ocumentclass[]{} sepackage[T1]{fontenc} sepackage{lmodern} sepackage{amssymb,amsmath} sepackage{ifxetex,ifluatex} sepackage{fixltx2e} % provides extsubscript % use microtype if available IfFileExists{microtype.sty}{sepackage{microtype}}{} % use upquote if available, for straight quotes in verbatim environments IfFileExists{upquote.sty}{sepackage{upquote}}{} ifnum 0ifxetex 1ifluatex 1=0 % if pdftex
sepackage[utf]{inputenc}
sepackage{ucs} \lse % if luatex or xelatex
sepackage{fontspec}

ifxetex
sepackage{xltxtra,xunicode}

efaultfontfeatures{Mapping=tex-text,Scale=MatchLowercase}
romanfont{TeX Gyre Pagella}
0wcommand{\uro}{€} ifxetex
sepackage[setpagesize=false, % page size defined by xetex

unicode=false, % unicode breaks when used with xetex
xetex]{hyperref} \lse
sepackage[unicode=true]{hyperref} ersetup{breaklinks=true,

bookmarks=true,
pdfauthor={},
pdftitle={},
colorlinks=true,
urlcolor=blue,
linkcolor=magenta,
pdfborder={0 0 0}} rlstyle{same} % don't use monospace font for urls length{arindent}{0pt} length{arskip}{6pt plus 2pt minus 1pt} length{\mergencystretch}{3em} % prevent overfull lines counter{secnumdepth}{0}
g
i
uthor{}
n
{
d nt}
o
c
ate{}
u
m

Table of Contents


I Was Haunted by Floyd.EXE 3

The George Floyd Vampire 7

The Return of Slender Floyd 12

Do Not Watch the George Floyd Habib Video at 3 AM 16

The Breathtaking Man 21

The Floyd Walker 27

Siren Floyd 32

George Floyd Was a Conjoined Twin 36

Curious George 40

The George Floyd Slave 44

The True Symptoms of Monkeypox 47

George Floyd Was Part of the Waffen-SS 52

The George Floyd War Tank 55

Hanuman Floyd: The Monkey God of Pajeets 59

I Know Alexander Dugin's Real Plans 64

The True Meaning of Dark MAGA 72

The George Floyd Bee 87
The Real Reason Building Was Removed from Fortnite 91
George “Perry” Floyd Was Responsible for the Creation of Anime 95
Gypsy Floyd 106
Beardson Beardly: Aryan Super Soldier 128
Beardson Beardly: Supreme Champion of the White Race 138
Frog Floyd 149
Do Not Use Seeds Containing the N-Word in Survival Sandbox Video Games 153
Family Goy 158
The George Floyd Invader 162
The George Floyd Lego 175
A Nightmare on East 38th Street 180
Nigga Whale Wars 184
Niggaminator: Juneteenth Day 189
Do Not Sit on the George Floyd Chair 197
Beware of the George Floyd Minion 201
Do Not Ride the Floyd Train 206
Teacher Floyd 211
Floydrassic Park 219
I Know the Real Reason Why Roe v. Wade Was Overturned 227
I Am an IRS Agent: I Was Assigned to Audit George Floyd’s Air-Sucking Plantation 233
I Was One of the Police Officers Who Shot Jayland Walker: Here is the Truth Behind His Death 237

**I Was Haunted by Floyd.EXE**

By Jordan Cleeman

I used to idolize George Floyd since his death on May 25, 2020. Most of my days revolved around him and I thought about him whenever I woke up for work and just before I slept. I would spend thousands on merchandise that has to do with him, such as the George Floyd blanket and the George Floyd laptop decal. However, my passion toward him all came to an end after a horrifying experience, and since then even the sight of his JPEG photos on Google images gives me panic attacks where I hyperventilate until I fall unconscious.

One day I was bored and decided I wanted to buy myself a physical disc copy of the George Floyd May 25 2020 video, which is the infamous footage of the criminal getting clapped by the cop Derek Chauvin.

There is a store in my town called *DVD Shorts* which sells DVDs or CDs that are not full-length movies, but short videos that you can find on the internet. I drove over there and browsed through all the shelves. I found videos such as video game walkthroughs, well-known Youtube clips, and even some gore videos. After a few minutes, I came across a section called the “police brutality shelf”, which as its name suggests, contains video DVDs of cops keeping black criminals from wreaking havoc like feral apes. I easily found a DVD that had the cover image of Derek kneeling on George Floyd, and so I proceeded to pick it up and then pay for it. I placed it on the counter, to which the cashier scanned it through the cash register. It cost $20 but it was worth it since I figured it was probably going to be a collector's item in a century from then on. The cashier placed the DVD into a paper bag and then handed it to me. I left the store, excited.

Once I arrived back home, I went to my living room, where my 100 x 50 inch TV rests. And yes, it is actually that large; however, I actually built it myself and it isn’t commercially available. It was essentially a home theatre. I have a PlayStation 5 hooked up to it, which is able to process blue-ray DVDs. I opened the George Floyd Kneel DVD cover, which revealed a disc that was the color bronze, which

matches the skin color of George Floyd. I knew the manufacturers of that disc did so intentionally. After I opened the disc compartment of the Playstation 5, I placed the DVD on it and then closed it. The Playstation 5 did a quiet buffer sound, confirming it was a valid disc. I turned on the giant TV and then waited for the DVD to load.

At last, a screen popped up, which was a menu displaying all the options and features of the George Floyd DVD. But only one option was present; the play button. I eagerly selected it using the Playstation 5 controller and then it loaded. The video footage began with George Floyd in a vehicle, acting like an agitated cockroach which reflected his claustrophobia. I have to admit, I was in awe as it played on the extra-large screen. The video was clearer than anything I have ever seen, considering all the versions of the arrest footage on the internet. It was as if the manufacturers of the DVD managed to increase the resolution.

As usual, the four cops present were trying their best to get the nigger to cooperate but to no avail. Their patience began to noticeably decrease and soon, Floyd was under Derek Chauvin's knees due to his lack of cooperation. I tried my best not to laugh as the six-foot-five-inch tall nigger struggled to escape a five-foot-nine-inch tall man. At last, I finally heard the “MAMA MAMA I CAN’T BREATHHHHE” uttered from George Floyd’s last breaths, until he died... or so I thought. I was expecting the footage to continue onto the part where they drag Floyd’s corpse into the ambulance to attempt to resuscitate him, but at that point, the video footage froze. It was odd because my TV is supposed to be powerful enough to never encounter such a glitch. I tried using the Playstation controller to pause and then play again, but it didn’t work; it remained frozen at the very last frame of Floyd getting kneeled on. I was craving watching the rest of the video, so I decided to reboot the TV. I shut off both the Playstation 5 and the monitor, waited about 30 seconds, and then turned it back on. Soon–and to my disappointment–I saw the familiar frozen frame. Frustrated, I lightly punched the TV screen. I regret that decision.

The lighting of the video went dim. By dim, I don’t mean the raw brightness of the TV screen itself. I mean the lighting within the scene of Floyd’s death footage; it was as if it instantly went from daytime to nighttime, darkness looming over both Derek Chauvin and George Floyd. What happened next scared the shit out of me. George Floyd all of a sudden opened his eyes, revealing bloody pupils and the “whites” of his eyes were now pitch black. His body went back to an animate state; he stood up, managing to escape from the cop’s knee, and then he looked him in the eye.

“Yippee, I can BREATHE again!” George Floyd chimped in excitement.

He grabbed Derek Chauvin by the neck and then used his big-lipped mouth to devour the front of his throat. Blood gushed out, splattering all over Floyd’s face. Derek’s lifeless corpse dropped to the ground as his hand released his neck. He began making monkey noises as he celebrated his revenge on the cop. After his little dance, he stopped and then looked right at the screen, meeting his gaze at my eyes. He then pointed his bloodied finger at me and said, “Hehehe, you be next!”

I tried my best to convince myself that the clip was just edited by professional video editors and it was all just to spook the viewer. But then, Floyd began to slowly walk in my direction. It went on, until he touched what was supposed to be the camera lens, and the front of his body phased through the TV screen, converting himself from being just a character in a DVD to actually being in my living room. It was like I was experiencing the movie The Ring in real life. His glowing red eyes remained and before long, he was there right in front of my eyes in person.

“I...be... Floyd.EXE!” he boomed. “How dare you disrespect me by rewatching mah death footage in mockery!!!!!”

The first thing I thought of was running, and that was what I did. My home is just as large as my TV is large—proportionally speaking—so I thankfully had a lot of room to flee Floyd.EXE. I bolted across numerous hallways, thinking of where I should hide. It was one of those times I really couldn’t think straight because I was so scared. Each time I looked back, I saw Floyd.EXE effortlessly float behind my back. There was no need for him to run with his feet manually and so there was no way he would have to stop to catch his breath. Knowing Floyd.EXE would eventually catch up to me if we continued the chase, I needed a place to hide. I instinctively decided to flee to my bedroom upstairs. The stairs to the upper floor happened to be only a few meters in front of me when I made that decision, so I seized the opportunity, running up the stairs, until I saw my bedroom door. I ran at it as if it was an oasis in a desert and then jumped into the bedroom, shutting the door behind me. I let out a sigh of relief, irrationally thinking I was now

completely safe from whatever eldritch being tried to kill me a few seconds ago. But then, I heard laughter. “Hehehe, it ain’t ovah yet mayne!”

I noticed a dark silhouette that emerged out of my end of the bedroom door and I immediately figured it was Floyd.EXE phasing through it. I knew I should have expected him to have that ability. Floyd.EXE stood over me, with a smile so wide, each of the corners of his mouth touched his big ass nigga nostrils. He then opened his mouth and extended all of his sharp teeth far enough so that I could see them protruding over his fat lips.

Unlucky for me, my bedroom is one of the smaller rooms of my home and there was very little way I could have a chance at evading Floyd.EXE.

Accepting my death, I decided to rush to my computer, and hope I could send out a very quick goodbye email to all my friends and family. Once I fired up the computer, I entered my password at a blinding speed I have never done before in my entire life, and then successfully logged in.

Just when Floyd.EXE was about to land his hands on me, he got distracted by the computer. He rubbed his hands like a greedy kike, laughing evilly, then proceeded to run at the computer screen. I thought he was going to destroy my computer as a way to stop me from sending out the farewell email out of spite, but instead, he phased into the monitor screen. Now in the computer program itself, Floyd.EXE displayed himself on the screen as a 3-D model doing a t-pose default animation. He obstructed the portion of the screen, stationary. Just then, my computer’s antivirus software began to flare up, and I was bombarded with notifications reading “Nigger virus detected! Attempted to remove it”.

A green loading bar appeared, indicating the progress left to eradicate Floyd.EXE. However, a dreaded message appeared just before the loading bar could complete: “Failed to eradicate Floyd.EXE!”

Even though I was glad Floyd.EXE was no longer in the real world anymore for the sake of my own life, I didn’t want to have him hanging around in my computer for eternity, so I needed to get rid of him through a means beyond the capabilities of an antivirus program.

Trying my best to ignore the Floyd.EXE 3-D model visual, I browsed through my computer’s file explorer trying to find a viable alternate solution. Floyd.EXE decided to make matters more difficult, starting to play video pop-ups depicting pregnant women being brutally tortured from the dark web alongside with countless ads of fentanyl dealing services. It made me want to outright destroy my PC, but it was $6000 and had an Nvidia Geforce 1080 so I couldn’t afford to do so. I eventually came across this one neat little desktop program called “Stress Reducer Desktop Destroyer”. I installed it a couple of years ago and it is a program that simulates destroying the user’s desktop using various tools such as hammers and machine guns. Thinking it was my last hope, I opened the program to be presented with a wide selection of simulation weapons that I could use. My eyes scrolled through the list, until I noticed a tool called “The Knee”. My gut feeling told me to select it, so I clicked it and suddenly, my cursor was now the shape of a giant knee. It was at that moment, Floyd.EXE’s face went from being menacing to absolute fear. I brought the knee mouse cursor closer and closer to the Floyd.EXE 3-d model which caused him to get out of his t-pose animation state and then inch away from it. I then placed the knee-shaped cursor onto him and then pressed the left mouse button. A super exaggerated, yet satisfying, animation of a giant knee appeared in an instant. It did its thing, crushing Floyd.EXE against the screen, showing a cracked glass visual behind his neck.

“LEMME GO GIANT KNEE!” Floyd.EXE cried in an 8-bit voice. “SHIEEETTT I CAN’T BREATHE UNDER THE VIRTUAL KNEE-WARE!”

“Nah I got no mercy for you nigger!” I said aloud at the screen.

My antivirus software then reappeared in the form of a new window, now saying “Nigger virus now cleanable. Now eradicating Floyd.EXE,” followed by another green progress bar.

As time went by, the Floyd.EXE 3-d model vaporized pixel by pixel. His chimpanzee shrieks went down in volume accordingly, until the antivirus program successfully got rid of him. My computer lagged a lot less and the pregnant women torturing clips and fentanyl advertisements went poof, indicating the complete absence of Floyd.EXE. Just in case, I spammed the shit out of the Stress Reducer Desktop Destroyer Knee tool all over the screen, until the whole thing consisted of cracked screen visuals. I am thinking of taking the computer to a repair shop or something next to make sure no trace of anything that happened that night remains.

I am now typing this on my phone to warn you all about the existence of Floyd.EXE. Do not make the same mistake as me and seek a physical DVD copy of the George Floyd 2020 death footage. Floyd.EXE haunts it, looking for his next victim for revenge.

**The George Floyd Vampire**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Sean Cuntingham and I am a scientist at a research company called Golden Nigger Corp. For those of you who live in a cave, it is a facility that studies the physiology and behaviour of black people; this is a field of science known as niggerology. We conduct all kinds of tests such as analyzing their DNA and comparing them to monkeys.

Specifically, I work at the cryptozoology department, which is led by a world renowned cryptozoologist Dr. Andrew Burrows. As you have probably guessed, we learn about monsters that possess nigger traits, whether physically or cognitively.

I was one day assigned the task of retrieving the body of the George Floyd Vampire by Andrew. Apparently, according to some folklore at least, vampires have special properties in their bodies that can be used for initiating significant scientific advancements such as cures for deadly diseases. I agreed on pursuing the task and Andrew handed me a vial that contains a translucent red liquid.

"This is vampire serum," Andrew began to explain. "The first thing you will do in this mission is to pay a quick visit to George Floyd's graveyard and then pour the solution onto the dirt next to George Floyd's tombstone. It should percolate into his corpse and instantly transform him into his vampiric form. After that, you will entrap him inside a coffin which you will then retrieve to the Golden Nigger Corp headquarters for us. Use whatever tools necessary to succeed whether or not it be a fatal weapon, as vampires are immortal anyway. Good luck!"

After Andrew was finished giving me instructions, I drove over to the Minneapolis graveyard at daylight, where George Floyd's corpse lay. I brought an extra large coffin, which was tied to the roof of my Lamborghini. I placed it about ten meters away from the tombstone of George Floyd and then poured all of the vampire serum on the soil. The red fluid sizzled as it sunk into the ground, emitting bubbles. Shortly, a hand that was brown—yet somehow simultaneously pale—popped out of the dirt. An arm then dug up, then a body, and finally the legs

The brown-pale figure was fully visible, now standing in front of me.

"It's morbin time mayne!" It growled in Ebonics. "I am Vampire Floyd and I shall drink yo nice oxygen-hemoglobin-filled blood."

Thinking I could overpower Vampire Floyd's lanky body, I attempted to drag him into the coffin by his arm. However, he didn't budge at all. I forgot that vampires have superhuman strength, even though they don't necessarily look it. All it did was anger the nigger vampire. Vampire Floyd dove his head to bite my arm, to which I retracted it barely dodging his attack then I rushed to my Lamborghini. I don't know how but I managed to get there in time and I started the vehicle then drove off.

I couldn't see Vampire Floyd in my rear view mirror since vampires have the ability to be invisible through reflective surfaces but I could hear his panting as he chased after my car. He was even faster than Usain Bolt, being able to outpace the Lamborghini. I was already driving at full speed, desperate to get vampire Floyd out of sight. Eventually, I inevitably got distracted for a split second while moving at 150 kilometres per hour, and that was long enough for me to swerve out of the lane and into the grass. It wasn't an actual car crash though, so I wasn't injured at all as a result. I was now at some area out of town, with no visible buildings.

I locked the doors and stayed still in the driver's seat, praying that Vampire Floyd wouldn't be able to break in. However, I was lucky to have summoned him at day time because he began noticing the sunlight damaging his skin and then started to seek shelter.

"Sheeit the sunlight be destroying mah beautiful black melanin," Vampire Floyd groaned.

He did a quick look around, until he found a rocky cave in the far distance and then ran in there to take cover.

Quickly, I took time to work my lamborghini back into the road then turned back and drove off. I was quite disappointed in my failure to capture Vampire Floyd. Using my bare hands was clearly insufficient so I needed tools for assistance.

I then thought about those cheesy vampire hunting kits that I'd see in magazines. I always thought they were bullshit but figured they might be worth a shot at taking on Vampire Floyd. After I stopped back at the Minneapolis graveyard to pick up the coffin, I went to the antique store to look for a vampire hunting kit. As I browsed, I came across many items that gave me nostalgia, including the first Nintendo Entertainment system, the original Lego Jabba the Hutt minifigure (not that I am into the kiked SW movies), and old Kinder Surprise toys.

Eventually, I managed to find a vampire hunting kit on one of the shelves. It was a fancy wooden box, slightly open to reveal its contents. It consisted of a pistol for shooting silver bullets, a stake for nailing vampires in coffins, holy water, powdered garlic, a mirror, a crucifix, and the torch. I know, some of the contents such as the torch aren't mutually exclusive to the kit and shouldn't even be included but I guess it was a way for whoever originally manufactured the kit to execute a marketing gimmick.

I inspected it closely to ensure it is a legitimate one, not one of those that are manufactured solely for pretend and display purposes. The best way to tell is to examine the pistol first. Toy guns are legally required to have an orange tip on them. The one in the kit didn't have that. The second thing I looked at was the price. The price tag is a good secondary way to tell fake vampire hunting kits from real ones because obviously, manufacturing real guns is much more costly than fake nonfunctional ones. The price tag read $14,880, which would be far too much for a bogus kit. I decided there was enough proof it was a real vampire hunting kit so I bought it. I'll admit it was expensive as shit but I just simply used a Golden Nigger Corp employee credit card so it wasn't like I ate up my personal funds or debt as a result of the purchase.

When I settled the large box into my car's back trunk, I sat at the front seat wondering what about Vampire Floyd that could be different from traditional vampires that you see in the media, since creatures tend to be a whole lot different in real life compared to their movie counterparts.

I remembered that a well-known trait of vampires is how seductive they tend to be. Moreover, I had the bright idea of including a batch of pregnant belly pics, which could be very useful as some sort of a distraction against Vampire Floyd—this is because George Floyd had a strong lust for pregnant women for whatever fucking reason. I quickly drove home and googled some pregnant women stock photos to print. I organized them in a pile then stuffed it in my pocket.

With all my new tools in disposal, I decided it was time for me to head out to capture Vampire Floyd once and for all.

I made sure to exit my driveway and drive through the neighborhood quietly to make sure my neighbours don't find my car too loud. I remember zooming too loudly once on my way to work and one of them stood in front of my car to prevent me from driving any further until I apologized. It almost got me fired from Golden Nigger Corp because it ended up causing me to be late for work.

Once I arrived at the cave, I made sure to silence my lamborghini again to avoid letting Vampire Floyd I was here, I carefully untied the knot used to secure the coffin on top of the car then used all of my strength to take the large wooden container off the roof and placed it onto the dirt in a horizontal position, with its lid wide open.

I tiptoed into the dark vast cave. Because of how large and heavy the vampire hunting kit was, I had to use my entire right arm to carry it.

I found the torch included in the vampire hunting kit to be an absolutely impractical means of a light source since the flame's sparks would hurt my hands like a bitch, so I used my phone's handy flashlight feature. I could smell dried blood which stank like shit and I had to use my left hand to plug my nose, leaving my right hand the only free real estate for my phone flashlight. From that point on, I no longer had free hands which made me a bit nervous. If Vampire Floyd were to catch me by surprise when I am this vulnerable, there is so much room for disaster. I then realized that hindering my sense of smell completely could actually make it more difficult for me to track down Vampire Floyd since the source of the smell of dried blood is probably at or close to him, so I loosened my left finger's grip on my nose a bit to continue smelling. I did a rough estimate on how strong the smell of dried blood would be if I were to

hypothetically let go of my nose to which I predicted I was much closer to the source than before in quite a small amount of time. I continued my steps, now more carefully and silently.

Suddenly, I could hear a sucking sound coming from the back of the cave. The cave was curvy rather than straight which meant I couldn't just look straight and see everything inside all at once. I had to navigate, making sure the slurping noise and dried blood odor felt closer to confirm I am going in the right direction.

It took a few loops around, but I finally found the cause of the noise and odor. There I saw, Vampire Floyd facing the opposite direction of me, on his knees feeding on a piece of flesh that was shaped like a pancake. I gently set the vampire hunting kit on the ground to free my right arm and then began loading the pistol with the silver bullets. Thankfully Vampire Floyd was loud as he smacked on the pad of flesh because the pistol, which was probably at least a century old, made a lot of tinkering noise as it was reloading. I then placed my phone's flashlight in my pant pocket and took the wooden stake out of the kit, positioning myself into battle. I guess I wasn't careful enough when I fumbled with the flashlight, because the light startled Vampire Floyd, to which he said, "oh oh ah ah I be trying to enjoy this nice placenta blood and now you be interrupting my feast!"

Vampire Floyd gobbled the entire piece of flesh which I now knew was a pregnant woman's placenta and then right off the bat charged at me. He was so fast I couldn't aim the pistol at him accurately, so all I could do was point the stake forward and hope for the best. Luckily, Vampire Floyd was retarded like the nigger he was, lacking the intellectual speed to comprehend the sharp pointy piece of wood he ran into. The stake punctured him right in the neck, which obstructed his airways. Vampire Floyd's soulless eyes opened as wide as pie plates and then squealed like a baby orangutan with feudal alcohol syndrome for about ten seconds.

I thought I finally defeated the black vampire. However, the moment I let go of my end of the wooden stake to relax my left hand, he used his superhuman strength to pull the stake out of his neck to continue breathing again.

"Nice try but that ain't gonna work on me nigguh!" He laughed, and then lunged at me.

Vampire Floyd tackled me into the ground, using his weight to pin me, and then attempted to ram his teeth into my neck multiple times. I managed to dodge all of the blows. I recalled the collection of printed pregnant belly stock photos in my pocket, so I pulled one of them out and waved it in front of Vampire Floyd's face right before he was going to strike my neck again.

"Oh la la is that a pregnant lady?" He said seductively, loosening his weight on me. "I need her placenta blood now!"

I took advantage of the diversion by pushing Vampire Floyd off my chest and then made a run for it. I now couldn't see shit since my phone slipped out of my pocket during the wrestle, so I had to really estimate where the cave walls were. Despite my low odds of success, I made it out of the cave without bumping into anything and I glanced back. Vampire Floyd was still chasing me, except his eyes were not particularly focused on me. He was still seductively staring at the pregnant belly photo I was holding; he was actually going after what his dumb nigger brain thought was a real pregnant woman, not me.

I noticed the coffin right in front of me, so I placed the pregnant belly photo in it. Sure enough Vampire Floyd continued to pursue it then jumped into the coffin. He began biting into the neck of the pregnant woman in the photo. While he was busy trying to suck blood that doesn't even exist, I took a quick run back into the cave and retrieved the vampire hunting kit. I then took the bottle of holy water, poured all of it into the coffin with Vampire Floyd in it and then finally sealed it shut.

"DAMMIT MAYNE I CAN'T BREATHE INSIDE THE COFFIN!" Vampire Floyd said in a gurgled voice as he drowned in the holy water inside the coffin. "I shouldn't have fallen for that sexy pregnant belly pic!"

Ever since that incident, Golden Nigger Corp kept Vampire Floyd's enclosed body in a deep secure storage room. He is still technically alive but in stasis. We plan on conducting studies on him soon, and hopefully his blood is a crucial component to a monkeypox cure. I am thinking of creating my very own vampire hunting kit and commercially selling it as a "George Floyd Vampire Asphyxiation Kit".

**The Return of Slender Floyd**

By Jordan Cleeman

2 years ago, there was a reported case of a teenager who mysteriously died due to asphyxiation. His name was Matthias. How exactly he was asphyxiated is unknown or at least, undisclosed by the media. The only thing that is known so far is Matthias was with a friend in the woods playing a game of who could say the n-word the loudest, before Matthias suffered his excruciating fate. His friend managed to escape with his life and report everything to the police.

My name is Blake and I've known about this very incident ever since the day it was shown in the news and it invoked nothing but curiosity within me, as I am one who tends to get very intrigued by mysterious deaths. Even after 2 years, I still think about Matthias' death from time to time, trying to come up with a reasonable answer to why he died.

Now, you may be wondering why I spend so much obsessing over this specific case when there are numerous other mysterious deaths which are more fresh in the news. Well you see, what separates Matthias from the others is the *n-word yelling* game that he played in the woods before his demise. I just don't find it likely that it didn't have a connection to the death in some form. Why would the news report specifically discuss that in the first place? It was last week at the time of this writing when I decided to explore further.

On August 16th 2022, my friends John and Michael, and I were hanging out at my place. We were spending the afternoon playing Grand Theft Auto 5 Online trying to break into the military base. However, we were never able to successfully do it and we eventually got bored, so I turned off the PlayStation. We began to brainstorm what we should do before school starts again.

"Maybe we should go play basketball," Michael suggested.

"Nah that's a nigger sport," I said. "Hey, maybe we should go visit the forest where that guy Matthias passed away mysteriously."

"Who?" John questioned.

"Remember? It was on the local news 2 years ago. Nobody knows the true cause of his death to this day except the fact he was asphyxiated."

"Ah, I remember that. Why would you want to go there? Nobody gives a damn about something that happened 2 years ago."

"I've really been interested in it for all those years. I don't think it would hurt to pay a visit there to maybe get a clue," I said.

"To be fair, there is nothing much better for us to do," Michael chimed in. "I am with Blake."

"Alright fine," John agreed.

The forest in question is located near the border of the city which meant there was no way for us to walk there without panting like a fentanyl addict. We got into my car and then began driving there.

After a half hour drive, we finally made it to the front edge of the forest.

We turned to face the forest, which was filled with trees that stand at a height comparable to redwood. It was eerily quiet to the point where I could hear the blood flowing in my veins. Looking into the space between the trees, the distance was already heavily foggy at a 100 meter length from our position.

"Okay let's go," Michael uttered at last.

We trudged into the woods and the more inward we were, the quieter things got. We could no longer hear birds chirping, and the wind was virtually nonexistent. It was like there was almost no wildlife in here, even less so than the plains that surrounded the forest.

"Hello?!" John called out, his voice echoing at least 10 times before fading away.

There was no response in any form. This just made me more interested in the prospect even more, as it indicated a lesser chance of Matthias' death being caused by a wild animal.

"I think we are absolutely alone here even if we count critters," I announced. "So when you think about it, how could somebody possibly die here unless they starve to death?"

“Yeah I’m not sure,” Michael said. “I’d guess it’s either that or dehydration.”

“Here’s the thing Michael. It was reported that Matthias and his friend were only in the woods for a few hours. No way starvation or dehydration could happen in that period of time. Given his friend managed to escape with his life, it’s just too unlikely.”

“True. I guess we may find out with further exploration.”

For the next hour, we continued to walk. There was nothing noteworthy within that time but as night fell, it became dark as shit.

“God damn it’s as dark as a coon,” Michael said.

I grabbed my phone from my pocket and turned on its flashlight to be able to remotely see again. When I point it directly in front of us, we could at least see the silhouettes of the trees and shrubs. Still better than nothing.

I have no idea if it was due to the fog, but I noticed it became increasingly difficult to breathe. My breaths got heavier as the air seemed thicker and I could tell John and Micheal were experiencing the same sensation because their inhales were in short bursts as well.

“Hey guy look, I think I see an animal right up there in the tree!” Michael exclaimed.

John and I looked up at the tree branches above. And that was when I saw a very long and slender thing crawling. I almost missed it, as it blended in the branches like a stick bug.

“I think that is some kind of monkey,” John whispered.

“I don’t know,” I said. “I’ve never heard of a species of monkeys that is skinny like that, let alone that length. It has to be at least 8 feet long.”

Suddenly, the head of whatever the hell that thing was turned 180 degrees to face us, accompanied by a deafening bone crackling sound. Keep in mind, it was about 40 feet above us, so I couldn’t make out its precise facial features just yet, but my gut told me it was staring right at us, acknowledging our presence. The creature then positioned itself as if it were going to jump and then let go of the branch it was hanging onto. As it fell, it was suspended in the air like a stuffed teddy bear, but landed on the ground on two of its scarily long legs which looked slender enough that it could have failed to break its fall.

I pointed my phone's flashlight to get a better look at its face and holy shit did I regret doing that. The abnormality that the light shined on will probably haunt me for the rest of my life. Its head was completely flat, seemingly made of fabric, but had a big fat nose and lips as if they were printed on it like ink. It heavily resembled the face of George Floyd, a criminal nigga who died years ago.

“Heyo maynes it is I, the Slender Floyd!” It boomed, as a hole between its lips tore open so it could speak. “Y’all maynes better get out of my forest because the oxygen here produced by my trees is mine to BREATHE only!!”

It used its pair of squinty eyes to stare into our souls one by one, to select its first victim. Slender Floyd then extended its hockey stick of an arm towards John and said, “you must pay me your air!”

Six tendrils grew from the back of Slender Floyd, three being on each side. They lashed at John who failed to run away quick enough and then Slender Floyd used them to him closer. Now they were about an inch away from each other. Slender Floyd then lifted John's shirt up and used one of the tendrils to piece his chest, right into his lungs. A suppressed vacuum-like sound could then be heard as Slender Floyd drained the air out of John's lungs.

“Hehehe, so much to breathe in there!” Slender Floyd beamed as John's limp body gradually turned pale.

“Holy shit, so that is how Matheus died here 2 years ago,” I mumbled to myself in disbelief.

Michael and I figured there was no way to save our friend at this point, so we simply ran away while Slender Floyd enjoyed breathing in John's air.

It felt like ages, but we finally made it to where we first started in the forest. It was a miracle that Michael and I didn’t lose each other. I turned off my phones flashlight as it was now only at 10% battery and we went back into my car then drove off in an instant.

Once we made it back to my house, Michael and I rushed to my bedroom and discussed everything that happened.

"Going there was a mistake Blake!" Michael said. "A George-Floyd-Slender-Man hybrid reincarnation has been lurking there the whole time!"

"Yeah I don't know why it is so unknown," I said. "That forest is way too dangerous to visit. We need to get rid of that nigger creature."

"Are you out of your mind? How could we defeat a supernatural entity that could steal its victims breath?"

"That's it!" I said as I had a lightbulb moment. "We need to utilize Slender Floyd's weakness—the need to breathe. Notice how it got angry because we were breathing the air produced by its forest trees. Perhaps it needs a super high volume of oxygen in order to survive. Destroying the forest entirely may eliminate its only means of survival."

"Yeah, doing so may save hundreds of lives. Let's do it."

"I think the most efficient way of going about it is to set the entire forest on fire, deforesting it. Let's go get some supplies at the store."

"Alright sounds good," Michael agreed.

Michael and I went to the local convenience store to buy a dozen packs of matches and a lighter. We then drove back to Slender Floyd's forest to begin executing our master plan to defeat the skinny nigger creature.

I lit the match and set the trees at the front edge of the forest on fire, while Michael did the same thing to the ones parallel. It didn't take very long for the small flames to grow large enough to fully engulf the trees. Soon, to s of smoke emitted and I could tell we were getting close to achieving a large-scale forest fire.

Eventually, the whole forest was on fire, and I could tell we did a very good job. It was then, I heard a high-pitched shriek that almost burst my eardrums. It was continuous and increased in volume. Michael and I covered our ears, as the source of the shriek got closer and closer, until we noticed a familiar tall and slender figure jogging from the entrance of the forest. It was Slender Floyd. As it ran, it used both of its hands to grip its chest as it struggled to breathe.

"AH SHIEET THE DEFORESTATION KILLED OFF ALL MAH TREES!" It struggled to scream out. "NO MORE OXYGEN SOURCES LEFT FOR ME!"

Slender Floyd then noticed Michael and me watching it's last moments before death and glared at us angrily.

"You nigguhs will pay for this," were its last words, before it fell to the ground in the same exact pose the original George Floyd did under the knees of Derek Chauvin.

The next day, Michael and I gained some courage and decided to call the authorities to tell them about everything that happened, from the encounter with the eldritch being itself to the forest fire that defeated it. However, they discounted it as a prank call and immediately hung up on us.

Here I am now typing up this story. I will post it on the internet in hopes that those who are reading this will take me seriously.

There is a specific reason I want the world to know of this. Lately, I've been randomly having dreams about Slender Floyd, doing the exact same thing to me as it did to John, followed by me waking up in the middle of the night gasping for air. I think when Slender Floyd told Michael and I that we will pay for its passing, it meant it'll haunt our dreams for eternity.

