ahk, we’re your family now. Every one of us, and we are proud of you. Got it?” he felt Ahk nod gently against his shoulder.

“Thank you Larry,” the young king whispered, “Thank you for everything.” He stepped back, taking off his crown and resting it atop his sarcophagus, “But if you don’t mind, I think I would like some time, just for myself. He may have been evil, but I must mourn him.”

Larry nodded respectfully and stepped back, “Just shout if you need me, Ahk, I’ve got your back, ok? No matter what.”

Ahk nodded his thanks and Larry quietly exited the exhibit. He headed toward Teddy who was sat with Sacagawea who appeared to be filling him in on the events of the past few days.

“Lawrence.” Teddy smiled and stood up, beckoning Larry over with outstretched arms. Larry found himself being tightly squeezed and clapped on the back by the former president. “Might I extend a hearty well-done, lad. Excellent job on bringing them back, but you know they can’t stay down there forever.”

“I know, I know.” Larry nodded, “I’ve got a plan in the works, Sacagawea can fill you in.”

“I must ask, however,” Teddy continued, “What of our young pharaoh?”

Larry sighed and shook his head, “He’s gonna need some time to heal. Killing your brother and kicking him into hell isn’t something you get over in a day. I’m not sure, I’m not really qualified for that. I think we’re just going to all keep an eye on him, make sure he’s reminded that he didn’t do anything wrong. Hell, he saved all our asses, he’s a real hero. He just might need reminding of that every now and then.” Teddy and Sacagawea nodded in understanding. “You know, Teddy,” Larry continued, “There is actually one thing I wanted to ask you. That other night, you were going to tell me something, the whole secret to happiness thing.”

“Yes, I remember” nodded Teddy.

“But I think I figured it out. It’s doing what you love, isn’t it? What you love with the people you love. Took me too long to see it but I do now.”

Teddy shook his head, a small smile playing upon his lips, “Actually, I was going to say ‘exercise’, but I think I prefer your version, it works well enough too.” Larry chuckled, shaking his head. “Welcome home, son.”

“Thanks Teddy.” Larry smiles, taking this as his cue to leave. It had been a long couple of nights, and he needed to get back to his son.

The reveal of Ahkemnrah and the exhibits to McPhee the following night had gone better than expected, and after his boss had managed to convince himself that he was not having a

heart attack and that Larry was indeed telling the truth. After that everything seemed to fall into place. The museum would now be open late, the exhibits would now be conducting their own tours and correcting the inaccuracies of history. Even Ahkmenrah had regained enough self-confidence to tell stories of his past life to their young visitors, as well as translating (and altering for younger audiences) the stories that Attila told them. Children and adults alike rode upon Rexy's back as he took them around the museum, and both Teddy and Sacagawea led groups of entrances patrons, children and adult alike. They seemed happier than they had ever been; it was truly a marvelous thing to be able to be a part of the world and not stuck standing still as they had before, watching time pass them by.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to all of you who stuck by me and this story when my inspiration ran dry. I'm happy to say that it is finally finished, and I hope you all enjoyed my final installment. A huge thank you to everyone who has commented and urged me to continue this to the end, without you this story would likely have been abandoned. Thank you all!

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