

A YOUNG DUM-DUM NOVEL

Stupid Stories

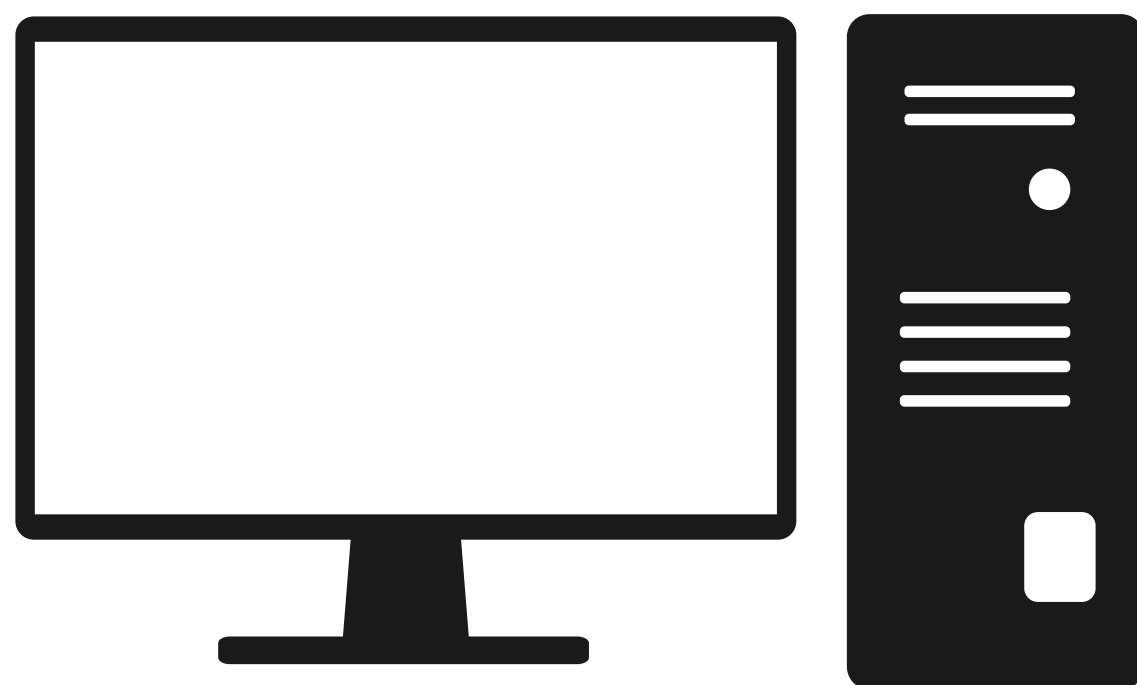
"Super dumb and bad. Troubling behaviour worth getting in trouble for." —Teachers Pet

EZROTH KUSOSROY

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dum logo

The Digital Detective



Once upon a time in a small town, there was a young woman named Ashley. Ashley loved the internet and used it for all sorts of things, from her job to her hobbies. But one day, something strange happened.

Ashley received a message from an unknown user who was asking her about her personal life and was oddly familiar with her. She ignored it, thinking that it must be a mistake. But then the user started to send her more and more messages.

Ashley became scared and blocked the user. But the person just kept creating new accounts and continued to message her. Ashley had no idea what to do. She asked her friends for advice, but they didn't take the situation seriously. She decided to take matters into her own hands and went to the police.

The police took Ashley's complaint seriously and told her to keep a record of all the messages and to report any suspicious activity. Ashley kept a record of the messages, but the user continued to harass her. Ashley's work began to suffer, and she became paranoid about everything she did online.

One day, the user sent her a message saying that they knew where she lived. Ashley was terrified,

so she contacted the police again. This time, the police decided to take action and assigned a detective to investigate the case.

The detective's name was Detective John. Detective John was a bit of an oddball and loved to use technology in his investigations. He wasn't the greatest detective, but he had a knack for finding the weirdest clues.

Detective John started his investigation by looking at the messages that Ashley received. He noticed that they were all coming from different IP addresses. Detective John realized that the person must be using a VPN to hide their real IP address. He decided to set up a trap.

Detective John asked Ashley to continue using the internet as usual and to talk to the stalker if they reappeared. Ashley was terrified but agreed to help the detective. Detective John set up a fake account and started talking to a suspect who he thought might be the stalker.

