

# A History of Otzi The Ice Mummy

Part II

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# Prologue

Hey you, yeah you. You're the main character of this story! Yeah you are!

This is in second person, but don't read too much into it. It's not that complicated!

Whenever this story mentions you, that's you, the main character! Also, to learn the original story of Otzi, don't ask us, since we aren't credible sources.

# Chapter One: The Resurrection

In the Salisbury Museum, the workers made a mistake. They made a very huge mistake. This mistake was enormous, but it turned out to benefit all of humankind and inspire happiness and music around the world.

You see, the workers at the museum were placing a 3D replica of Otzi into their new exhibit. However, a mix up during shipping caused the establishment to receive the actual Otzi instead of the 3D model.

So now Otzi laid in an environment that was not fit to preserve his disgusting, decaying body. On his first day there, a group of kids, you, and your mom came to see the “3D replica” during summer vacation. Everyone gaped and awed at the mummy. One person was especially excited to see Otzi. Your mom. Sneakily, while no one was watching, she decided to touch Otzi.

Some things you need to know about your mom is that she really loves mummies. She also has a pacemaker. You knew of her plan to touch the replica of Otzi to study his ancient skin texture, but thought nothing of it. You mom was a history professor after all. She was just innocently touching a 3D printed model, nothing bad could happen. But because she was so excited to see the model of Otzi, her heart rate went up. The increase in heart rate caused the pacemaker to go

off, sending an electric shock to her heart. However, the sensors attached to the device became confused after the sudden change and sent out a bigger shock than what would have been necessary. This malfunction forced her body to spread out the jolt. Because of this, the shock didn't affect her, but instead channeled through her arm and electrocuted Otzi's long-dead body.

The fluke, unneeded by your mom, sent most of the force into Otzi. The very shock that was meant to restart your mother's heart, left her safe and unaffected, but, restarted Otzi's.

A loud groan resounded through the museum as the 5,300 year old came back to life. His heart restarted, pumping blood that was presumed to be dried up around his whole body. His vocal cords stretched as he screamed and groaned at the pain of coming back to life. His brain quickly refilled with oxygen and blood and he began to be able to piece together garbled thoughts. The blood started slowly trickling down his arm and chest from the wound in his shoulder. The ripped flesh on the back of Otzi's upper leg began to reknit.

Everyone in the museum came to a standstill. The hoarse, screams of terror and pain rang through the entire building. One second, you saw your mom lightly tap a model of an ancient mummy, the next, you heard loud screams and saw writhing in pain from something you knew was not capable of such actions.

Everyone was frozen in place, staring. No one could look away, for they were watching the impossible unfold right before their eyes.

So much is happening, yet so little actually is. The only one moving or making a sound in the whole room was Otzi. However, this was too much for your brain to handle. Far too much nonsensical input for your brain to be able to process and make a decision of what to do next at the same time. Before you could make a decision out of the scrambled thoughts, a museum official bolted into the room.

You weren't able to decide what to do next, but your mom was. She grabbed Otzi's body and ran out of the museum carrying him. This may seem like a difficult feat, but standing at only 5'2" and weighing only around 110 pounds, running away with Otzi was the opposite of difficult for the strength of your mom. Without even thinking, you ran after them.

You escaped the building and caught up with them easily even though you are a terrible runner. Instinct to help them escape just takes over you and you run faster than you ever have before. You reach the car and your mom hands you Otzi's body that is starting to writhe a bit less. While attempting to not throw up from the vicious odors emanating from his body, you opened the car door. Your mother hops into the front seat as you try to delicately place Otzi's body into the backseat.

“Hurry up, just shove him in!” Shouts your mom, sounding exhilarated and terrified at the same time. You toss his body into the car, hoping he lands comfortably in the back as you scramble to get into the passenger seat. The second you close the door, before you even buckle your seatbelt, your mom floors it. You panic to buckle your seatbelt as you fly out of the parking lot and down the road.

There hasn't been a second of peace in all this madness and your brain scrambles to try to piece everything together. Millions of thoughts fly through your head at once. Some of these thoughts are pressing concerns about the situation at hand while some are very unimportant, but continued to cloud up your brain. One of the least pressing, but easier to solve issues was the one considering Otzi's safety.