**Do Not Watch the George Floyd Habib Video at 3 AM**

By Jordan Cleeman

I am a huge fan of the horror movie genre, so naturally, I am up to do anything scary. This can range from exploring abandoned homes, to traveling to reported haunted locations. Sometimes in the middle of the night I watch short scary videos on YouTube. This includes Teeth, The Sky, and Night Guard. I've

been doing this for years and now I am consuming them at such a quick rate, I watched basically the entire catalog of short horror films on YouTube. It didn't take me long to get deprived. Netflix is an option but as many of you may know, 99% of the movies on that platform are kiked, forcing faggot propaganda in front of the audience constantly; some of them go as far as promoting extremely obscene themes, such as the movie Cuties. 123movies could be a free alternative to Netflix but like I said I am a hardcore horror fan so there is no more fresh big screen content for me.

Nowadays, you'll notice how many video streaming platforms are going downhill. At this point, the only ones that aren't completely 100% fucked up are Bitchute and Odysee. This is because they allow based racist content, unlike Jewtube which demonetised channels for containing minor swear words such as the word "ass". At the same time, Jewtube allows nasty furry hentai to slip. It boils my blood because those are light years more harmful than videos that contain slang describing a body part located at the back of a person—the butt. That being said, pretty much all mainstream platforms are filled with unfunny inoffensive content that only underachieving normies find entertaining. Therefore,I spend 90% of my internet activity on Odyssey, TRS, and Telegram.

I am not writing up this r/nosleep post only to ramble about my hatred towards the mainstream, however. I am writing this because of a terrible experience I had.

One Friday night, I was bored out of my mind after a long day of school and work. Because at this point I was already so oversaturated with frightening entertainment, that I wanted to try something new. I was aware of the YouTube 3 AM challenges. I have always overlooked these YouTube challenges because none of those seem like they would yield the kind of results that real rituals from r/threekings have. But that night, I thought, why not?

I obviously didn't exactly copy a pre existing challenge that already exists on youtube so I decided to do a "watch the George Floyd Hibab porn video at 3 AM challenge" (I of course didn't do it for the sexual pleasure of seeing gorilla sex). For those of you who didn't know, the criminal nigger George Floyd did a landlord porn video with another porn star named Kimberly Brinks. This is a big part of why George Floyd is such a memeable dead monkey.

The 3 AM challenge is as simple as it sounds—wake up a bit before 3 AM and then watch the entire video. I set my alarm clock to 2:55 AM at 7 PM before I went to have an earlier than normal slumber. I then closed my eyes, anticipating a new experience. Of course, it was not easy to get myself to sleep because of this. You know the feeling as a child when it is the night before Christmas, waiting for Santa Clause. Nostalgia hit me when I thought of that. Eventually, I managed to doze off.

It only felt like a few minutes, until I was awoken by the default iphone ringtone. My eyes popped open as I sprung out of my bed to turn off the sound. It was game time. I already had the Goerge Floyd porn video pre-downloaded onto my phone, so I did not have to conduct a complex web surf to find it online. Another good reason to have it stored on my phone is there is no need to have to use a VPN while I watch it. I still live with my parents at the age of 21 and the last thing I want is for them to stumble across my internet history, finding nigger porn on it. I know I should be moved out by now but as a full time student, college is ran by greedy kikes and the debt makes it impossible for me to support myself and the heavy course load renders me unable to work a full time job.

I waited for a few until it was 3 AM, then I played the video on my phone. From what I have heard about these 3 AM challenges regarding watching videos, watching the footage closely tends to enhance the results. As much as I found the clip disgusting, I focused my eyes on the screen, eyeballing every detail. It was only moments after Ronnies head coiled behind his chair, when I started hearing an eerie static sound, coming from outside my bedroom. I stopped the video and decided to investigate. I slowly got off my bed and exited my room.

I used my phone's flashlight to see into the dark hall. Nothing caught my attention, but it became easier to decipher where the sound was coming from. I could tell at this point that the static was coming from downstairs. I slowly made my way down the stairs. My left ear was the receiving end of the majority of the static, which indicated it was coming from my living room. But something in me was telling me not to go there. I just fought my instincts, and went in there anyway. I entered my living room to see my TV on, playing an episode of the walking dead, except with a ton of static interference. The noise was ear piercing at this point, so I took the remote to shut off the TV, but it still remained on. I pressed the off

button on the TV itself, but no matter what, it still stayed on.

All of a sudden, a video clip different from The Walking Dead started to fade in on the TV screen. At first, I could not identify what it was at all. But once the screen was clear enough, I recognized what it was. It was the scene in the George Floyd porn video when George Floyd began fucking Kimberly. To make things worse, it played at full volume. George Floyd's gorilla panting sounds played as he did the deed, and my reflexes induced me to try turning fucking thing off again before either of my parents wake up to it and confront me. I tried punching the off button of the remote as hard as I could with my fists, but again it didn't work.

I increasingly got desperate, and then did a vigorous search around the kitchen to find a tool to destroy the TV. At this point, not getting caught by my parents watching the George Floyd porn video was much more important than getting chewed at for smashing the $500 TV that we don't even use much anyway. After going through a ton of drawers, I finally found the perfect tool for destroying the TV—a hammer. I picked it up then made my way back to the living room. However, I gasped in shock when I turned to face my mom and dad, who both had their arms crossed.

"Son, I am so disappointed in you," he said. "Not only did you wake your mother and I at 3:20 in the morning, but you watched BBC porn!"

"Dad, I can explain," I said "I think somebody did a hack on our Bluetooth, and I despise that shit! The damn TV wouldn't shut off!"

"Haha nice excuse. Turn this shit off and go back to bed."

I humoured my dad and went for the remote, pressing the off button thinking it wouldn't work again. However, it actually turned off the TV.

"Wait what? But how?!" I stammered.

"You are such a bad liar son," my dad said.

My mom and dad began making their way upstairs, and so I followed. But when I was in the middle of climbing up the stairs, I noticed that my footsteps were louder than normal. I stopped, and wondered if it was just my imagination. But I still heard footsteps, even though I was stationary. It was clearly not from my parents as it was obviously from behind me. They were neither my parents nor my footsteps.

I then felt a soft brush against the back of my neck. It felt oddly like thick wool. I turned around to see a large dark hairy sack, only a few inches away from my eyes. When I say hairy, I mean it. The individual hairs were at least 7 inches long and had bits of rotten banana debris stuck on them. I looked up to see a six foot five nigger looking down at me. That's when I realized, the brush that I had felt on my neck was actually the ballsack hair of George Floyd, who somehow was back alive and fully naked like in the Habib porn video.

I immediately stumbled back, almost falling down the stairs. This thing was just staring right at me, grinning. I was scared shitless now, so I remained my view on the naked George Floyd, while carefully walking up the stairs backward. He follows me at the same pace, remaining his gaze at my eyes.

After I was finally at the top, I saw my parents who were still walking to their bedrooms. That was when George Floyd ran up the rest of the stairs and then began whipping around his 10 foot long BBC like a beginner Jitsu student using nunchucks for the first time then used it to do a whiplash attack on both of them. It instantly killed them. I knew they were dead and not unconscious because they showed no sign of breathing.

I was in shock but that didn't stop me from dashing into my bedroom. I then slammed the door shut, and locked it. I dragged my nightstand right in front of it as an extra line of defense. In hindsight, doing that was a waste of time and ended up doing virtually nothing.

George Floyd banged the door, trying to get in. I hoped for it to not have the strength to break the door. But it managed to form large cracks on the wood, so I decided I needed to fight the nigger. I looked around my room, and spotted a dinner plate along with a fork and knife. I forgot to take it back downstairs in the kitchen. I took the knife and then waited for George Floyd to break in. The suspense was killing me but shortly, I saw a giant brown fist punch through the door. It then tore the rest of the wood and Floyd stepped into my room, holding his BBC weapon ready for combat. I decided to attack first, doing a quick

somersault and then used the knife to slice George Floyd's dick off. An artery must have been there, because blood gushed out from his crotch area similar to the Hermes death scene from God of War when Kratos cut both Herme's legs off.

George Floyd eventually lost too much blood then fell to the ground, dead. I dragged his body out using all my strength then put it in a garbage bag and rolled it into my basement. I then went back to my bedroom. I realized I forgot about cleaning up George Floyd's detached BBC when I saw it laying on the carpet. I didn't want to physically touch it with my bare hands so I decided to just go to sleep and deal with it the next day.

I woke up, covered in a pool of sweat. It had been stressful last night—I lost both my parents because they were killed by George Floyd who used his BBC as a deadly nunchuck weapon, who I then had to fight and slay. It then hit me that I had to dispose of the George Floyd giant BBC because I didn't want to see it again. And so I got up from bed. However, when I looked at the carpet, I found out it was now gone. *What the fuck*? I thought. While hoping that everything that happened last night was actually just a dream, I exited my bedroom to search the house for it, and that was when I heard a slithering sound coming from downstairs. It sounded like a giant snake was roaming the house. I went down the stairs, to see a long serpentine being in the kitchen; it was George Floyd's dick. It was fucking moving like a snake by itself. I said "what the fuck" out loud, to which it came to a stop. The head of the nigger penis then turned to look at me, for me to discover what it actually looked like—it had the face of George Floyd himself, the dick hole surrounded now surrounded by thick lips.

"Holy shit!" I yelled. "A George-Floyd-penis hybrid!"

"Das right mayne," Penis Floyd said, as it expanded in length then shot out a viscous white fluid at me from its urethra-mouth like an Arthropleura.

I ducked to dodged the projectile, and it ended up striking the wall behind me. I glanced back and saw the liquid projectile burnt a hole through the wall like acid.

"Hehehe that be some of my acidic fentanyl-laced cum," Penis Floyd cackled evilly. "Good luck defeating me."

Fentanyl is a monocarboxylic acid amide, so it makes sense a large quantity of it in liquid form would be strong enough to dissolve physical objects. That was enough for me to decide I have no chance at defeating Penis Floyd, so I turned around and ran for the front door. Penis Floyd began chasing me, slithering fast as fuck. I went through the front without bothering to close it because the required delay for me to do so would be long enough to mean certain death.

I ran across the neighbourhood, trying to think of what to do next. Penis Floyd squeezed through the doorway without a problem and now that it was in the open environment, it was much more mobile, being able to traverse much faster. Knowing the area well, the closest public places were a Burger King, and a hospital. I subconsciously decided to go to the hospital. The run there was difficult. Penis Floyd shot the fentanyl laced cum at a rate of fire comparable to an assault rifle. I ran at a zigzag to avoid them. Thankfully, Penis Floyd's aim is as dogshit as a reflex-deprived 90 year old trying to use a fabricated sniper rifle. Penis Floyd would have outpaced me if it weren't necessary for it to stop every time it aimed its acid attack at me, so I ended up making it to the hospital safely. Unfortunately, the doors of the hospital were made out of glass, so Penis Floyd broke through with ease. It noticed the hospital receptionist behind the front counter, who was busy doing something on the computer. Penis Floyd attacked him, which bought me some time to run to the hall. I then went inside a random room. In that room were a variety of tools and a bunch of posters. I noticed a large bold sign at the top part of the rear wall which read "penis inspection room". A person wearing a blue uniform, the penis inspector, was doing paperwork until he noticed me and asked what I was doing here.

Suddenly, Penis Floyd barged into the room. It looked at the penis inspector and then said "awe sheeit it be the penis inspector, mah worst enemy."

"What the shit is that!" the penis inspector exclaimed.

Seeing him as a threat, Penis Floyd lashed at him like a venomous snake and then proceeded to wrap around him like a boa constrictor. Penis Floyd squeezed, attempting to asphyxiate the penis inspector.

"You can't breathe in mah grip hehehe," Penis Floyd laughed.

The penis inspector looked to the desk containing penis inspection equipment and then grabbed a vial containing a chemical that was labelled "anti-viagra". It appeared to be a drug that has the opposite effect of viagra. The penis inspector poured all of it onto Penis Floyd. Immediately, Penis Floyd began to shrink and soften, which allowed the penis inspector to escape. Within seconds, Penis Floyd was now as soft and delicate as a flower stem. The penis inspector then did the final blow to defeat Penis Floyd, kneeling precisely on the area where the head of the penis starts.

"Ah Shiite lemme go mayne I can't breathe!" Penis Floyd choked.

The giant nigger dick then turned pale in color, indicating it died and no longer had oxygenated blood in it due to a combination of the anti-viagra and the knee.

"This must be a call for my retirement—a final boss I just defeated," the penis inspector said, as he held the now officially dead Penis Floyd and stuffed it into the trash can, which as a result became as full as a garbage bin owned by a family with severe spring allergies.

I am now typing this to warn you readers to never try 3 AM challenges. Even if they seem harmless, they actually aren't and the consequences will always outweigh the fun.

**The Breathtaking Man**

By Gorg Floydson

We have this urban legend in my city called the Breathtaking Man. Supposedly, you might see him standing on the side of the road when you're driving. Some say it's always when you're on your way home.

I've seen pictures of the Breathtaking Man. They circulate among us by telegram messages. They circulate among students, workers, friends, and family here. Oddly, I've never seen any of those pictures posted online. I'm not sure if it's because of fear, because those who've taken the pictures want to perpetuate the mystique of our local urban legend, or because of something else.

I was pretty sure those pictures had been a hoax, just someone dressed up as the Breathtaking Man. Maybe it was the same person every time.

As far as what the Breathtaking Man looks like—he was a nigger. He wears his tattered clothing backwards, an urban pipeline hoodie made famous by the iconic brick wall picture of the criminal ape George Floyd. He also wore jeans.

Those who I've met who claim to have spotted the Breathtaking Man say they waited a week before driving home, staying over at a friend's house or a hotel and not even bothering to go home to pack a suitcase. I've also heard, though, that you need to wait a month. The common consensus seems to be, if you see him while driving home, don't breathe. Turn around, go somewhere else, hold your breath, and wait until he leaves.

I thought it was a bunch of nonsense, until my girlfriend and I saw the Breathtaking Man when we were going back to my house from the movies.

It was Brenda who spotted him.

"Slow down," she said.

"I think I see that Breathtaking Man you told me about."

Brenda had only lived in my city for half a year, so one of the things I had told her on my quest to share with her as many interesting things as I could had been our local urban legend about the Breathtaking Man. Was it a coincidence that we'd just been talking about him a few days before?

I had never seen someone dressed as the Breathtaking Man in person. Pictures, sure. But never in person.

My foot was shaking as I eased up on the gas.

It was dark, nearing midnight dark, and there were either no streetlights or they were off.

My car's headlights lit him up. On the side of the road, he was facing us.

Actually, he had his back to us. The jeans and hoodie were all turned our way as well. His arms and legs looked wrong. They were shoved down in his clothing the opposite way like a dumb bug nigger who couldn't even dress himself properly. I wanted to be amused, but I was alarmed.

When we got to be about ten feet away in my car, he turned his head towards us. Those pitch dark eyes, realistic but forever held too wide, seemed to be staring right into mine.

As we drove slowly by, I rolled down the window and yelled at him.

"Hey you jigaboo, go back to your shithole Africa OOGA BOOGA!"

I did this to try to ease some of the tension. The Breathtaking Man did not say anything back. I looked at Brenda. She smiled a bit at my based remarks however she wasn't laughing and had a worried look on her face. I glanced back in time to see the slick side of that person's shaved head, and the optical illusion of a real face being there was shattered. Shattered, but somehow worse for it. Also, when I peered into the rearview mirror as we increased our distance, I thought I saw something glinting.

Then he was gone. Lost to the darkness. I picked up speed. He hadn't been walking, but somehow I was worried he would come after us too quickly.

"So what do we do now?" Brenda said.

"We can't go to your home, or mine."

I glanced at her, and soon we both started laughing.

"Well," I said, "after tonight we'll be able to tell everyone around that we saw the Breathtaking Man and went immediately home."

"I wonder who was pretending to be the Breathtaking Man?" Brenda said.

"I wonder why they were doing it? Do you think we should turn back around and try to talk to them?"

"I'd rather we didn't," I said.

"They could be dangerous. But I'm sure it's just someone looking to keep the urban legend alive."

"It's your car," Brenda said.

"But if it was mine—"

"Alright," I said.

"We'll turn back around. My based grandpa who used to hang niggers in his town said, if you're in doubt which turn to make, you can always take a U-turn until you figure things out. He used that as a metaphor for life."

But as I did my U-turn, my heart was thrashing in my chest. We drove down the entirety of that dark street without seeing that person again. It was a couple of miles long in that direction, so there's no way they could've walked or run the distance so quickly.

Brenda and I decided that the person dressed as the Breathtaking Man must have left the shoulder of the road for the surrounding woods. The idea of them hiding in the woods as we drove by again made me feel like I had spiders crawling over my flesh.

We did another U-turn, and during that whole time I kept glancing around in case that person jumped at us from out of nowhere.

But soon we were heading back in the direction of my house with no second look at the Breathtaking Man.

Brenda and I tried to laugh it out, and we tried talking about other things, but both of us were pretty scared. We couldn't stop chatting about everything and nothing or glancing out the windows or into our side mirrors.

We turned into my subdivision. Then we turned onto my street.

And everything changed.

As soon as we turned onto my street, we started to go backwards instead of forwards.

"Did you put it in reverse?" Brenda said.

Her hand was gripping my arm. It was as cold as ice.

I stopped the car. Both of us were looking down. The car was in drive.

I took my foot off of the brake and put it onto the gas pedal again. The houses, familiar houses I saw every day when coming home, were moving away from us.

"Maybe something's wrong with my car," I said.

But when I tried driving forward again, I looked to the side and then in the rearview mirror. We were not moving. Not according to those views. In front of us, the houses receded every time I put my foot on the gas, but from the side and rear it appeared that we were standing still.

On my street, everything was well lit. There were tons of streetlights. So we couldn't argue it away as if it had anything to do with limited visibility.

"Let's get out of here," Brenda said.

Her voice was almost a whisper.

"Yeah," I said, in a similar way.

"But how are we going to leave?"

"Put it in reverse."

When I put my car in reverse and tried that, we actually moved forward. But to the side and rear, once again we seemed to have not moved, like we were caught just past the entrance to my neighbourhood.

It was when Brenda and I had stopped the car and were debating getting out that we spotted someone coming towards us on the sidewalk. They were approaching us from the front of the vehicle, so I'm not sure how accurate the distance was. It seemed like they were already about twenty feet away.

I don't know why it took me so long to realize this, maybe it was because I didn't want to, but I recognized my neighbour by the back of his head and by his body shape, which was somewhat atypical. I'd seen him often stooped working in his garden while I was driving by.

He was walking backwards towards us.

When he got closer, he stopped.

Then he began shouting:

"Em pleh! Em pleh!"

Over and over again. Standing stock-still. His back to us.

Only later would I realise it was my cuck neighbour Ronnie Mcnutt and he had been saying "help me" in reverse.

I rolled down the window.

"Ronnie," I said.

"What's the matter?"

He stopped shouting. Now that my window was down, I could hear his body creak and snap. Blood poured out of fissures as the joints of his arms and legs changed drastically. When Ronnie's head twisted all the way around towards us, then proceeded to fall off his body completely leaving a mess of blood and gore. I was sure that I saw the light go out of his eyes.

Then, whatever had taken over Ronnie made a first step forward with the new architecture of his body.

Brenda and I both began to scream at that first step.

I rolled up the window as Ronnie Mcnutt loped around on strange, inhuman legs. His kneecaps and elbows had become stretched and exaggerated from being reversed. His skin became pitch black, the same colour as nigger skin. I put my foot on the gas, with the car still in reverse, and through the front windows we seemed to be careening forward. Even though a glance out the sides or in the rearview showed us to still be stationary, we slammed into Ronnie.

Blood slashed across the windshield. The car rose and fell as we went over his body.

To the sides and rear, there was no indication of the car rising and falling. I did not see a lump appear behind us.

I kept my foot on the gas, still going forward in reverse.

I saw a window of a neighbour's house shatter. A couple I barely recognized crawled out like baby spiders out of eggs, leaking blood and more blood as they scraped themselves against the shards in the window frame. I don't think it was that they didn't know how to open windows. When the wife paused in the window, she smiled. She intentionally rubbed her scalp against a particularly sharp looking piece of glass. Meat and blood came away. I think I could see the white of her skull. By then her husband was already on the ground running towards us.

I sped forward.

They and their house vanished in the sides and rear of the vehicle, which were, again, still stuck near the street's entrance.

More people were coming out of their homes. They came out all twisted and broken with dark skin despite the fact that everyone in this city was white aside from some Asians and jews. The people, if that's what you could call them, were damaging themselves further as they exited. They ran towards us on backwards legs, churning their backwards arms. Everything about them was the wrong way.

Before long, I found myself slamming on the brakes.

"Keep going!" Brenda yelled.

"They're going to catch up with us."

Ahead, I saw my own driveway. Someone that looked like me was talking to another person with a dark face. The face nodded. Up and down it nodded. Then, when I saw it, I realized that the face was talking. Moving its large sausage-like lips. Breathing. The Breathtaking Man was talking to me or someone who looked like me.

At the same time, Brenda was reaching over me, trying desperately to put her foot on the gas.

A couple of twisted pieces of bone and meat collided with the windshield. Two faces with bunched up folds of neck leered at me out of glazed eyes. These were faces I should've recognized. Their twisted arms continued to beat at the window even though their eyes told me that no one was home. A spider's web of cracks spread across the windshield. Its grooves caught blood.

I slammed my foot on the gas while helping to steady Brenda back into her seat.

We flung those two off, and right after we ran over an entire Asian family in quick succession. I didn't have time to feel guilty. These were not my neighbours. These were not my neighbours. These were not—

Brenda and I both began to change.

I heard some of my bones break. I felt it a moment later. Like the reverse of lightning before thunder.

Brenda and I started screaming, almost in unison and about in the same tune. It was like a choir of pain and fear and fear and pain had risen up with us as instruments.

"Keep your head back!" I yelled as I strove to keep my head pinned against my seat.

"Don't let it twist around. No matter what happens to the rest of our bodies, we can't let it kill us."

"I know!" Brenda said.

"Just get this car out of here! Make a U-turn or something."

Make a U-turn, I thought. What was it my grandpa said about life and how if you didn't know what to do, you could always make a U-turn?

Still in reverse, yet still going forward, I wheeled the car screeching around.

I didn't glance out the sides or rear. I gunned it, heading back towards where we had come from.

The Breathtaking Man waited. He waited for me at the juncture of my driveway and the street. His mouth grinned forever. His bloodshot eyes were too wide and incapable of blinking and lacked any semblance of intelligent thought.

We passed him and drove out of the neighbourhood.

Brenda and I weren't out of the woods, though. I was able to get us to a nearby gas station before my legs and arms, which were part way reversed and leaking blood, completely gave out. We crawled out of the vehicle and onto the cold, hard concrete of the gas station.

I blacked out almost at once, but Brenda tells me she retained consciousness until the ambulance arrived. I don't envy her.

We spent months in the hospital with broken bones and torn ligaments and muscle. I think the only thing that had saved us permanent damage might have been the seats of our vehicle resisting our changes. We told the doctors we had been in a car accident. They shook their heads at us and kept asking questions.

I did go back home, eventually. We both did. The reason I went home was because one of my neighbours that we had run over with my car came to the hospital to visit me. They seemed completely fine and their skin was back to a clear and fair complexion rather than dark nigger skin, as if nothing had happened and the Breathtaking Man had never changed them.

But damage was done to my vehicle and to Brenda and me, both physically and psychologically, and while our bodies are on the mend, I don't think we'll ever be the same. It's been months now and even though my wounds have healed, I feel that my skin is slowly becoming darker.

**The Floyd Walker**

By Jordan Cleeman

The skinwalker, based in native America, is a fairly well known urban legend. It is scary as shit and lives in the woods. The legend itself is quite scary, causing people to be hesitant to camp in the woods. This is because the skinwalker is said to have the ability to shapeshift, read minds, and make any human or animal noise. In addition, mentioning the name of the skinwalker could cause one to hunt down whoever mentioned it. The premise of it gives off a helpless feeling to many, as if there is a being far above humans in the food chain. I don't blame people who get nightmares about the skinwalker, because believe it or not, I've actually encountered one in real life. Let me tell you, it is even more terrifying than how the media depicts it; uglier in appearance, more dangerous abilities, and more difficult to evade. I will tell you about my experience with the Floydwalker.

On May 25th, 2021, I was a 23 year old who has never experienced camping before. Most of my peers have already by then and it made me jealous. My parents never took me camping—they'd tell me they don't have the necessary experience about the wilderness and they feel they wouldn't be able to protect me from wildlife danger. I didn't blame them though, since anything can go wrong; Black bears, cougars, and poisonous plants.

That day, I decided it was about time I went on my first camping trip. I no longer lived with my parents, just graduating university and lucked out on a cybersecurity job. I could never dream of a better life. The pay is amaze-balls, and I enjoy defending information systems from pajeet hackers.

I got a lot more time off work because a YouTuber named Mark Robber raided a pajeet scam call center, which scared away many hacking organizations that are based in India. The manager at my company is very lenient with work schedules and allowed me to have an entire paid week off. I instantly texted my online racist friend, Liberal Terminator, to see if we could go on a camping trip. He agreed, and so we decided on a location to camp. I browsed around on google for any good sites to go to. I came across a place in Northern Canada. From the images, it had nice-looking trees and instantly, I decided this was the place.

I live all the way in Minneapolis, so it was going to be a long way to Northern Canada. Liberal Terminator was fine with it though, simply due to the fact that he is actually a powerful racist cyborg. He is designed similar to the Terminator from the Arnold film Terminator, except his head is that of a George Floyd plush with laser eyes that are designed to fry anyone who has a certain amount of pigment in their skin. He is able to fly at great speeds with his built in jetpack, so getting to any place in the world is no

problem for him no matter how far. Liberal Terminator was engineered at a based racist tech company called Golden Nigger Corp, whose scientists implemented a computer chip programmed to search and detect the most threatening liberals.

The far distance wasn't going to stop me though. I decided to take a plane to Northern Canada and rent a trailer there, then drive it over to the campsite to meet Liberal Terminator.

After a few long hours after boarding into an American Airlines jet at the Minneapolis airport, I was at last in northern Canada. I could already sense the smell of people who are as cucked as Ronnie McNutt and I couldn't wait to drive to the wilderness so thirst I don't have to be around them. I took a cab from the Canadian airport to an RV rental place. I selected a class-A RV and then headed to the campsite.

The place where Liberal Terminator and I were to camp was near the snowy mountains. The smell of alpine wood can be noticed even inside the enclosed RV as I drove near it. I began seeing a group of 10 deer going about their day, one of which had a unique black shade of fur that I could never have imagined a deer having. It glanced at me, as if it noticed me as much as I noticed it amongst its other deer family members. The soil in the woods felt crusty; the drive here was bumpy compared to the road on the highway.

It didn't take me long to spot a tall mass of silver metal, which connected what looked like thousands of gears. On top of it was a blueish brown face with red eyes. It was standing in a small space where no trees stemmed. The figure noticed me and then waved.

"Hello, good to see you," I said to Liberal Terminator as I rolled down the window.

"Hello, I am the Liberal Terminator," Liberal Terminator said.

"I am excited to finally camp for once. The woods here are even cooler than I expected. I even saw a super cool looking deer just seconds before I arrived here."

"A black deer?" Liberal Terminator said, in a somewhat shocked manner. "I never seen it?"

"Wait, how did you know it was a black deer if you never saw it?" I questioned the cyborg.

"Just a lucky guess I'd say."

"I'll show it then. Follow me."

Just when I thought I was going to lead Liberal Terminator to the area where I saw the deer, I was the one walking behind him. He sped walked to the correct direction where the black deer was.

"How do you know where I saw the deer?" I said.

Liberal Terminator just glanced back, but didn't respond to my question.

We eventually stumbled upon the pack of deer. However, the black one was nowhere in sight. I could tell it was the same pack, because there were 9; initially, there was 10 including the black one.

"Damn I don't see the black deer anymore," I said. "I bet you would have been intrigued by it."

"Yeah I would have," Liberal Terminator said. "It's a shame I missed it. Let's go set up camp, it is getting late."

We went back to the site next to the RV and then began collecting wood to initiate a campfire.

After we built a solid stack of logs, it was time to light it up. Liberal Terminator and I didn't bring a lighter or matches because we decided only cool people find and use flint to make fires, just like in Minecraft. We spent the next hour searching for pieces of flint. However, we didn't get lucky; there weren't any traces of the stone.

"God damn cucknada strikes again," I said. "They don't even have flint here. Wait a second, could you just use your laser vision to light up the fire?"

Liberal Terminator looked at the pile of wood and then squinted his eyes. To my surprise, no laser shot out.

"Fuck, for some reason my laser vision isn't working right now," Liberal Terminator said.

"Ok I guess we are going to have to stay inside the RV for the rest of the night," I said in disappointment.

I remotely opened the motorized door of the trailer and then we went inside. Liberal Terminator is 8 feet tall, so he had to duck a bit just to be able to fit inside.

We went on our phones, doing some fun Telegram raids and trolling Instagram BLM whore accounts. It went on for hours, until I noticed something interesting going on in Liberal Terminator's phone screen. He was no longer on Telegram nor Instagram; he was on a dating app called Tinder. He was chatting with a chick whose profile looked to be a fat nigger sheboon. I focused my eyes on the messages; they were gross and I'll leave them out of the story because you get the picture.

"Um Liberal Terminator who the fuck are you talking to?" I asked him, concerned.

Liberal Terminator quickly exited the Tinder app and then went back on Telegram. "Um, nobody," he stuttered.

"Bro I know what you were doing. You're dating a fucking nigger."

"No I'm not bro I was just trying to prank you."

Liberal Terminator looked at me, trying to play dumb. I looked him to the eye, and said "you better be—"

I stopped my sentence when I noticed something about Liberal Terminator. I'd just noticed it then, since we hadn't had such intense eye contact prior. His eyes were red, but not glowing red as they usually were. It was as if somebody replaced his laser eyes with painted opaque beans.

"That was a fine chick—wait I mean—she was ugly. Like I said, I was just trying to mess with you," Liberal Terminator said.

"You're not you!" I said aggressively. "The real Liberal Terminator would never find a nigress attractive, let alone date her."

It was then, Liberal Terminator's face began to shift. His nose that was initially just printed on fabric transformed into a real 3-dimensional nigger nose. His nose and face folds underwent the same process. His eyes went from being red and circular to becoming a pair of dark bland eyes that signified evil and an IQ of negative 250. His face as a whole turned completely brown, eliminating the bluish hue. His metallic body went from a system of shiny silver gears and bolts to an animalistic theme, with black and curly fur. What used to be weaponized iron claws as hands became hooves. Two large antlers the length of hockey sticks grew from both sides of the head. What was now in front of me looked nothing like Liberal Terminator; it was a freakish bipedal monkey-deer hybrid with the face of George Floyd.

"Hehehe, I be shapeshifting and sheeit," it cackled. "I, the Floydwalker, tricked you mayne!"

"What did you say? Floydwalker?" I said.

"Yeah I be a species of a skinwalker," the Floydwalker said. "I was gunna pretend to be yo nigguh Liberal Terminator to trick you into becoming a lover of chicks of mah race but I guess you didn't fall foe it."

"What the fuck did you do to Liberal Terminator!" I demanded the monkey deer.

The Floydwalker reached its hand in front of my eyes, revealing a round marble-like crystal in its hoove.

"You see mayne, I found him in the woods a while ago today and I used this magical shapeshifting stone right here to breathe in his soul so that I can have access to his disguise."

"You better bring him back!"

"Tee hee hee mayne, you really think it'll be that easy?" the Floydwalker giggled. "I guess imma have to do the same thing to you and then attempt to trick a niggie of yours."

I turned back and then ran out of the trailer. I screamed and ran as fast as I could. I felt like I was running faster than what is humanly possible, but realized I really wasn't when I heard the trotting behind me get louder. I glanced back to see the Floydwalker on all fours charging in my direction. Once it got close enough, it leaped at me and then tackled me into the ground. I tried to wrestle it to escape, but it couldn't. It was then, I noticed the shapeshifting stone still in its hoof. Knowing it was now

or never, I grabbed it.

“Ayo mayne gib dat back!” the Floydwalker chimped.

Whilst gripping the shapeshifting stone, I imagined the next being that the Floydwalker was to transform into; a blobfish.

Within seconds, the Floydwalkers fur started to retract, revealing its bareskin. Its hooves flattened into fins. It rapidly shrunk in size, while its skin turned smooth and slimy. Its nose lost all its definition, now being just a half oval. Its eyes no longer had whites; now 100% pitch black and beady. Its silhouette was now shaped more like a ball rather than a humanoid figure. It was now a blobfish that is even uglier than the ones I see on google images and a *Ripleys Believe It Or Not* book. I launched it off my chest, causing it to fly into the air until it went *plop* on the ground. It helplessly jumped around seeking the nearest water source.

“Please transform me back!” the George Floyd Blobfish begged me in a wheezy voice. “Mah gills can’t take it any longer! I can’t swim in land!”

“Only if you can help bring back Liberal Terminator,” I said.

“It's easy, just look into the shapeshifting stone and say his name.”

I stared into it, reciting the based cyborgs name. It then glowed, emitting a blue light. It shined onto a random spot in the ground and then expanded, until Liberal Terminator formed into physical matter.

“Wha-what happened?” Liberal Terminator asked, looking around like the confused Mr. Krabs meme.

“This little nigga,” I said, pointing at the George Floyd Blobfish. “He used your soul to disguise himself as you. He did all sorts of dumb shit like hooking up with a nigger on tinder.”

What I said infuriated Liberal Terminator. He looked at the George Floyd Blobfish angrily and then lifted his foot above it, then pressed his metallic soles on it, crushing it completely.

“I don’t remember anything since I saw a black deer somewhere,” Liberal Terminator said.

“It’s a long story dude,” I said.

For the rest of that night, our hatred toward niggers only grew even more. I kept the shapeshifting stone with me ever since but I guess it’s shapeshifting properties only works on the Floydwalker himself, because it never functioned at all beyond just being a pretty stone.