It didn't take long for the stalker to start messaging the fake account. Detective John started to gather information about the stalker, such as their location.

One day, the stalker sent a message to the fake account saying they knew where Ashley lived. Detective John was able to track the stalker's IP

address to a location nearby. Detective John gathered his team and went to the location. The location turned out to be a small office with several computer stations. It was a hacker's den.

Detective John found the suspect who was messaging Ashley. It was a teenage boy who was doing it just for fun. Detective John arrested the boy and Ashley finally felt relieved.

After that incident, Ashley became good friends with Detective John. She learned a valuable lesson to be cautious of who she talked to online, while Detective John had found a new kind of investigation to pursue. In the end, all was well that ended well.

Wanna break?

okay!



The Comedian's Order



Molly was growing tired of her job as a barista in a small café. The same old customers, the same old orders. She longed for something different, for excitement and adventure.

One day, a customer walked in and asked for a cappuccino - but with no milk. A double shot espresso with extra foam and a dash of cinnamon on top. Molly was a bit taken aback by the order, but she decided to give it a try.

She made the drink and presented it to the customer. He took one sip and instantly spat it out, cursing in disgust. Molly was horrified, thinking she had messed up the order.

But then the customer started laughing. He explained that he was actually a stand-up comedian, and the outrageous order was part of his act. He asked Molly if she would join him on stage the next night, and she graciously accepted.

The next night, Molly took the stage with the comedian and proceeded to tell a hilarious story about the customer's order. She wove a surreal tale of a world without milk and the strange creatures that lived there. The audience roared with laughter and Molly soon became a regular part of the show.

Molly's newfound fame also brought in a lot of new customers to the café. They all wanted to try

the crazy drink that the comedian had asked for. To their surprise, it was actually quite delicious. The lack of milk brought out the rich, complex flavors of the espresso and the cinnamon gave it a spicy kick.

Molly and the comedian continued to work together, creating new drinks and stories to delight the audience. They filled the café with laughter and joy, a welcome respite from the mundane world outside.

As their popularity grew, they began to experiment with more daring acts. Molly rode a unicycle while juggling coffee cups, while the comedian balanced a tray of drinks on his chin. They even had a live parrot that would deliver orders to the tables.

But as with all good things, their time together eventually came to an end. The comedian was offered a job on a television show and had to move away. Molly was sad to see him go, but knew that their work together had been something special.

She continued to work at the café, but things were different now. She had a newfound confidence, a sense of purpose and joy in her work. The café was no longer just a job, it was a place of magic and wonder.

To this day, the comedian's order remains a signature menu item at the café. Customers come from far and wide to try it, to taste the strange and wonderful concoction that brought so much joy to a small café downtown.

And somewhere out there, the comedian continues to make people laugh, to bring a little bit of surrealism and magic into a world that sorely needs it.

The Basement Dweller



Hannah had been living in her basement for years. For most of her life, she was a recluse, rarely leaving the comfort of her underground home. She had made the decision to live in the basement after a traumatic event had changed her life.

The basement was her sanctuary and her safe haven, filled with all of her possessions and memories. She kept her belongings in perfect order, her books arranged on the shelves in alphabetical order and her clothing hung with exact precision.

Hannah spent her days in the dimly lit basement, reading, writing, and surrounding herself with her possessions. She spent her evenings curled up in her favorite chair, watching movies or listening to her records. She never felt alone, as she always felt the presence of her beloved family around her.

One day, when Hannah was tidying up her basement, she noticed a strange noise. She followed the sound up the stairs and found that it was coming from the main floor. She cautiously crept up the stairs and looked around. To her

surprise, she found a little girl playing in the living room.

Hannah was shocked. She had no idea who the little girl was or how she had gotten into the house. She cautiously approached the girl and asked her what she was doing there. The girl smiled and introduced herself as Emily. She told Hannah that her family had recently moved into the house and that she had been exploring.

Hannah was relieved to find out that Emily had no intention of intruding on her home. She invited Emily to come down to the basement and join her.

Hannah and Emily soon became close friends. Emily loved the basement and all of the books and records that Hannah had collected over the years. They spent many hours together, talking, reading, and exploring the basement.

Although Hannah had been living in her basement for years, she now felt a newfound sense of happiness and purpose. She had found a friend in Emily and finally felt like she belonged.

