

*Nefera de Nile*

*Read my diary and I promise I'll  
unwrap you on the night of the comet!*

22 September

At the die-spa. I so treasure being pampered in the way that I am accustomed. There is nothing quite so deplorable as a daily routine of mud baths and Dead Sea-salt scrubs. I am my own temple and, therefore, must treat myself by allowing others to worship and serve me.

23 September

Father has rewarded me with the most splendid news! I am to be the toast of the tomb in Boo York, Boo York. We will be attending a very exclusive gala for some strange rock thing falling out of the sky. Details are unimportant. What is important is that I will be in the presence of the richest and most powerful monsters in Boo York. Oh shall I say, they will be in MY presence? Once they discover that I am the Mummy world's greatest treasure, there is no limit to the ways this historic trip will benefit me.

25 September

We depart for Boo York in less than a week. Father insists on bringing Baby Sis and SHE insists on bringing that dreadful gang of High School creepers she calls friends. And that boyfriend of hers! Such a bore. It is obviously up to me to monstermind some amusements so this deception doesn't become a snooze-fest, a la the Cleo Show. Thus, I've invited Toralei to skulk along.

She is always perfectly entertaining, especially when her claws come out. I simply adore the way she gets under Cleo's wraps!

### 28 September

Bratty sis and those common ghouls went to the mall to shop for frightseeing clothes and gala gowns for our trip. I die-deided to tag along to see what NOJ to wear. Anything they purchase must automatically be considered tacky to someone of my exceptional taste. It was quite laughable. They really do not know how to minimize such horror-ific accessories as fangs and fur and so-called booty marks. Of course, I have a flawless complexion with perfectly shaped features, so I suppose I can really wear anything and be gone-geous.

### 30 September

Now it's getting interesting! We arrived in Boo York today, and I've already met a useful ghoul. Such a mousy little thing, all sweet and fiendly - it was sickening. Her name is Mouscedes, and she squeaked on and on about her knowledge of the city and claimed she is a "princess." A princess! As if rat royalty is a thing. I gifted her with my beast smile and pretended she had my un-die-vided attention, but truly my superior brain was already thinking of ways I could find her of value. But I didn't unbury a plan until

later, after I talked to Father...

We met the Ptolemys in their opulent tower. Now IHAJ is a home for a princess... I must acquire it someday. But afterwards, Father let me in on the most scarab-ulous secret. It seems the falling rock thing is some kind of magical comet, and any promise made when it lands on Earth becomes permanent. Father and Queen Ptolemy had hoped that Seth Ptolemy and I would make a promise that would wrap our families into one formidable dynasty, but that plan had one fatal flaw: I'm not interested. However, being the clever princess that I am, I devised a recipe that will allow me to have our dynasty-cake and eat it too. The main ingredient is Cleo... Rold the Deuce. I think it's time to give my new rat-peasant BFF a call...

1 October

The brunch was a flaming success! Those silly monsters never knew what hit them. And Deuce could not have been a better puppet if I'd manipulated him by his snake-string hair. The plan to break up my fear sister and her unappetizing boyfriend is turning out to be quite die-licious.

1 October, Evening

Well, well, well... Just when I had Cleo singing a promising song, Catty comes along thinking she can change the tune. If that kitty thinks she can ruin my plans for my sister and the poet bone-eater, she's all wet. Lucky for me, father clued me in on just how powerful a chip off the old crystal comet-block can be. All I have to do is use the crystal shard to take something from Catty and Seth - something priceless to them - to get what I want. Seems fair to me.

2 October

Never send a fickle feline to do a mummy princess's work! I should have known better than to trust Tonalei. She ruined everything. Instead of taking Catty's precious gift for MY benefit, she selfishly took it for her own! The nerve! This is a betrayal I won't soon forget. Cleo and the not-so-charming snake charmer are back together, and the De Niles are still just the De Niles, instead of the De Nile-Ptolemy Dynasty they could have been. This is unacceptable. I was on the brink of achieving a power that only comes around once every 1300 years. When you are that close to unburying that much treasure, it is very difficult to go back to ho-hum life!

4 October

Home again, home again, jiggity-blah. At the die-spa. Sigh. Not much to do except be pampered in the way that I am accustomed. It is so infuriating to resume a daily routine of mud baths and Dead Sea-salt scrubs when I could have been living a Luxur-ious life of liquid-gold baths and gold-fleck scrubs. But I must keep up appearances until I find another chance at ultimate domination!

Maybe I should give my new friend, Mouseedes, a call. She might not be a real princess, but she does have a-maz-ing contacts in Boo York! And then there's that new ghoul who surprised everyone on the night of the comet. She must have some stellar connections. If I can't rule in the greatest city unartfled, than perhaps I'll find a way to rule in a place that's out of this world!

# ABOUT ME

Name: Neferu de Nile Monster Parents: The Mummy

Age: I am ageless of course... but for those of you who keep track of such things, I am three years older than my younger sister Cleo.

Killer Style: I prefer fashions and accessories that accentuate my timeless beauty like the blue of the eternal Nile or gold - especially gold, which does not tarnish or rust. Much like myself.

Freaky Flaw: Flawed? Who said I was flawed? I want names and a mirror-quickly!

Pet: Azura is my pet scarab - Scarabaeus sacer, to be exact - He brings me the sun.

Favorite Activity: Making sure that my sister knows her place in the royal line of succession. It's right behind me.

Biggest Pet Peeve: If some one or some thing annoys me I deal with it. Immediately.

Favorite School Subject: It was Dragonology. I just have a charming way with reptiles.

Least Favorite School Subject: It used to be Dead Languages. Why should I bother to learn when I have servants who can interpret for me?

Favorite Color: Nile blue

Favorite Food: Almas caviar and white truffles.

BFF's: I rule alone.