I am typing this as a warning to those who don’t believe in the skinwalker; I can now confirm a subspecies called the Floydwalker exists. It may be dumb as fuck in the sense it was so obvious it’s disguise was fake, but it’s motives are what perhaps makes it more dangerous than other types of skinwalkers—it will try to manipulate into becoming a nigger lover, which in my opinion is even worse than death.

**Siren Floyd**

By Jordan Cleeman

My dad's friend named Laurence invited my family to go fishing one day. We live near the ocean, so it is very accessible. Laurence owns a nice boat that can travel at speeds up to 100 miles per hour, so it is capable of going very far from shore in a reasonable amount of time. I was very excited because my life is pretty fucking boring.

My mom and brother were not able to go because they were both vegan normies, which left my dad, Laurence, and I the only ones to come.

Laurence picked us up at 8:00 AM with his truck and then we began driving over to the coast of the ocean. I knew we were almost there when I started to smell an odor that is similar to pussy; the smell of raw fish.

Once we made it to the parking lot of the boat place, we exited the truck and then headed to Laurence’s boat. The boat was big and can hold up to 10-15 people at once. It was well taken care of, maintaining its shiny white paint and windows as clear as the skin of non-race-mixed White people.

Once we boarded onto the boat, Laurence initiated the motor and it began making a loud rumbling noise. It hurt my ears at first but it didn't take me long to get used to it.

Once the boat was at top speed, I could feel the skin on my face being blown back. The ocean water splashed on the top of the boat due to all the friction. It was all well worth the speed so that we can get to the good parts of the ocean fast. Unfortunately, I later came to learn that things can never be too good.

After around three hours of the boat driving, we decided to stop and begin fishing. Laurence handed my dad and I a fishing rod each, and then placed a bucket of fish bait. The pile of bloody bait consisted of worms, cow meat, and some piece of flesh I couldn't identify that kind of reminded me of Ronnie mcnutts brain matter after he made his head go kaboom with the rifle. We started with pushing the worms into the hook of the fishing rods and then we casted them. Our bait made it approximately 15 feet away from the boat. As we waited, we tried to stay as still as possible while keeping our noise volume at a minimum. That was when we began to hear a very subtle female voice. The voice was high pitched and was rather beautiful.

"What the heck is that voice coming from?"my dad asked.

"I've never heard it before," Laurence said. "Must be the way the wind is moving through the air."

We continued to mind our business fishing. However, the mysterious voice got even louder, now recognizable to be some kind of opera song. It went like, "tika tika tika tika tee tee tah, tika tika tika tika tee tee tah!"

I have to admit, the song was so beautiful, it sounded like it was being sung by a hot nurse from my local hospital named charlotte.

"Damn that is a sexy voice," Laurence said. "I want to drive the boat closer to wherever it is coming from. I think it's coming from north east."

We all collectively agreed that the voice was so nice, it was worth pausing our fishing for a moment to listen to it more closely. We recoiled our fishing rod strings and then Laurence resumed the boat's motor. He drove it to the north east direction. The singing voice eventually became audible even through the boats loud ass motor, which indicated we were now really fucking close to the source. Laurence stopped the boat, and then we looked around. Soon enough, our eyes landed on a peculiar rock that seemed to be completely stationary in the water—it was as if it was connected all the way to the ocean floor, not just floating by itself. At this point, the singing was now loud enough to the point where it was irritating and I'd rather listen to the horse boat motor all day.

"TIKA TIKA TIKA TIKA TEE TEE TAH," it continued.

A pair of devilish wings then protruded from each side of the rock from our perspective. It was at that moment, the voice began to shift into a more unappealing pitch. It deepened rapidly, until it sounded like an ogre was singing it.

Next, a head popped from the top of the rock. It had a face that I would never expect a beautiful singing voice to come from. Its skin was an ugly dark brown and It's nostril's circumference were so fucking huge, a large portion of its now ugly voice probably travelled out of it, having to go through nasty nigger boogers. Its fat lips vibrated as it continued to sing that ogre voice, mildly spraying its saliva all over the rock it was behind.

It noticed us, grinning seductively and the began speaking while singing. "Tika tika Ayo tika maynes, tika you maynes tika fell for mah tika voice trap tee tee hehehe tah!"

It didn't happen to my dad and I, but Laurence was already in a trance-like state. His eyes had a spiral pattern within, indicating he was hypnotized. He walked toward the edge of the boat, until he fell into the water over the railing. Dad and I worked together to pull him back into the boat. However, Laurence worked against us, trying to swim down.

"Fuck, we need to save him," I said.

While we kept Lawrence at the surface of the water, I noticed that I started to have the urge to dive into the ocean. It was then I realized the singing voice was driving me to do so.

"Cover your damn ears!" My dad yelled, as he realized the same thing.

We used our shoulders to block our ears, and thankfully it worked. The urge faded away.

“Tee tee tah, ah shit I’ve been singing for way too long at once I am out of breath!” The winged creature on the rock said.

I watched as it used its bat-like wings to fly up into the clouds, until it was no longer in sight. At this point, Laurence was now unconscious due to being submerged in the water for so long and so he no longer resisted. My dad and I lifted him back into the boat and then performed CPR, until Laurence spat out water into our faces.

“What happened?” Laurence said, while choking out the last bit of salt water.

“It was so weird,” I began. “A voice that started out beautiful lured us near it. It then revealed itself to be a hideous creature with the facial features of a nigger who looks like he injects plastic into his lips. It appeared it’s voice was soothing enough to completely hypnotize you into jumping into the ocean. Dad and I experienced it similarly, but not to the same extent.”

“No... this can’t be!” Laurence said, shocked.

“What?” My dad said.

“I thought the story of Siren Floyd was just a myth. I have never heard of a ‘true’ account of it; only what I thought were just old wives tales.”

“What exactly is Siren Floyd?” Dad and I asked simultaneously.

“Siren Floyd is a legend that originated from niggers who live in Greece,” Lawrence explained. “It is a creature that can easily manipulate its voice to sound like that of a beautiful woman to lure in sailors, singing a tune that goes like tika tika tika tika tee tee tah. Siren Floyd would then change the pitch of its voice to throw them off, hypnotizing them. Hypnotized victims will have a strong urge to dive deep in the ocean, drowning to death.”

“So you could have died if it weren’t for us!” I exclaimed.

“Yep,” Lawrence said. “Now that we know it’s real, it can’t be safe to fish so far from-“

Laurence was interrupted by a loud swooping noise from above. We all looked up, to see a dreaded winged creature gliding down. It was Siren Floyd.

“Okay I just finished refilling mah voice boxes with air,” Siren said once it landed into its rock. “Now y’all maynes gonna get drown hehehe. Tika tika tika tika tee tee tah, tika tika tika tika tee tee tah!”

We all immediately covered our ears.

“I’m gonna drive us away right now!” Lawrence yelled over the singing.

“Screw it i'm gonna slay this beast!” I said.

Siren Floyd had its eyes closed while it concentrated on its singing, which gave me an opportunity to do a sneak attack. If you had the misfortune of watching a kyked marvel movie called Doctor Strange in the Multiverse of Madness, there was a scene where a superhero named Black Bolt had his mouth obstructed as he did his master blow ability, which caused his face to explode. I figured I could do the same to Siren Floyd as it did it’s powerful singing voice.

I ran, jumped from the boat, and barely landed on the rock. I then used my palm to cover the mouth of Siren Floyd as it sang its now ear rape tune. Using all my strength, I fought against the force of its vocals. This persisted for over 10 seconds, until I noticed Siren Floyd’s chest begin to expand. Before long, it’s lungs exploded, releasing the rest of the air that it was going to use as singing fuel. As Siren Floyd’s body fell dead, so much guts spilled from the large open cavity on its chest.

“Quick, get all that meat so we can use it as fuel!” Laurence exclaimed.

We worked together to collect all the remaining innards of Siren Floyd and then put all of it in the fish bait bucket.

And for the rest of the day, we spent time fishing peacefully without interruption.

**George Floyd Was a Conjoined Twin**

By Gorg Floydson

In light of some recent events, I have decided to share a story that happened back in 1988. My encounter with the Floyd twins which still haunts me to this day. Many if not all of you have heard of George Floyd. He was a nigga monkey that died of a fentanyl overdose in 2020. However what most people don't know was that George Floyd was actually a twin and what might shock you even more was that he was a conjoined twin. But before I begin, I must provide some context. I am a surgeon who worked at Houston Methodist Hospital since 1983. I was known as the only based and racist surgeon in the entire hospital who refused to operate on niggers, jews, spics and fags as they are useless subhumans who do not deserve my gifted ability. One day, I was on my break when the hot nurse Charlotte walked into my office.

"Doctor, we have a problem," she said.

"What is it Charlotte? And didn't I tell you guys to phone me if something is going on and not to barrage into my office?" I said.

"I'm sorry Doctor but this is really urgent, there's a family outside, they said that their twin boys aren't breathing and need your help."

"Hmm, I see but before I see them, can you tell me what racial demographic the family belongs to?" I asked.

"They're African American," Charlotte replied.

"Then sorry not sorry but I cannot see them, have Doctor McNutt do something about it instead."

"But Doctor, you're the only surgeon available at the moment, please just hear them out," Charlotte said.

"Fine, I'll do it for you Charlotte," I said before walking it.

Charlotte was the hottest nurse in the entire hospital and had some kind of magical charm or spell that made men do whatever she wanted. Only in this day and age did I realize that she was using her charm and sexual appeal to manipulate men which is to say she's a whore. I walked to the front reception where a fat ugly nigress was screaming at the receptionist.

"Please mayne, help ma kids mayne, they finna die n shit and they wuz not breathing and shiet!" The sheboon yelled at the top of her lungs.

"Calm, down nigger. My name is Doctor Adolphus Himmler but you can call me Doctor AH for short," I said.

"Now what seems to be the problem?" I asked.

"Oh thank da lord and all dat be good mayne, ma baby boys be not breathing and shit," the nigress said.

The fat nigger bitch brought up a deformed brown blob which looked like nigger poop from afar but upon a closer examination, I was shocked to see two heads attached to one body.

"Conjoined niglets?!" I exclaimed having never seen anything like this in my whole career.

If you didn't know, Conjoined twins – sometimes popularly referred to as Siamese twins – are twins joined in utero . A very rare phenomenon, the occurrence is estimated to range from 1 in 49,000 births to 1 in 189,000 births, with a somewhat higher incidence in Southwest Asia and Africa. Approximately half are stillborn and an additional one-third die within 24 hours. Most live births are female, with a ratio of 3:1.

Two theories exist to explain the origins of conjoined twins. The more generally accepted theory is fission, in which the fertilized egg splits partially. The other theory, no longer believed to be the basis of conjoined twinning, is fusion, in which a fertilized egg completely separates, but stem cells (which search for similar cells) find similar stem cells on the other twin and fuse the twins together.

"Yes mayne they be ma beautiful baby boys George Floyd n Jessie Lloyd," the nigress who's real name was Larcenia "Cissy" Jones Floyd said.

Only a dumb low iq she nigger would give her twins different surnames.

I brought the conjoined niglets to get an X-ray. When the results came back, I was shocked to see that the twins in fact had two pairs of lungs, however they were sharing a body. To add on, the lungs were twisted due to the oddity of the conjoined body.

"Holy fucking nigger monkey balls!" I said having never seen anything like this in my entire career.

"So doctor, can you help ma babies?" Larcenia asked.

"I'm not sure, I've never dealt with anything like this, operating on the lungs might result in both of them dying."

"Mama mama, I can't breathe!" One of the heads yelled.

"Oh I know baby, dats why I got da nice cracka doctor to help you," Larcenia said comforting the niglet.

I observed the niglets seeing that only one was making baboon monkey noises about not being able to breathe while the other did absolutely nothing.

"Wait nigger, only one of the twins can't breathe?" I asked.

"Yes mayne, you see ma precious George couldn't breathe since the day he were born however Jessie on da other hand were fine n shit. N Jessie be quite da smart n gifted black child, talking about Jesus and sum ting about being a life couch."

"Ok well the best I can do is remove both of their lungs and replace them with two artificial lungs but it'll cost you niggers a fortune," I said.

"Alright mayne, I promise to pay you back n shit," Larcenia said.

I got to work quickly and began operating on the conjoined niglets. However it was hard as fuck as the one named George Floyd kept moving around while making monkey noises about not being able to breathe. Eventually, I was able to finish the job installing both artificial lungs. However the tricky part came after as Larcenia Floyd also asked to separate the twins as further complications might arise later on in their life. I knew this would be nigh impossible as George Floyd and Jessie Lloyd were Thoraco-omphalopagus conjoined twins meaning that they are connected from the upper chest to the lower chest and share a heart and liver. However I was called a miracle man having done the impossible countless times in the past. In order to split the twins into two separate bodies, I needed two sets of artificial lower bodies to transplant onto the niglets. I called up my friend Nate Higgers, a member of an organization called Golden Nigger Corp as they possess highly advanced technology which made it possible for me to perform my miracle surgeries. After a 17 hour long surgery, the two niglets were separated. Everyone in the operating room cheered and I collapsed from exhaustion. When I awoke, I heard screaming coming from outside the operating room. I stumbled out, still half asleep. However my eyes quickly widened seeing the bodies of nurses and staff members laid out on the floor. I made my way to where the screaming was coming from. I saw that one of the hospital room doors was wide open and when I walked inside, I saw a pregnant woman screaming.

"Help, make this niglet stop, oh god!" The pregnant woman screamed.

I turned to see a niglet sitting besides the pregnant woman.

"Praise be to God, it was all because of him that I was able to breathe, because of Jesus!"

I recognized the niglet as one of the conjoined twins, it was Jessie Lloyd. I was confused as fuck as the niglet wasn't doing anything inherently violent, all the niglet did was talk about how great God and Jesus were and to my greater shock and surprise, the niglet didn't even speak ebonics.

"I sought the LORD, and He answered me and delivered me from all my fears. Those who look to Him are radiant, and their faces shall never be ashamed. Oh, taste and see that the LORD is good! Blessed is the man who takes refuge in Him!"

"Shit man, I should really become a life coach and shit," Jessie Lloyd said.

I ignored the niglet and the screaming pregnant bitch and continued on. There's no way that Jessie Lloyd could have caused the carnage that I had seen earlier. Suddenly, I heard another scream followed by a gun shot. I quickly ran to where the shot came from and grabbed a fire extinguisher as protection. It was another hospital room, I kicked the door down with my chad strength and what I saw still haunts me to this

day. In front of me was a pregnant woman clutching her belly which had been shot.

"I fucking hate niggers!" The pregnant lady said before she collapsed to the floor.

"What animal could have done this?" I said out loud.

"Ayo mayne, dat me racist n shiet, you can't be calling a nigga animal anymore cuz we be just as human as ya crackas," an ape like voice said.

A dark shadow jumped onto the bed. It was George Floyd.

"OO OO AA AA, ya dumbass cracka forgot to properly install ma artificial lung, ma lungs aren't clearing da carbon dioxide so I can't breathe!"

"Is that why you are being so violent and attacking innocent White people?" I asked.

"Now ya getting it, dumbass cracka, if I can't breathe then I gotta commit da crimes, just like ma daddy before me," Floyd said.

George Floyd quickly charged at me but I easily kicked the niglet away.

"Ah fuck, kicked in the lungs, I can't breathe!"

I threw the fire extinguisher at the niglet's face, flattening his lips which now looked like the lips of Kevin the Sea Cucumber from SpongeBob. The niglet jumped onto the ceiling and then jumped out the window like a spider monkey. I looked out the window to see the niglet running into the woods and quickly disappeared. I called the police after this. Two officers arrived within 5 minutes, one of which was a new deputy named Derek Chauvin. The police arrested Jessie Lloyd after finding him still talking about Jesus next to the dead body of a pregnant woman. The pregnant woman who's name was Susan McNutt, the mother of Doctor McNutt had killed herself with a shotgun blast to the face after the niglet wouldn't stop talking.

It's been 32 years now, I've since retired and moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota. Now enjoying my retirement by bullying fags and trannies in a video game called Minecraft. I am now typing this as breaking news just reported the death of 46 year old George Perry Floyd. I was shocked to see the name, still remembering the events of 88. George Floyd had been able to live for 32 years despite not being able to breathe for all that time. I believe that George Floyd screaming "I can't breathe" was a lie.

**Curious George**

By Jordan Cleeman

You've probably heard of the spider monkey that was killed in a Mexican cartel shooting. It's actual cause of death is currently unannounced, because an autopsy has yet to be done on it. However, I know the true reason why it died and no—it wasn't a bullet wound. I've witnessed it and I know it was much more complex than what people are speculating.

My name is agent KHZ I am an agent who works for an organization that hunts down Mexican drug cartels. If you aren't aware, there has been a raging drug war between Mexican drug traffickers and the Mexican government. We aren't actually affiliated with the government but our mission is driven by the fact that we hate two things; spics and drugs.

Anyways, I was on a drive with one of my colleagues, Agent Hound, searching around the spic city in the spic country Mexico City. We were in an armoured SUV because as many of us know, Mexico City's crime rate is insane and it is easy to run into a bullet. The actual SUV itself is an ordinary Mercedes Benz but with adjustable titanium and bulletproof glass plating attached on all sides except the front window. Whenever a driver or passenger enters or exits it, they have to push the plating up to make room for the open door. It is a bit of an inconvenience especially in dangerous situations when we need to mount onto the SUV while being chased. It's benefits do outweigh the drawbacks, however, as numerous times we'd find bullet marks on the plating after a long day of driving. It is a good way to stop somebody in the car from suddenly being Ronnie McNutted.

As we drove, we heard the sound of gunfire. With my 3 dimensional hearing, I could tell it was coming from south east from where the car was facing. I did a quick turn and then began driving at that direction.

“How do you turn the SUV like that?” Agent Hound asked me, puzzled. “It can’t usually turn like a dime like that.”

“Well, with a larger car, you can see from above better,” I said.

Agent Hound is one of those agents in the organization who doesn’t know how to drive because he has a disorder which fucks up his reaction time and so he is not legally allowed to have his license. However, he makes up for it with his excellent ability to think in a proactive manner, which is something niggers completely lack the ability of.

“The sounds the gunfire is around 50 meters away now. Prepare to stop any time,” Agent Hound said.

I slowed the car down in order to gauge the gunfire better. I heard the explosions coming from the rifles and snipers, and from that point, our action plan would have to be executed at any time now for a sneak attack to be successful.

After I drove for long enough which was 30 seconds—that was how slow I was driving—the sounds seemed to be coming from behind a brick building that had grass growing between the bricks in the cement and broken windows

I drove by the worn out structure, to see what was going on behind it. What I saw was the most batshit random thing. There was, of course, a shootout going on. However, the things going on behind the scene made me scratch my head in confusion. There was a man in a yellow raincoat, pants, and hat, and on top of his left shoulder was a monkey. The monkey was wearing a bulletproof vest. And then I noticed it wearing something on its face—it was a breathing mask that had a tube stemming from it. My eyes traced along that tube, until I saw the other end attached to a metal capsule-shaped device that had the words “breathing machine” printed on it.The monkey that was on the man’s shoulders needed some kind of an oxygen tank to assist with breathing. They were both halfway behind another building, watching the shootout. It was then, the monkey began speaking.

The cartel members didn’t notice them watching due to the gunfire being so loud and

“Agent KHZ, get the microphone out so we can listen in,” Agent Hound said.

Everywhere we go, we’d bring a small computer chip that is able to pick up dialogue more than other sound sources. It is useful for situations where voices are drowned out by gun sounds. I rolled down the window and placed the chip on the car door in between the armor plating and the actual car itself. I the. Hooked it to the cars radio. Suddenly, voices can be heard from the cars speaker.

“Oh oh ee ee ah ah, me be curious about dat shooting and sheeit,” the monkey said. “I want them drug cartel fentanyl and guns!”

“No no Curious George, this is not a safe place,” the man in the yellow outfit said. “We can’t go too close or else they will notice us.”

“WAH WAH WAH, ME WANT DRUGS AND GUN! I AM TOO CURIOUS ABOUT DRUGS AND GUNS MAYNE!”

“You better shut your mouth or else I am going to take your breathing mask off,” the man in the yellow outfit threatened. “Curious George, I am getting sick of having to constantly prevent you from getting yourself into dangerous situations!”

Curious George then began jumping up and down on the man’s shoulders, beating his chest and then chimping out loud. It was so loud, it ear raped Agent Hound and I through the speaker. Curious George continued doing his chimpanzee call, looking up into the air; it gave me an opportunity to look at his face more closely to see his facial features more clearly through the translucent breathing mask. He had an unusually fat nose and lips for a monkey with eyes that looked somewhat “human”. And by “human”, I don’t mean actual real human eyes; I mean eyes that are those of a subhuman nigger. Then I realized Curious George had a face that closely resembles that of George Floyd

“Hey that looks like the nigga monkey George Floyd!” I pointed out. “And it can talk. What in the world?!”

“Yeah what the fuck that’s so hilarious,” Agent Hound said. “And his owner calls him Curious George too. Go figure!”

Curious George's chimping got louder as time went by, until one of the shooters in the cartel shooting overheard

It then stopped and noticed the man in the yellow hat with the monkey on his shoulder. He looked at them confusedly and then motioned his hand into the air, doing a specific hand gesture. The rest of the shooters saw the gesture and then stopped in their tracts. The individual shooter who first noticed the yellow outfit man and Curious George pointed at them. The shooters then pointed their guns accordingly.

"Dammit Curious George, now you're gonna get both of us killed because of your dumb nigga screams!" The yellow outfit man said. "Now I am gonna take your breathing mask off as punishment!"

The yellow outfit man then grabbed the breathing mask of Curious George, plucking it off like a suction cup, which elastically pulled on Curious George's face, expanding his already prominent nose and lips for a brief second.

"Oh oh ee ee ah ah, you better give that shit back mayne!" Curious George chimped.

It was at that moment all hell broke loose. Curious George's face turned blue, indicating his instant deprivation of air. He suffocated, dry heaved and vomited while making chalkboard-irritating chimps. The yellow outfit man reached the breathing mask in ways so that Curious George couldn't reach it. Curious George then twisted his ballsack which caused him to drop the breathing mask. Curious George jumped from his shoulder then onto the ground to put the breathing mask back on his face.

"Ah much better now I can breathe," Curious George said, as his face transformed back into its default brown color.

Curious George gave off a threatening evil eye look at the man in the yellow outfit, saying "how dare you invalidate mah curious personality mayne," to which the latter got scared and ran away. I wondered why he thought his own pet monkey could be such a threat. After all, Curious George was only like a foot tall and weighed 25 pounds at most. But what happened next answered my question. The cartel members began shooting at Curious George; well, at least they attempted to. Curious George easily dodged the bullets with inhumane speed. He then latched onto his first victim in the snap of a finger as if he teleported and then grabbed the butt of the rifle the gunman was holding. Curious George rammed it into his face, which knocked all his teeth out. The monkey proceeded to do the exact same thing to the 10 other shooters in the same manner; he went from victim to victim in an instantaneous manner and killed them one by one. Again, he was too fast for any of the shooters to successfully land a hit on his flesh. It looked like something SCP-173 if all those shooters were guards at the SCP foundation who unfortunately looked away from it (in case you didn't know, SCP-173 is an entity that can kill its victims at lightning speed the moment nobody is looking at it).

The resulting scene was a bloody mess, consisting of 11 lifeless spic corpses with a monkey in the middle doing a victory dance. That victory dance, however, didn't last long. As Curious George continued to move Like an autistic 5 year old, I noticed a hole on the breathing mask which was approximately the size of a rifle bullet. It then dawned on me that one of the bullets from the shooters managed to pierce through the breathing mask. It didn't take long for Curious George to take note of this and so he used his finger to block the hole. It didn't prove to be an effective solution though, because dust from the dirty ass furry hands of Curious George began contaminating the air that came from the breathing machine, which caused Curious George to breathe in the toxic fumes, forcing him to remove the breathing mask.

"Ah sheeit I shouldn't have been dis curious," the dumb monkey said as he accepted his death.

Curious George's nose and lips started to shrink in size, to the level of normal-size proportions resulting in him now looking like a regular monkey. I think it was due to his lack of oxygen; I theorized it was because his nose and lips are actually backup oxygen reservoirs; the air that probably inflated his nose and lips to their initially gargantuan sizes was drained by his lungs for the use of emergency air supply.

Once Curious Floyd presumably used up all of his nose and lip air, his face turned blue again and then he dropped into the ground dead. Now, everybody in the scene was dead. Agent Hound and I decided to flee the scene because it was such a disgusting and sickening sight.

We reported the whole thing to the organization and then I was requested to write an entire account of everything that happened; being the story you are reading right now.

And that my friends is the true story behind the dead spider monkey in the drug cartel shooting. It was actually George Floyd as a curious spider monkey reincarnate whose breathing mask was blown apart by a bullet, resulting in him dying due his inability to breathe without the assistance of a machine. In addition, the monkey didn't have anything to do with the cartel; he along with the man in the yellow outfit were just third parties who just happened to stumble upon the shooting as it was happening and the George Floyd spider monkey got too curious to the point of giving off their location to the shooting participants.

**The George Floyd Slave**

By Hthenwordhater

My names Menito Bussolini and this is a well documented urban legend passed down to me through several generations of my family. My ancestors were immigrants to America from Italy who'd moved in the 1700s. They brought along with them several slaves from Africa. My great great grandfather, Henry Bussolini was well known in the slave trade community. He used to buy them by the dozens, overwork and starve them to death, then by new ones. It was like a hobby for him. One day he realized that he needed a tall and muscular slave to pick fruits from the taller trees in his backyard and chop down wood from them. He went to the slave market and signed up for the next auction. The exact details are unclear but they held auctions every week or so.

The day of the auction finally arrived. It was a windy afternoon and several upper middle class and rich slave owners were seated in chairs across a makeshift stage. Henry sat in the front row because he was prepared to make a bid. A few moments later the auctioneer arrived. After introducing himself he called upon to the stage the first set of slaves. Five meek niggers in chains walked over to the stage. They were scrawny and weak possible because of being starved since the time they were stolen from Africa. Henry did not make an offer because he was looking for a tall and strong one. Several hours went by with dozens of sets of slaves getting auctioned off to people in the audience. By the time the sun was about to set, Henry was starting to lose hope. While he was about to leave and go back home dejected, the last set of slaves were brought on the stage. One of them stuck out to him. He was tall, about 6 feet 5 inches and very muscular, albeit his facial features were extremely ugly with massive duck like lips and a nose which was large even by buck nigger standards. The 4 other slaves were sold off, and the tall one was left for the end. The auctioneer said, " I present to you, George Floydicus, fresh out of an African slave ship, standing at 6 feet 5 inches tall and 223 pounds, the reserve starting price is 10 dollars." For those of you that aren't aware of how inflation works, 10 dollars in the 1700s would be about 20000 dollars in the 21st century. That was way more than Henry's budget but he knew that it would be very profitable for him in the long run because those fruits from the taller trees were worth a lot of money. He held up his placard which was an indication of a bid. But because of the niggers stature several more people put bids up. The auctioneer yelled, "15 dollars". There were still many bids, but Henry was determined. After a fierce battle he won the slave at a price of 25 dollars, which was a lot of money in those days.

After the auction was formally put to an end. The slaves, tied up in chains were handed to their owners. When it was Henry's turn, the auctioneer handed George Floydicus over to him. Henry grabbed the rope and took him to his horse carriage. It took a while because the tall Buck nigger kept stopping on his own randomly and wasn't very cooperative in general. When they finally got to the cart, Henry planned to put him inside the carriage while he sat outside and led the horse back to his farm. Upon instructing him to enter the carriage, the slave began to panic. He yelled, "No massa I be claustrophobic and sheeit. It be too small fo me masta." If you're wondering, yes Ebonics were common among niggers even back then. Henry was starting to get annoyed. He yelled, " Get the fuck in before I pull my whip out." The slave began to cry loudly, " No mama it be too small mama it be too small. Big Floydicus needa be free." This began attracting the attention of passerbyers. Henry, who was starting to get embarrassed and was already annoyed pulled out his whip from the carriage and whipped the slave thrice. He fell to the ground and screamed for his mother, which was extremely childish considering he was in his 40s or 50s. He then got on his knees and started banging the ground with his fists and crying even louder. Concerned citizens came by to help restrain him as he started getting more violent. After he was pinned to the ground, Henry put his knee on the slaves neck to keep him down till law enforcement arrived to help contain the situation. After a few seconds, Floydicus yelled "I can't breathe massa I can't breathe." Henry ignored this because he knew it was probably a tactic and if he let him go he'd chimp out and destroy his carriage or attack him. After

about 9 minutes of kneeling on him, nearby law enforcement from the sheriffs office finally arrived. That's when Henry took his knee off his neck. Floydicus wasn't conscious, so a nearby physician took a look at him, and pronounced him dead shortly after. Upon rolling his torn cotton sleeves up, the physician discovered a makeshift needle stuck inside his arm with a label on it that read, "Fentonylin" which was a popular drug among nigger slaves made from piss and herbs. The physician attributed his death to the drug, which Floydicus had injected lethal doses of.

Henry sighed. Not because of the dead Buck nigger, but because of the fact that he'd just wasted 25 dollars that he could've used elsewhere. Back then when slaves died their owners were responsible of burying them, and since Henry had technically owned Floydicus at the time of his death. He was required to take him home and bury him. He reluctantly dragged his body onto the carriage which was heavy as fuck. After a 20 minute horse ride he finally got home. Since it was already nightfall and he was tired, Henry left Floydicus in the carriage outside a barn in his farm and decided to deal with it the next day. After eating dinner, he headed to his room and fell asleep. After a few hours, at what appeared to be midnight he woke up sweating with a jolt. He'd had a nightmare, in which the dead slave Floydicus wasn't dead and said "Cracka you is finna regret killing me. Ain't nobody mess with big Floydicus. I be the landlord not you. I be coming fo yo oxygen soon nigga." He didn't think of it much and went back to sleep.

Upon waking up the next day he headed down the wooden stairs to the kitchen and made himself some porridge and poured a mug of beer. He grabbed the daily newspaper which was left under his front door. The headline was, "Nigger slave overdoses on lethal drug Fentonylin after auction." The article read that the other slaves who saw this attributed it to murder because of their tiny nigger brains and tried to riot but were immediately shot dead. This made Henry chuckle. After eating breakfast he remembered that he still had to deal with Floydicus' dead body. So he grudgingly grabbed a shovel and went outside to the barn where he left the horse carriage. When he got there he saw something extremely horrifying. The horses were laying on the ground, dead and appeared to be hollow as if all the oxygen and blood had been sucked out of them. Henry looked inside the carriage and the body was missing. He didn't know what it was. Perhaps thieves attacked his horses. But nothing was missing and besides why would they want a Buck niggers dead body. Henry was sad about losing his horses but the silver lining was that he didn't have to deal with the dead body anymore. As he turned around to walk back to the house, he heard a deep voice. "Turn around cracka." When he looked behind he saw something that gave him nightmares for a very long time. It was the dead slave, George Floydicus. His lips and nose appeared to be even bigger and his eyes were completely black, as if he were a zombie. "Now you is finna pay for what yo white ass did to me." He lunged at Henry who dodged the attack and swung the shovel across his head which made a loud metallic noise. Floydicus fell to the ground, and slowly got up. He had a weird grin on his face. " I be knowing about yo pregnant wife." He said. " Now all her oxygen finna be mine." After saying those horrifying words he ran in the other direction. Something that I didn't mention earlier was that Henry had gotten his girlfriend, who was my great great grandmother pregnant and in those days having a baby out of wedlock was a sin and would've brought shame to Henry's family, which is why they kept this hidden and didn't live together. Henry had no clue how the nigger slave knew this, but didn't want anything to happen to his girlfriend or unborn child so he ran into his house, grabbed a shotgun, mounted another one of his horses and rode towards his girlfriends house as fast as he could. Upon reaching he saw that the door had been broken open. He ran upstairs to his girlfriends room and saw Floydicus standing over her bed while she was still sleeping and doing a weird nigger ritual, perhaps a prayer to his nigger gods before sucking all her blood and oxygen. Henry pointed his loaded gun at him and shot him 8 times which made him fall to the ground with a loud thud. This made his girlfriend wake up and he grabbed her by the arm and they ran downstairs, and out of the house to his horse. He explained everything to her, then went back inside and up the stairs. To his horror the body was gone again.

As the story goes, Henry never saw Floydicus ever again. He married my great great grandmother and loved a long happy life. He documented this story so that if anything happened to him people would know who or rather what was responsible. He never shared this with anyone and took it to his grave, after which the journal in which he wrote this was given to his family and handed down over several generations.

**The True Symptoms of Monkeypox**

By Jordan Cleeman

You all have probably heard of the monkeypox virus. It is an illness that originated from a monkey country called Africa and is disproportionately spread by faggots because of their disgusting acts of anal sex. While it is true that faggots are one of the leading causes of the monkeypox viral spread, the actual origin of the virus is actually a lot more complicated.

My name is Doctor N-wordSayer and I work as a scientist at a scientific research company called Golden Nigger Corp. In light of the very recent monkeypox outbreak, we decided to conduct some experiments to delve deeper into the virus. Since monkeypox originated from monkeys, we figured that Golden Nigger Corp is an excellent fit to study it since niggers are extremely genetically close to monkeys. Golden Nigger Corp has access to virtually unlimited nigger prisoners to use as test subjects, making it more cost-effective to use them rather than chimpanzees for our experiments.