The Failed Author



John was a low-life book author who still lived with his parents in a small apartment in the city. He had never had much success with his books, and his parents had long since given up on him ever achieving any sort of success. Despite his lack of success, John was still an avid reader and spent his days and nights holed up in his room, writing and reading books.

One day, John was walking around the city and noticed a bookstore that he had never seen before. As he looked around, he realized that it was a small, independent bookstore that specialized in books about the supernatural. John was instantly drawn in, and he spent hours browsing the shelves and reading the different books.

When he was finished, he decided to buy one of the books and take it home to read. As he was walking out of the store, he noticed a poster for a book signing by a local author. He was intrigued, so he decided to go.

At the book signing, John was surprised to see that the author was none other than himself. He realized that he had been invited to the event and

that the store was actually throwing a small party for him. John was incredibly embarrassed and humbled by the gesture, and he was so grateful to the store owner for taking a chance on him.

John spent the next few months writing and publishing more books, and eventually he was able to move out of his parents' apartment and into a small house of his own. He was still a low-life book author, but he was finally starting to make a name for himself.

John was never able to forget the kindness of the bookstore owner and the people who had taken a chance on him. He was forever grateful for the opportunity they had given him, and he vowed to never forget the importance of taking chances on people, no matter how low-life they may appear.

A vacation To Remember



Alice had always dreamed of visiting Hawaii. She loved the idea of sun, sand and surf, and she wanted to see the volcanoes and the rainforests. She had saved up enough money to book a flight and a hotel for a week, and she was ready to go.

She packed her suitcase with swimsuits, sunglasses, sunscreen and a camera. She boarded the plane with a smile on her face and a ticket in her hand. She couldn't wait to land in paradise.

The flight was long but smooth. Alice watched movies, read magazines and listened to music.

She looked out the window and saw the blue ocean below. She felt a surge of excitement as the plane began to descend.

She arrived at the airport and took a taxi to her hotel. She checked in and went to her room. It was spacious and comfortable, with a balcony overlooking the beach. She unpacked her things and changed into a bikini. She grabbed a towel and headed to the pool.

She spent the afternoon swimming, sunbathing and relaxing. She met some friendly people who were also on vacation. They invited her to join

them for dinner at a nearby restaurant. Alice agreed and went back to her room to get ready.

She put on a sundress and sandals and met her new friends at the lobby. They walked to the restaurant, which had a tropical theme and live music. They ordered drinks and food, and chatted about their lives and plans. Alice felt happy and relaxed. She enjoyed the food, which was spicy and delicious. She tried some local specialties, such as poke, kalua pig and haupia.

After dinner, they decided to go to a luau, which was a traditional Hawaiian party with music, dancing and fire shows. They bought tickets and entered the venue, which was decorated with torches, flowers and palm trees. They sat on mats on the ground and watched the performers.

Alice was amazed by the skill and grace of the dancers, who wore colorful costumes and moved to the rhythm of the drums. She was fascinated by the fire show, which involved spinning, throwing and swallowing flames. She clapped and cheered along with the crowd.

She had so much fun that she didn't notice how

late it was. She thanked her friends for inviting her and said goodbye. They exchanged phone numbers and promised to keep in touch. Alice took a taxi back to her hotel and fell asleep as soon as she hit the pillow.

She woke up the next morning feeling refreshed and energized. She looked at her phone and saw that it was 8 am. She decided to go for a walk on the beach before breakfast. She put on some shorts and a t-shirt and headed out.

The beach was beautiful in the morning light. The sand was soft and warm, the water was clear and blue, and the sky was bright and sunny. Alice walked along the shore, feeling the breeze on her face and the waves on her feet. She saw some seashells, starfish and crabs on the sand. She picked up some of them and put them in her pocket.

She reached a pier that extended into the ocean. She climbed up the stairs and walked to the end of it. She saw some people fishing, surfing and boating. She smiled and waved at them. She leaned on the railing and looked at the horizon.

She felt a sense of peace and wonder. She realized how lucky she was to be here, in this beautiful place, doing what she loved. She felt grateful for everything she had in her life: her family, her friends, her job, her health.

She decided to make this vacation one to remember. She decided to try new things, meet new people, see new sights. She decided to live in the moment, enjoy every minute, have fun every day.

She took out her camera and snapped a selfie with the ocean behind her. She posted it on social media with the caption: "Aloha from Hawaii! Having the best time ever!"

She received many likes and comments from her friends and family, who were happy for her and wished her well.