You turned back to look at the unbuckled zombie in the backseat. *Otzi can't be left unbuckled!* You thought. Putting a seatbelt on Otzi will keep him much safer on this drive, especially since you are moving at possibly fatal speeds. On the other hand, he may resist being 'restrained' by his seatbelt. You quickly decide it's worth a try, and if he resists it then it's his own fault for any harm that comes to him and you can't blame yourself for not even trying.

You reach back and find Otzi whimpering and twitching slightly. *Poor guy* you think, while attempting to make soothing sounds to calm the shell-shocked

ancient man. You take hold of his seatbelt and attempt to wrap it around him as you feel his bony fingers scratch against your arms. Obviously trying to resist you, you make a few feeble attempts to buckle him in before you give up.

By now, your mind has started to clear. You still don't understand anything that has happened today, but your brain has cleared enough to decide that you should probably ask your mom if she has any idea what happened.

"Mom, what is happening?" Your mom only gave you a quick glance while she smiled.

"To be honest, I have no idea. The only thing I know is that somehow this mummy came back to life when I touched him. So we're kind of just winging this." If your mom had looked at you again, she would've seen an expression of disbelief plastered onto your face. "I ju-I just don't know. I feel like I have to protect him."

Shellshocked, you turned to the window and pondered over what is happening. Too many thoughts were appearing in your head at the same time. You leaned your head on the window and closed your eyes, hoping to wake up in a clearer state.

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*SCEEEEEERRRRRT.* Your eyes flew open as you flung forward and hit your head on the dashboard.

“Ughhhhh...” Your hand cradled your head while you looked over to your mom. There, your mom worriedly looked at the cop glaring into the window.

“Ma’am, I’m going to have to ask you to step out the car.” The cop stated blankly.

“W-why for what reason s-sir.” Your mom managed to stutter out. Her stunning acting obviously wasn’t very convincing as the police officer only raised his eyebrow.

“There’s been reports of an apparent theft of an Otzi model at the Salisburys Museum. The culprits were described as a middle-aged woman and a kid that escaped in a Silver Toyota. Sound familiar?”

Obviously there was no way your mom could get out of this one now, so she fessed up, with a calm, quiet, dejected response.

“Yeah that does sound familiar.”

“So, ma’am, would you please give up the model of Otzi?” The cop asked, sounding annoyed to be stuck in this situation. Your mom took a minute of careful consideration before she responded.



“Well you see,” you heard her say, “I didn't steal a model of Otzi. In fact, I didn't steal *anything*. That wasn't a model of Otzi, that was the real Otzi, and I brought him back to life.” Otzi groaned in the background for support. “Because he's no longer dead, there's no way the museum can trap a living human as an exhibit. And if you don't leave us alone and pretend like nothing ever happened, who's to say I won't use my dark magic on you too.”

The cop took one last look at the moving creature. He seemed to go through the situations in head before he slowly backed his way to his car. He got into the police cruiser and sped off in the direction he came from.

Your mom rolled up the window and continued to drive away, down winding paths to ensure no one could follow your trail. Awoken from your nap, you decided that you should play some music to pass time for the rest of the drive.

You found the car's aux cord and plugged it into your phone. You put on your favorite rap, only considering the fact that your mom might turn it off. The next thing you know, you hear rustling coming from the back seat.

When you turned around, you notice that Otzi seems to be having a seizure of some sort. You begin to have an inner panic, trying to think of some way to help. You were about to turn to your mom for advice until you realize that he is actually dancing! Otzi isn't dancing the way people dance today, and instead

included more of a shaking and bobbing style. He had the confidence of a professional dancer and was getting really into it. The longer you watched him, the more you realized he was actually sort of good.

Watching your mom pull into the driveway of your house, you realize that there is nowhere for Otzi to stay. You pause your music and Otzi stops dancing with a disappointed sway of his head.

“Mom,” you start. “Where will Otzi sleep?” Your mother shrugged. You decided that he will be better off staying on the couch or the living room floor than outside and head into the house with Otzi over your shoulder.