It all happened a week ago when we discovered the truth about monkeypox–Its true nature and origin. I will begin the story with me speaking to one of my superiors, Ayoub. Now, you may be wondering why a man with the name Ayoub is working at Golden Nigger Corp since Ayoub is a nigger last name. The thing is, Ayoub is actually White but he decided to change his name to that of a nigger in order to get away with saying the word nigga anytime he wants by using his name to disguise himself as part African. He is one of the company's ambassadors, so if we ever get found by the kyke government for having the word nigger in our company name, Ayoub could just use his name to justify it as libtards don't get mad at niggers when they use the n-word.

I was talking to Ayoub about how we were going to execute the monkeypox experiment. It was a long conversation spanning so long that I needed to eat one of my daily meals to maintain my three-hundred-pound shredded physique, so I will only spare the critical details of the conversation. Essentially, we were discussing the possibilities about the virus that we should keep in mind during the experiments. Those include how exactly monkeypox formed in the first place, the underlying effects that haven't been documented yet, the plausible cures for it, and why monkeys are such an important subject.

The next day, I headed to the master lab to begin conducting tests on the select test subjects. Virus testing is considered a very deadly prospect regarding test subjects, so we decided to use the worst of the worst bigger prisoners as the test subjects for the monkeypox virus experiments. All four of them had a history of horrible things such as rape and murder of White people, so I felt zero sympathies. They were locked in bulletproof glass cages with metal chains binding their necks, wrists, and ankles. Even though all those security measures should be more than enough prevent those four poop-colored apes from breaking free, there is a line of security guards keeping watch of the thick glass cage in case one of the experiments goes wrong and one of the buck negroes enters rage mode but that is a matter that should be discussed in more detail in a future Golden Nigger Corp journal entry.

The first experiment I conducted was one to see if monkeypox can cause any behavioural differences in niggers. You may be wondering why this is a necessary step to take when theoretically, all of monkeypox's key symptoms should be known to the public. Well you see, certain symptoms for some viruses can take an insanely long time to show and the vast majority of the time, the patient is cured before those symptoms are prominent enough to be considered material. It is similar to how rabies symptoms can take years to show up. In order to find such symptoms in experiments, Golden Nigger Corp developed a neat technology in the form of a simple pill that can accelerate the stage of a virus to maturity instantly. That means being able to show all the symptoms of a given virus at the same time.

I began preparing the gas tank of monkeypox samples by injecting the virus into them, which we obtained by getting infected African mud hut villagers to cough on a petri dish by giving them 1 U.S dollar which is equivalent to their 1 year salary. After I filled up the gas tank with monkeypox pathogens, I lined its opening to one of the breathing holes of the glass cage and began to release the virus inside the enclosure for the nigger prisoner test subjects to breathe in. They all inhaled the mist-like cloud, until everything in the cage became crystal clear again.

I watched as the test subjects started to develop monkeypox symptoms rapidly. I saw bulging rash lumps form all over their bodies, their eyes turned bloodshot, and drops of sweat leaked from their foreheads. It was a nasty view seeing a body transformation this rapid. Soon enough, the subhumans that stood

in front of me were now suffering every theoretically possible symptom of monkeypox. They coughed so hard and loudly that it was almost as ear-piercing as the chimps of yelling sheboons, and I had to immediately grab a pair of lab headphones to prevent my eardrums from bursting.

Once I was ready, I started to observe the nigger test subjects closely. At first, they looked to be behaving normally–normal in nigger standards of course–and I began to expect a boring lab experiment that will yield no significant discovery. However, I started to notice something peculiar about the ugly rash lumps on their skin; they began glowing white which contrasted so much next to their skin. After that, and to my disgust, the nigger test subjects started to chew on their rash lumps at the same time. It was as if there was something inside the pockets of the rashes that they wanted to access. They ripped the rashes off their skins with their bare teeth one by one, and strange white powder would squirt out each time the outer layer of the rashes was punctured. I cringed hard at the nasty sight because I initially thought the white powder was powdered nigger semen that somehow traveled from their balls to their rash lump sites. While the niggers were still heavily focused on scraping their rashes off, I sneakily went inside the glass cage and collected a small sample of the white powder, then close the glass door behind me as soon as possible. I then inspected the substance more closely. It was fentanyl, a drug common amongst niggers. It was impossible though because there is no way it could grow in living things, so I was quite hesitant to write fentanyl growths as one of the symptoms of monkeypox. However, what happened next confirmed the unbelievable concept.

At this point, the niggers have pretty much finished knawing off all of their rash lumps and they stopped chewing. But then, I noticed the rash lumps started to grow back in their original spots, this time even larger. They didn't seem to have a designated size limit, however, so they continued growing beyond what their size was before they were knawed off. As this happened, the niggers screamed in agony because the rash lumps not only grew outward, but also grew inward, which literally caused the growths to overlap their flesh and eventually their internal organs. I closed my eyes because I could no longer handle the grossness of all this. After a minute, the screams stopped and all I could now hear was heavy deep breaths that sounded like they came from an elephant. I gained the courage to open my eyes and what I saw still haunts me to this day. The things that were now in the glass cage were burned into my memory forever and even thinking about their physical attributes to describe them on paper gives me goosebumps that are comparable in size to the average monkeypox rash lump.

The four nigger test subjects were no longer what they used to be. I was now staring at what looked to be four gigantic round beige-colored biological organisms. They were each seven feet in diameter and had no sign of visible limbs. I thought they somehow transformed into single-celled organisms until I noticed intricate-looking patterns they all similarly had. Each of their patterns sported a fat-mushroom-shaped silhouette with what looked like two worms having sex below it–the male worm directly on top of the female worm fucking it in its worm pussy. Above their mushroom silhouette patterns were two beady dots on the left and right sides. The patterns as a whole looked similar to the fancy patterns that butterflies and peacocks evolved on their wings to scare off predators. And that was what I assume they were, until I barely noticed that one of the giant round blob's pair of beady dots blink. I almost missed it, but it was undeniable. The dots blinked exactly how human eyes would and it was at that moment my false reality shattered like glass. My new perspective of what the patterns actually were had a major shift and I felt like I had a near heart attack. What I thought was a mushroom was actually a humungous nose. What I thought were two fat earthworms having sex were actually a set of nigger lips, the male top worm being the upper lip and the bottom female worm being the bottom lip. The two beady eyes above the blob's noses were soulless eyes that showed absolutely zero semblance of intelligence. They were the faces of George Floyd. I thought the four George Floyd blobs' actual intelligence was going to precisely match their eyes, meaning they couldn't have the ability to speak, but boy was I wrong.

"Heyo mayne, you must join us hehehe," they all said in unison, as if they were controlled by a hive mind.

I was so scared that I couldn't utter a single word, so all I did was slowly take backward steps, also too shocked to outright run away. My back eventually hit the wall that was behind me and I had nothing else physical to do to cope with my fear, so I let out a set of words at last.

"Wha-what the?" was what I managed to say.

"We are the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps mayne!" the four blobs said at the same time. "Please join us and we promise you will forever have our company! Unlimited self-producing fentanyl bodily functions included too, yoohoohoo!"

"Fuck off you disgusting sacks of nigger drug trash!" I clapped back at the giant George Floyd Monkeypox Rash lumps.

My aggressive rejection against the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps clearly pissed them off, because they, at last, began to slither around the cage and started to bang at the glass trying to break free. I just laughed at them because they looked like fat Timmy Turner in that one Fairly Odd Parents episode where Timmy Turner wished everybody could eat unlimited junk food and every character in the episode ended up fat as fuck so they all had to roll in order to move. I regret making fun of the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lump's hilarious body proportions because that further angered them, which lead them to enter nigga rage mode, and they finally managed to break out of the glass cage.

"Uh oh," I said.

The security guards positioned at the lab's doorway were alerted by the crashing sound, and they got into position pointing their guns at the four George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps.

"Hehehe, those guns ain't gonna stop us," the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash lumps said at the same time.

The four giant nigger blobs began to roll their way toward the security guards and easily squashed them like insects. I knew I was going to be the next victim, so I ran out the doorway and sprinted across the hallway with one goal in mind: to get away from the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps as far as possible.

I passed through countless doorways, losing count of them quickly. I glanced back to see the four humungous rash lumps rolling after me. They were rolling at a rate noticeably faster than I could run, so I decided to dive into a random room and lock the door and hope the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps don't manage to break in. I got up to discover I was in the main Golden Nigger Corp equipment room, which stores all our inventions, many of which the public doesn't know of. Shortly, I heard rough banging against the door and the sheer volume of the bangs made it obvious the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps were cursing them. I began vigorously searching through the equipment room for any weapon that could potentially defeat them. My eyes eventually landed on a large piece of machinery, which was the official Golden Nigger Corp giant pimple popper. You may be wondering why we needed to build an oversized device designed to pop large pimples. This is because one of our employees, Ronnie McNutt, had a severe acne problem causing inhumanely large pimples, due to the cuck's shitty skin hygiene, so our scientists needed to build a kaiju-size adjustable pimple popper that can pop pimples up to one-hundred-feet in circumference. I figured that it could perhaps pop the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps like pimples, so that was the piece of equipment I decided to use against the creatures behind the door. Because the device is so big, only three hundred pound shredded chads can comfortably use it, but thankfully I am one of them, so I lifted it and positioned it directly in front of the equipment room door. Uncertain whether my plan was going to work or not, I opened the door, and all four of the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps rolled in. Thankfully, they are dumb as shit, so I easily kited them all on the giant pimple popper's popping site and then pressed the "crush" button when the perfect time came. In half a second, the handy machine crushed them all at once, producing a popping sound one hundred times louder than the pop of a regular balloon.

"Awe sheeit, giant pimple popper popping us we can't breathe!" the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps all screamed.

Before I knew it, the entire room was now covered in fentanyl-infused rash puss, which was guaranteed to contain monkeypox pathogens, so I left the equipment room as fast as I could.

I am now typing this on my phone while I am waiting to be tested for monkeypox. I am not going to straight-up tell this to anybody in the hospital at least for now anyway, but from what happened at the lab, there are several conclusions I am ninety-nine percent certain are factual. Monkeypox is a virus that is connected to the Minneapolis criminal monkey, George Floyd. If given enough time without cure or death, the virus could eventually advance enough so the infected transforms into a giant monkeypox rash lump that is

controlled by a single hivemind which is perhaps George Floyd himself. I firmly believe the disease should have a more fitting name, like Floydbola.

**George Floyd Was Part of the Waffen-SS**

By BuckFlackPeople

During the Second World War, Germany fielded an elite group of troops called the Waffen-SS. These men were often the best of the best, as not only were they trained well, but they were also extremely devoted to the Nazi ideology, that is the idea (or better yet, fact) that the Jews want to wipe out White civilization to impose a world where they are the dominant group, and can exert control over all the world's finances and properties. One unit of the Waffen-SS was so brutal that it gave the entire Waffen-SS a reputation for brutality. It was called the Dirlewanger Brigade, and it was made up of convicted criminals. The Dirlewanger Brigade, also known as the "Black Hunters" would mainly conduct missions against partisan groups behind their own lines, however they rarely showed any mercy, even to people who had nothing to do with the partisan movements. One may ask how Whites could brutalize other Whites in such a horrible way, however, I know why. It was because the criminal nigger, George Floyd, was a member of the Waffen-SS.

Let me begin by introducing myself. My name is Chuck Suckandfuck, and I am a historian at an undisclosed, esteemed university. I recently found a collection of journals and diaries from members of the SS as well as members of the Polish Resistance dating from around the Warsaw Uprising, which if true would indicate that the Waffen-SS was innocent of many of its alleged crimes against humanity. They shed light on a figure who should have never even been there to begin with: George Floyd. I think it is best if I start from the earliest journal entries I could find, as together all the journals piece together a larger overall story.

In 1940, German high command was seeking the formation of a special unit that could counter insurgencies in places like France, Austria, and Yugoslavia. From the very beginning, the unit was formed out of convicted criminals. These criminals were mostly convicted of poaching and illegal hunting, as Nazi Germany had a very restrictive set of hunting laws in an effort to conserve wildlife. However, as the war progressed, the need for more men to fill this unit out arose, eventually leading to the drastic tactic of recruiting men convicted of violent crimes like murder into the unit. The following passage is from the journal of Oscar Dirlewanger himself, describing a hand selection of convicts, translated to English of course.

September, 1943. I was walking through a prison, one where the Third Reich throws the most foul and wretched of our kind. I was presented a record book from the prison detailing the crimes of each of the convicted. I had previously selected poachers for my unit due to their expert marksmanship, however their kind had been exhausted from this prison for quite some time. I started looking through the records for those I could expect to carry out the most ruthless of orders, people who would not be affected by the moral dilemmas that come with modern war. As I walked through the prison, I stopped at the sight of a peculiar looking prisoner. The first thing I noticed is that he was the only negro in the prison, and a very, very fucking ugly one at that. His nose was as wide as the Kursk Salient, and his eyes just as deep. His massive nostrils looked like 2 muzzle brakes from Pak-40's. His gargantuan lips looked like an indescribable gelatinous mass that violated every fact of nature that we as humans know. I asked the prison guard who the negro was. The guard told me he was an American named George Floyd who had been captured during the Invasion of Italy. Apparently he and a few other blacks had attempted to sexually assault some local women. While the other ones were tried and hung, George managed to escape to Axis lines where he was captured and sent here. At first, I was going to leave him there at the prison. After all, why would we want some kind of violent, subhuman savage fighting among us? Then, it hit me: these new missions I would be overseeing were bound to be incredibly dangerous. At the very least, I could be certain that this negro would die on the job if he did not contribute in any meaningful form.

I spoke my best English and asked him 'Hello Mr Floyd, would you be interested in commuting your sentence in exchange for military service? Your contribution would be - '

Before I could even finish, Floyd interrupted me, 'hell yeah nigga, I wanna kill whypeepo mane. Das why I be in da army n shiet. I finna be running up on white niggas right mane?'

I told him he wouldn't be up against whites, just Jewish partisans for the most part. He told me, 'yeah nigga, dems is whypeepo.'

I wasn't about to stand there and attempt to explain to him why Jews aren't White. It really didn't matter to me at that point. All I cared about was that I had a negro as part of the unit. I was interested to see what he was capable of, as the French had used the brutality of the African against Germany during this war and the last one too."

As for Dirlewanger's mentions of George Floyd, this is as far as they went. He was never mentioned in any of Oscar Direlewanger's subsequent journal entries. One may think his mention of George Floyd was simply faked. However, I have an additional journal from about a year later from a man, Reinhard McNütte, who was serving in the Direlewanger Brigade, reporting suspicious activity.

"August 1944. My 5th month with the Dirlewanger Brigade. We have been deployed to Poland to stop the uprising in Warsaw, as we cannot afford such insurrections to disrupt our logistics and rear lines while we fight the Soviets. While I feel sorrow for the Poles, I have a duty to my nation I must fulfill. We have been taking heavy losses lately, and so we were sent transfers from other squads that lost their men. They also seemed completely unhinged. One of the new recruits, Sam Hyde, was a convicted rapist. However, he paled in comparison to one of the reinforcements. He was a heavily decorated soldier who had clearly been serving with the brigade for quite some time. He had an MG42 with the inscription "Hitler's Breathtaker" on it, which was a play on the nickname for the MG42, "Hitler's Buzzsaw". He had a stahlhelm with writing on it that said "Waiting for the Exhale". The most interesting thing about him was the fact that he was a nigger. He came up to me to speak, and at first I thought he was going to speak English or Ebonics, neither of which are languages I understood. However, he spoke German somewhat well. He said, 'yo what's up mane I'm Floyd, Big Floyd the Landlord nigga, Houston Projects nigga, the third ward.'

I had absolutely no idea what he said. 'I am Reinhard McNüss, pleasure to you', I said. I also met another member of our group who would be tagging along. A beautiful blond haired, blue eyed woman named Lauren Southern. She was a local of the area and supported our cause, and she was going to lead us to where the partisans were. We were soon deployed to the one of the hottest areas of Warsaw to hunt partisans. As we were walking through the streets, we spotted a fat heeb standing in the road, yelling at us. He said 'Oy vey! What do you goyim think you're doing?! You better leave us chosen people alone or my name isn't Ethan Klein the First!"

I immediately shot him in the face, relieved to not see that disgusting pudgy kike anymore. Little did I know that his offspring would survive and flee to Israel, where his gross bloodline would go on to birth the deceptive and disgusting jew, H3H3 Productions. After I shot him, the buildings all around us opened up in a hail of gunfire. We took cover and picked off the partisans one by one. I saw Sam Hyde standing in the road, firing an MP-40 from the hip wildly, before he got shot in the chest and bled out. George Floyd started chimping out and screamed "Nah mane! We wuz gonna rape why bitches tuggetta and shiet!" He started firing his MG42 from the shoulder, which I had never seen anyone do before in my life. Once all the partisans were dead, George Floyd was still in nigger chimpout mode. He dropped his gun and set his eyes on Lauren Southern.

He said "Hehehe, I's boutta get dat ooga booga on with dat white biatch right der mane. Get yo ass ova here white ho." He started sprinting towards Lauren Southern like a locomotive going full speed. I shot him in the stomach with my Kar98, but he kept running, similar to criminal nigger Michael Brown after he robbed a conveinience store. Suddenly, a bullet passed through George Floyd's neck.

He said "ah shit mane, there be a hole in my neck which be preventing me from breathing and shiet, I can't breathe mane." I looked at where the bullet came from. It was from a Polish Partisan, a blonde haired, blue eyed man who looked like the embodiment of the Avalonian Aryan man. He was certainly not a jew. He looked at me and walked away. I realized I could no longer fight against the poles in this brother war. I realized in that moment that my only enemies are the eternal jew and the eternal negro. I went AWOL and fled to Switzerland where I am now writing this. Please be careful of where you place your allegiance as even the most based seeming organizations may unfortunately employ niggers."

Reinhard McNuss seems to have ended his journal entries there. As we know, George Floyd died again in May 2020, via the boot of Derek Chauvin. This is most likely because he is an invincible entity

that reincarnates whenever he "dies". I would beware because George Floyd is almost certainly out there right now, certainly up to no good.

**The George Floyd War Tank**

By Jordan Cleeman

One of my favorite types of memes is George Floyd memes. The reason is that George Floyd is a nigger who died from a fentanyl overdose. However, he is a criminal who robs pregnant women. The nigger loving media portrayed him as a hero who got murdered by a cop. This led me to become a Floyd meme enjoyer, who loves to joke about breathing and fentanyl. The main platform I use to view Floyd memes, is Instagram. Even though Instagram bans Floyd meme accounts whenever snowflake fags report them, that's where the best memes seem to be. Recently, there has been a trend where Floyd meme creators make accounts where George Floyd has some sort of a profession. This includes the teacher Floyd account, the George Floyd airlines account, the George Floyd finance account, and more.

It was one day, when I was scrolling through the George Floyd airlines account, when I came across a comment from a BLM chick, named Heather Wilcock, criticizing the recent post. She commented the word "disgusting". That infuriated me, as the George Floyd airlines is one of the best airline pages on instagram. I kindly replied "okay, heather wilcock suck", as a way to make fun of her name. Get it, Cock Suck? Anyway, I went on with my day after that.

When it was night time, I checked my direct messages, and got a message request from heather wilcock. I took a quick read, and it was captioned, "racist motherfucker" with a screenshot of my comment. I was confused. I did not remotely say anything racist. All I did was make fun of her name. To be frank, those BLM whores will always associate anything with the idea of racism. I just replied asking her for proof of my quote on quote racism. She didn't even reply, however. I went to bed, having no faith for an answer. I had to go to work early, so I needed to sleep early anyway.

The next morning, I saw accounts posting raid stories, which were directed at heather wilcock. They were instructing followers to go to her one and only post, which was of her with her phone covering her face. I red the comments which the raiders posted. Many of them were pretty hilarious, especially the floydsexual comments. Heather wilcock got so triggered, that she posted a story for every raid comment that was posted. I had to get to my job soon, so I got ready, and ate my cereal. I work as a biologist for the university redacted. As a biologist, my daily job spans from 8 o' clock AM to 10 o' clock PM. It is very long, but I enjoy it anyway. During work, I was so excited to participate in the raid all day. I was so distracted, that I almost screwed up a mitosis study. When it was finally 10 o' clock PM, I left the university. I was quite hungry from a long day of work, so I picked up a few pounds of steak from the grocery store and a spicy Popeyes chicken sandwich to feed my pet lizard on my way back home.

Once I was finally home, I devoured through the sandwich. It was a special dinner for me. I played a few games of war zone, playing in the African servers to pawn some niggers. It was around 2:55 AM when I grew tired from playing. I was about to go to bed, when I realized that I forgot to join the heather wilcock raid. I turned on my phone and opened instagram. I went on heather wilcocks page and saw that she posted a million new stories. I looked through all of them and laughed at the funny comments. I noticed that her boyfriends Instagram page was tagged in one of them. I visited it. It turns out, he is a shit skin Indian pajeet. I was in disgust because that meant Heather wilcock is a race mixer.

I then posted a comment on her post, saying that she shouldn't be dating monkeys. Shortly after, I got a direct message from heather wilcock. It said: "you'll regret this". I laughed. What could she do to me? I thought.

The next thing that happened was, Jayesh sent me a new direct message. I curiously tapped on the notification, to see it was a personal IG story. It read: "I fucking hate it when peeps demonize me for my skin color and call me a monkey. I swear to god I could shoot these bastards with a military tank."

I laughed my ass off after reading what Jayesh wrote for the story. The brown street shitter really thought he could intimate us Floyd enthusiasts by claiming he'd be willing to shoot us with a whole ass military tank. At that moment, I deemed my trolling session successful and decided it was time to feed the popeyes chicken sandwich to my lizard. I grabbed the paper Popeyes bag and fished it for the sandwich. Just when I was about to drop the spicy nigger sandwich into my pet lizard's tank, I heard a very loud

sound coming from outside my home.

I looked out of my bedroom window. At first, all I could decipher was a large, blocky shape, on the road. Large is an understatement. It took up over the entire width of the road. I had no idea how any car could pass such a wide object. I took a closer look and managed to make the large mass out as a giant military tank silhouette. At the time, I couldn't pinpoint its precise colors because it was outside the reach of the street lamps.

I recognized the long nozzle, which acts as the gun. I was perplexed. What on earth is such a behemoth doing in my neighbourhood?

I then heard the loud noise again, then saw the tank moving, closer to my home. The upper compartment of the tank then rotated, until the nozzle was pointed directly at my home. Strangely, the tip of the nozzle was much fatter than that of a normal tank. My blood froze. Why was it targeting me? I thought.

I flashed back to Jayesh's threat on Instagram. That was when everything began to make sense. He was not actually lying when he said he'd shoot all the online racist trolls with a tank. Even if heather wilcock called the cops on me, they would not bring the military after me. I inspected the tank more closely.

Once the tank moved enough so that one of the street lamp's light was able to shine on it, I began observing the details beyond just the tank's silhouette, and I got a near heart attack. The reason the nozzle was much fatter than normal is that it was literally a humungous mushroom-shaped mass. This is something I would never expect to see on a piece of heavy machinery. I just assumed it was some unusual supplementary attachment for military tanks that were manufactured by a company that intentionally designs ugly military tank upgrades.

I traced my eyes along the rest of the nozzle, until my line of sight reached the main body of the tank. Instead of the large piece of metal I was expecting to see, it was a humungous chimpanzee-like nigger face that took up the entirety of the front of the tank. It resembled that of the criminal monkey that I and the fellow internet trolls love to make fun of. Where its nose was supposed to be was where the nozzle extended from. That was when I realized, the giant mushroom-like mass at the tip was actually the nose of the gargantuan George Floyd face, except it was actually placed all the way at the end to act like a powerful snot gun that works similarly to god tier hydraulic systems.

It was then, that a figure popped out of the upper component. I recognized him. It was heather wilcocks boyfriend, Jayesh.

"There is no way he could have gotten here so soon after trolling him", I thought.

I needed to do something. My home costed my one million dollars. I didn't want some shit skin to blow it up.

"Go destroy that bigot," Jayesh demanded the George Floyd tank. "I already let you fuck heather so you better fulfill our deal."

For a moment, I chuckled. Apparently, Jayesh let the fifty-ton nigger tank fuck his mudshark girlfriend. It didn't come off as a surprise to me though because only an eternal BBC whore such as Heather Wilcock would be able to do such a grotesque thing.

The George Floyd tank opened its mouth, revealing sets of metallic teeth and then began to speak.

"Yoohoohoo time to destroy that sheeit," the George Floyd tank howled.

The giant biological war machine then extended its nostrils and took aim towards the window I was looking through. Preparing for impact, ducked. I was expecting to hear a loud explosion. However, I was surprised to hear a giant splat instead, which sounded exactly like when Tyre Sampson fell off the carnival ride. Whatever the George Floyd tank shot flew into my room and made a similar splat found upon striking my floor. It was a gooey substance that smelled extremely bad. Plugging my nose, I took a closer look at the mysterious goo. It was a mixture of soft fecal matter and greenish brown snot. After realizing what it was, I returned to my window to remedy the putrid odor.

"What the fuck did that tank just shoot?" I shouted out the window.

"You see, I couldn't afford any real tank ammunition, so I am using my own poop and Floyd's snot as a substitute instead," Jayesh explained.

Even though what the George Floyd tank was shooting is fucking gross, it was sure as hell better than being blasted by actual tank ammo.

"George Floyd tank, finish that racist off!"

"Okey dokey mayne!" the George Floyd tank agreed.

I ducked below my bedroom window as the George Floyd tank began shooting the Jayesh pajeet feces mixed with nigger snot, this time continuously. After thirty solid seconds of shooting, the vile projectile began to decrease in velocity and magnitude, until the George Floyd tank completely stopped shooting.

"What are you doing you stupid tank?" Jayesh growled, "His house is not even destroyed yet!"

"I'm trying mayne!" the George Floyd tank said, now in tears. "But it be hard as sheeit to breathe after shooting for that long. I need fuel mayne!"

I then watched as Jayesh got up from his seat, opened the cap of the fuel tank and stuck his ass on it to refuel it with his shit.

"Ah much better, now I can breathe again," the George Floyd tank said, relieved.

I didn't want the inside of my bedroom to get any dirtier, so I did what I could to stop the nigga tank from shooting again. I took the two closest objects: the popeyes chicken sandwich and a rotten apple that I left on my drawer for a year. I threw them at the George Floyd tank as hard as I could. To my luck, I managed to land both of the objects in the barrels of the George Floyd tank's nose, which plugged them.

"Ah shit, now I can't shoot nor breathet!" the George Floyd tank said.

"Shoot anyway you idiot!" Jayesh commanded.

The George Floyd tank attempted to shoot, but failed due to the apple and popeyes chicken sandwich blocking its barrel nostrils. I could tell it was still trying, because its face was clenched hard. That was until it exploded, causing a burst of fire, frying Jayesh into ashes. Thankfully, the tank was far enough from my house so the explosion didn't severely dent my home. Bits of metal were now scattered throughout the driveway, along with flesh from the biological George Floyd component of the tank.

I am now typing this on my phone as I am cleaning up the entire mess the explosion created. Moral of the story, even though being a racist troll is fun, there is such a thing as doing a little too much trolling.

**Hanuman Floyd: The Monkey God of Pajeets**

By Thomas Manwise and Gorg Floydson

I am a wildlife photographer who specializes in photographing minorities because they are wild animals. My most recent trip has left me out of breath, and I am now contemplating whether or not I should kill myself with a rifle similar to Ronnie Mcnutt. But before I tell all you fine readers about my horrific event, I must provide some context.

One day, I was looking at my recently published wildlife magazine, which had hundreds of photos of niggers being burned alive as well as Mexican cartel executions. I noticed there was a lack of diversity especially because all my photos were taken in Africa and Mexico. I missed out on some key minorities such as Australian Aboriginals, who are closer to monkeys than actual humans. I was also missing out on some Indian tech support pajeets. So I decided for my next trip I would go to India during their cow dung festivals, in which pajeets throw and bathe in cow shit and no I am not joking, this is a real thing that you can Google search. They even go as far as to throw children in piles of cow shit for their barbaric rituals.

I called up my ***based*** friend and fellow photographer Andrew Burrows, a former cryptozoologist who recently escaped from hell after a harrowing counter with the cryptid Krampus Floyd. We booked two first class flights to New Delhi as we are both White privileged males. When we landed, I immediately caught a whiff of a putrid stench and noticed pajeets shitting on the floor of the airport. There were also cows roaming around in the airport with no one batting an eye. Andrew and I pushed away a group of pajeet scammers who were offering to guide us through the city.

"God, tell me why the fuck I'm in this shithole again?" Andrew asked as he kicked a pajeet beggar away from him. He didn't punch or push him because the pajeet was covered in poop.

"I need some good photos of pajeets molesting women and bathing in cow shit for my next magazine," I replied.

We made our way into the city to see pajeets throwing cow shit at each other.

"Oh the festival's already begun," I said as I began to take photos.

We got plenty of photos of pajeet males harassing any female pajeet who had a skin color that was paler than the color of poop, bathing in cow shit and drinking cow piss. We also got to photograph the **quote and quote** holy river of India, the river **gan-geez.** For those who don't know much about India, the river **gan-geez** is the holy river of pajeets and is deeply tied to their religious beliefs. However, if you have ever looked up what the river looks like on Google, you'll see that it isn't a river so much as it is a stream of literal shit. The river is overflowing with untreated sewage, industrial waste, agricultural runoff, remnants of partially burned or unburned bodies from funeral pyres, animal carcasses, and of course human excrement. It is estimated that over three million liters of garbage are poured into the river every day. And guess what. It's part of the pajeet religion to bathe oneself in the, and I say this without joking or lying to you, cleansing water of the river.

After we finished up taking pics of pajeets skinny dipping in the shitstream that is the **gan-geez,** we headed off next to watch the most disturbing thing we had seen by far. That was when a pajeet woman was forced to throw herself onto her dead husband's funeral pyre in a ritual sacrifice called Sati. Even I, who had been desensitized to gore after years of spending time in edgy Telegram chats, was shocked as the pajeets laughed and cheered as the woman was burned alive, the flesh melting off her bones and charring.

For those of you who don't know, there are many pajeet who believe that their religion tells them that a widow should kill herself by burning herself to death. This barbaric, animalistic practice was only clamped down on when India was a British colony, but even today many pajeets in rural areas force women into killing themselves because they are backwards and have low IQs.

After watching the funeral pyre get extinguished and the charred bones of the woman removed, Andrew and I decided to call it a day. We headed to an inn called Hanuman Floyd's inn, which was named after the Indian monkey god Hanuman. The inn smelled just as bad as all the other pajeet buildings we had been to, however it wouldn't be too bad for one night. I was checking us in at the reception while Andrew went out to get food that wasn't curry or other gross Indian food. The receptionist was a tall pajeet standing at an astounding 6 foot 5 inches, which is very uncommon as almost all pajeets are skinny fat manlets. This is partly because of genetics and partly because they are vegetarians, which causes them to develop no muscle mass whatsoever. He wore bedsheets and had a grey beard as well as a red dot on his forehead which is traditionally worn by pajeet women.

"Hey mayne, how I be helpin' you n shiet cracka?" The pajeet said.

I was shocked to hear a pajeet speak ebonics. I looked up at the pajeet's ugly face and immediately my blood ran cold. Although this person or creature or whatever the fuck this thing was supposed to be had dark poop skin, it wasn't pajeet poop skin, it was nigger poop skin. The nigger pajeet hybrid had a large fat nose and large lips which were nigger facial features. The nose and lips were large even by nigger standards. I knew right then that it was George Floyd.

The first words that came out of my mouth were "Nigger, how the fuck are you still alive?!"

"OOGA BOOGA, I be Hanuman Floyd da Monkey God of India!. When I died in Minneapolis I reincarated as a Hindu god and shieet!." The nigger pajeet hybrid said.

Before I could run out of the shitty inn, I felt a sharp pain behind my back. I pulled a small dart from my back.

"What the fuck?!" I said before noticing the white powder on the tip of the dart.

It was a fentanyl dart! I began to cough and my vision became blurry.

"Hehehe g'night lil cracka!"

Those were the last words I heard before I passed out. When I awoke, I noticed that I was in a dark room. When my eyes finally adjusted, I saw that I was in some kind of warehouse.

"Oh good you up mayne," a voice said.

It was Pajeet Floyd. He was surrounded by an army of stinking, ugly button-head manlets. They were armed with cricket mallets and centuries-old rifles that they had been given by the British while they were a part of the Empire. It was to be expected that both of their weapons were stolen from the British Empire, as if you look at the history of India it's just them getting conquered by Europeans over and over again. First by the Indo-Aryans (which is also why some high-caste pajeets look kind of White; they have a bit of Aryan admixture) and then by the British. Alexander the Great would've conquered them too if he hadn't died so young.

"Ma fellow Floydian creature, Krampus Floyd, wuz killed by yo' friend Andrew a few months ago," Hanuman Floyd said. "And although I kidnapped you and I wanna smoke yo' pale ass ta get revenge, I need ya fo' ma plans."

I grimaced as I tried to break free of my restraints, but it was no use. "What do you want from me, you monster!?"

Hanuman Floyd laughed. "I is gonna use ya ta bring about da Nigga Yuga, mane. And for dat, I need yo seed."

I squinted, unsure of what he was saying. "What the fuck is a Nigga Yuga?"

Hanuman Floyd grinned, showing teeth that had been stained yellow from years of smoking Newport Menthols. "You see cracka, usually dare be four yugas, or ages. In all uh da ages us dark skinned peepo uh da world are low caste because Brahman or Mama Nature or God with a capital G be raciss against us darkies. So dats why I is gonna create a new age fo' my followers, da Nigga Yuga."