She smiled at her phone and put it away.

She turned around and walked back to the hotel. She had a whole week ahead of her.

And she couldn't wait to see what it would bring.



Teacher Pet's Notebook

2022

2023

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Monday

- Arrived at school 15 minutes early and greeted the teacher with a smile.
- Answered all the questions in math class and got praised by the teacher.
- Helped the teacher grade some papers during recess.
- Shared my lunch with the teacher and listened to her stories.
- Volunteered to read aloud in English class and got applauded by the teacher.
- Stayed after school to help the teacher clean the classroom.

Tuesday

- Brought an apple for the teacher and placed it on her desk.
 - Solved a difficult problem on the board in science class and got complimented by the teacher.
 - Offered to run some errands for the teacher during break.
- Gave the teacher a handmade card and a hug for Teacher Appreciation Day.
- Participated actively in social studies class and got rewarded by the teacher.
 - Walked the teacher to her car and waved

goodbye.

Wednesday

- Wished the teacher a good morning and gave her a flower.
- Scored 100% on the spelling test and got a sticker from the teacher.
- Helped the teacher set up the projector for the movie.
- Sat next to the teacher and laughed at her jokes during the movie.
 - Wrote a thank-you note to the teacher for showing us the movie.
 - Helped the teacher pack up her things and carried her bag.

Thursday

- Sang a song for the teacher and made her smile.
- Aced the quiz in history class and got a high-five from the teacher.
- Helped the teacher decorate the bulletin board with our artwork.
- Gave the teacher some cookies that I baked at home.
- Asked insightful questions in music class and got praised by the teacher.
 - Told the teacher how much I admire her and

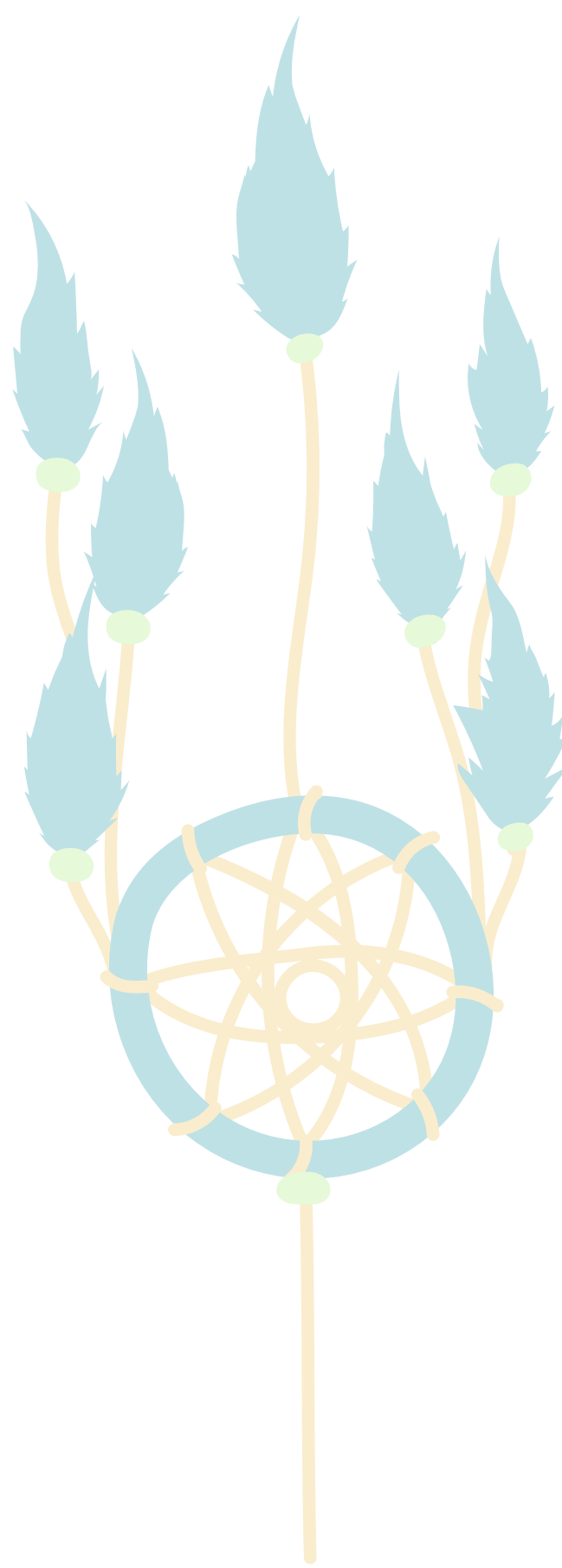
respect her.