## **Chapter Two: The Empire**

Sleeping in your bed that night, a brilliant idea came to you in a dream. You sat up, your head swirling with the events of the day. The dream you just had replays over and over in your head as you try to work out exactly how you could make it come true.

It feels kind of blurry and confusing now while you're awake, but you still have some fresh images in your mind from that life changing dream. You remember it starting out with you and Otzi in the car, jamming out to some rap. Then, Otzi started singing along. You closed your eyes to just enjoy the music, and when you opened them again, you were at a concert and Otzi was on stage. Otzi was rapping, singing, and dancing! The concert was in a huge arena and there were tons of fans cheering him on!

You knew that in real life this couldn't happen, since Otzi couldn't possibly ever talk or sing, but maybe, just maybe, you could work something out. Otzi could kind of work the rapper look, he had lots of tattoos, and even ingested mushrooms! All he needed were some cool sunglasses and maybe a popular brand hoodie, some cool shoes, and a pair of pants.

Otzi probably couldn't learn how to speak or sing, but he could make sounds over music. He might be able to play music, too! On the way to the museum your mom told you all about what historians think life was like back in Otzi's day, and she mentioned something about bone flutes and drums being used. Excitedly, you realize that if Otzi likes music so much that he can probably play these instruments!

Hopping out of bed you run past Otzi laying under the table in the living room on the way to your mom's room to wake her up. She sits up groggily and asks what happens, and if Otzi is okay. You quickly reassure her that nothing has happened with Otzi.

"Mom, Otzi could be a rapper!" You exclaim with excitement. You receive a confused glance from your mom in response and she leans over to turn the lamp on. The light flickered on.

"Why did you wake me up at four in the morning to tell me this?" She moaned.

"No, really mom! Listen." You began to explain why Otzi would make a good 'rapper.'

“Well I guess he wouldn't be so much a rapper, just more of a musician.”

Your mom stated. “He has the look, though, with his tattoos. Plus, he really liked the rap you were playing in the car yesterday and he was dancing to it really well! We’ve always wanted to be rich and famous and we can sort of get that through Otzi!”

As you continue to explain to your mom how you thought of this and why you think it will work, you see her starting to get it. She (surprisingly) agreed that it might be good for Otzi to play some music to express how he feels about coming back to life and everything since he can’t do it vocally. She said that you should go back to sleep and we can decide on what to do next when we get up in the morning.

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The next morning you wake up to hear Otzi groaning and grunting, and your mom moving about the kitchen. When you come to the breakfast table you see some sort of unidentifiable vegetation and cereal. Otzi is eating the plant happily, so you figure it must be something he has had before. Your mom comes over to join us at the table.

“Goodmorning,” She says cheerfully. Otzi Grunts his response at the same time as your reply. After pondering over the event from last night, you decide there is no reason to wait and began to jump right in.

“What are we going to do with him?” You ask, probably a bit too aggressively. Your mom slowly answers that she agrees with what you said last night. The baggy clothes that many rappers wear would do the best job of covering and protecting his fragile decaying body. She also said she stood by what she said last night about possibly playing music.

“You can record it if you want. I’ll think it will be fun for you to have a little project.” Your mom exclaimed excitedly. You smile as a little plan for today formed in your head. Today, you decided, would be the day for buying him clothes, while your mom would go to work at her job as a history professor. There she would look for a sort of flute she could “borrow” while she was there.

You tell your mom of the schedule while she listened happily. With no objections, you set your plan into motion.

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“Come on Otzi!” You yell at the creature lagging behind you. After getting finally getting him to walk, your small group began walking to a popular clothing store nearby. The only problem, was that the newly revived human didn’t have the

strongest muscles in the world right. Being dead for thousands of years can really take a toll on you.

Otzi managed a limp that slowed the expedition down and wore one of your hoodies and jeans you quickly threw on him so now one would notice the walking corpse.

After what seemed like hours, you arrived at the store.

“Hmmm...” You puzzled over where to start. Quickly glancing at the zombie, you pictured the perfect outfit. Leading him through out the fortunately empty building, you found him several different hoodies, shoes, glasses, and a pair of sweatpants.