Hanuman Floyd then began to chant a hypnotic song. As I listened to it, a vision of what the Nigga Yuga would look like filled my mind. The entire world looked like a mixture between Detroit, Port au Prince and the slums of Mumbai. The only jobs in existence were tech support positions and being a cashier at Seven-Eleven or the Co-Op, depending on whether it was American or the UK. The only movies would be Bollywood films and the only music would be from T-Series and African chimpanzee jungle beats from soundcloud rappers. All of the nature in the world was ruined, having been polluted beyond belief like the river **gan-geez** and the formerly beautiful island of Haiti.

I was screaming when Hanuman Floyd released me from his vision.

"Hee hee hee hee, of course yo' cracka ass don't like dat beautiful world and shieet, but it'll be sick as fuck fo' mah peepo," the monkey god of niggers and pajeets said as he walked over to me. "And now, I need yo' Aryan seed, cracka."

Hanuman Floyd picked me up and took me to a different part of the warehouse, which looked oddly like a theatre. I instantly vomited as I saw what was up on the stage. There were scores of pajeet females, all of them dressed in what pajeets considered to be sexually attractive clothing. As is common knowledge, pajeet females are tied with sheboons for the ugliest women on the planet. This is because they have the flat chest and ass of gooks, the hook nose of Jews, the dark skin and stench of negresses and the awful personality of latinas. There is a very good reason why male pajeets ask White women on Instagram for bobs and **vah-gene** pics, which is because their own women are hideous beyond belief.

"I need ya ta impregnate all ah dem womens and shieet with yo' Aryan seed nigga," Hanuman Floyd said.

"What?" I shouted at the top of my lungs. "Ew, that's fucking disgusting."

Hanuman Floyd then pulled out a small automatic pistol chambered for 22 Long Rifle, the type of gun that you'd expect a pajeet clerk working at Seven-Eleven to arm himself with since pajeets are too physically pathetic to handle the recoil of any more powerful weapon. "You ain't got no choice about it. Now take yo' pants off and start fuckin' dem hoes. By commitin' da sin ah mixin' yo sacred Aryan seed with da women uh da lowest castes, which be da Dalits and da Shudras, it will further da corruption uh dis world, gibin way ta da Nigga Yuga."

For those who do not know much about India, pajeets are divided into multiple different castes according to Hinduism. Although there is no conclusive evidence, there is a theory that the caste system was created to prevent the darker pajeets from mixing with their Indo-Aryan conquerors, thereby diluting the blood. However there was still interbreeding between the Indo-Aryans in the priestly caste and the native pajeets in the lower castes, which led to the decline of India. In fact, this process was precisely the example

that Adolf Hitler used to describe the decline of a race in Mein Kampf. The lowest castes like the untouchable Dalits and the laborer Shudras are basically as disgusting and stupid as niggers, and slowly but surely they polluted the pure blood of the Indo-Aryans.

"I'd rather cut my own cock off then stick my dick in a pajeet," I said defiantly.

Floyd grinned and pointed at one of the supposed women. "You sure about dat cracka? You can be like dat nigga right dare man if you really want ta do dat ta yo' self."

I looked closely at the individual that Hanuman Floyd was pointing to, then nearly vomited again as I realized that it was a dude. Although it was difficult to tell that he was a dude at first because pajeet women are just that ugly, the hip-to-shoulder ratio told no lies. I knew that I was looking at a hijra. Hijras are Indian trannies, which are, no joke, a part of the traditional Indian culture. Hijras are men who cut their dicks off and then pretend to be women. There are references to something approaching them in the Sanskrit *Kama Sutra*, which was written in the fourth century, and they have a recorded existence of at least 1000 years. Nowadays they exist mainly as gay prostitutes for horny pajeet men. And if you think I'm lying and exaggerating about this, just look it up. It's there on wikipedia nigga. The only time in history when this vile, reprehensible sexual deviancy was suppressed was, as you guessed, under the rule of the British Empire, which is further proof that only the White race has a functioning moral and ethical compass.

"Now take dis here fentanyl ta get high den get started on knockin' dem bitches up," Hanuman Floyd said, bringing a needle up to my arm.

I struggled but it was no use. But right as the needle was about to puncture my skin, I heard music in the distance. It was really awful music that was from a Bollywood movie. However, the music was now making all of the Indians, including Hanuman Floyd, spontaneously dance.

"Ahh shieet, dis be da mandatory Bollywood musical number!." Hanuman Floyd said as he did the banana dance that the original George Floyd did in Cup Foods moments prior to paying for a banana with a fake twenty dollar bill. "Goddamn, I gotta dance man, I gotta dance and shieet."

I fell from Hanuman Floyd's clutches as all the pajeets around me danced and sang. Every dance move was cringeworthy and every note was ear piercing, as was to be expected from the world's most pathetic race. You probably know this, but India has its own movie industry which is called Bollywood, and it's an industry standard in Bollywood movies to have a part where all the characters start singing and dancing to really bad Indian pop music. Yes, this applies even to action movies and historical dramas, which makes Bollywood movies unbearable for any person that is not a total cringelord.

I then saw Andrew Burros smash through the windows of the warehouse with a jukebox playing that awful pajeet music. He leapt down onto the floor and gave me a hand.

"Come on bro, let's get the fuck out of here while they are forced to do the mandatory Indian dance sequence," Andrew said, helping me up.

As we ran off, I saw Hanuman Floyd dancing like a crazy chimpanzee. "Awwwww shieet, dis dancing leavin' me short of breath. My lungs be workin' too hard when dancin' deez sick dance moves and it making it hard to breathe man. I can't breathe nigga, I can't breathe cuz I have ta dance."

We escaped and took the first plane we could get out of India. I am now typing this on my computer as I travel to an undisclosed secret base that houses White racists, who have offered to give me and Andrew protection in exchange for information on Hanuman Floyd.

The moral of the story is that the filthiness of pajeets is only the surface of their vileness as a race. Towelheads, and especially the lower caste ones, are just as bad if not worse than niggers in many ways. They pollute their own sacred rivers, burn women alive, make really cringe movies, and have had faggot tranny prostitutes as a part of their culture for millenia. The only time in history when they could be considered remotely decent was when they were ruled by the British. And now, it seems that they are now being led by a monkey god that is a reincarnation of George Floyd, who for all we know is still out there and scheming against the White race.

**I Know Alexander Dugin's Real Plans**

By Thomas Manwise

*Author's note*: Listen to the entire creepypasta before making up your opinion on this one. That is all.

As I write this, the Russia-Ukraine war is continuing to rage on with no discernable end in sight. Millions of White people are suffering as a result of the war, whether it is because they are civilians directly caught up in the conflict, working-class families unable to afford the skyrocketing cost of living, or Telegram meme page admins who have to deal with six gorillion fucking comments on any post they make about the war. Seriously guys, they're jokes, chill out for a moment. However, what you may not know is how the war started in the first place. Although realist political theorists like Professor John Mearsheimer and his popularizers on the far-right may get you to think that this was an act of Russia securing its borders against the encroachment of NATO, this cannot be further from the truth. The real reason why Russia invaded Ukraine is far more sinister than you may imagine, and should immediately have you on edge. And it all revolves around the plans of one sinister, evil man. The Russian philosopher, globalist, and satanist: Alexander Dugin. For those of you who are blissfully unaware of what Dugin espouses, the Russian philosopher argues in favor of Eurasianism and Multi-polarity, which are codewords for creating a multi-ethnic Russian empire by mixing Asians and Whites. However, that isn't the extent of Dugin's depravity. Alexander Dugin is a proponent of Jewish Kabbalah, occultism, witchcraft and creating chaos. He is also probably a communist.

But before I continue with my story, I need to explain who I am. Although I cannot reveal my real name, I go by the pseudonym "Thuletide" online. You can find me on Telegram by looking up my channel in the search function. Most of my content focuses on promoting the truth about Klaus Schwab, the New World Order, and promoting traditional European culture. Recently though, I have been spending much of my time debunking the lies spread about the Russia-Ukraine conflict by individuals who promote the teachings of Alexander Dugin, all of whom will go unnamed here to prevent them from amassing an even greater following. I need to do this because, by any definition of the term, Dugin is an evil and sick man, and it is my duty to protect my followers from his influence.

My story begins with me scrolling through my feed on Gab, which you can find **at-Thuletide**, and I suggest you look it up. I had been in a bad mood for a couple days because the New World Order agents who monitor my every move through advanced surveillance had been telling all the women on Tinder to swipe left on my profile. The only thing that was comforting me at the moment was my Gab profile pic, which is set to a fanart of my waifu Megumin smiling at me.

"Megumin-chan," I said, touching the screen as tears rolled down my face. "Why can't I find a girl like you? I want to suckle on your feet so bad."

Now you may be wondering why I am so opposed to Dugin's theories on Eurasianism and witchcraft when my profile pic on Gab is of a loli witch waifu from a Japanese cartoon, but you see that's because Megumin-chan is from an anime called Kono Subarashii Sekai ni Shukufuku Wo! which is set in a medieval setting, making it an expression of implicit White identity, and I will hunt you down and slay you with my Aryan katana if you don't agree with me. Also for all of you who say that it's creepy to have a canonically fourteen-year old girl as your profile pic on both your Gab and your Twitter (before being banned) you are retarded. Lolis are completely fictional and it's absolutely not an expression of my actual sexual desires. On the contrary, it is justified because the Ancient Greeks and Romans got married when they were in their early to mid teens, making my love of Megumin-chan very trad, based, and red-pilled.

Anyway, as I was scrolling down Gab for lewds of muh waifu, I got a notification on my phone. I checked it and saw that it was a Telegram direct message from my long-time friend, Brandon Martinez.

"Thuletide, amigo mío, ¡hay un grupo de chat en esta aplicación dirigido por Dugin!" it read.

My eyes widened in surprise. I swiftly replied, saying, "Wait, you're kidding me right? Alexander Dugin has an official telegram channel with an open public chat?"

"Si, mi amigo," Martinez replied.

I didn't know how I should react. On one hand, I wanted to infiltrate that chat to see what sinister plans that Dugin and his followers were up to. But I also knew that by engaging directly against Dugin, I would likely by marked for assassination by the Foreign Intelligence Service of Russia, also known as the SVU. I was probably already blacklisted by them for speaking out against Dugin's satanism on my

Telegram and Gab feeds, but to go after Dugin myself was something I had never done before. For an hour or so, I pondered whether I should join Dugin's chat, popping a couple adderalls and Monster Energy drinks to help me think.

As the sweat trickled down my brow as I struggled over whether I should infiltrate the chat, I saw the smile of Megumin-chan's face on my computer monitor, which gave me the courage I needed to do what I needed to do. I smiled and nodded at her, then clicked on the link that Brandon Martinez sent me and joined.

I felt a shudder reverberate throughout my body as I saw the inside of the chat. Inside, I saw about a hundred or so of his followers. I was disgusted to see that some of the conversations taking place were in non-White languages like Italian, and I knew that that discussion was likely all a part of Dugin's scheme to pollute my 100 percent pure Aryan blood with Afro-Asiatic DNA. However, as I scrolled through the chat, I didn't see any discussions on witchcraft or kabbalah. Instead, all of it just seemed to be guys talking about geopolitics and the death of liberalism. There was Eurasianism mentioned, but it was mostly about how Russia was naturally a multi-ethnic state and how it should still function as a strong regional power. There really wasn't anything that I could find where he explicitly stated that he wanted more Elliot Rodgers.

"This is bullshit," I said to myself. "I bet that Dugin is hiding all the Satanism and race-mixing crap. I know it as certain as I know that I, Thuletide, have indeed read Pentti Linkola."

For the next 36 hours, I kept scrolling and scrolling, canvassing every last inch of Dugin's Telegram page. I kept searching and searching, my eyes teary and reddening because I suffer from dyslexia. I went through ten Monsters and an entire tub of G Fuel, my fingertips bleeding from all the typing I was doing. Right as I was about to give up, I noticed something that I hadn't seen before.

It was an address in Russia, with the post above it titled "The Fourth Political Theory Meet-Up." I gasped in horror as I saw what I read next.

"Hello dere comrade or sumting, cum an' meet up wit me, Alexander Dugin, in Moscow or something like dat. Da meetin' be tomorrow or something. Dere, I'll show ya crackas mah true plans for Russia, Ukraine, America, and da entirety of da Western world and shieet. Admission is whatevah 20 U.S. dollahs is in rubles at da current exchange rate. So muh maynes, see ya dere!"

Although I had no idea why Alexander Dugin was suddenly writing in ebonics, I immediately knew that I had to attend the event. I knew that by traveling there, I would be in the belly of the Red Russian beast, but it was my duty as a niche internet political commentator and conspiracy theorist to help expose Dugin's true plans.

I immediately booked a flight to Moscow. I packed all of the necessities; a fresh change of clothes, a toothbrush, and of course my body pillow of Megumin. The next day I drove to the airport and got on the plane, where I noticed that everybody on the plane was staring at me for holding onto my body pillow. Even the man wearing a Burger King crown and the she-nigger he was shouting at had ceased their arguing just to look at me.

"Don't worry Megumin-chan, it's just you and me darling," I said softly. "We'll be in Russia soon. Don't worry about them."

Me and Megumin-chan got off the plane, where I was immediately met with the powerful stench of bears. Bears have a very strong, musty smell in mating season, and when I looked around there were bears everywhere because I was in Russia. As I got into the city proper, I was disgusted to see that everybody around me was either a literal Mongoloid or a Chechen Muslim.

"Russia isn't European," I muttered to myself as I walked down the streets and towards my hotel. "It's a bunch of Asians and Muzzies. All those people supporting Russia on Telegram are either retarded or Kremlin propagandists."

When I got to the hotel, I saw that there was a White man standing about five foot four inches tall with gangly arms sitting in the hotel lobby. He had a fake, strap-on beard, a pot belly and manboobs. I recognized him to be Beardson Beardly, one of the Groyper generals of the America First movement.

"Beardson, why are you in Russia?" I asked.

"I'm here because the leader of the White Race and my boss, Nick Fuentes, needed a representative from America First to attend Dugin's conference," Beardson said as he lit up a cigarette. "I'm a real big fan of Dugin myself since Dugin just seems like a cool guy. He's a weirdo loser like me, you know? And by the way, who are you?"

"I'm Thuletide, the famous blogger," I said triumphantly.

"Who?" Beardson said, puffing on his cigarette.

"Thuletide? You know? The guy on Telegram and Gab who posts about the New World Order and Dugin?"

Beardson lit up another cigarette. "Literally who?"

"Fine, well fuck you Beersoy," I said, flipping Beardson off. "2B is a trash waifu anyway. I'm going to bed with Megumin."

"Bro, why are you so mad bruh?" Beardson said, drawing on both cigarettes simultaneously. "I'll say though, Megumin is a fine waifu. Good taste, my friend."

"Thank you," I said begrudgingly, then went up to my hotel room.

Once I was inside, I collapsed onto my bed, completely exhausted. I was so tired from having not slept or showered for the past 48 hours that I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep. When I woke up, I realized that I was on the verge of being late for Dugin's meeting. I had no time to shower or change my clothes, so I just got up and hurried as quickly as I could to the address that had been listed on Dugin's Telegram page. Because of the plumpness of my body, I can't run and have to fast walk instead. However, that didn't stop me from being drenched in sweat by the time I made it to the venue where the event was taking place.

For some reason, likely a sinister one, Alexander Dugin was having his meeting in a dingy apartment complex. It was one of those old flats in the brutalist style that were built back in the Soviet era, which honestly resembled the Section 8 housing that niggers in the United States occupy. As I entered the building I was met with the powerful stench of vodka and menthol cigarettes. The latter was particularly strong, which can be expected since 60% of men and 22% of women in Russia smoke. The reception area was dingy and damp, with everything from the walls to the furniture a dull gray color.

There was nobody at the desk, so I went up to the intercom to punch in the room number. But as soon as I touched the buttons, I felt extremely lightheaded, my knees wobbling and my heartbeat becoming suddenly erratic. I noticed traces of a white powder on the keys, which made me realize that I had probably just exposed myself to some form of opioid. For those of you who don't know, Russia has a serious problem with heroin and other narcotics. Judging by how little it took for me to get an adverse reaction, it was probably the synthetic opioid fentanyl.

I was crawling on the floor with a torrent of blood flowing from my nose when I saw a tall figure exit the elevator and walk over to me.

"Hello American, I am sorry if you had problem with intercom. Bad on us for not wiping down," he said in a thick Russian accent, then helped me up. "Come now, Professor Dugin is waiting for us."

I was still in a fentanyl induced haze as the man and I rode the elevator up to the fourth floor of the apartment complex. The Russian gave me a bottle of vodka to help me clear up my mind, but it didn't help much. On the contrary, it made me puke all over the inside of the elevator. I apologized to the Russian, but he just laughed it off and said, "Happens every day."

Once we got off the elevator, I saw that instead of being in a hallway with normal doors and rooms, there was a wide open space, bringing to mind the many anime conventions I attended in the past. Instead of hot cosplay girls with daddy issues though, what I saw before me at the Dugin conference was horrifying.

There was an endlessly sea of gooks, niggers, pajeets and goatfuckers, all of them conversing with each other. There was a banner hanging above them that said, "SATANIC NEW WORLD ORDER KABBALIST EURASIANIST PAN-AFRICAN NATIONAL BOLSHEVIK BELT-AND-ROAD INITIATIVE EMPIRE". I saw that they were drinking vodka cut with baby blood and jenkem, the latter of which is a drug that niggers make out of fermenting their own feces. There were tables serving platters of human flesh and crispy fried goy foreskins, which is a Jewish delicacy.

A few of the faces I recognized were Klaus Schwab the leader of the World Economic Forum, Xi Jinping, Ayatollah Khameni of Iran, Bashar Al-Assad of Syria, Eric Striker the Kremlin propagandist, and, of course, Benjamin Netanyahu. There was also Volodomyr Zelenskyy the President of Ukraine and his master Igor Kolomoisky, who were busy playing pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey, only that they were jabbing a bound-up White girl with COVID vaccines.

Now you may be wondering why the president of a country which is opposed to Russian imperialism and has all of NATO backing it against Russia is attending the conference of a philosopher who has been called "Putin's brain" in the past, but there's a good reason why it wasn't surprising to a startlingly brilliant mind such as myself. You see, Ukraine, NATO, Russia, Israel, the UN, and every other country and group are not independent actors who work to advance their interests. In fact, they are all part of a secret global cabal that all work together. My evidence for this is that I have public photographs of all those world leaders shaking hands together at public leadership summits, where we all know that really, truly important matters are decided. It is undeniable that Klaus Schwab, Vladimir Putin, Benjamin Netanyahu, Xi Jinping, Volodomyr Zelenskyy and Alexander Dugin all work together because I have photos of them shaking hands and smiling together in public, you see?

The real truth is that every conflict that has ever happened is fake, from the Napoleonic Wars to the Bolshevik Revolution to the American Civil War; everything was, is, and will be a psy-op. I even have evidence that Hitler was controlled opposition because his cab driver was part Jewish, but I digress.

Anyway, as an Aryan super soldier, I stuck out like a sore thumb in the sea of shitskins. My disgust at what was going on must've been apparent on face, because the Russian man who had helped escort me upstairs was glaring at me with a concerned expression.

"American, is there something wrong? You seem scared," he said, stroking his beard.

I turned to answer him, but due to the fentanyl finally wearing off, I could see clearly now that it was no Russian, at least in the traditional meaning of that word. I was standing before Ramzan Kadryov, the Mud Slime leader of the Chechen orcs. I suddenly realized that he reeked of the smell of kebab and cigars.

"You seem suspicious, American," Kadryov said, placing a hand on my shoulder. "Mind if I take you somewhere where I can ask you some questions?"

I reeled away from Kadryov's grasp, but I tripped over myself. "Ahhhh!" I shrieked as I stumbled backwards. "Stay away from me! Stay away!"

But it was no use. Kadryov restrained me with his Chechen judo moves, then ordered one of the other guards to pat me down. They found my phone and used my fingerprint to unlock it. A sinister grin appeared on Kadryov when he saw my Telegram account.

"Why isn't it Mister Thuletide himself," the leader of the uruk-hai said, then cackled. "We've been looking for you for a long time. This is the last time you will foil our plans."

He snapped at one of his guards. "Take Thuletide to our leader. He can make use of his White blood."

I screamed and struggled but it was no use since one of them smacked me across the head, knocking me out instantly. The Chechens bound my hands and feet and threw a sack over my head, then dragged me away. When they took the bag off me, I saw that I was in some sort of enclosed room.

There were seats carved from stone all around me in a circle, and when I looked down I saw that there was a Star of David drawn in blood. I noticed that I was bound to some sort of rock pillar, and when I looked behind me I saw that Beardson Beardly was gagged and tied up to the same rock as myself. He was struggling against the ropes binding him, but he was too weak and pathetic to break free.

That was when I heard a familiar voice speak. "Aw shieet, you is finally awake. "Hello dere Thuletide, muh cracka."

I raised my head, coming eye to eye with the man himself, Alexander Dugin. However, there was something off about the Russian philosopher. His nose was as large as my love for Megumin, with massive nostrils that rivaled bomb craters in circumference. His lips were hideously massive, like two pieces of shit melded slapped together. But what was most hideous was his skin, which was the color of crude oil from West Siberia.

"What...what the fuck are you?" I groaned. "I thought you were a Russian, not a nigger."

"Hee hee hee hee, muh name be George-xander Floyd-dugin mane!" the bearded philosopher said. "I be what happened when we heah at da Islamo-Duginist National Bolshevik Pan-African Eurasianist Satan Worshiping Death Cult got together an' merged mah body with da soul of George Floyd."

I burst out laughing when I heard him say that. "Why would you want to merge yourself with a fucking retarded nigger?" I asked.

Floyd-dugin shook his head when he heard my reply. "You be clearly lost mane, clearly lost. I'll show ya what we at heah be tryin' ta do, know what I'm saying?"

Floyd-dugin pointed to another shadowy figure. "Massa Putin, please show yourself to dis heah cracka."

A manlet in a suit walked into my vision, and I gasped when I saw who it was. It was Vladimir Putin, but he looked like he was half chimpanzee now.

"Ohh ohh ah ah!" Putin chimped, banging his chest like the ape he was. "Ohh ah ah ah ohha ah eee!"

George-xander Floyd-dugin smiled. "Ya see, I fuzed Vladimir Putin wit da soul ah da Mongolian , know what I'm sayin'? It because it be part ah da goal ah da Eurasianist Empire and shieet, ta merge all da races together cuz dere be no race, know what I'm sayin? It's why we be invading Ukraine and da Chinese be building da new silk road in Africa, nigga. Dat's da plan mane, we gon merge all da races together foe da Pan-African, Eurasianist, New World Order!"

"No! That's awful! I'll never let it happen!" I said heroically, just like how my favorite anime characters would.

"Hee hee hee, it be too late now," Floyd-dugin said, taking out a syringe. "Now you and dat cracka Beardson gonna be used as cracka test subjects foe mah new plans mane."

Beardson shrieked, crying out for his nigger-loving ex-wife to come and save him, but the gag was firmly in place and muffled most of what he said.

Floyd-dugin lumbered over to Beardson. "Dis heah be a solution dat be part Pfizer vaccine, part fentanyl, and part nigga blood mane. By injecting dis inta yo veins and doin' da Kabbalist-Satanic ritual, we gonna turn ya inta a cracka-nigga hybrid mane."

Tears were streaming down Beardson's cheeks as he tried to dodge away from the needle, but Floyd-dugin grabbed his puny bicep and injected the toxins into his veins. Then, Floyd-dugin stepped back and linked his arms with Putin, Kadryov, Xi Jinping, Zelenskyy, who were all his Satanic assistants, and began to chant.

The Star of David below me began to glow a bright crimson. Suddenly, sparkles of red energy burst out of the ritual circle and poured into Beardson, who writhed in pain. The light was as blinding as a CIA nigger in the dark, forcing me to close my eyes to keep myself from going blind.

When the ritual was finished, I opened my eyes to see what had happened to Beardson. However, nothing seemed to have happened. I blinked, wondering what had happened.

"Ah fucking fuck it all mane," Floyd-dugin swore. "Dis guy already be a nigga at heart and shieet. No use in doin' da ritual and shieet mane."

"So does that mean I'm free to go?" Beardson asked hopefully.

Floyd-dugin nodded his head. "Yeah, it's ok since you already be a spiritual part ah da Duginist empire an' shieet."

Beardson's chains were unbound and he was let go, but that still left me there bound up.

Floyd-dugin cackled in laughter. "Hee hee hee hee, now ta get ta da fun part. I is gonna turn ya, Thuletide, inta a Chinese-nigga-cracka hybrid cracka foe speaking out against mah evil plans on your Telegram channel and shieet, mane!"

Floyd-dugin pulled out a needle. "Dis needle contain all da same shieet dat was in Beardson's, but I added nanomachines ta it, son, so dat I can control ya forevah and turn ya inta a soldier foe mah Eurasianist Empire and shieet. You're mine now, cracka."

"No! I don't want that! No! Please, mama! Mama!" I screamed, but there was no use in doing that.

*I guess that's it,* I thought to myself as I felt the needle enter my Aryan bicep. I felt a surge of pain as the toxins entered my body, corrupting me. It was so awful that I blacked out, falling face first onto the ground.

. . . . . .

I was unconscious for who knows how long. But when I finally came to, I heard a voice speaking to me.

"Professor Dugin, wake up! It's a quarter till nine! You aren't going to be ready to give your lecture!"

"Wa...what?" I asked, noticing that I had a strong Russian accent for some reason. I turned my head to see that an IV drip labeled "Lithium" was in my arm.

"Professor, you really need to be more precise with the timings at which you take your medication," the voice, which I recognized to be that of my research assistant, said. "You were screaming about some black man injecting you with some strange toxin by the time I was able to restrain you and get the anti-psychotics into your system."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry," I said, stroking my beard. "I hope I didn't hurt you in my episode there."

My assistant shook his head. "It's no big deal, Professor Dugin. Schizophrenia is a horrible condition. I'm just glad that I'm able to help you with it."

I had been out cold with my face flat on my desk, and when I looked up I saw that I was logged onto my alternative Telegram account, one that I had named "Thuletide". I must've been smirking as I read through my posts on there, because my assistant leaned over with a curious look on him.

"Professor, what is this?" he asked.

"This?" I laughed. "This is my...troll account. Do you want to take a read?"

My assistant scrolled through the Telegram feed, shaking his head. "Sir, this is all foolish nonsense. But please tell me, why do you post about yourself so often?"

I smiled. "Simple. It makes me and my ideas more notorious to those Westeners. I get a kick out of it," I said as I pushed myself out of my seat. "Now come, I need you to help carry the signed copies of The Fourth Political Theory to my students."

And with that, my assistant and I headed off, ready to face the new day.

That, my dear reader, is the truth behind my secret plans.

**The True Meaning of Dark MAGA**

By Thomas Manwise

*Disclaimer: This is not a call to violence. It is a parody made with the sole purpose of humoring its audience. If you are incapable of distinguishing obvious political satire created for the purpose of red pilling and getting a laugh out of our clearly lost young generation from serious terroristic threats, you are retarded; or worse, a woman.*

The year is 2022 and the American Midterm elections are fast approaching.

At this point, if you are on the far-right and haven't realized that Donald Trump is a grifter, a nigger lover and, worst of all, a puppet of international Jewry, you are a retard. And if you haven't admitted to yourself (or your audience if you're a right wing commentator) that the adulterous playboy president who has Jewish grandchildren and associates with nigger gangster rappers isn't the second coming of Jesus Christ or Hitler, you are being dishonest; either to yourself or to your followers.

However, there are still tens of millions of good, kind-hearted people who are trapped in the normie Republican bubble, being milked for shekels and votes by grifters. And when I say 'good, kind-hearted people,' I am talking about working and middle-class American White people. The White people whose ancestors built America and without whom America would collapse, as Whites are the only race which is capable of keeping everything running. Pajeets and gooks, while they can be smart enough to maintain infrastructure, they're dishonest scammers who are ultimately loyal to India and China. And well, niggers are

niggers. The only thing niggers can run is from the police.

White factory workers with twenty years experience at their job, making them irreplaceable with wetback labor. Small business owners and artisans like Jack Phillips, the owner of Masterpiece Cakeshop, who had to fight all the way to the Supreme Court just so that he could obey the word of God and not have to bake a cake for two STD-ridden fruits. And of course, and I write this part with the utmost solemnity, women like Christi Spicuzza, the married mother of four who drove Uber because her husband and her were financially struggling, who begged for her life as a feral chimpanzee nigger gunned her down in cold blood.

All the White people who still follow the leaders of the **G O P**, and yes that includes Trump, follow them because they have been indoctrinated into thinking that it is wrong to work together on the basis of race, when in reality that is the only way that White people are going to have a future on this continent and, very likely, the world as a whole. That is because Jews are using demographic replacement, race-mixing, LGBT propaganda, and even drugs like opioids to destroy White Americans. And if you don't think that the Republicans don't push that degenerate crap, just think back to that one image of Trump holding up the faggot flag with "LGBT for Trump" written on it.

Very recently, I have uncovered a sinister plot by the Republican party leadership which can only be described as their most devilish, evil scheme yet. However, allow me to introduce myself first. My name is Larry Ridgeway. I am known across the world for my extremely powerful hatred of niggers, a hatred which is only rivaled in intensity by God's hatred of queers and faggots and a nigger bitch's hatred of any drink that doesn't have at least three cups of sugar in it.

My story begins with me checking my email in my study after a long Friday night working my side gig as a dog catcher. For those who don't know, working as a dog catcher is one of the few ***based*** jobs left for a working-class White guy like myself. This is because most stray and feral dogs are pit bulls or pit bull mixes, which are the dog equivalents of niggers and mulattoes respectively. That is because pit bulls and pit bull mixes are savage, violent dogs that commit a disproportionate amount of attacks on both other dogs and humans. By catching them and sending them to kill shelters, I am making society a safer place. The only trouble I have ever had with my job was when a South Korean tried to steal my job by offering to become a dog catcher at a lower price, but I exposed him to my employers by showing that the gook only wanted the position because he wanted to make bosintang, a stew made out of dog meat, out of the dogs he caught.

I was reading through pages upon pages of spam emails to try and find an email from my bank that had gotten lost. That was when an email from an address that I hadn't paid any attention to in a very, very long time caught my eye. The topic of the email was a simple, two-word phrase.

Dark **Ma-Ga**.

The email had been sent from Donald Trump's campaign. I had signed up for his mailing list back in 2016 when I was still hopeful that Donald Trump would actually build a wall and deport all the illegals in America. Although I had long given up on Trump, I was mildly intrigued by the title of the email and decided to open it. What I saw surprised me.

There was an image of Donald Trump dressed in what seemed to be military garb, which upon closer examination was almost exactly like Mussolini's uniform. He was flocked on the left by a **nine-out-of-ten** goth chick with spotless white skin in a skintight Hugo Boss outfit and a petite Japanese girl holding a cat-o' nine-tails that, if I were a low-T soyfag with yellow fever, would probably find super hot. And to Trump's right was a handsome, Aryan chad with his six-pack abs showing that resembled the actor of Amon **Gott** from Schindler's List almost to a tee as well as Korean twink straight out of a K-pop video with dyed blonde hair and a pistol in hand.

But that wasn't all that shocked me. The background Trump was standing in front of was of a dark, edgy, cyberpunk dystopia. And when I looked closely, I gasped as I saw the faint traces of a Sonnenrad, which is a symbol that is typically used by ***based*** racists (albeit it is usually used ironically).

The email read as follows:

*Hello, this is Donald J. Trump, the 45th president of the United State of America and the leader of the Make America Great Again movement!. I am sending you this email because I wanted to invite you to*

*the all-new DARK **Ma-Ga** Convention that I am hosting in Minneapolis, Minnesota two weeks from now.*

*As you can see from our new, dark aesthetic, we are NOT screwing around any longer. With a renewed focus on appealing to the Youth and a new, GRITTY vision for our country, we will Make America Great Again, whether the liberals like it or not.*

*So let your inner darkness out by cosplaying, or at least dressing the part, and let's get this Dark **Ma-ga** Party started!.*

*Attendance is FREE!.*

*Signed,*

*Donald J. Trump*

I checked again to make sure that this email wasn't some sort of elaborate troll that someone had sent me. But there was no doubt about it; the message had come from Trump's mailing list.

That was when my phone started to buzz. I checked and saw that it was Knee-kay calling, so I picked it up.

"Hey Knee-kay, it's Larry. How're you doing?"

"Larry, did you get the email?" Knee-kay said excitedly. "It's Dark Ma-Ga time baby!."

I was confused. "What? Why are you so excited about Trump's newest grift? You know as well as I that Trump is a Zionist and a nigger lover. Why in God's good name would you want to go to his event?"

I heard Knee-kay swallow on the other end and then say, "Larry, you don't understand. Do you know what we might find there? The greatest treasure imaginable for any man born after **nineteen-eighty-nine**."

"Hmm. What is it?" I asked, slightly curious.

"Trad, big titty, conservative goth girls," Knee-kay said.

"Oh," I said, utterly disappointed. "Some part of me was hoping you were going to say something like a bioweapon that selectively sterilizes Africans or at least a machine that prints infinite N-word passes, but I should've expected that reply from you. Besides, what's so hot about goth girls? All that eyeshadow they wear makes them look like a guy pulling an all-nighter at work in drag."