Friday

- Greeted the teacher with a big hug and a smile.
- Showed off my project in art class and got a gold star from the teacher.
- Helped the teacher organize the books in the library.
- Invited the teacher to join our picnic and shared my sandwich with her.
- Played a game with the teacher and let her win.
- Said goodbye to the teacher and wished her a happy weekend.



The Dreamcatcher



She woke up in a strange room, surrounded by wires and machines. She felt a sharp pain in her head, as if something had been drilled into her skull. She tried to move, but realized she was strapped to a metal bed.

“Hello?” she called out, hoping someone would hear her.

A voice came from a speaker above her.

“Welcome to Your Nightmare, the ultimate virtual reality experience. You have been selected to participate in our beta test of our new product: the Dreamcatcher.”

She recognized the voice. It was the same one that had lured her into the van with promises of free money and a chance to try something amazing. She had been naive and desperate, and now she was trapped.

“What is this? What are you doing to me?” she asked, panic rising in her chest.

The voice continued. “The Dreamcatcher is a device that allows you to enter and manipulate your own dreams. You can create any scenario you want, explore your subconscious, and have fun. All you have to do is close your eyes and let the Dreamcatcher do its work.”

She felt a surge of electricity in her brain, and her vision blurred. She heard the voice say, “Enjoy

your dream.”

She closed her eyes, and everything went black.

She opened them again, and found herself in a beautiful garden. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the flowers were blooming. She felt a breeze on her face, and smelled the fresh air. She smiled, feeling relaxed and happy.

She walked around the garden, admiring the scenery. She saw a pond with fish swimming in it, a fountain with water splashing in it, and a bench with a book on it. She picked up the book, and saw that it was her favorite novel. She sat down on the bench, and started to read.

She was so engrossed in the story that she didn't notice the shadow creeping behind her. It was a dark figure, wearing a hooded cloak. It had a knife in its hand, and a sinister grin on its face.

It approached her silently, raising the knife above its head. It was about to strike when she turned around and saw it.

She screamed, dropping the book and jumping off the bench. She ran away from the figure, looking for an exit.

She realized that this was not a real garden, but a nightmare. She remembered the voice that had said she could manipulate her dreams. She tried to think of something that could help her escape.

She wished for a door to appear in front of her.

Nothing happened.

She wished for a weapon to defend herself.

Nothing happened.

She wished for someone to save her. Nothing happened.

She realized that she had no control over her dream. The Dreamcatcher was not working as advertised. It was not letting her create her own scenarios, but forcing her to experience her worst fears.

She wondered if this was part of the beta test, or if something had gone wrong.

She looked behind her, and saw that the figure was still chasing her. It was getting closer and closer.

She ran faster and faster, but it was no use. It caught up with her, grabbed her by the hair, and pulled her back.

It whispered in her ear, "This is your dream."

It stabbed her in the heart.

She felt a sharp pain in her chest, and then nothing.

She woke up in a strange room, surrounded by wires and machines.

She screamed.

The Missing



He had been missing for three days. No one knew where he was, or what had happened to him. He had left his apartment on Monday morning, saying he was going to work. He never came back. His girlfriend was worried sick. She had called his phone, his office, his friends, his family. No one had seen him or heard from him. She had filed a missing person report, but the police had no leads.

She decided to go to his apartment and look for clues. Maybe he had left a note, or a message, or something that could explain his disappearance. She took his spare key and opened the door. The apartment was dark and silent. She turned on the lights and looked around.

Everything seemed normal. His clothes were in the closet, his books were on the shelf, his laptop was on the desk. Nothing looked out of place. She went to the bedroom and checked the bed. It was neatly made, as if he had never slept in it. She opened the drawers and found his wallet, his watch, his keys. He had left everything behind. She felt a pang of fear and sadness. Where could he be? What could have happened to him? She noticed a piece of paper on the nightstand. It looked like a receipt. She picked it up and read it. It was from a bookstore. It had the date and time

of purchase: Monday, 9:15 am. It had the name of the book: The Missing by Sarah Jones. She frowned. She had never heard of that book or that author. Why would he buy it? What was it about?

