

NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM

CHAPTER 1 'Get a job, Larry!'

Larry Daley had a lot of problems. He had no job. He had no money. He couldn't pay for his flat. Then he parked his car in the wrong place. Now he didn't have a car!

Larry ran to his son's school.

'Sorry, Larry,' said the teacher. 'You're late. Erica came for him. Today was "Mom and Dads' Day".'

'Nicky didn't tell me,' thought Larry. 'He didn't want me to go. He thinks I'm a bad dad.'

Larry walked to Erica's house. Erica was Nicky's mom. Now she lived with Don. Don was rich and had a good job. Their house was big and clean. It was very different from Larry's flat. Erica wasn't happy to see Larry.

'I had a problem with the car,' said Larry.

'Yes, Larry,' said Erica. She wasn't surprised. 'How's life?' she asked.

'Things aren't going very well,' he said. 'I'm going to move to a new flat.'

'Again! You move all the time, Larry. It's not good for Nicky,' said Erica. 'I'm sorry, Larry. Nicky can't visit you again. Get a job and then you can see him.'

Larry was sad. He loved his son. He took Nicky to a game and they talked.



'I want to have a job like Don's,' said Nicky. 'He's got a very big office. You must get a job too, Dad.'

'But Don's job is boring,' said Larry. 'I've got a great new idea!'

'Mom says a job is better than ideas,' said Nicky.

'But this is a very good idea,' smiled Larry.

Nicky looked at Larry. He didn't say anything. He didn't believe his dad.

'Nicky's right,' thought Larry. 'My ideas are terrible. I must get a job.'



Debbie found jobs for people. Larry sat at her desk. She looked at him.

'Why did you leave your last job, Larry?' she asked.

'I made some mistakes.' Larry didn't look at her.

'Expensive mistakes.' Then he smiled. 'But I have good ideas!'

'Yes,' said Debbie. 'I can see. I'm sorry, Larry, but I haven't got a job for you.'

Larry smiled again. 'Please, Debbie. Can I call you Debbie? When I came in here I thought, "This person is a friend!" Please, I need a job. You can help me!'

Debbie didn't smile, but she looked through her papers. 'OK. There is one job. They didn't like the other people. You can try. Here's the address.' She gave him a paper.

Larry looked at it. The address was the Museum of Natural History.

CHAPTER 2

The new night guard

Larry arrived at the museum. Near the door there was a very big T-Rex*. It was just bones but it was frightening. 'Wow!' thought Larry.

He went to the front desk.



'I'm Larry Daley. I'm here for a job,' said Larry to a pretty woman behind the desk. 'I must speak to ...'

'Cecil Frederick,' said the woman. 'Hello. I'm Rebecca.'

'This place is very interesting,' Larry said. He liked Rebecca. 'Oh! That's President Teddy Roosevelt.' He turned to a statue of a man on a horse and put his hand on it.

'Don't do that!' shouted a man. He looked important.

* T-Rex = *Tyrannosaurus Rex*. It was a very big animal. It lived about 67,000,000 years ago.

'This is a museum. You must be careful. I want everything to be ... I want ...' and he walked away.

'That's Dr. McPhee,' said Rebecca. 'He's the head of the museum. He decides everything here.'

'Is he always angry?' asked Larry. Rebecca smiled. 'Cecil's room is this way. Turn left and go down. Then turn left, left, left, right, left and left. OK?'

'Easy,' said Larry and he turned right.

'Left!' shouted Rebecca.

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Larry found Cecil's room. Cecil was old but he moved like a young man. He looked at Larry's CV*.

'I like you Larry! You have a lot of ideas! That's good.'

Larry was happy.

'Now, I want to tell you about the job,' said Cecil. 'The museum doesn't have a lot of money. People don't like museums now and we don't sell many tickets. There are three night guards here – me, Gus and Reg.'

Larry saw two more old men in the room.

'Dr. McPhee wants only one night guard, and he wants someone young,' said Cecil. 'I think that's you, Larry!'

Reg looked at Cecil. 'Is this the one?'

'Yes,' said Cecil. 'Larry is the one!'

'Wow!' said Larry. 'Thank you. That's great!'

'Now I'm going to take you to see the museum. Come this way.'

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Cecil took Larry to a big room. In the room there were scenes from history. In one scene there were small cowboys

* CV = *Curriculum Vitae*, a paper about someone's life and work.

on horses. Next to this there were a lot of little Roman soldiers. They all looked alive.

Suddenly the room went dark. Larry saw a big statue of Attila the Hun. He looked angry. Larry was frightened. Then a big man ran in front of Larry. Larry shouted.

'Ha! Ha!' laughed Cecil. 'Don't worry! It's me!' But Larry didn't laugh. He wanted to go home.



Next Cecil took Larry to see a very big head from Easter Island*. It had big eyes and a big mouth.

Then they went to the African Animals Room. There was a little monkey in a tree. 'This is Dexter,' said Cecil. 'He's great fun!'

'That's stupid,' thought Larry. 'A dead monkey – fun?'

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The last room was the Egyptian Room. In the middle there was a coffin. Next to it there were four guards.

'Pharaoh Ahkmenrah is in that coffin.' Cecil told Larry. 'And that is the famous Tablet of Ahkmenrah.'

The tablet was on the wall. There were some special words on it.

'It's very important.' said Cecil. But he didn't say why.

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Later that day Larry phoned Erica. 'I've got a new job,' he said. 'And I can keep my flat now. Nicky can visit me.'

'Oh, that's great,' said Erica. 'Well done!'

Larry was very happy, and he went to the museum to start his job.

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There weren't any people in the museum and it was very quiet. T-Rex looked at him.

Suddenly everything went dark. Larry saw a dark head with light around it. Then the head moved, and Larry was frightened ...

'Ha! Ha!' laughed Cecil. 'That was a good one!'

Larry didn't laugh. He didn't think it was funny at all.

* Easter Island is in the Pacific Ocean.

Cecil gave his keys and some old papers to Larry. 'You must read these papers,' he said. 'They're very important.'

'OK,' said Larry, but he didn't believe the old man.

'Good luck,' said Cecil, and he left.

Larry sat at the front desk. He didn't look at the papers. It was quiet. It was boring. He went to sleep.