Knee-kay sounded a bit ticked at that last comment. "You don't understand because you're a boomer at heart. Just imagine it. A goth mommy **g-f** who actually acts like your mommy because she has traditional family values. A goth mommy girlfriend who cooks homemade meals for you, then says 'ahhh' as she feeds you. A goth mommy waifu who lets you rest her giant milkers as if they were pillows, and then gets up in the morning to make butter out of the milk that comes from those massive–"

"Knee-kay!. Shut. The Fuck. Up." I shouted at him. "Damn that Greek blood memory must be pretty fucking potent because that's some of the most cursed, disgusting Oedipus crap I've ever heard come from someone's mouth. But why are you calling me about this?"

"I need a wingman. A real solid bro that can help me be confident around girls. And considering how everybody in our circle of **wig-gnats** is either married with kids or an autistic schizotypal basement dweller who **un-ironically** owns a body pillow of Makima from Chainsaw Man, you're the only guy who I can turn to."

I sighed. "Fine. I'll tag along since the event looks kinda interesting."

In reality, I wanted to go with Knee-kay because the whole email gave off suspicious vibes. Why would Donald Trump, who usually used super patriotic imagery to appeal to his **boomer-tard** audience for grift money, suddenly start using borderline National Socialist aesthetics? It was very strange and I knew that I had to attend to investigate.

Thirteen days after speaking with Knee-kay on the phone, I began my drive to Minneapolis, Minnesota. It took a while to get there because of the sheer number of drunk Mexican and nigger drivers that were in the general vicinity of the city, but I made it to my hotel the night before the event was supposed to begin. I woke up early the next morning to the sound of gunfire in the distance; thankfully it was so far away that I knew I wouldn't get shot. I yawned and sipped on a Red Bull as I listened to the sound of niggers shooting and killing each other, which put a faint smile on my face. The only good thing about niggers

is that they kill a lot of other niggers, whether its through street violence, selling each other tainted narcotics, or abortion.

Once I finished eating my breakfast of raw eggs with the shell and uncooked bull's heart (which is the recommended daily diet among **wig-gnats** circles so that we can avoid corn syrup and seed oils) I dressed myself in my usual attire; a flannel shirt, cowboy boots and a stetson hat. Although I don't recommend dressing this way for most racists, I can pull off the style because I'm over six foot and that means that basically anything looks good on me. I was about to leave when I remembered that I had forgotten my most important tool. I rushed back and retrieved my family's heirloom, the Ridgeway Lasher.

The Ridgeway Lasher was a whip that had been passed down in my family for over two hundred years. Over the centuries, it had struck the hide of thousands of niggers, whether it was to get them to pick the damn cotton faster or to punish them for stealing or to keep them at bay when they went on chimp outs. There is even a legend that the Ridgeway Lasher was used to teach that criminal rapist nigger Emmet Till a lesson before the White man sent him rightfully to hell for raping a White girl.

I affixed the Ridgeway Lasher to my hip, just in case things went south (or as we southerners like to say, north) at the Dark Ma-Gah Convention. I headed to the location that the email indicated, which was near a place called Cup Foods. I saw that there was a new, enormous stadium that had been built out of black rock.

I saw Knee-kay waiting right outside the entrance, and when I saw him I must say that I was shocked. He was in a full Death's Head SS uniform, the only difference between him and an Auschwitz camp guard being the Golden Dawn armband around his upper arm.

When Knee-kay saw me he looked disappointed as hell, saying, "Hey Larry, what the fuck are you wearing? It's the Dark Ma-ga convention, not some bluegrass gathering."

I shrugged. "Well whatever. This is how I felt like dressing so that's what I went with. Now let's go inside and check this convention out."

As we were about to enter, I thought I noticed a familiar face in my peripheral vision. I looked around and saw a guy who I would've never expected to be here. It was Nick Fuentes, sitting on the curb and smoking a cigarette. He looked as depressed as a pajeet who had just been told he would be getting fired from his cashier job at **Seven-Eleven** for sexual harassing White women, with big bags under his eyes and frazzled hair. Although he and I were in different spheres of the far-right, I was concerned for him so Knee-kay and I decided to approach him.

"Nick Fuentes?" I said, walking up to him. "Didn't expect to see you here. And I didn't know you smoked."

"I don't. I bought a pack because my sleep's been fucked," Nick replied, tossing the cigarette on the ground. He looked back at the stadium where the Dark Ma-ga convention was taking place. "I was planning on going in and doing a little trolling. Was planning on talking to open-minded guys about how long it takes to bake cookies, if you catch my drift. But security kicked me out as soon as they recognized that it was me."

"I didn't think you were the type of guy who would get all torn up over being kicked out of a convention," Knee-kay said.

"I'm not. In fact I knew in the back of my head that it was going to happen sooner or later. But you know how this whole 'Dark Ma-ga' thing is about a gritty, edgy version of Republican politics that is borderline uh, erm, uhhhh..."

Fuentes seemed to be having a hard time saying the next word, so I finished the sentence for him. "Borderline White Nationalist?" I said.

Nick nodded. "Yeah, that. That's what Dark Ma-ga is. Now can you think of anybody else who runs a movement like that?"

I paused for a moment as it all sunk in. "So you're telling me that Dark Ma-ga took all of your followers?"

"That's right man," Nick said. "All of them took off in search of goth chick and alt girl pussy under the lead of Beardson, who I remember was chasing after a Japanese girl cosplaying as 2B from **Near:**

**Auto-mata**."

He then stamped down on the cigarette he had dropped, sending embers flying up into the air. "When I said NO E-GIRLS, NEVER, THIS IS WHAT I FUCKING MEANT. And their copes were all like, 'But Nick, they aren't e-girls, they're **I-R-L** girls. There's a difference Nick.' And now I don't have anybody at **A-F-Pack** besides Milo. Fucking Milo!."

Nick Fuentes then lit up another cigarette and shooed us off. "Go on, go enjoy your Dark Ma-ga event or whatever. Although I can tell you with 100 percent, absolute certainty that the goth 'chicks' in there have dicks."

"Okay, uh, thanks Nick," Knee-kay said uncomfortably. "I hope you feel better soon."

With that, Knee-kay and I headed inside the convention. Although we were asked for identification by security, we weren't stopped because all of our racist content was created anonymously. When we got inside, we saw that the entire stadium was dimly lit, as if it were a nightclub. Everybody around us was dressed in leather Hugo Boss uniforms or cosplay from deliberately edgy anime like Tokyo Ghoul. The place gave off the vibe of a My Chemical Romance concert with how hard they were pushing for that dark aesthetic. I suspected that the convention would be particularly appealing to Zoomers.

Suddenly, a voice from behind me said, "Why hello, handsome."

I turned and saw a girl with bright pink hair and an outfit that made her look like a real-life version of Murdoch-chan from the hit Nazi anime Murdoch Murdoch. The girl aggressively grabbed my arm. "You want to Make America Great Again with me?"

I jerked my arm away, knowing that the only place where a woman would act like that was a strip club. "Knee-kay, to use zoomer talk, I'm not getting a good vibe from this place," I said. I waited for him to reply, but there was no response. I then saw that Knee-kay was being led away by a chick in a maid outfit.

"Knee-kay!." I shouted, chasing after him. "Knee-kay, come back!."

But before I could catch up to him, I bumped headfirst into a tall, large man.

"Ay yo', why you tryna stop yo' fellow nigga from gettin' summa dem bitches on his dick, cracka?"

I looked up and gasped as I saw who it was. It was Donald Trump. However, he seemed different from how I remembered him. He seemed an inch or so taller and much more lean and muscular, which is surprising since Donald Trump is well known for his diet of Big Macs and Taco Bell take out. His skin was the color of an orange, as was usual, but it was noticeably darker; as if the hypothetical orange was now rotten. But the biggest difference was his face. His nose was much larger and looked like that of a gorilla, making me wonder if he had undergone a botched plastic surgery. His lips, which were pretty thin from what I recall, now looked like two giant slugs that had been glued together. And his eyes now lacked that spark of intelligence that any White man's eyes had, having been replaced with a dull, black abyss.

"T-Trump," I stuttered out of surprise. "Why are you here? Don't you have a security unit around you or–"

Suddenly, Donald Trump punched me in the gut, which sent me flying backwards.

"I don't need no security unit or nuffin cuz I is da security. An' dats Mistah President Trump ta ya', you dumbass cracka."

Trump flexed on me, then began to walk away. As I struggled to my feet, wondering what had happened to Donald Trump, I noticed another familiar figure. The short, chubby body without a trace of visible musculature and arms that looked like the free breadsticks from Olive Garden. And of course, the bearded face that was almost a mirror image of the late Ronnie McNutt. I was looking at none other than Beardson Beardly, the ostensibly Hetero Gamer.

Beardson was walking arm in arm with a silver-haired Japanese cosplayer that was wearing a blindfold and a black leather gimp suit. Although she was wearing heels, even without them she would've stood a full head taller than Beardson. I also noticed that there was something off about the girl's body, but I wasn't quite sure, so I decided to tag along behind them to listen in on what they were talking about.

"So Beardson, baby, what do you want to do together?" the cosplay chick asked. Her voice, although feminine sounding, seemed forced to me the harder I listened to it.

"Just talk to me mommy," Beardson said. "I'm just so happy to have finally met a girl who appreciates video games and pokemon. And who also happens to be able to pull off a really sexy looking 2B cosplay. My ex-wife was a really ugly bitch who left me for a black man, so I'm glad that I found you."

As I heard that, I realized how the similarities between Ronnie McNutt and Beardson Beardly didn't end with just their shared appearance. Both of them were nerds and proud of being nerds, having dedicated their lives to consuming Jewish intellectual properties like Star Wars. Both of them had separated from their ugly, four-eyed female partners because they had been cucked by a nigger. Both of them were or are in their early 30s and, most important of all perhaps, both of them are most well-known for live streaming. The only differencse I could come up with were that Ronnie had actually hit the gym in the past and that Beardson had openly fantasized about anally raping a girl with some nigger DNA in her, which is disgusting because who in their right mind would want to stick their dick in a chick who has monkey blood running in her veins, even if its supposedly a joke.

As I was thinking through an entire Hegelian dialectic on whether Beardson Beardly was in fact Ronnie McNutt from an alternative universe, I saw the 2B cosplay chick lead Beardson to a private booth that was situated behind one of the bleachers.

"So here we are," the 2B cosplayer said, giggling like some **thought** on Twitch TV. "If you follow me inside, I'll tie you up and do all sorts of naughty things to you, Beard-boy."

Beardson barked like a dog and said, "Yes mommy, of course. I'm a good boy."

She smiled and nodded, then punched in the password for the lock to the door. I caught a brief glimpse of a staircase leading down into the darkness as they walked inside. I was now extremely suspicious of what was going on, since no female that was above a two out of ten would ever even remotely consider being in Beardson' general proximity, let alone banging him.

I walked over to the door and tried it. I don't know why I did because it was, as to be expected, locked. However, when I looked towards the keypad, I noticed that some of the keys were covered with a thin sheen of slobber. To my utter disgust, I realized that the 2B cosplayer must have been letting Beardson suck on its fingers.

However, that meant that I knew which numbers were a part of the password. After wiping off the keys with a hankie, it took me a couple tries to get the correct combination, but I eventually got the door to unlock. Quietly, I took the stairs down and saw that I was now in a compact, dimly lit underground bunker.

The bunker was decorated with menorahs, torah scrolls, and Israeli flags. At the center of the room was a Kabbalic ritual circle, and at the center of the circle was a sacrificial altar with a lock of nigger hair placed atop it. And Beardson Beardly was bound and gagged and lying right next to the altar, struggling to break free.

That was when I started to hear voices coming from deep within the shadows.

"That was a fine job you did, capturing a wonderful test subject for our ritual." Three men in rabbinical robes stepped out from the darkness. Ben Shapiro, Dave Rubin, and Jared Kushner all grinned and rubbed their hands in unison.

"Of course, my masters. Anything for the chosen people of Yahweh." It was the voice of the 2B cosplayer, only now it sounded like a man. I then saw the **quote and quote** girl take off everything but its underwear, revealing shoulders as broad as Rich Piana's and hips as narrow as a chink's eyes. And speaking about chinks, I now saw that there was no way that the tranny was Japanese or even Korean or Chinese. The guy who had been cosplaying as 2B was as dark as a spic and, without the cosplay on, filled the room with the odor of durians. It was a jungle Asian; a Filipino or a Thai or a Malaysian. East Asians, which is to say the Japanese and Chinese, are only below White people in the hierarchy of races. However, jungle Asians are as bad as wetbacks if not worse, since the spics at the very least have decent food while jungle Asians eat revolting garbage like durian.

Beardson Beardly began to cry as he realized that he had lusted over a jungle Asian trap, which made both the troon and the trio of Jews cackle.

"Hahahaha, you dumb, stupid goy!. This is what you get for saying that my soon-to-be-born child that is in a shiksa's womb was an affront against God!." Dave Rubin said as he laughed. "Even though you are a beta soyboy incel and not a threat to our domination of the world, I will take every pleasure in testing our ritual on you for saying mean things about me on the Internet."

The trannie stepped out of the ritual circle as Ben Shapiro, Dave Rubin, and Jared Kushner began to read from the Talmud. They chanted about how Jews could have sex with the babies of gentiles and that Jesus was boiling in a pot of feces in hell. And as they chanted, I noticed that Beardson was beginning to change.

Slowly but surely, his skin turned darker and darker. His hair became dark and frazzled, and his facial features began to resemble that of a jungle chimpanzee. When the ritual was finished, I was shocked at the grotesque sight. Beardson had been transformed into a nigger. He was no longer Beardson Beardson, but **Nigger-son** Niggardly.

"Hee Hee Hee Hee Hee Hee," Jared Kushner cackled. "The Curse of Ham, it works!. Now all we need to do is conduct the ritual on a mass scale and we will turn all those conservative and far-right White goys into our black golems!."

I then heard some steps behind me and a voice. "Hey, what the fuck are you doing here?"

I turned and saw that I was face to face with Lady **Ma-ga**, the infamous crossdressing tranny that had supported Donald Trump in his 2020 campaign. Without a second thought, I snap kicked him in the balls, making him squeal as he crumpled to the floor. In retrospect I might've done that troon a favor by helping it save on surgery fees since my cowboy boots have metal tips, but I digress.

Although the troon was on the floor and foaming at the mouth, it was too late. The trio of Jews had noticed that I was here.

"Oy gevalt, is that a racist goy I see?" Ben Shapiro exclaimed, then pulled out a walkie talkie and began to speak into it. "Guards, golems!. Capture the anti-Semite and bring him to us!."

As he spoke, I heard the thunder of footsteps as a horde of cosplayers and goth girls, which I knew now were all trannies, approached from both deeper within the bunker and from behind me.

Even though I knew at that moment that I wouldn't make it out alive, I decided to go down fighting. I pulled out the Ridgeway Lasher and began beating the shit out of the trannies. I hit a dozen of them with every crack of my whip, the leather rending flesh and shattering small bones. However, instead of keeping them at bay, it just made all of the trannies try harder to grab me.

I was on the verge of being overwhelmed when I heard a faint mumbling coming from up the stairs from where I had entered the bunker. That was when I saw all the trannies pause in their tracks. After a brief moment, they all began to claw at their own faces, gouging out their eyeballs and screaming as they slammed their heads against the wall. They then finally all killed themselves by strangling themselves.

"A transsexuals cannot be harmed with weapons of the flesh, for its perverted minds interpret pain as pleasure," an old, wizened voice said, its owner descending the stairs. "The only thing that can dispatch it is awareness of the self, for it to acknowledge what it has turned itself into. To feel remorse for having corrupted itself into an affront against God and the natural order."

Before me, standing in his flowing Klan robes and carrying a Bible, was David Duke; Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. Noticing that the tranny that had fooled Beardson by cosplaying as 2B was still alive, he slammed the Bible down on its head, putting it out of its misery.

"Are you alright, my fellow person of no color? And what is your name?" David Duke said, lending me a hand. "If you are down here, I assume that you have a hatred of negroes, queers, and **kykes**. And if that is the case, we must get going to stop the catastrophe that is about to take place."

"Name's Larry. Larry Ridgeway," I said, standing up. I looked back at the place where the trio of Jews had been and saw that they were all gone. **Nigger-son** Niggardly, though, was still there. He was fully negrofied, now seemingly trying to come up with rap lyrics for a diss track.

"It's too late for him," David Duke said, putting a hand on my shoulder. "Whatever faint traces of the Aryan spirit that were in his body, fueled by a diet of burgers and fries and donuts, have now been fully corrupted."

I grimaced as I heard that because I wanted to believe that any White person who hadn't become a tranny or race mixed with a nigger could be redeemed, no matter their other faults and sins, but I also knew it was too late for **Nigger-son** Niggardly.

"So Dr. Duke, how did you get all the trannies to kill themselves?" I asked David Duke as we headed out of the bunker.

"Simple. I showed them an illusion of their own reflection. Transsexuals, like vampires in myth, are repulsed by mirrors. Once a troon sees itself and becomes aware of how freakish it looks, it isn't long before it kills itself."

As we emerged from the bunker, I heard David Duke swear as he saw what was happening. Donald Trump was up on a podium at the center of the stadium, giving a speech to the audience of impressionable White zoomers.

"Uhhh, I haz a dream and shieet," Donald Trump said in broken English. "Ta Make America Great Again or sumting like dat mane. To keep our young generation from being clearly lost, know what I'm sayin'? Bussin' guns, keedz gettin' killed."

"Dammit, it's already started. We need to hurry," David Duke said, grimacing.

"Wait, could you pause for a moment?" I said. "Dr. Duke, I know that there's something shady going on, but what exactly is it? Those Jews were saying something about the Curse of Ham or something like that?"

"The Curse of Ham, yes," David Duke said as he dug into his authentic dixie battle pack, searching for something. "It is a curse from the Old Testament of the Bible which Noah put upon the son of Ham, Canaan, condemning all of his descendants to be slaves for all eternity. According to every interpretation of Chrirstianity that isn't cucked, like modern day Anglicanism and Methodism, the Curse of Ham is what led to the creation of the negroid race. However, it seems that the Jews have been able to recreate the Curse of Ham through Kabbalah rituals and are now trying to weaponize it against our people."

The Grand Wizard of the Klan gestured to the stadium we were in. "Look around you. Doesn't the shape of this stadium remind you of anything you saw down in that ritual bunker?"

I looked around saw that, indeed, the entire stadium resembled the Kabbalah ritual circle that I had seen being used to turn Beardson into a nigger. "Oh my God," I exclaimed, realizing what was about to happen.

"Yes. By putting a nigger or something that was once a part of a nigger, like some of it's AIDS-infected blood or a lock of its dirty hair, t the center of Kabbalah ritual circle, they can then inflict the Curse of Ham onto any White man. Turning all of the White people who came to this convention into niggers. That is the true meaning of Dark **Ma-ga**. I'll add to that by saying that the aesthetics of this event seem to have been tailored to attract young White men who are attracted to emo and goth girls, which is approximately 98 percent to 102 percent of our male youth with a 2 percent margin of error," David Duke said.

"But how could our guys not see that all of the girls here were trannies?" I asked.

"A Jewish illusionary spell. The very same illusion that prevents all of us from seeing who Donald Trump really is. Or rather, who Donald Trump has become," David Duke said, finally finding what he was looking for. He pulled out a George Floyd toy, a lighter and a wooden cross, then handed them to me, saying, "Larry, I need you to help me break the illusory spell. I am almost certain about the true identity of the man, or should I say jungle gorilla, who is up there speaking to the masses. I need you to get some of his blood, put it on this doll, then tie it to the cross and light it ablaze. That should lift the spell that has clouded our vision."

"Uhhhhh, ok man," I said. "But how can I trust that it will work? And why can't you do it yourself?"

"I can't do it because I'm over seventy years old and I need to take a rest after casting that spell on all those transsexuals. And as for whether it'll work, you can trust me, it'll work," David Duke said.

"Is that what you told your supporters while you defrauded them, for which you were eventually convicted and served time in prison?" I asked.

David Duke sighed and facepalmed as he heard that. “Come on, that was twenty years ago man. And you saw what happened to that soyboy and how I helped you out with the transsexuals, right? Besides, what are you gonna do? Run away?”

He was right. I knew I had to stay and fight against the Jewish menace. “Fine, I’ll do it,” I said, brandishing the Ridgeway Lasher once more.

I began sneaking through the crowd, which all seemed entranced by Donald Trump’s speech, or rather, the speech of whoever was masquerading as Trump.

“So we is gonna stop all illegal immigration and den use da money we save ta gib back ta da latinos who is already here an’ da black community, cuz dey are all Americans and shieeet mane. Dey is also mo’ Christian den da White crackas,” he said, making everybody in the audience applaud. “And speaking about Christianity, we is gonna ban abortion cuz it keeps BLACK baybays from being born!.”

The crowd cheered as he said that, which made me cringe. Although abortion should be banned for White people, it was the only thing that was keeping the American nigger population from getting out of control.

As I neared the podium, two trannies noticed me. “Get the White straight male!.” they screamed as they pulled their glocks on me, but I disarmed them with a single snap of my whip. I then flicked the lasher out once more, tying it around one troon’s neck and snapping its spine. After that I picked up the weapon that the troon had dropped and shot the other pervert in the stomach, then left it be as it bled to death.

“And we is also gonna send tons ah moneys ta our greatest ally, Israel,” Donald Trump said. “Also, once I is president, I is gonna nominate da first black transgendah woman ta ma cabinet and shieet.”

There was some booing when he said that, so Trump added, “But hey nigguhs, it’ll be ok cuz she’ll be a traditional Catholic or sumting like dat, know what I’m saying?”

There was another roar of approval. However, under the applause, I could hear the first words of a Hebraic chant. I looked around and saw that there were dozens of hooded Jewish Kabbalah cultists surrounding the main arena, chanting in unison.

That was when I felt something change. I suddenly had trouble thinking, as if I had taken a shot of some particularly strong whisky. I glanced at my hands and, to my horror, discovered that they were now as dark and tan as those of a Mestizo. The ritual was already underway, and myself and all the Whites around me were becoming niggers.

I was nearing the front row now, pushing past the hordes of White zoomers who were all gradually being turned into jungle jigaboos. I was just about to reach Donald Trump when I felt a hand grab me from behind.

“No you won’t, goy!.” Jared Kushner said. “I won’t let you stop this like how Hitler stopped us from continuing child protitution rings in Berlin!.”

Normally, I wouldn’t have any trouble breaking free from the grasp of a **kyke** since they are physically pathetic, but for some reason my strength was ebbing away. I then realized, even though my intellect was fading because I was becoming a nigger, that the Curse of Ham must’ve been transforming me into a bug black instead of a buck nigger. You see, bug blacks are the niggers that are physically weak and feminine, and they are known for watching anime and becoming trannies. Buck niggers on the other hand are physically strong and are actually known to become anti-semitic, as can be seen from the Black Hebrew Israelites and Nation of Islam.

I struggled, but it was no use since I was being rapidly transformed, my strength and intelligence declining faster and further than the dating prospects of any single woman over the age of thirty-five. My skin was now as dark as that of a pajeet.

But as soon as I thought that it was all over, I heard the sound of metal slicing through flesh. It was Knee-kay, who had plunged a knife with the Golden Dawn insignia into Jared Kushner’s neck. And to my surprise, Knee-kay didn’t seem changed at all by the ritual.

“Larry, don’t worry about me bro, this weird nigger-fying ritual doesn’t work on me because I’m Greek, not White,” Knee-kay said.

"Wha-what?" I asked, puzzled about what he had just said because my brain was slowing down.

"As soon as I held hands with the supposed goth girl, I knew there was something up. And once I learned that it was a tranny and that Jews like Kushner were here, I figured out they were up to their Jewish tricks again," Knee-kay said, twisting the knife deeper into the Jew. "Now go and do what you need to do."

Although my inner monologue was already almost quelched, I nodded and leapt at Trump. Using the Ridgeway Lasher, I whipped him soundly, the lash cutting through his business suit and tasting flesh.

"Ouchie!. Who did dat?" he shrieked like an injured orangutan. "I'm not a bad guy, mane, not a bad guy."

I retracted the whip back into my hand, rubbed the blood onto the George Floyd toy, tied it to the wooden cross and lit it ablaze.

Suddenly, Donald Trump spontaneously combusted. "Ahh shieet mane, I be on fire and shieet. Da fire be producin' smoke, and dat smoke is makin' me choke. Ahh shieet mane, I can't breathe man, I can't breathe!. Mama!."

I felt my IQ jump up thirty points as my skin became the color of freshly fallen snow once more. I looked around to see that all the White zoomers who had attended the convention were now ok too, and they looked pretty pissed as they all realized that the goth, emo, and Japanese girls they had been courting moments ago were revealed to be trannies and jungle Asians.

However, what happened next was more surprising and, in a sense, more horrifying. Donald Trump was now crumpled over on his podium, smoldering as the flames died out. At first I thought that he was only black because of the charring, but that was not the case.

"Hee hee hee hee, ya muthafuckin' crackas figured me out," he said, pushing himself back up. "But no problem, I'll still destroy you all cuz y'all be racist, know what I'm sayin'?"

My jaw dropped as I saw Donald Trump's true identity. It was the criminal nigger, George Floyd. There was no doubt about it, from the thick, grotesque lips to the nose that looked like a triangular tumor to the eyes that were bloodshot from a chronic addiction to fentanyl.

George Floyd noticed me, then began to beat his chest like a gorilla. "You hoo hoo mane, you be da cracka dat stopped me and da jews from turning y'all crackas inta niggas!. I'm gonna steal yo' air and shoot you in your belly for doing dat mane!."

George Floyd leapt down from the podium, landing on the ground with a thud. He was snarling like the angry ape that he was, with his nostrils wide open like a bull seeing red. All around us the White zoomer racists were engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the now exposed trannies. Knee-kay was running around with his Golden Dawn knife stabbing every troon and Jew in sight, and David Duke the Grand Wizard was blasting away rabbis with energy blasts created from pure vril. It was pretty much a one-sided slaughter since the only people (and I used the term 'people' very broadly here) who become transgender are already genetic failures; or as Edward Dutton likes to call them, spiteful mutants.

George Floyd charged at me, but I easily kept him at bay using the Ridgeway Lasher. Everytime he lunged at me, I'd give that buck nigger's hide a good lashing. I whipped that criminal nigger over and over again, my strokes filled with righteous Aryan fury. Being able to fight a nigger as evil and notorious as George Floyd was a thrill and a challenge I had never experienced before, but I knew that I would win because of my innate racial superiority to that monkey. Hell, even the Ridgeway Lasher felt like an extension of myself as it smacked against Floyd's body, as if it was once again being used for its God-given purpose; teaching a dumb nigger a goddamn lesson.

Soon, I had him begging for mercy, screaming "Mama please!." and "Tell mah kids I love dem!." to try and get me to go easy on him. However no matter how much he pleaded with me, I knew that I had to finish George Floyd here and now. I recalled all the good White people who had died because of niggers like him, letting the memories of them fuel me as I lashed out with my whip one final time, the rope coiling around Floyd's neck like a noose.

"Ah shieet, whip around mah neck!. I can't choke, I can't breef!."

I yanked on the Lasher like I would yank on a pit bull's chain. Floyd struggled but it was no use since he was already half-dead with how many lashings I had inflicted on that buck nigger's leathery hide.

However, right when I was about to crush his windpipe and end things for good, Floyd suddenly hollered at the top of his tar-filled lungs, "You hoo hoo, dat be a pregnant lady I see right dare? I gots ta rape her and shieet!."

George Floyd shook off the rope and tackled me at blinding speed, which, if you watch American Football, is one of the few things that niggers are good at. George Floyd slobbered over me as he pulled off his pants, exposing his disgusting nigger dick.

"The fuck? Why do you think I'm a pregnant woman you fucking nigger? Are you delusional on top of being retarded?" I said, trying to free myself of his grasp.

"Ooga booga, lemme rape dis bitch mane," Floyd said. "You hab dem big titties and dat big pregnant belly too, cracka hoe."

I heard two snarky, nasally voices coming from behind me. It was Dave Rubin and Ben Shapiro.

"Oy vey, I did not expect for you to foil our plans in such a way," Dave Rubin said angrily. "But you shall perish here, goy, for your crimes against the Chosen People!."

Ben Shapiro laughed and rubbed his hands. "I have used illusionary Jewish magic to make you look like my pregnant sister, Abigail Shapiro, in the eyes of George Floyd. He will not stop until he has raped you to death!."

The Jews cackled in glee as I was about to be raped to death, which they did because Jews are naturally sadistic sociopaths who take pleasure in the maiming and ritualistic humiliation of their enemies.

But that was when the unexpected happened. A shiny black car burst through the stadium's entrance, running over dozens of trannies as it raced towards me. I thought it was going to run me and Floyd over, but at the very last second it swerved, smashing into Dave Rubin and Ben Shapiro.

"Oh gawd!." The Jews shrieked as they were knocked away.

Then, out of the car stepped Nick Fuentes. He was carrying a can of gasoline and was wearing a wide grin on his face.

"So Ben," he said as he walked over to them and dumped the can of gasoline on them. "Let's see how long it takes to bake *these* cookies."

Fuentes then dropped a lit cigarette onto Rubin and Shapiro, setting them on fire.

"Ahhhh!. The flames are producing smoke and the smoke is getting into my lungs!. You're gassing me!. Gassing me!." Dave Rubing shrieked.

"Oh gawd, you're cremating us alive!. This is like another Holocaust!. Oy vey!." Ben Shapiro screamed.

Nick Fuentes sighed. "Ben, how can there be 'another' if it didn't happen in the first place?"

As soon as the Jews were on fire, George Floyd said, "Hey, you ain't no pregnant bitch? You just some racist cracka."

I smirked as I kicked George Floyd in the gut, sending him flying off of me. "I'm no pregnant lady, Floyd. But I'm also not just some racist cracker," I said, brandishing the Ridgeway Lasher once more.

"I'm Larry Ridgeway."

I flicked the whip out at George Floyd, coiling it around his neck like a constrictor snake and asphyxiating him.

"Ahhh shieet!. Now I can't breathe!. Mama please I'm about ta die ya see!. Ohhh I cant breathe mane, please," George Floyd chimped. "I can't breathe nigga, I can't breathe!."

Finally, George Floyd crumpled to the ground, dead once more.

Three days have passed since the Dark **Ma-ga** convention and my battle with George Floyd. The Republican Party has covered up the disaster by flooding Fox News and Breitbart with stories about Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez's feet pics, but I am writing this so that the truth can never be lost. The only casualty for us racists was Beardson Beardly, thankfully, so we didn't lose anybody valuable.

Moral of the story is to never trust the Republican Party. They are just as anti-White as the Democrats, and everything they do is to try and get you from sticking up for White people and to get you to

support niggers and Israel instead. Don't follow them no matter how ***based*** they pretend to be or how hard they try to lure you in with sexy goth girls; those will always turn out to be trannies.

This is Larry, signing off. And remember kids, be racist, anti-Semitic, homophobic, transphobic and, most important of all, be racist against niggers.

**The George Floyd Bee**

By Pepe McNutt

Hello. My name is Pepe McNutt. You may recognize my last name, as I had a cousin who became famous for shooting himself in the head while livestreaming on facebook.

I am from northern Italy, that is why I have an unusual name.

Anyway, I am a beekeeper. I have many hobbies and other occupations to make money, but my passion has always been in taking care of bees, which I have been doing since the young age of 10. I recently had something happen to me, however, which made me temporarily afraid of bees.

The story I am about to tell you has stumped all of the beekeepers I know as well as the university professors whom I have asked for help.

I have a small house in the forest of montana, which I built myself out of trees and tall dried grass. I came to montana in 2018 and have lived there since, almost completely isolated from the outside world. I had commited to a year of survival, bringing a rifle, 5000 rounds of ammunition for said rifle, a roll up tent and books which would be my resources in the event that I could not accomplish a goal or overcome one of the many struggles that comes with going innawoods.

I had purchased over 100 acres of forest, which was nearby the cabin in which Theodor Kaczynski wrote his manifesto. My area of land, however, was untouched by the industrial metal beasts which had encroached on his land. Soon after establishing a permanent settlement, I planted flowers in a garden in between the crop plants I had planted, built some bee boxes, then I ordered 2 hives full of bees. One hive was European and the other was African. I had heard from listening to Devon Stack's Cactuspill that African bees could be particularly violent but that was proven to be one hell of an understatement.

The bees arrived a few weeks after I had placed my order.

I put the european bees in their hive, and they accepted the queen they had come with.

The african bees hadn't come with a queen, as they would have killed it on the way to the post office. I had ordered one, but it was taking a while to get one since most african bees kill each other.

I put the african bees in their hive and went to bed.

I was woken late at night by a loud cacaphony of noise. I heard what sounded like a drum beating and a strange sound that was almost like a human voice except it failed to form anything that sounded like a spoken language. I ran outside, expecting a pack of niggers or some other trespassers, but there was no one. I heard the noise getting louder as I walked toward the african beehive. I lifted the lid and the noise stopped. The bees inside were sitting on the honeycomb they had made while being shipped.

I went back to bed and slept uninterupted until dawn. I awoke at 0600 and went immediately out to check on the bees. I looked first in the european hive to see that the bees were busy making honeycomb and I could see some of them in the flowers I had planted.

Then I moved to the african hive. The hive was empty except for a few bees lying on their backs in the honeycomb holes they had made, and the whole thing smelled of weed for some reason.

Just then, I heard what sounded like a roudy bunch of niggers if they were at the other end of a long tunnel. I turned to see a big ball of flying bees coming towards the nest, all carrying large pieces of fried chicken they had found.

"What the hell?" I said to myself, "I've never heard of bees eating human food."

I decided to see if the african queen had arrived yet. I walked the 2 miles to town and went into the post office. I saw that the slot that said my name on it had a small package inside.