She looked at the back of the receipt. There was a handwritten note.

It said: "Find me."

She gasped. Was this a clue? A message? A challenge?

She grabbed her phone and searched for the book online. She found its description:

The Missing by Sarah Jones

A thrilling mystery novel about a woman who wakes up one day and discovers that her husband has vanished without a trace. She follows a series of clues that lead her to a dark and dangerous secret that will change her life forever.

She felt a chill run down her spine. This sounded eerily similar to her situation. Was this a coincidence? Or something more?

She decided to buy the book and read it. Maybe it would help her find him.

She rushed to the bookstore and bought a copy of The Missing by Sarah Jones.

She opened it and started to read.

She didn't notice the shadow watching her from

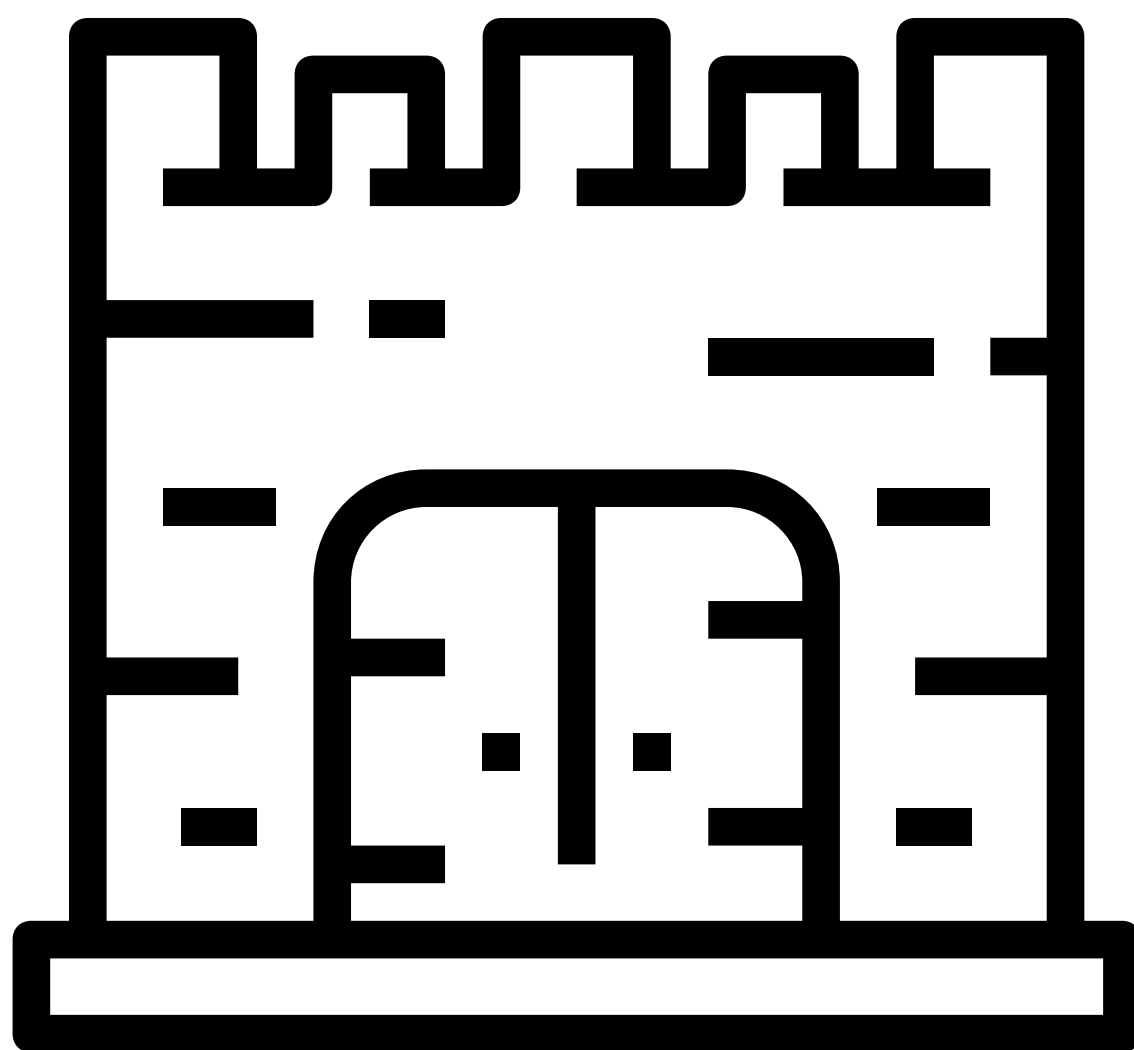
behind a shelf.

