He wasn't soft and pink with a fat little tummy; he was hard and hollow, a little boy mummy.

"Tell us, please, Doctor, the reason or cause, why our bundle of joy is just a bundle of gauze."

"My diagnosis," he said "for better or worse, is that your son is the result of an old Pharaoh's curse."

That night they talked of their son's odd condition—they called him "a reject from an archaeological expedition."

They thought of some complex scientific explanation, but assumed it was simple supernatural reincarnation.

With the other young tots he only played twice, an ancient game of Human Sacrifice. (But the kids ran away, saying, "You aren't very nice.")

Alone and rejected, Mummy Boy wept, then went to the cabinet where the snack food was kept.

He wiped his wet sockets with his mummified sleeves, and sat down to a bowl of sugar-frosted tanna leaves.
One dark, gloomy day,
from out of the fog,
appeared a little white
mummified dog.

For his new-found wrapped pet,
he did many things,
like building a dog house
à la Pyramid of kings.

It was late in day-
just before dark.
Mummy Boy took his dog
for a walk in the park.

The boys and girls
had all started to play,
but noticed that thing
that looked like a paper mâché.

"Look its a piñata,"
said one of the boys,
"Let's crack it wide open
and get the candy and toys."

They took a baseball bat
and whacked open his head.
Mummy Boy fell to the ground;
he finally was dead.

Inside of his head
were no candy or prizes,
just a few stray beetles
of various sizes.