I walked over and grabbed it and saw the label.

"Caution: Live bee." It read, "Handle with extreme care."

I took it home, placing it in my backpack as that would be the most stable carrying position to ensure it's safety.

In retrospect, I wish I had carried it by hand, as if it had died, I wouldn't be writing this story.

I arrived at my cabin almost an hour after I had left and immediately I walked to the boxes which housed the bee hives. I took the queen bee out of my backpack and saw that it was in an edible cage. I knew from my research that the other bees would eat through the cage while they were getting used to the presence of the new queen. I placed the cage in the box that held the hive of african bees and I saw that they had made a series of large structures which somehow looked similar to abandoned European beehives.

This is the part where things get strange. The other bees crowded around the queen's cage and instead of eating the cage, they grabbed on to the queen's hand in a strange handshake. What shocked me even more is that they seemed to be speaking to each other in a distorted, almost humanlike language. They didn't seem to care that I was present.

"Ayo mayne, when you be's gettin outta here an shieet?" I heard one of the bees say.

I had never experienced anything like this, but I wasn't in much of a panic just yet. I was actually a bit excited. If this wasn't just a figment of my imagination, I had a huge scientific discovery on my hands.

Just then, the queen looked at me and I saw that it wasn't a queen at all. The bee in the cage was unusually large, the bee equivalent of about six foot, five inches. He didn't have black and yellow stripes. Instead, he was a poop brown and had a black pattern in the shape of a tank top across his chest, and he had an unusually large nose and set of lips. It was the face of the eternal nigger, George floyd.

"Ayo big cracka mayne." the bee said, "You ain't noticed mah boys yet, have you?"

I looked at the other bees and saw that they all had the faces of other dead niggers like Maya Angelou, Martin Looter Kang, and 2Pac Shakur.

"How is this happening?" I said.

"Us niggas be magical jew bees sent here by da Zionist Occupational Government to put da fentanyl in da farmer's crops an shieet." the floyd bee said.

Just then, I heard an agitated buzzing noise and looked to see a swarm of european bees coming fast towards the african bee hive. The europeans attacked, but the african bees were stronger and what european bees they left alive started killing themselves. Right before one of them smacked into a tree I heard it say "Hey bees, I guess that's it."

"Ayo niggies," the floyd bee said, "Lemme outta here so I can rape da white bee wimins an shieet."

The african bees started chewing rapidly through the edible cage to free the floyd bee. They chewed through the entire thing in seconds, freeing the floyd bee. The bees flew towards the european hive, expecting an easy victory. Instead, a large group of strange looking blue bees came flying out of the hive, meeting the nigger bees midair. The blue bees started shooting tiny stinger guns at the niggers, who were dropping like flies. This didn't matter, however, as nigger bees travel in very large groups of upwards of 40,000.

One by one, the blue bees were killed until all of them were lying dead on the ground. They had each downed at least a thousand of their enemies. With all of the european bees seemingly dead, the nigger bees swarmed the box with the queen inside and attempted to chew through the wood.

I saw a hole open up and the bees swarm inside. Thousands of the nigger bees tried to cram themselves into the hole but they all started to argue over who should go in first. The arguments led to physical fighting and in minutes, the bees had all killed each other, much like african people kill each other. The only one left was the George floyd bee.

"Ah shieet, da young generation clearly loss mayne, clearly loss." the floyd bee said, seeing that his hive had all killed each other.

I started to run towards him, but he flew into the hive. I opened the box to see that he was being chased by the 4 remaining blue bees, who were driving strange, miniature police cars. That's when I realized that the nigger's natural enemy, the police, had manifested in the bee world by necessity. It was a prime example of adaptation that amazed me.

The bee's cars caught up to the nigger bee and the police bees stepped out of them.

The police bees put the floyd bee against a wall and put his hands behind his back. Again, he was stronger than the police bees because of his nigger genes, so he was able to resist arrest.

All of a sudden, I had an idea. I ran behind the bee box, grabbing a smoke dispensor I had bought so I could harvest the honey from the hives. I lit the inside of the dispensor and ran back to the bee hive, holding the smoke dispensor under the hive and letting the smoke waft into the floyd bee's face.

"Ah shit, smoke inside mah lungs, I can't breathe. Momma help me I can't breathe." The bee said.

I stopped the smoke and watched as the police bees set the floyd bee on the ground, one of them placing his knee on the floyd bee's neck.

"Ah shieet mayne, I can't breathe, I can't die, ah shieet mayne, help me massa help me." the floyd bee chimped.

After about 9 minutes, the floyd bee stopped his chimping and one of the police bees put his hand to the nigger bee's neck.

"He's dead." the police bee said.

I am currently writing this to see if anyone else has had this problem before. This was almost a week ago and I have only had people laugh at my story, saying it is fake. I have even been banned and had my inbox spammed with gore and gay nigger porn. I know now that if I get an answer from anyone, anywhere, it will be here.

**George "Perry" Floyd Was Responsible for the Creation of Anime**

By Thomas Manwise

Japan. The land of the rising sun. The country that brought you sushi, samurai, and Metal Gear Rising: Revengeance. The nation of honorary Aryans that fought alongside the good guys during the Second World War and, unlike Italy, actually made meaningful contributions to the war effort. However, in the modern world, the Japanese are known for one thing above all else: anime.

Anime, which is the Japanese term for 'cartoons', has made the island nation one of the most culturally influential countries in the world, second only to the United States. From classic shows like Dragon Ball Z to intense character, driven narratives like Berserk to Neo-Nazi radicalization propaganda such as K-On, anime has a wide variety of stories for each and every age demographic. Back in the 90's, anime seemed relatively benign, with shows like Pokemon and Bleach appealing to young kids. The worst thing to come out of anime back then were cringey nerds doing Naruto running in middle school hallways.

In recent years though, there has been an upsurge in what we may refer to as 'weeaboos', by which I mean individuals whose entire lives revolve around anime. These **quote and quote** "people" don't just watch anime. They buy anime merchandise like toys, dolls, and body pillows. They have profile pictures of their favorite fictional two-dimensional characters that they refer to as 'waifus' or 'husbandos', then create and get off to porn of those characters. Certain fanbases, notable among them My Hero Academia, are known to produce large numbers of transsexuals and pedophiles. And even if you yourself become a tranny, it is undeniable that anime is a leading contributor in the fetishization of traps and femboys, as evidenced by the popularity of characters like Astolfo from the Fate series.

In the current state of the Internet, it is undeniable that weebery is a leading cause in our young generation becoming clearly lost in the degeneracy of the modern world. But what you may have not known is that this is that anime is not an organic development of Japanese culture. It is in fact a carefully engineered demoralization plan designed to destroy the West, and I discovered it all by accident.

But before I begin my story, allow me to introduce myself. My real name is Boris Wanglin Al-Sneed, but online I go by the moniker **f-g-s-f-d-s**. The first thing I must tell you about myself is that I am not White. I am in fact from the great country of Kazakhstan, a proud nation which is most famous for being historically fucking irrelevant and having been made fun of in a mockumentary by the jew comedian Sacha Baron Cohen in "Borat: Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan." Besides that, we have a rich and diverse culture that consists of Islam that we ripped off from the Arabs, Christianity that we ripped off from the Russians, and a tradition of pastoralism that we ripped off

from the Mongols. Basically, we are the doormat of Eurasia, having been trampled over by every major regional power since the 8th century. This has left my great nation very ethnically diverse, since every conqueror that runs through our lands means more mixed-babies from war brides and concubines.

However, because Kazakhstan is a country that lies on the precipice of the Arab, European, and Asiatic worlds, it has resulted in me having a fractured sense of identity. Ever since I was a child, I have latched on like a parasite onto things that give my life a sense of meaning, the most important of which was Japanese culture and anime. I have played every Silent Hill game and have a habit of binge watching anime for hours on end while munching on SSRIs to keep myself from going full Ronnie McNutt mode. Like many other low-caste Asians, which is to say any Asian who is not Japanese, Chinese, or Korean, I identify with Japanese culture more than I do my own. Although this brings me a great deal of internal shame, I just can't get enough of Japanese culture and anime even though I know it's bad for my soul since it's a tacit acknowledgement that I think their culture is superior to my own.

Anyway, my story begins with me working on an assignment for my geography major. I am currently attending university in Europe because my mother had sex with enough corrupt government officials to pay for my education over here. She told me to study a useful subject like law, engineering, or medicine, but I chose geography because I wanted to have time to watch anime and jerk off to Instagram pics of my crush, who by the way is an alt-girl who sold her virginity to a 60-year old man for money to get a tattoo. However, I was having trouble with my geography major too since my chronic depression kept on leaving me unmotivated to work on my assignments, which meant I barely passed my classes.

The assignment in question was a seven hundred word paper about the history of the country of my choice. It was due at midnight but I hadn't even started on it, having spent all my time browsing obscure Internet forums while high on my anti-anxiety medication. However, as the clock ticked closer and closer to the deadline, the meds were helping less and less, so I decided to finally start work on the paper.

But when I opened up Microsoft Word and stared at the blank page, I felt a sense of overwhelming dread seize me. I didn't have any ideas whatsoever. When I tried to brainstorm, all that popped into my head was my mother and extended family berating me for how much of a failure I was. After a few minutes of pure panic and a near mental breakdown, I thought of a plan. I took out my phone, opened Telegram, and called the smartest man I could think of; the Floyd writer, the chief editor of Racism Publishing, and head of Golden Nigger Corporation's propaganda department. Thomas Manwise, formerly known as Toast Man.

"Is this finally it?" he said eagerly as he answered my call.

"What do you mean, is this finally it?" I asked.

"Are you gonna stream it?" Thomas Manwise asked. "That's why you're calling me right?"

"Stream what? I'm calling you because I need help with my homework," I said.

Thomas sighed deeply on the other end. "Dammit. I thought you were calling me so that you could imitate the phone calls Ronnie received during his livestream before you follow in Ronnie's footsteps by becoming the next loser to off themselves in a memeable way."

"Oh, I'm glad that's how you think about me," I replied. "So about my homework. Can you help me with this assignment? It's a seven hundred word long geography paper about the topic of my choice. I've been struggling with it really hard."

Thomas was silent for a few seconds, then began to snicker. "So, uh, how old are you?"

"I'm twenty," I said. "What does my age have to do with it?"

"So you know Gorg Floydson, otherwise known as **george-monkey**? The other Floyd writer? The guy who, like myself, writes stories that are thousands of words long? He's seventeen. And you know Pepe McNutt? He's fifteen years old."

"And?" I asked. "What's your point."

Thomas Manwise laughed. "Bro, fucking fifteen and seventeen year olds are writing thousands of words in elaborate stories and here you are, calling me at 2:00 AM in the morning, whining about a measly seven hundred word essay when you are a twenty year old man."

"Stop bullying me!" I screamed into the phone, tears welling up in my eyes. "I'm calling you because I need help, okay?"

"Fine, fine, fine." Thomas said. "So as for where to start on your assignment, what about Japan? You like anime so it shouldn't be hard for you."

"Oh, I should've thought of that," I said, slapping myself. "Yeah, I should write about the history of anime. Thanks, I'll get started right away."

"But," Thomas continued. "There's this very interesting piece of information I came across recently that might make for an interesting paper. Do you know about the opening of Japan?"

"What?" I asked. "Whaddya mean?"

"So, from the 15th century to the early 17th century, Japan was stuck in a period of internal conflict known as the Warring States period, which consisted of numerous warlords, known as daimyo, fighting for control of the country. They warred in order to unify Japan under one banner. During this time, several prominent daimyo became influenced by Christianity, which was spread to Japan by a Catholic missionary named Francesco Xavier. Christianity, which preached that everybody was equal in the eyes of Jesus Christ, was disruptive to Japan's strict feudal caste culture and when the country was finally unified under the Tokugawa clan in 1600 after the Battle of Sekigahara, the religion was banned and the country was closed off to foreign countries to prevent its further spread. For two hundred years, Japan was a country which was closed off to the outside world."

"Okay, and why are you telling me this?" I asked.

"You wanted help with your paper right?" he said. "I'm literally giving you all the necessary information right now. Anyway, my buddy Andrew Burros over at the cryptozoology department in Golden Nigger Corp recently came across an interesting image from that era of Japan while looking for evidence of the Breonna Taylor Whale. I'll send you it right now."

The image took a bit of time to load, but when it finally did what I saw made my slit-like Asian eyes open as wide as that of a White man. It was a drawing of a black ship in the traditional Japanese **ukiyo-eh** style, which was the main artstyle in Japan before anime came to prominence. That wasn't what shocked me though. On the back of the ship there was a grotesque, demonic face. Its skin was, like the rest of the ship, pitch black. However, its core defining feature was an oversized, gorilla-looking nose.

There was no doubt about it. There was the face of a nigger on the drawing of the ship.

"Pretty intriguing, isn't it?" Thomas Manwise said. "The Japanese called it the **kuro-funay**, which means 'black ship'. And it was that very vessel that established diplomatic relations between the United States and Japan, leading to Japan ending its two hundred years of isolation and reentering international affairs."

"You could say," he continued. "That without that ship, anime would not exist."

I was mind blown for a moment, then began to doubt Thomas' story. "That sounds far fetched and stupid. You're just trying to get me a bad grade on the assignment, aren't you?"

"Nuh uh," he replied. "And if you can't believe it, you're free to borrow one of Golden Nigger Corporation's time machines and check it out for yourself."

"Ok, you're on. Send me the time machine." I said, "I'll check it out."

"That's the spirit. Just wait a minute, I'll have the drone with the time machine sent to you from our European headquarters," he said, then hung up.

Within a few short minutes, I could hear the drone outside my flat. I climbed down the stairs and fetched the time machine from the drone. It was already pre-set to travel to 1853, Japan, so I pressed the big red button.

A flash of light erupted as I was transported back to the past, traveling through the fabric space-time itself. When I next opened my eyes, I was standing on a cliff that overlooked the ocean. I felt a surge of excitement as I realized that the machine had worked and that I was now in Japan. I looked around to try and find the kawaii Japanese school girls but then remembered I was in the past. I sighed, then began to look around for a village or a town where I could get directions.

I traveled through the Japanese countryside for hours, over streams and mountains and through forests and fields. I was walking down a dirt road, surrounded on both sides by rice paddies that seemed to stretch on forever, when I heard the trotting of a horse behind me.

"Oi! Sokono omae! Tomarei!"

I turned around and let out a scream. It was a samurai, charging down the road with a scowl on his face.

He stopped in front of me and eyed me suspiciously. "Fumu. Yosomono no yo dana," he said.

I stared at him blankly, trying to recall all the Japanese I had learned from over my twenty years of watching anime. I then thought of the perfect sentence to reply with. "Watashi wa net-oh rar-eh ga daisuki desu," I said confidently, giving him a double thumbs up as I did.

As soon as I finished saying that, the samurai leapt off his horse and drew his katana. He kneed me in the stomach and smacked me over the head, knocking me onto my knees. Without another word, he raised the katana over my neck and swung.

But right as I thought he was about to chop off my head, a voice called out, saying, "Whoa whoa whoa, slow down there."

The samurai paused, the cold blade of his sword touching the skin of my neck and drawing blood, but not slicing through. "Watto wazu datto?" he said. "Where diddo datto voice-oo cammu from-oo?"

"Wait, you can speak English?" I exclaimed.

"No, he can't. And you, my dear friend, can't speak Japanese." Thomas Manwise's voice was coming from the belt. "I've activated the universal translator on your time travel device. Golden Nigger Corporation created it for the purpose of deciphering nigger babble and jewish lies, so it can more than handle Japanese."

"Eye don't-oh know these-oo jews-oo zatto you speak of-oo," the samurai said, sheathing his katana. "But zey sound-oh dangerous-oo and-oh evil-oo."

"Please ignore any transgressions my friend here made," Thomas Manwise said. "He's not the brightest."

"I will-oo," the samurai said.

"Bruh, Thomas, how did you get him to just stop trying to kill him like that?" I asked, puzzled.

"I've got a way with words," he said. "But anyway, Mr. Samurai, what's your name and where were you headed to?"

The samurai nodded. "My name izu Minuano Kazama, and-oh I was sent-oh by the Tokugawa clan to investigate a strange new ship-oo that has arrived in Shimoda harbuor-oo."

"Perfect," Thomas Manwise said. "Could you do me a favour and take that scrawny, skinny-fat foreigner along with you? He's from the future and he wants to see what happens."

"Oh fine, I'll do it-oh," Minuano said reluctantly.

"Really, Thomas, how are you getting him to that?" I asked.

"Plot convenience."

"What?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, then coughed. "Now excuse me, I need to go attend to more urgent matters."

I tried to ask Thomas more questions but he had already cut the call. Although I was dissatisfied with his answer, I knew that I should do what I came to do. I got a hand up from Minuano and hopped onto his horse. During the journey, I spoke with Minuano about the dangerousness and vileness of niggers and how they contribute nothing to society, all of which he seemed to easily understand.

"These-oo nigger-zoo sound-oh like-oo monkeys," Minuano said, disgusted by my stories about them. "Only in this country, monkeys take baths in hot spring. These-oo nigger-zoo don't even do that-oh."

Besides the nigger question, Minuano asked me about what Japan is like in the future.

To that, I gleefully responded by saying, "Japan in the future is awesome. There's anime, manga, V-tubers, and gundams and all sorts of cool shit. Best country in the world and I want to live there, or I guess here."

"Zatto is cringe-oo, wanting to live-oo in this country because yours is shit," Minuano said. "But tell me, what izu those things you talk about-oh? Specifically anime and v-tubers."

"Oh, well anime is just what people call Japanese cartoons," I said. "They're very popular around the world."

"I see. And these animes are about the greatness-oo of our traditionaru culture of Bushido and warrior honour, correct?"

"No, they're mostly about cute high school girls doing cute things. That and losers getting big harams of women for doing absolutely nothing at all."

"I am vomit. That is disgrace-oo." Minuano said. "And what are V-tubers?"

"V-tubers are cute anime girls who don't exist in the real world. Many men in future Japan and elsewhere send them money for fake compliments instead of finding wives. It's why the Japanese birth rate is declining."

Minuano cringed. "Please. No more. Hearing this is making me want to commit seppuku. How could our traditionaru culture of warrior honour be corrupted so bad-ree?"

"Well, it starts with the Americans bringing animation to Japan in the 20th century, so maybe if you prevent the opening of Japan to foreign influence here, you could stop that from happening?"

Minuano gripped his katana tightly. "That, I shall do. For it is my duty as a samurai to protect za honour of my country and people-oo."

It took us about three hours to reach the port city where the mysterious ships had pulled up. The port of Shimoda was very traditionally Japanese, with authentic Japanese cuisine like raw octopus and shark-fin soup being sold out of shops. I even learned what had happened to the Breonna Taylor whale, which I saw being chopped up into little bits by Japanese fishermen for consumption by the masses.

I grabbed some raw jellyfish to munch on as Minuano and I waded through the crowd. I looked up and saw an enormous black ship, much like the one in the painting. It was even more hideous in real life though, since the ship seemed to fill the entire harbour with the stench of menthol cigarettes, festering kool-aid, and unwiped monkey butts. Even the Japanese fishermen, who were used to living in the miasma of stinky rotting seafood on a daily basis, were pinching their noses.

There was more stuff that was strangely off about the vessel. The cannons seemed way oversized and the sails had what looked like massive shitstains on them. The black ship was flying the American flag, but when I looked closely all of the stars on it were Stars of David.

Suddenly, a woman's scream pierced the air. "Help-oo me!" she cried. "Ugg-ree monkey man trying to rape me!"

"NANI!" Minuano said, rushing towards where all the commotion was. I followed him. The samurai stopped in front of a dango shop. One of the waitresses, a Japanese girl no older than sixteen, was on the ground and cowering in fear. Her clothes were in tatters.

Above her, with saliva dripping from its toothy maw, was a nigger. "Uooooohhhhhh," the nigger said, licking his lips as he tore at her clothes. "I need dat Japanese schoolgirl cunny mane. Lemme dress you up in a uniform and clap dem yellow cheeks ooh la la."

To my surprise, the nigger was dressed in an American Naval officer's uniform and carrying a rifle. I had no idea that niggers were allowed in the American military back in the 19th century, but apparently that was the case.

"Stop-oo there dirty foreigner!" Minuano said, drawing his katana. "Get away from the woman!"

The nigger turned towards the samurai. "And who you be? Some ching chong gook muhfugga?" the negroid officer chimped. "I be Officah Arbery, and I is here in Japan under da orders of Commodore Perry mane! I can do whatevah I want ta da native Japanese girls mane! So ya better–"

But before Arbery could finish his sentence, Minuano flicked his sword out. Two of Officer Arbery's fingers fell to the ground, STD-ridden blood flowing freely from the stumps.

"Ouchie man! What you do dat foe! I dindu nuffin mane! Nuffin!" the nigger hollered, clutching at his wound. "What are you, some police officah in dis heah country or sumting?"

"No, I am a man who will defend za honour of his country's-oo women from unclean barbarian!" Minuano stated, slashing out once more. The katana sliced through Arbery's stomach, spilling his guts out onto the sidewalk.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh! Samurai please!" Arbery groaned. "Why you be doing dis ta me? I just talking ta ah Japanese gurl and you killin' me foe dat? Why you do dis man! I ain't a bad guy–"

But before the nigger could utter another word, Minuano's blade flashed through the air one final time. He had already sheathed the katana by the time the nigger's head fell from it's shoulders.

"Uh, that seemed a bit excessive," I said, nearly puking as blood gushed like a fountain from the dead nigger's body.

"Why do you say that-oh?" Minuano asked. "That creature I just-oh slew, it seemed so desperate to assault-oh that girl-oo. As if his life-oo depended upon it."

"Well, niggers are one of the races that are most desperate to race-mix with others," I explained. "It's because, on a subconscious, animalistic level, niggers know that they're inferior to almost every other race. That's why they try to mix their bonobo DNA with that of other races; its to try and improve their own nigger race by stealing from the gene pools of others."

"Hm, along with the future of anime and V-tubers you described, these niggers are truly another reason to keep-oo this-oo country closed-oh," Minuano remarked.

But as we were about to leave the scene, a sound like a clap of thunder went off nearby. A moment later, a crowd of Japanese peasants that were close to us were mowed down by an explosion, tearing them apart and sending them flying everywhere like ragdolls.

One of the cannons was smoking, and on top of it stood a nigger. Although it was difficult to tell from where I was, the monkey was six foot five and as jacked as a Spanish fighting bull.

"Ooga booga! Dats rite! Dats what ya get foe killing one of mah officahs, bitch ass ching chongs!" the nigger roared. Judging by its voice and stature, this nigger, unlike Officer Arbery, was undoubtably a buck negro. "Now ya bettah open up dis country or we is gonna have even more trouble, know what I'm saying?"

As the bloody mist cleared, I saw that the 'cannon ball' that had mowed down the peasants was actually a basketball, which made no sense since the basketball was invented in 1891. It was also strange how apparently a nigger was in charge of a ship despite it being before the American Civil War.

However, there was no time to think about it, since the nigger that was standing on top of the cannon leapt from the cannon onto the docks, landing like a panther. Although niggers are inferior to all other races in almost every way, their jumping skills are top notch because they evolved it to escape from the scene of their crimes.

"Muh niggas, follow me and shieet! We is gonna fuck dese nips up!" the six foot five buck nigger yelled. On command, a horde of feral niggers streamed out of the ship like a colony of cockroaches. There were niggers of every shape and size, from giganiggas that made Chris Bumstead look small to mixed race octoroon bug blacks that resembled the anime YouTuber called Forneverworld, who if you don't know looks like a literal fucking goblin. The most shocking thing about them, though, was what they were carrying.

All of the niggers were carrying anime merchandise. Some were carrying benign shonen stuff from Dragon Ball Z, Naruto, or Bleach. Others were carrying body pillows and plushies from more teen and adult orientated shows like Neon Genesis Evangelion and Fate: Grand Order. I felt my skin crawl as I saw a couple of them carrying mason jars with figurines in them. There were also many of them that were cosplaying as traps, which is the anime term for a tranny. This wasn't that surprising though since niggers are disproportionately likely to be gay or transgender, which proves that niggers as a race really are an affront to God.

The worst of all of them was their six-foot five buck nigger leader, who, despite wearing the uniform of a high-ranking officer of the U.S. navy, was carrying a bodypillow of the character Pico from the gay pedophile hentai anime called Boku no Pico, although frankly it should be expected of a nigger to be a pedophile since niggers are known to have the highest rate of child sexual abuse among the races.

As the jungle gorilla approached Minuano and myself, I gasped in horror as I recognized the nigger. The nostrils that were as wide as Oprah Winfrey was fat. The lips that looked like two pieces of dog shit glued together. The soulless, criminal eyes. There was no doubt about it.

"Hello manes, muh name be Commodore Perry Floyd, and I be here to open da country of Japan to ((((international trade and finance)))!" the nigger chimped. "And I can tell ya, once dis country be open ta da Western world, it'll create da greatest culture da world has every seen!"

He held up his body pillow and kissed it. "Anime! We niggas love it mane! It's so kawaii and shieeet!"

Minuano stepped forward. "So, itto is you niggers-zoo that cause my country's culture and future birthrates-oo to decline."

Commodore Perry Floyd nodded his head. "Das rite. And dere be nuffing you can do about it either mane. It's destiny or sumting like dat, know what I'm sayin?"

"But if anime hasn't been created yet, then how do you have all that merchandise?" I asked.

"Same way you're back in dis heah era, ya gook. Time travel and shieet." Commodore Perry Floyd said. "Don't think that Golden Nigga Corp be the only place dat has da technology mane. In return foe going back in time ta open Japan ta da outside world, Mossad, which be da intelligence agency of da glorious nation of Israel, gave me and all muh niggas here free anime merch mane."

"Then why are y'all dressed like American navy officers?" I asked.

"We only be disguised like American Navy crackas since da Jews wanna make dat country dere base of operations foe da next century," Floyd remarked. "But dats not important mane. I is just heah ta make sure dat anime gets created, which will steal all da vril of da crackas in da future mane!"

"So itto is rike a self fulfilling-oo prophecy," Minuano said, drawing his sword. Behind him a battalion of Japanese bushi, or soldiers, pulled up. They were armed with swords and guns, and were ready to fight off the invasion.

The samurai grimaced. Even if it is fate-oh, I shall fight-oo against itto!"

Commodore Perry Floyd grinned. "Bring it on, chigga."

A battle broke out in the middle of Shimoda harbour, with the niggers fighting the Japanese troops. Since I'm not much of a fighter due to my skinny-fat physique and low testosterone Kazakh genetics, I hid in the dango shop that Officer Arbery had tried to rape the girl in.

After a few minutes, it was easy to tell that the battle was going in favor of the Japanese. The Japanese, despite not being as physically strong or as well armed as the niggers–who were all carrying glocks–they were all doing well because of their superior intelligence and battle tactics. Ironically, Minuano was cutting through swarms of niggers just like how an anime protagonist would cut through a mob of disposable lackeys. He was able to do this despite being armed only with a katana because niggers have terrible aim, which is a result of both their tendency to hold their guns sideways and their terrible spatial reasoning skills.

But right as the battle seemed won by the Japanese, the black ship began to fire its basketball cannons. The Japanese soldiers screamed as the basketballs tore through their ranks, killing dozens.

"Somebody needs to disable zatto shippu!" Minuano exclaimed. "Quick-ree!"

"We can't-oh Master Minuano! There's no men we can spare-oo!" a Japanese soldier shouted before a basketball blew him up into a bloody pulp.

Although that seemed strange for a moment because there seemed to be nobody manning the guns, I quickly remembered a crucial fact about the ship. I crawled out from my hiding space and got to a place where I could see the back of the vessel. Sure enough, there was the face of the criminal nigger, George Floyd. The ship was a semi-sentient vessel. You couldn't say that it was fully sentient since it was a nigger

ship, but it was capable of firing its armament by itself.

I stood there, thinking about whether there was anything I could do to help using my superior modern knowledge on the weaknesses of niggers. The battle seemed all but lost, with the Japanese troops being pushed back, when I recalled a critical fact about niggers: they can't swim.

I knew that it was a long shot, but I also knew that it was the only chance we had. I stripped down to my underwear and jumped into the ocean. Slowly, I doggy paddled towards the George Floyd ship, shivering all the way because of how cold the water was. But when I finally got to the hull of the ship, I saw that the entire ship was surrounded in a massive rubber inflatable. There was no doubt that it was the only thing that was keeping the nigger ship afloat.

Using my fist, I punched a hole in the rubber inflatable. Even with my runt-like strength, it was surprisingly easy because of how low quality the rubber was. That was understandable though since this entire operation had been financed by Mossad and Jews are nothing if not cheap. As I doggy paddled back to shore, I turned back to see the black ship sinking into the ocean.

"Ahhh shieeet!" the George Floyd head on the back of the ship screamed. "Ahhh shieet! I be sinking mane cuz I can't swim! I be taken on water and it's filling mah brig! I can't breathe! Mama please! I can't breathe! Mama!"

As the black ship was swallowed by the waves, the Japanese troops began to regain ground. Using their naginatas and karate and tanegashimas and all sorts of other strange weapons and techniques I won't even try to prounce, they fought the weeb niggers back.

"Noooooooo! Mah ship be sinking! Fuck!" Commodore Perry Floyd screamed. "Why mane! Why it be sinking! Everything be ruined!"

But as Commodore Perry Floyd was distracted, Minuano caught him. "Perish, you filthy monkey!" the samurai said as he stabbed Floyd in a graceful action that looked as if it were a deathblow right out of Sekiro: Shadows Die Twice.

"Oh fuck! Da katana in mah lungs! It be making it hard for me to breathe!" Commodore Perry Floyd chimped, coughing up blood. "Fuck mane, I'm not a bad guy mane, please mane. I can't breathe mane, I can't breathe. Please mistah samurai, I'm not a bad guy!"

But the samurai was merciless. He extracted his sword, leaving Commodore Perry Floyd to crumple to the ground. He then picked the writhing Floyd up and, with one powerful toss, through the nigger into the ocean.

But as Floyd disappeared under the waves, he grinned. "It's too late mane," he said as he slowly drowned. "Even if you take mah breath away, Japan has already been opened to da outside world mane. The creation of anime is now inevitable, and it shall corrupt both da Japanese and da White race!"

Those were his final words before the nigger commodore sank and died.

Traumatized by my experience, I returned to the present before I saw the aftermath of the battle. I reported everything I saw to Thomas Manwise, who only responded by saying, "I told you so" before he hung up. I later checked the history books to see that the jews who run the education system had changed the events so that the American expedition that led to the opening of Japan was commanded by a White man named Commodore Matthew C. Perry, which shows the extent to which jews will go to cover up the true history of the world.

Anyway, there are two morals to this story. The first lesson is that it is a criminal nigger drug monkey who is responsible for the creation of anime, which is why it is designed to drain people of their vitality as human beings. Anime will rot your mind and soul and turn you into spiritual jew or nigger, by which I mean it will turn you into a greasy fat lazy sexual deviant. The second lesson is that you should not procrastinate on your homework assignments, as I have just now flunked out of college by failing to submit that geography assignment I traveled to the past to work on in the first place and have now been disowned by my family. I still won't give up anime though because I'm addicted to it like George Floyd was to fentanyl. Don't make the same mistakes I made. Say no to anime and lift weights instead.

**Gypsy Floyd**

By Thomas Manwise

Requested by fgsfds

Europe, the most important continent in the history of the world bar none. The collection of countries and nations that brought you the world's most beautiful art, whether it be sculptures like Michaelangelo's David or paintings like the Mona Lisa or the music of Bach and Tchaikovsky. The continent where philosophy was first invented with the writings of Plato and Aristotle. The birthplace of all modern sciences, from Newton's discovery of the laws of motion to the development of the steam engine. The European nations were also those who were curious and bold enough to explore and conquer the world beyond them. To paraphrase one good quote that I don't remember the author of, Europe revealed the world to itself, as without Europe the niggers of Africa and the pajeets of India wouldn't know that there is a world beyond their shit-filled hovels. Although you can debate whether it was a good thing that they did that, there is no doubt about the fact that human history and innovation going all the way back two thousand years is dominated by Europe and the Europeans, standing above the rest of the world like a gigachad at the metaphysical level.

However, Europe has also always been plagued with disgusting parasites that have hindered the Europeans at every turn. Here, I am thinking of two races which are so vile that they lack the ability to form their own nation-states and instead leech off of others by traveling from country to country. The first, as I am sure everybody has already guessed, are the jews. Jews need no introduction. Wherever the jew goes, disease, degeneracy, and destitution for the native population is soon to follow. Ever since the Second World War, when the last country that could've stopped their domination of the world was crushed by the Anglo-Americans from the West and the communists from the East, the jews have used their cunning and nepotism to seize control of every ethnically European country in the world.

The second and also noticeably less famous vermin that have infested Europe are the gypsies. The gypsies, who like to call themselves the Romani in order to try and trick people into thinking they are Romanians, have plagued Europe since Medieval times. Gypsoids are what you would get if you took the promiscuity and loudness of spics, the criminality of niggers, the inbreeding of Muslims, mixed them all together, and then topped it all off with an extra large serving of the scumminess of pajeet curry scammers. Throughout European history, gypsies have been a darker, dumber, and lazier version of jews. Their men are violent drunks, their women are prostitutes, and their children are pickpockets. However, unlike the jews, the Gypsies have never become an existential threat to the European people, which also kinda shows how pathetic they are as a race since jews, as evil as they are, are at least competent at executing their evil deeds. The difference could be summarized by this comparison: a gypsy would steal your wallet while a jew would make your entire life savings worthless by inflating prices into the stratosphere, as we are seeing with energy costs right now.