Then, you dragged Otzi over to the dressing rooms. You shoved the clothes into his hands and nudged him over to one of the compartments. A good 15 seconds passed by and he only turned around and stared at me blankly. Confused, you signal to the dressing rooms again. However, he only gave it a glance before giving me the same look.

That’s when it hit you that he probably never used a dressing room in his life before. Sighing, you grab his leathery arm and started to lead him into a dressing room. A lady exiting one at the time gave the two a weird look as you both went

into a stall, causing you to blush with embarrassment. You shut the door behind you and placed the clothes onto one of the seats.

“So. What. You’re. Going. To do. Is to try. These. On.” You stated as slowly as you could while making motions with your hands. Passing him a pair of clothes, you exited the compartment and waited for a few minutes. Then you opened the door again.

There, stood Otzi with the most iconic outfit on. He had managed to put on the supreme hoodie and sweatpants on correctly, but the contact glasses were hanging off one of his ears and the shoes were on top of his head.

You reached out and took the pair of shoes off his head. Then you picked up the glasses and, with a little bit of a struggle from Otzi, managed to put them over his eyes. Finally, you gently took his foot and slid it into the shoes.

Backing away slightly, you gasped at the display before you. He was rocking the look so well, there was simply no need to try on the other clothes. Otzi had already shown they would work.

You quickly took a picture with your phone and ecstatically hopped over to the cash register and happily paid for the stack of clothes. The price couldn’t even dissuade you. The only thing you thought was how much money Otzi would rake



in. You handed the cash you earned from some of your summer jobs and grabbed the new merchandise.

Bags of the clothes in hand, you and Otzi left the store and walked back home at the mummy's pace.

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"I'm hoooooooooome!" Your mom sang as she walked in. "I come bearing gifts!" Just as she finished her sentence, you had sprinted over to her side. There in her hand was genuine bone flute and a set of bongos.

"Lucky for you, one of my coworkers was working on a replica of one of these flutes and I was able to buy it off-" before you even let your mom finish, you stole the instruments from her hands, grabbed Otzi, and ran as fast as you could to your room while yelling thank you.

Shutting the door behind you, use your phone to select the free recording app you had downloaded. You set it up so it's only one click away from recording and set it to the side. You then take the flute and blow into it to make sure it works. A long note sounded from the pipe. Otzi perked up at the sound and reached out towards the instrument. You handed it over happily and quickly pressed the play button on your phone.

He tested each of the notes on the bone flute. Then, he played the most amazing tribal music you had ever heard. Although it was your first time hearing the genre, it was pretty good.

Playing like he wasn't dead for thousands of year, he tooted the flute smoothly for two minutes before he stopped. He glanced over at the drum. While he reached for it, I quickly started a new layer in the app to create the second part of the song.

He then pounded away on the bongos, creating an upbeat rhythm that could make anyone want to dance. Then he began grunting his native language that slowly got louder as he went along. It was probably a really inspirational song by the sound of it, but you couldn't really understand what he was saying.

Once he was finished, a look of satisfaction crossed his face. Otzi then laid his head on his floor and went to sleep. Assuming he was just really tired from getting so into the music, you turned back to the app and listened to the two layers combined.

The two minute song was amazing! The only thing it needed was a name and somewhere to post it. Your mind rushed to find a good title as it swirled with ideas. Eventually you decided on "Ooooahhhh" since it was a frequent noise used in the song. *It worked perfectly with the music!* you thought.

You named the song and saved it onto your phone with a album cover of Otzi in his new outfit. Then, you went into SoundCloud and uploaded it under the name “Otzi.”

Whooping, you skipped out of the room to show your mom the new song Otzi created. Unbeknownst to you was that he was racking up a following already...

## **Chapter Three: The Rise and Fall**

“Well this is...interesting.” Your mom attempted to sound appreciative of the song Otzi created.

“That was art, Mom,” You say, “You just don’t understand music these days!” As you take your phone back, you logged back into soundcloud to see if anyone had listened to it yet. Your eyes widened.

