

DUMB **AND** **DUMBER**

AN ORIGINAL STORY

**IRRATIONAL
TREASURE**

By Steve Foxe

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CHAPTER 1

Let me tell you about the time Harry and Lloyd uncovered one of the biggest secrets in history, and how I ended up along for the ride.

Actually, I need to prepare you for Harry and Lloyd. You can't just start in with those two. If I try, you might slam the book shut. They're a *lot*, and this story is a LOT on top of that.

My name is Tini Hunter, and my best friend since preschool is Zoey Han. We're cool *now*, but we picked one of the worst times ever to have our worst *fight* ever. Not that there's ever a *good* time to have a giant fight with your BFF. But right before the deadline to choose buddies for the Washington, D.C., field trip? Historically (no pun intended) bad timing. It's only the *biggest* weekend in sixth grade, and we missed out on experiencing it together because of something so minor I can barely remember what caused the fight in the first place.

Before that blowout, our longest fight ever had lasted four days, two hours, and thirty-three minutes. I was counting on us patching things up with time to spare, but Zoey found another trip buddy and I ended up the odd girl out . . . which meant our teacher, Mrs. McCormick, made me the third wheel to a bicycle with more than a few screws loose.

So, instead of looking forward to a weekend of taking selfies in front of historic monuments with my best friend, I found myself cramped up in the back of the bus, trying my hardest to ignore the two most obnoxious boys in the sixth grade:

Harry Dunne and Lloyd Christmas.

I don't think I even knew their full names before Mrs. McCormick stuck us together. I just thought of them as . . . *those two*. The annoying ones. Dumb and Dumber—although I know it's not nice to call people names, even people who really get on your nerves. And besides, which one is Dumb and which one is Dumber? It changes by the second.

For your reference, Lloyd is the one with the bowl cut. Harry is the one who desperately needs a haircut. (Seriously, a bird could fly in there and *never escape*.) Got it?

Thankfully, I had an entire seat to myself, since we have an odd number of students in class. I think I might have dropped and rolled out of the emergency exit if I had to share a seat with Harry and Lloyd. Being in the same row was bad enough.

HARRY

LLOYD



At first, I thought Mrs. McCormick put me in their group so she wouldn't have to pay as much attention to them. (Little did I know . . .) I am the responsible one, after all. That's why I always get picked to show the new kids around when someone transfers to our school. But Harry and Lloyd aren't new. They're just . . . well, how do I say this nicely?

I used to think Harry and Lloyd were typical class clowns, acting loud and strange to get attention. But about three hours into the bus ride to D.C. (which felt like three *days*), I came to understand that they're just this weird all the time. Like, naturally.

Let it be known that I *was* making an effort. I didn't really *want* to talk to them, but since we were going to be partnered up for the entire field trip, it seemed like the nice thing to do, right?

"So, have you ever been to Washington, D.C., before?" I asked them.

Lloyd's lips curled up in a grin, like he'd been waiting for this question since we boarded the bus.

"Legally, I'm not allowed to confirm or deny," he whispered, leaning across the aisle of the bus. "Let's just say . . . the Secret Service knows me by name. And I will *not* be allowed on the White House tour portion of the trip."

I had no idea if he was kidding or not. Either way, the grin didn't leave his face. I thought that there was a decent chance it was going to get stuck like that forever.

Lloyd leaned back into his seat, and I could see that Harry was really thinking about his answer.

"Hmm . . ." he said, staring off into space for what felt like an eternity. "I haven't been to Washington D, C, B, or A, as far as I know. But I'd have to ask my parents to be sure. How many are there, anyway?"

"How many what?" I asked.

"Washingtons," he replied.

For a second, I thought he was having fun at my expense—teasing the girl who got stuck with him and his buddy as a last resort. I laughed awkwardly, trying to play it off. But Harry just looked at me like he was really waiting for an answer. You know the way a dog looks at you when you're eating a big juicy hamburger, and it's hoping you'll drop some on the floor? Harry's got that expression *all the time*, only the dog in this case isn't too bright.

"Uhh . . . there's Washington, D.C., and Washington State, that's it," I responded, just in case Harry really didn't know.

"So there's only three—got it," Harry responded. He let out a big laugh and slapped his forehead. "No wonder it's hard to keep track. Whoever named them didn't even get their alphabet in order. They skipped *A* and *B*!"

"No offense, good buddy," Lloyd said, "but you sure are one pathetic loser. Who doesn't know how to count to *D*?"

So yeah, Lloyd and Harry really *are* this unusual. Talking to them has a funny way of running your brain in circles. I can't blame Mrs. McCormick for foisting them off on me.

(Oh, wait—I totally blamed her at the time. At least she gets *paid* to supervise them.)

Not that Harry and Lloyd were paying any attention for most of the bus ride, anyway. At one point, they got caught up in a contest to see who could hum at the same frequency as the bus motor. Their minds switched lanes faster than the bus driver cut through traffic.

“HUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM” was all I could hear for about an hour of the trip, even when I stuffed my fingers in my ears. “HUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.” The worst part is that neither of them was even close to matching the sound of the motor! It was just NOISE. I don’t know how Harry did it, but he sounded just like that time my mom accidentally put Buddy’s big rubber chew toy in the washing machine. Sixth graders shouldn’t be able to make sounds like that.

If they keep this up all weekend, I thought, I might see if I can get them shipped off to Washington, X.Y.Z., while I stay in D.C. by myself. If only I knew the mayhem that awaited us . . .

Permission Slip

My Child Lloyd Christmas has permission to join
our class for a field trip to National Mall.

With the following accommodations: JUST TAKE
HIM, PLEASE! I NEED A BREAK!!!

Parent's signature Mrs Christmas

BOOKS

THE MAP!



PATCHES

ROTTEN
FRUIT