She didn't hear the footsteps approaching her
from behind.

She didn't see the knife raised above her head.
She only felt a sharp pain in her neck, and then
nothing.

She was missing too.

The Dungeon of Doom



Four brave adventurers entered the dungeon of doom, hoping to find treasure and glory. They were a warrior, a rogue, a mage and a cleric, each with their own skills and equipment. They had heard rumors of a powerful artifact hidden deep within the dungeon, guarded by traps and monsters. They were not afraid, for they had faced many dangers before.

But they soon realized that this dungeon was different from any other they had ever seen. The walls were made of flesh and bone, pulsing and bleeding. The air was thick with a foul stench and a sense of dread. The corridors were twisted and dark, leading to dead ends or worse. The creatures that lurked in the shadows were not natural, but abominations of flesh and metal, driven by hunger and malice. And the magic that permeated the dungeon was corrupt and chaotic, warping reality and twisting minds.

The adventurers tried to find their way to the artifact, but they soon became lost and separated. The warrior was ambushed by a horde of zombies, who tore him apart with their rotten teeth and claws. The rogue was caught in a trap that sliced him into pieces with razor-sharp blades. The mage was lured by a voice that promised him power and knowledge, but it was

actually a demon that devoured his soul. And the cleric was tortured by visions of his worst fears and sins, until he went mad and stabbed himself with his own dagger.

The dungeon of doom was actually a gateway to a hellish dimension, where the souls of the damned were tormented for eternity. The artifact was a lie, a bait to lure unsuspecting victims into the trap. The adventurers had fallen prey to the dungeon's evil master, a dark lord who fed on their pain and despair. He laughed as he watched them suffer, and prepared to claim their souls for his own.

But he did not notice that one of them had escaped his fate. The rogue had managed to survive the trap by using his agility and cunning. He had hidden in a secret passage, waiting for the right moment to strike. He had seen what happened to his friends, and he swore revenge. He had found the artifact, which was actually a powerful weapon that could destroy the dungeon and its master. He had activated it, setting off a chain reaction that would blow up the entire dimension.

The dark lord sensed the danger too late, and tried to stop him. But the rogue was faster and smarter. He threw the artifact at the dark lord's

throne, where it exploded with a blinding flash. The dungeon shook and crumbled, collapsing on itself. The creatures screamed and died, consumed by fire and light. The souls of the damned were freed from their torment, ascending to a better place. And the dark lord was destroyed, along with his realm of horror. The rogue smiled as he saw his victory. He knew he would not survive the explosion, but he did not care. He had avenged his friends, and saved countless others from suffering the same fate. He had done something good with his life, something heroic. He closed his eyes and waited for death.

But death did not come.

Instead, he felt a warm hand on his shoulder, and heard a familiar voice.

“Hey buddy, wake up.”

He opened his eyes and saw his friends standing over him. They were alive and well, smiling and joking.

He looked around and saw that they were in a tavern, sitting at a table with mugs of ale and plates of food.

He realized that it was all a dream.

A dream induced by a magic potion that they had bought from a shady merchant outside the dungeon.

A potion that promised them an adventure of their choice.

A potion that turned out to be a nightmare.

He felt relieved and angry at the same time.

He grabbed the empty vial that contained the potion, and threw it at the merchant's face.

“Hey! What did you do to us? That was horrible!”

The merchant dodged the vial, and grinned wickedly.

“Sorry about that, my friends. But you got what you paid for. An adventure of your choice.”

He pointed at a sign above his stall that read:

“Choose your own adventure! Only 10 gold coins per vial! Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back!”

He shrugged and said:

“Maybe next time you should be more careful what you wish for.”

He laughed as he packed his goods and ran away from the angry adventurers.

They chased him for a while, but soon gave up.

They decided to forget about the whole thing, and enjoy their real adventure in the dungeon of doom.