Otzi had 300 plays already! That was more than it could possibly be! You ran out of your mom’s room to record more of Otzi’s amazing music.

As soon as you see Otzi, you feel a flutter of excitement. You knew that there was a possibility that he could get some attention for his music that would be considered very unique for today’s day and age, but you had no idea how many people would play it in such a short amount of time! You check again to see that “Ooooahhh” has been played over 1000 times already!

Handing Otzi a drum, you excitedly prepare to record. You consider asking Otzi to make this song a bit different from the last one, but quickly realize that he wouldn’t understand. Hoping for the best, you hit record.

Luckily enough, Otzi’s new song is different! The drum beat in this one is much faster and doesn’t seem to need a flute. It's like a drum solo with some

vocals! Without handing him the flute, or even recording another track, you upload this song to SoundCloud, too.

Once you upload it, you check his other song, and it has even more plays, almost 100,000! He is obviously gaining fans quickly, so you decide to check your social media for recent mentions of Otzi. As soon as you open up twitter, you see Otzi's name everywhere! Everyone is mentioning him, but there is nowhere to tag him! You make a twitter for Otzi, but since the name Otzi is already taken you name his twitter "Otzi.music." You link it up to his SoundCloud and snap a picture for his profile.

It was getting close to dinner time so you lead a confused Otzi out to the dinner table and sit him down just as your mom gets the door for the pizza man. Your mom takes Otzi's weird unrecognizable food out of the fridge to serve to him, and just as she sits down, you break the news.

"Mom, Otzi is famous!" You blurt out in all of your excitement.

"Well of course the oldest intact wet mummy is famous!" She responds.

"No, the musician Otzi!" You explained. "He has two songs out, and they both have over 100,000 plays! His first song has almost 180,000 plays! People love him!" A skeptical look crossed your mom's face, apparently not a huge fan of Otzi's pieces. You pull your phone out to show her, ignoring Otzi's subtle sounds

he's been making all dinner long. With a look of disbelief, she declares that Otzi must give a concert.

You both decide that tonight you will record and release one more of Otzi's songs, then tomorrow you will record and release six more songs to complete his first album. Then you will add one more bonus track of you announcing the concert over Otzi playing the flute, and tweet about it. The concert, your mom decided, would be unofficial. He would play at Stonehenge to attract tourists there and to set the vibe for his music. Although it is illegal to go in Stonehenge, your mom's university is doing an excavation there right now and she can get special permission.

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While on the way to the concert, you reflect on everything that has happened during the past week. You still don't really understand how you got into this situation, but you are so grateful you did. You have recorded and released all eight tracks of Otzi's album, made a music video for his first song (a fan favorite), announced his concert, and risen to international fame!

You get to the concert early to set up the speakers to play some of his tracks so he can dance. Otzi is dressed in the glorious outfit that you bought him the first

day you spent together. It was only about a week ago, but it feels like so much longer. Otzi is truly a part of the family now.

You can see and hear the fans starting to gather in tour groups outside Stonehenge, admiring the amazing ancient site. Meanwhile, Otzi was hidden in the tent, protecting him from his adoring fans. The concert was set to start at 5 o'clock, since you didn't have spot lights and had to rely on the sunlight.

When the concert finally begins, everyone goes wild! The first song is a track of Otzi playing the flute and drums that you had recorded earlier for him to "sing" over. Otzi shouts and grunts while dancing like the wild man he was born to be. However, before the first song even ends, a gunshot is heard. Otzi falls onto the ground with a terrifying smack. Turning to face the direction the gunshot came from, you see the cop who stopped you on the road while you were escaping.

## **Later in the Year 3024**

“Hey, Steve!” Steve turned to look at one of his fellow co workers.

Currently, they were digging around stonehenge to see if they could find any information about the historical sight.

Charlie, the scientist who called him over, was hovering over the hole they had just dug at Aubrey Hole number 7. It was said that there were remains that were buried there along with a plaque that described its purpose.

Steve walked over to where Charlie was standing.

“Take a look at this,” Charlie beckoned to the hole. There, was a pile of bone fragments and on top of it was a full, uncremated skeleton...