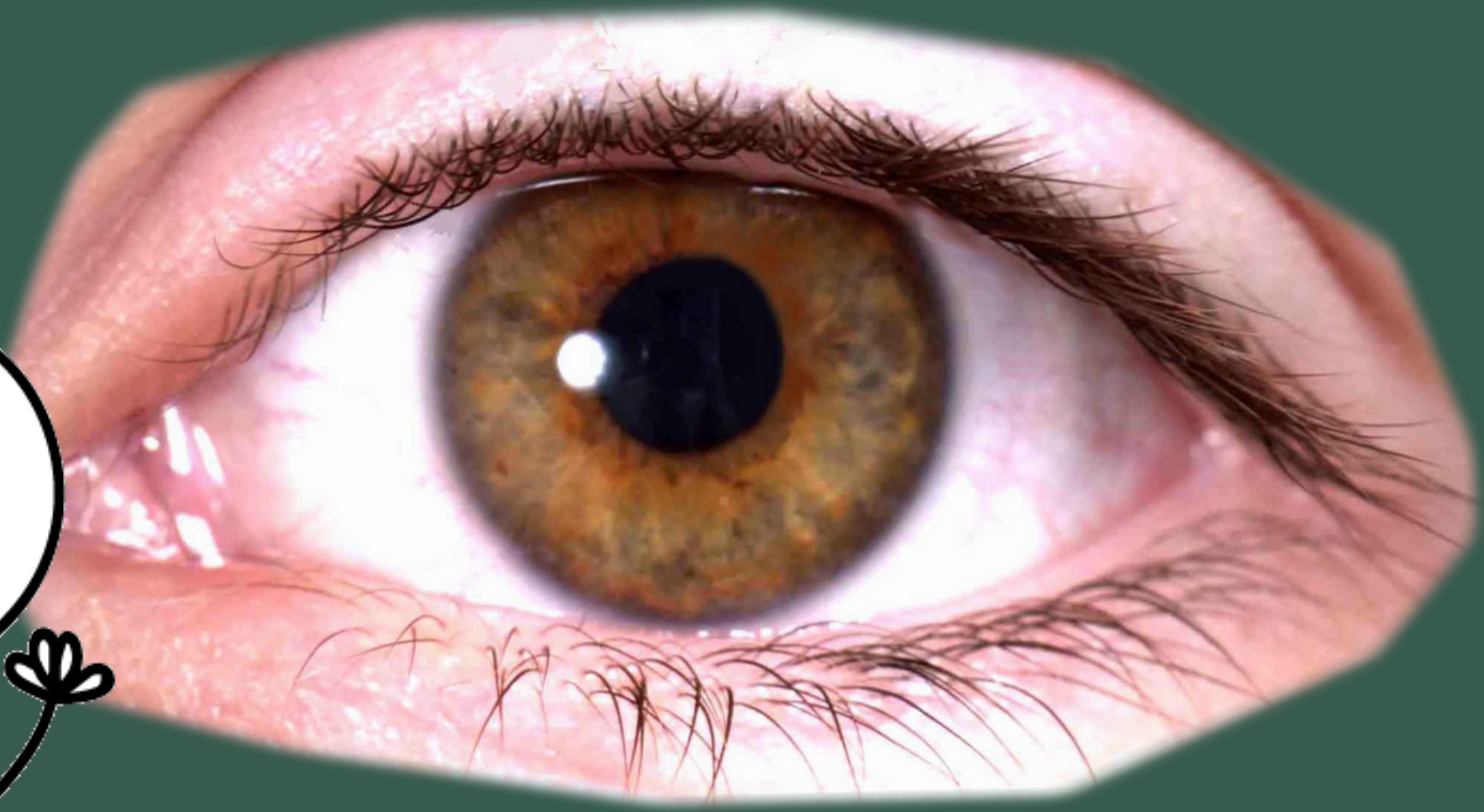
They hoped it would be better than their dream.

But they were wrong.

It was worse.

Much worse.

The end



What do a comedian ordering coffee, a person being stalked on the internet, and a person being trapped in a VR experience have in common? They are all part of this collection of thrilling and captivating stories that will keep you on the edge of your seat.

From horror to fantasy, from mystery to something, from comedy to tragedy, these stories will take you on a journey through different worlds and times, where anything can happen. You will meet unforgettable characters, face unexpected challenges, and discover surprising secrets.

You will laugh, cry, scream, and cheer as you read these stories that will touch your heart and mind. You will never forget these stories that will make you think and feel.

These are the stories that will stay with you forever.

These are the Stories of the Unexpected.