Gypsies are more of a nuisance than a true menace to Europe, or at least that's what I thought they were until a horrifying experience I had with a particular band of gypsies that has traumatized me, my friends, and my family for life that I will tell you here.

But before I go on about that, I need to introduce myself. My name is **If-tea** and I am a Romanian. For those of you who are American zoomers that were brought up in the jew-controlled American education that teaches you nothing about geography or history beyond that of slavery and Jim Crow, Romania is a country in Eastern Europe. Romania is part of the European Union. Although we are a White country, we are poor as fuck because we were ruled by the Soviet Union until 1989, when we overthrew our communist president, a guy named Nikolai **Chow-chess-coup** by forcing him and his bitch wife up against a wall and machine gunning them to death on camera, producing one of the first viral gore videos in history. Two other things that our country is famous for are the region of Transylvania, which is featured in Bram Stoker's Dracula, and the Romanian Deadlift, which is a variation of the deadlift where you focus on your hamstrings by keeping your legs straight throughout the entire pull.

Romania is pretty poor, but we are also more ***based*** than richer European countries like Sweden because we don't let Turk-roaches and Somalians in. However, we do have a problem with gypsies, which make up anywhere from 3 percent to 10 percent of our population, with the Council of Europe estimating that 1.85 million, or 8.32 percent of our population, is made up of those filthy mud-skinned rodents. The

gypsies also have official minority status and are guaranteed representation in our parliament because we are forced to treat them as humans by the European Union, which is something I have been working to change.

My story begins in Bucharest, the capital of Romania. I was busy organizing a protest against a massive gypsy caravan that was going to arrive in the city tomorrow. The gypsies were saying that it was a celebration of the birth of Saint Mary, but every Romanian in the city knew what it actually was–a bride market. Gypsies, just like pajeets in rural India and sub-saharan savannah niggers, sell their women off to the highest bidder. Now before you go on and talk about how that's trad or ***based*** or whatever, let me remind you that literally no ethnic group with an average IQ above 75 does this.

No White countries allow it, the Japanese don't do it, and not even the jews, filthy as they are, sell their girls off for money. And that is because, at a subconscious level, they know that marrying women off to the highest bidder is not only materialistic, but also dysgenic. Theoretically speaking, if all women were to be sold as brides to the highest bidder, then you would get a race of psychopaths, scammers and money grubbers, which is pretty much gypsies in a nutshell, since that is the type of person who is best at making tons of money. For proof of this, just look at your average billionaire jew, but for now let me get back to my story.

Along with the bride market, the gypsies were also bringing a carnival that was supposed to feature tarot card reading and divination. However, the main attraction was something that I had never seen them use before. Apparently, this particular group of gypsies had gotten Paul Miller, more commonly known as Gypsy Crusader or Omegle Joker, out of prison on early parole and had gotten him to Europe. This marketing campaign with Paul Miller at the forefront was very successful, since I had seen entire hotels stuffed with scrawny fourteen to seventeen year olds that had come from all around Europe for the carnival. To me, it seemed like your typical gypsy scam, since there wasn't any proof that Gypsy Crusader was actually out of prison from what I could tell, let alone in Romania. This was all likely some sort of trick they had devised to lure in many kids so that they could rip them off. My fellow protestors and I had tried to tell the teenagers to leave before the gypsies came to scam them, but it was to no avail since they told us that we were cringe boomers who had no idea what we were doing.

Anyway, I was busy handing out free wallet chains to a bunch of college students in a cafe who had come from Germany to keep them from getting pickpocketed by the gypsoids when I noticed a face sitting near them that I hadn't been expecting to see.

"**F-g-s-f-d-s**, is that you?" I asked as I approached a guy that was noticeably shorter, browner, and gookier than the Bavarians. "What are you doing here man?"

**F-g-s-f-d-s** is my friend from Kazakhstan, which is a country that not even people who were taught in a good education system knows about because it is irrelevant. The last time you might've heard of him is when he traveled back in time to 19th century Japan to see the opening of the country for a school assignment because he is a massive weeb and an incel. He is currently studying in Europe because his country's universities are all trash and he was able to afford the high tuition costs thanks to his mom sleeping with a bunch of corrupt bureaucrats in his country to get him a scholarship, kinda like what Forrest Gump's mom did but with even more men.

"Oh!" **f-g-s-f-d-s** exclaimed, as if he were surprised to see me. "Uh, hello **If-tea**. I wasn't expecting to see you here."

"Why not? You know how much I fucking hate gypsies and this is the biggest gypsy caravan in a decade. Of course I'd be here," I said. "I've been working for a week helping to set up a protest against those subhumans. We have signs, picket lines, and some of us are preparing to set up spikes on the road so that their carriages break down when the filth begins making its way into the city. What are you here for?"

"Erm, you know, I'm here because of uh..." **f-g-s-f-d-s** stuttered nervously before sighing and admitting the truth. "I'm here because I want to get laid, **If-tea**."

I felt the muscles in my face scrunch up as if I had bitten into a lemon. "Say again?" I said, revolted. "What are you here in my country to do?"

"I'm here to lose my V-card, dude. There are going to be a bunch of gypsy hookers in town and I'm gonna pay one," **f-g-s-f-d-s** muttered, "Look man, I'm twenty years old and next month I'll be twenty-one.

I'm already on the path to becoming a wizard. If I don't get any coochie soon I'm going to be a virgin for the rest of my life!"

I groaned. "Bro, have you not listened to a single thing I've told you about the importance of chastity and holy matrimony? How it's important to stay a virgin until marriage. And come on, even if you have premartial sex, wouldn't you want your first time to be special? Like with that one Kazakh girl that goes to your university who you've been crushing on for half a decade?"

**F-g-s-f-d-s** began to tear up. "She got a boyfriend, **If-tea**. He's a six-foot seven 260 pound heavyweight boxer from Russia. One night I snuck into his dorm and heard her getting pounded," he sniffled. "I mean, I mean, he doesn't even love her. She's just a fucktoy to him while I love her for her personality. I'm still friends with her but I just, well, I just don't know what to do so I decided to come here and finally get laid to see if that changes anything."

I was now beginning to feel kinda sorry for my friend, even though he was a literal non-white cuck. "Well, I'll tell you for certain that sticking your tiny gook penis in a gypsy whore's vagina will change nothing besides your HIV status from negative to positive."

**F-g-s-f-d-s** sighed. "You're right. I should try to stop thinking with my dick."

I smiled. "That's the spirit. Since you're here, do you want to help me set up the protest against the gypsies? That might help you take your mind off the sex that you don't get to have."

"Alright," he said. "What do you want to do? The festival is tomorrow so it'll mostly be final preparations, right?"

I nodded. "Yup, that's what we're going to be doing."

For the rest of the day, **F-g-s-f-d-s** helped me and the other protestors put the finishing touches on everything. Just in case things got violent, we sharpened the ends of our signs and stuffed our boots with knives. Once everything was finished, **F-g-s-f-d-s** and I began on the path going back to our respective hotels.

Right as we were about to split and say goodnight to each other, **F-g-s-f-d-s** seemed to notice someone.

"Hey, isn't the girl that guy is with a gypsy?" he said, pointing behind me.

I turned around and saw a female gypsy and a young European boy arm in arm, giggling together. I recognized the boy as a seventeen year old who had come from Bulgaria to watch Gypsy Crusader. Although it was nighttime, the female gypsy glowed like the Uvalde shooting in the city lights because of how gaudily dressed she was. Seriously, for those who think that niggers are cringe for dressing in bling and colorful suits, you should look at fucking gypsies. Since gypsies are poor and lazy, they've made it a central part of their culture to try and look as wealthy as possible to cope with the fact that they are brown, ugly and more inbred than pugs. All gypsy women wear all sorts of fancy patterned fabric and gold chains which gives them that typical gypsy harlot look while all their men wear wide-brimmed hats because they probably want to pretend that the reason why they don't have a homeland is because they are cowboys and adventurers and not because everybody in Europe fucking loathes them.

The disgusting race-mixing couple were heading towards a narrow alleyway that was dingy and crawling with rats. Suspicious of what the gypsy whore was doing, **F-g-s-f-d-s** and I followed them.

The female gypsoid eventually stopped in front of a small, shabby tent that had been set up next to a dumpster. The glow of a dim lantern was coming from inside. The gypsy whore and the Bulgarian boy entered the tent as they spoke to each other in muted giggles.

For the next minute I expected for the sounds of sexual debauchery and hedonism to come from the tent, but to my surprise it was completely quiet. However, right as I was about to approach the tent and try peering inside, a voice broke the silence.

"So mah White boy, you want summa dat gypsy ass, right mane? Well if ya wanna smash her lemme tell your cracka ass yo fortune first."

It was obviously a male gypsy that was speaking, however the voice was deeper and more overly aggressive than that of most other gypsies that I had encountered. If the typical gypsy had a manner of speech that like that of a rat squeaking then this gypsy spoke like sexually frustrated chimpanzee.

"Why's that?" the Bulgarian teenager said. "She told me that as long as I paid she was going to let me fuck. None of this divination bullshit."

"Aw c'mon mane, I is just gonna read yo palms and look into da crystal ball ta see yo future and shieet for like five minutes mane. I do it foe free too mane."

The boy sighed. "Fine, but do it quick. My mom is already texting me asking where I am."

The gypsy with the deep voice began to chant. "Bibidi babidi boo, ooga boogaloo, hocus pocus open sesame, unga bunga, abracadabra-doo!

Suddenly, the Bulgarian boy broke out into a blood curdling scream. "What's happening to me?" he cried out from inside the tent. "Ahhhhhhhhh!"

Realizing that he was in trouble, I dashed towards the tent and pulled back the flaps. What I saw made my jaw drop.

The only figure inside the tent was the Bulgarian teenager. Or should I say the former Bulgarian, because his previously White skin had become the shade of shit and his blonde hair was now as black as coal.

"Hello there good sir, could I shine your shoes for you good sir?" the teenager said, picking a dirty rag off the floor and hunching over my boot. "Here, let me clean it for you. I'll do a good job."

The newly transformed gypsy began scrubbing my leather boots, which had originally belonged to my great-grandfather while he was in the Romanian Iron Guard. Instead of wiping off any filth, the rag left new streaks of grime on the leather, dirtying it further.

"Hey **If-tea** what's happened?" **F-g-s-f-d-s** said as he shuffled up behind me. "Are you alright?"

"Look at my foot. The kid has been turned into a gypsy," I said, grimacing. "Get off my foot now, you filthy rat! Get away from me now!"

I gently pushed the gypsy away with my foot, making him take a few paces back before getting to his feet.

"Hey sir, why did you kick me? I was just doing my job of scrubbing your boot sir," the teenaged gypsy said indignantly. "I'm gonna charge you extra for kicking me since that's violent and rude."

"Who the hell said I was going to pay you?" I said, using my own handkerchief to wipe the fresh filth that the gypsy had sullied my boots with. "Not only did I not ask you to shine my boots, you dirtied them up."

The gypsy's face darkened with rage. "Sir, what you are saying is anti-Romani hate. I did my job and now you are refusing to pay. Plus, you kicked me. Why do you Europeans hate Romani so much?"

"It's precisely because of shit like this, you fucking gypsy," I snarled, then turned to try and walk away. However, as I did I felt the gypsy's dirty hand grasp mine.

"Come back here and pay me!" the gypsy said, grabbing hold of the Romanian Orthodox crucifix that I had around my neck and tugging me back with it. His greedy, beady gypsy eyes sparkled when he saw it. "Ooh, this looks good sir. Made of silver I presume?"

"Get your filthy hands off me!" I shouted as I wrenched the crucifix away from the gypsy. I was furious now since that crucifix necklace had been passed down through five generations in my family and up until that very moment it had never been tainted by the touch of a gypsoid.

He was holding something shiny in his right hand. My heart began to pound when I saw that it was a sharpened screwdriver. I knew that I had mere milliseconds before he shanked me with it. I jerked him towards me and clasped my arm against his weapon hand, controlling it.

"**F-g-s-f-d-s**, grab the knife from my boot!" I ordered as I controlled his weapon hand. The Kazakh stood there frozen like an animal in headlights for a moment because he was a non-white cuck who had no idea how to apporach violent confrontations, but when I shouted at him again he responded by squatting down and tugging the knife from my boot.

I headbuttted the gypsy repeatedly as I kept the screwdriver tip away from my stomach, pushing the gypsy back until he eventually slammed against the wall of one of the buildings in the alleyway.

"Ouch sir, why do you hate the Roma people so much?" the gypsy said as he tried to stab me with the screwdriver again. However, it didn't reach me because **F-g-s-f-d-s** had slashed the gypsy across the arm with my knife, cutting all the way down to the bone.

"Holy shit, why did you do this to me?" the gypsy said as blood gushed from his wound. By the way he was bleeding, I could tell that **F-g-s-f-d-s** had slashed open some pretty large veins.

The gypsy thrust at me with the screwdriver again, but his movements were sloppier than before because of all the blood that he was losing. He then staggered around as if drunk before finally collapsing on the ground into a crimson pool. I was about to leave the scene of the struggle along with **F-g-s-f-d-s** and let the gypsy bleed out, but that was when I noticed that the color was literally draining from his cheeks. The teenager's skin grew paler by the second and his hair went from the month-old motor grease color of a gypsy's hair to its original blonde. Realizing that he was reverting back to a White boy, I rushed over to try and save the teenager by stemming the blood loss, but it was too late. He had no pulse; the kid was dead.

The police and paramedics arrived not so long after. **F-g-s-f-d-s** and I were handcuffed and taken to the city jail, where we were both interrogated. Before we were arrested both of us had agreed to go with the story that the kid had tried to rob us with the screwdriver, which was true, but we omitted the part about him being transformed into a gypsy.

I spent the rest of the night sleepless with guilt. Even though I knew that it wasn't my fault that the teenager was dead, I knew that it was the two of us that had killed him. I also might have been able to save him if I had tried to give him first aid sooner. Furthermore, I was now locked up and unable to participate in the anti-gypsy protest that was going to take place tomorrow.

The first rays of the morning sun were shining through the prison bars when I heard someone whispering to me.

"Psst, over here," it said. The voice was that of a male, but I couldn't call it that of a man, since saying that it was that of a man would imply that it was mature and masculine. No, it was that of a soyboy, the best way to describe it being a cross between Mundane Matt's cucked squeaking and Ethan Ralph's southern drawl.

"Hey, can you hear me?" the cuck said. "I'm here to help you get out of here."

"How can I trust you?" I whispered back. "You sound like that one faggot that cried over the Star Wars sequel movie trailer."

"Don't worry, he's here to help," **F-g-s-f-d-s** said, the voice of my friend startling me. "Just get up against the cell wall and push."

I did as **F-g-s-f-d-s** said, and sure enough, the wall gave way, shattering into chunks of concrete. I was outside of the jail and on the street once more.

However, the first thing that caught my eye disgusted me. It was a filthy brown skinned gypsy with a large, bushy beard that looked as if ten guys had shaved off their pubes then glued them all onto the gypsy's face. He was wearing a pair of ill-fitting glasses over beady black eyes.

"Hey **If-tea**, glad to see that you're safe," the gypsy said, holding out a hand that was probably covered in bacteria and feces.

Immediately, I reached out to try and push him away, but **F-g-s-f-d-s** stopped me.

"Don't worry man, he's on our side," my friend said. "He's trying to help us fight off the gypsies."

My brow furrowed in disbelief. "What the fuck do you mean, he's a gypsy himself!"

The bearded gypsy cringed as he heard us say gypsy. "Haha, sorry but could you guys stop using that term? We prefer to be called the Roma people."

I flipped the cuck off. "Fuck you you fucking gypsy. We'll call your kind what we want."

"**If-tea**, I know that you don't like gypsies, but this guy helped bust us out of the jail. He wants to help us against his kin," **F-g-s-f-d-s** said. "He's not a bad guy like the rest of them."

"Fine," I said skeptically. "Gypsy, what's your name?"

"My name is Romani McNutt," he said. "And even though you keep calling me that mean term, I'm going to help you guys stop my fellow Roma people because I know that they're doing something really evil that is unbefitting of our proud European heritage."

I burst out laughing when he said that. "Gypsies? European? What the fuck are you talking about?"

Romani McNutt pouted. "Oh so that's how you're gonna be? We Romani people are just as European as the French, Germans, Italians, Swedes and Poles. We have a rich tradition and history that stretches all the way back to the Middle Ages. We're Christians and we're a protected ethnic minority under EU law. How aren't we Europeans?"

"Jesus Christ," I said, facepalming. "You are literally fucking nomads from the Indian sub-continent. You gypsies are as European as tech support pajeets who immigrate to the United States on H1B visas are American."

"But **If-tea**, we Romani speak an Indo-Aryan language!" Romani McNutt protested.

"Exactly, and you're part of the 'Indo' half of Indo-Aryan," I snapped back. "Let me explain this in a way that your empty gypsy brain can understand. Back in the 1990s, stink bugs from Asia spread to the United States and are now found all across the continent. They've been there for nearly half a century, but does that mean that scientists classify stink bugs as a species native to America? No, they're an invasive pest. And that's what you gypsies are, understand?"

"But we've been here for over half a millennia!" Romani McNutt said as his eyes began to well up with tears. "The Romani people have been a part of Europe for over fifty generations!"

"Stink bugs have been a part of the U.S. ecosystem for a similar number of generations, and during that time all they have done is be a nuisance. Just like your kind."

Romani McNutt started crying like a little bitch because he knew I was right. The only insults that really hurt are the ones that are true.

"Okay guys, I think you both need to chill," **F-g-s-f-d-s** said. "Regardless of whether gypsies are European or not, Romani McNutt is the guy who helped us bust out of jail. He's here to help us out against the gypsies who are in town because they're planning on doing some really evil shit."

I turned to Romani McNutt. "Alright, explain what your fellows are planning on doing."

Romani McNutt wiped away his tears with a dirty handkerchief, sniffling. "O-ok. Well, we said that us Roma people were coming into Bucharest for the bride market and the carnival, right? That's all actually a front. I overheard this when I was making a banana and mayonnaise sandwich with a side of pigeon and onion stew for our caravan's leader when I overheard him on the phone with somebody, but the plan is to kidnap as many European children as possible and take them to Transylvania."

I nodded, knowing that even though Romani McNutt was a gypsy, he was not lying in this particular instance. As is commonly known throughout Europe, gypsies are notorious for kidnapping European children. They would then use the kidnapped children for a variety of purposes, ranging from sex slaves to meat in their stews. Sometimes the children would just be married off to ethnic gypsies so that the gypsies could steal the superior genes of Europeans for their own race. However, there was one thing that I did not understand.

"Why Transylvania?" I asked. "Why not just take them along with you wherever you go? I thought you were a nomadic people?"

Romani McNutt shook his head. "No idea. I didn't hear who was on the other side. All our caravan's leader was saying was that we needed to make sure that all the teenage boys got transported there."

My eyes widened as I heard that. "Teenage boys you say?" I then turned towards **F-g-s-f-d-s**. "When is the Gypsy Crusader live appearance?"

"It's in about twenty minutes," he replied.

"We need to get there as soon as possible," I said. "Something horrible is about to happen, I'm sure of it."

**F-g-s-f-d-s**, Romani McNutt, and I then traveled as quickly as we could towards the place where Gypsy Crusader was supposed to make his appearance. However, as we traveled there we had to take the

long way around in order to avoid contact with the police, since there we had broken out of jail and there were a lot of officers due to the presence of gypsies in the town. As we got closer and closer to our destination, I saw hundreds of gypsies. They were busy being a massive nuisance as was to be expected, with many of them dancing in the street stopping traffic, while others harassed pedestrians to try and get them to buy shitty goods.

The good news though was that the anti-gypsy protest was going well, with many of my fellow men standing strong against the horde of gypsoids in the streets.

I smiled as I saw one of them beating a gypsy who had pickpocketed a British teen to a pulp, knocking his teeth out and shattering his ribs.

The Gypsy Crusader live event was taking place in a massive tent stadium that had been set up a few days prior. That thing was made to house at least ten thousand people at once, and judging by how packed the hotels were there were likely many European teenagers if not more within the tent. I knew that we had to act quickly. By the time we arrived at the stadium, the tent flaps were closed and nobody was allowed to enter anymore. However, when the gypsy security guard that was in front of the entrance saw that Romani McNutt was with us, he let us through.

The interior of the tent was like that of a concert, with everything dark besides the stage, which glowed as brightly as your typical mass shooting in America. There was a female gypsy standing on the stage, holding a microphone. As we got closer to the stage, I realized that it was the same female gypsy that had helped lure in the Bulgarian boy yesterday.

"Hello boys!" the gypsy female said into the mic. "I hope you are all having a good day! Who here is ready to meet their hero, Gypsy Crusader?"

The impressionable European teenagers all cheered.

"Damn, she looks so hot right," Romani McNutt said, noticing that my gaze was fixed on her.

**F-g-s-f-d-s** agreed with him, saying, "Yeah, she's pretty hot."

"Her name is Esmeralda Autumn," Romani McNutt said. "She's the girl that I want to buy as my bride, but I don't have enough money to get her from her father, who also happens to be the leader of my caravan."

"You do know that she's a prostitute right?" I muttered.

Romani McNutt nodded his head. "Yeah, but it doesn't matter. She can have sex with all the other men in the world for all I care. As long as I'm cuddling with her at night, I'm the real winner."

"Boys, I am now proud to announce," Esmeralda Autumn said with a smile. "The arrival of the one and only Paul Miller!"

Everybody was screaming and hollering as Gypsy Crusader emerged from behind the stage curtains. He was in his trademark Arthur Fleck Joker make up, wearing a pair of sunglasses and a wide grin on his face.

Paul Miller walked up to Esmeralda Autumn and took the microphone from her. He cleared his throat and whispered into the microphone.

"Nigger."

The entire audience erupted into applause as he uttered that word. Cries of 'based' and 'chad' echoed throughout the tent.

"Nigger nigger nigger nigger nigger nigger nigger!" Gypsy Crusader said. "Nigger faggot kyke tranny nigger jew nigger!"

There was thunderous applause, so much so that nobody in the crowd seemed to notice the strange, shadowy figure wearing a hood that was shuffling around behind us that both **F-g-s-f-d-s** and I had noticed. It was nearly two meters in height and built like Nicu Vlad, who by the way is a Romanian Olympic Weightlifting champion.

The silhouette of the man was oddly familiar, and as we got closer to it we heard him chanting. "Unga bunga nigga nigga oot oot ahh ahh," he said, in a low, chimpanzee like voice. We both recognized it as belonging to the gypsy that had transformed the Bulgarian into a gypsy yesterday night.

"Hey you! Get over here!" I shouted as I chased after the gypsy. However, for some reason, the gypsy was fast as fuck, rushing away from us at breakneck speed. The gypsoid was as fast and agile as an Olympic runner.

"You know what I hate?" Gypsy Crusader shouted into the microphone. "I hate niggers! I hate jews! I hate faggots!"

*It's convienient that he ignored 'gooks' there*, I thought as I kept rushing towards the fleeing gypsy. Paul Miller likely didn't say that he hated Asians because his ex-girlfriend was a Filipina. Race mixing with a Japanese, Korean, or Chinese is bad enough, but sticking your dick in a jungle gook like a Filipina is gross as fuck. Only desperate 50 year old obese boomers and dysgenic 5 foot manlets like Andrew Anglin would consider dating one.

Gypsy paced around the stage as he screamed, "And lemme ask all of you in the audience. Do black lives matter?"

"Nigger lives don't matter! Nigger lives don't matter!" the White boys in the audience chanted back to him, all the while **F-g-s-f-d-s,** Romani McNutt and myself chased after the shadowy gypsy. We had done a lap all the way around the tent trying to catch him when he abruptly came to a stop and turned towards us.

He stood there menacingly, then grinned at us. The few remaining teeth he had were rotten stumps stained yellow by sustained cigarette use.

"Tee hee hee, you muthafuckas ain't gonna be able ta stop us. It's too late manes," the gypsy said. "Look at yo feet."

I did, and what I saw perplexed me. There was a line of shiny white powder. As I looked behind and in front of myself, I realized that the powder formed a circle all around the stadium.

"Do ya like muh alchemic witchcraft circle manes?" the gypsy asked, laughing. "It be pretty cool 'n shieet, know what I'm sayin'?"

The gypsy's boastful taunting gave me an opening, and I took it. With all of my strength I threw a looping haymaker at him, sending him flying back a few meters and onto the ground. However, what I saw next horrified me beyond belief.

"Ouchie mane, why you gotta do dat?" the gypsy said, his hood falling away and revealing his face. "I'm not a bad guy mane. Why you gotta be so hateful towards da Romani peepo?"

Although I was startled that he was still conscious after I delivered what should've been a clean knockout blow that rattled his brain, that wasn't what terrified me. The gypsy's face, its skin as dark as a chimpanzee's hide, had a grotesque, massive beak that looked like a cross between Harvey Weinstein's jewish schnoz and Koko the gorilla's primate nose. The lips were like two bulbous, pus filled tumors that had been stitched together by a plastic surgeon who had gotten his medical degree at the University of Mumbai. The eyes were as dark and tiny as olive pits, lacking the sparkle in them that would indicate the presence of a soul.

I was looking at the face of the dead criminal nigger, George Floyd. *But how?* I wondered. *He's dead. And isn't he an American nigger? Not a gypsy? Even though gypsies love to pilfer the genetics of other, better races, why would one of them breed with a subhuman nigger?*

However, my own astonishment gave the nigger gypsy hybrid, which I will now refer to as Gypsy Floyd, the time to get up back on his feet.

Using the speed and power that came from his nigger half, he burst forward and punched me in the liver, making me keel over him pain. He then turned towards Romani McNutt and said, "So you be da traitor dat brought dese muthafuckas heah ta mess with our plans. You be a traitor to our people!"

"I only did it because we are also Europeans!" Romani McNutt protested. "If anyone's a traitor, its you for trying to kidnap our own fellow Europeans!"

Gypsy Floyd lumbered over to Romani McNutt, spit in that cuck's face, then flicked him with one finger. Romani McNutt went flying backwards, his glasses shattering on the ground.

"You betray us Romani people mane," Gypsy Floyd said sternly. "We ain't Europeans mane, and dat be a gud thangs cuz dem crackas be raciss as fuck against us mane." Floyd then wrapped his dirty romanigger fingers together and began to chant.

"Bibidi babidi ooga booga shieet oot oot ah! Moloch-sama, please help knock out all dese European cracka boys!"

The alchemic circle below us began to glow as bright as an Order of 9 Angles Telegram channel.

Sensing that something bad was happening, **F-g-s-f-d-s** reached down to try and brush away the circle, but as soon as he touched the white powder his nose began to bleed and his pupils dilated. "What the...what the fuck!" my friend exclaimed as he keeled over, clenching his heart and vomiting.

"Fucking dumbass chink, whaddya ya think would happen if ya touch summa dat fentanyl with yo weakass, skinny ass, twink ass bare gook hands!" Gypsy Floyd cackled. He then finished his chant. "Oot ooh ah! Nevah forget da six gorillion, nevah forget da Romani expulsions, and death ta Europe!"

Sparks of malevolent energy burst forth from the circle.

"Run! Everybody! Run!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. However, it was no use since everybody in the audience was completely distracted by Gypsy Crusader. One by one, the White kids in the audience slumped over, unconscious. Their faces grew blue and blood gushed from their noses, all signs of a fentanyl overdose. It didn't take long for me to feel faint too, with my heart beginning to race and my body feeling as if it were made of **led.**

"Heheheheh, do ya manes like muh magical gypsy fentanyl powahs?" Gypsy Floyd laughed. "It be no use anymore muthafuckas. Dese white boys gon be transported ta Transylvania now!"

Gypsy Floyd began to chant again, the fentanyl alchemic witchcraft circle beginning to shine once more. Due to the enormous quantities of fentanyl that were coursing through my bloodstream at the moment I could do nothing but watch as a dark black mist enveloped all the teenagers who had come to watch Paul Miller. When the mist cleared, everybody in the stadium besides Romani McNutt, **F-g-s-f-d-s**, and myself were gone.

"A-are you alright **If-tea**?" **F-g-s-f-d-s** said, staggering to his feet.

"I think, I think I am," I grumbled. I felt a little drowsy, but considering how fentanyl was supposedly a drug that was fifty times stronger than heroin, I was surprised that I had been able to withstand its effects so well.

Romani McNutt, however, was bent over and laughing like crazy for some reason. "Hahaha! I can't believe it!" he giggled.

"What's so funny?" I said angrily, grabbing Romani McNutt by the collar of his shirt and lifting him up. "Thousands of European teenagers were just kidnapped by your fellow gypsies and you're laughing? Whose side are you on?"

"Yours of course," Romani McNutt replied. "I'm not laughing because those White kids were transported to Transylvania though. It's because you, **If-tea**, aren't White."

"What the fuck do you mean I'm not White?" I exclaimed.

"The two spells that the caravan leader cast were targeted towards all Europeans in the vicinity. It's why neither **F-g-s-f-d-s** or myself were affected, albeit **F-g-s-f-d-s** made the mistake of touching the fentanyl circle on his own." Romani McNutt explained. "But you weren't knocked up by the fentanyl spell or the teleportation spell. That means you aren't White, dude."

I was in total shock. I let go of Romani McNutt and fell to my knees. "Impossible," I muttered to myself, looking at my hands. Every second I stared at my palms, the browner my skin looked to me. I couldn't believe it, but apparently I was not White.

I was on the verge of tears when **F-g-s-f-d-s** said, "Hey **If-tea**, why's your chest burning?"

Puzzled by what he meant, I looked down at my chest. Sure enough, there was a thin wisp of smoke that was coming from beneath my coat. I took it off and saw a large, cross shaped pattern was burned into my t-shirt. My Orthodox crucifix was red hot and when I tried to touch it I nearly burned myself. I then realized what had happened.

"It's not that I'm not White," I said. "My crucifix, it protected me from Gypsy Floyd's magic."

"Oh," Romani McNutt said, seeming a little disappointed that he was wrong. "Well I guess that makes sense."

"And this is just with one religious relic," I said, taking hold of my crucifix as it cooled off. "If I were to carry a Bible with me, I could probably fully resist that Gypsy's spells."

"So you're going to chase after him?" **F-g-s-f-d-s** asked.

"Of course. I need to protect my fellow edgelords," I said.

"But there's thousands of gypsies and only three of us. Or should I say two and a half since Romani McNutt is a subhuman gypsy," **F-g-s-f-d-s** said.

"Eh, going by that logic there'd only be two of us, since with your physical ability you'd only count as half a person too," I replied. "But I can go and get all the men who helped in the anti-gypsy protest to follow me too, so when it comes to the number of men we have there should be no problem."

"But how are you going to contact and organize with them when you're still being chased after by the police for having killed that Bulgarian kid?" Romani McNutt asked.

And then, as if on cue, a unit of police officers wearing military style gear burst into the tent. "Freeze!" they said as they pointed their rifles at us. I raised my hands, knowing that I was likely going to be taken back into custody.

The leading officer walked over to me. I braced myself for the cold metal of handcuffs to bite into my flesh, but instead of that I received a pat on the shoulder.

"It's **If-tea**, right?" the officer said. "Good job with what you did yesterday!"

"What?" I exclaimed, totally perplexed. "What are you talking about? I thought you guys were here to rearrest me for killing that Bulgarian kid last night."

"We originally were going to do just that, but when the kid's mom showed up at our office with a hijab on our head, we decided to run a DNA test on the cadaver. Turns out the teen you killed was a Turk!"

I blinked. "What?"

"Yeah, you wouldn't believe it since he was blonde, but it turns out that he was a roach, so all charges are dismissed," the officer said, reaching into his pocket and taking out a badge with a drawing of a crushed cockroach on it and pinned it on me. "On the contrary, here's an award for the service you have done for our country by removing kebab."

I looked down at the badge. "You know that it was in self-defense, right?"

The officer shrugged. "Doesn't matter. It could've been cold blooded murder and we still would've dismissed charges and given you the award. However, that isn't the main reason we're here of course."

The officer gestured to the empty bleachers around us. "We saw that all of the gypsies that were in the city suddenly vanished. After that, we got word that there was a mass disappearance of teens here and we came here to investigate. Do you know anything about what happened?"

"The gypsies," I said. "A band of gypsies, led by one particularly peculiar gypsy that bore a startling resemblance to a dead nigger monkey named George Floyd. He cast some sort of strange spell that transported all the teenagers to Transylvania. However, I don't know the reason behind why they wanted to kidnap them."

"Well it's gypsies," the officers said. "It can't be for a good reason. At best those teenagers are going to be turned into gay male prostitutes for jews, Saudi royalty, etcetera. At worst they're going to be sacrificed in gypsy blood rituals."

"Yeah, we need to go save them," I said, turning to Romani McNutt. "You, can you guide us to where exactly in Transylvania your band of gypsies is?"

Romani McNutt smiled. "Ok, I'll tell you where my band of fellow Romani has traveled since they've shown themselves to be unworthy of the title of European. But on two conditions. First, you get me a new pair of glasses since mine were just broken. Second, you give me and Esmeralda Autumn the title of Honorary Romanians."

The officer turned to me. "He's with you, so it's your call."

I winced at the thought of having Romani McNutt and that literal prostitute whore Esmeralda Autumn as my fellow countrymen. However, I knew that the lives of thousands of White European boys depended upon it.

"Deal," I said, crossing myself to show that the vow wouldn't be broken. "Now tell us where they are."

"They've been taken to Bran Castle," Romani McNutt said.

"Ok stop kidding around," I said. "That castle is a massive tourist attraction. There's no way that they could hide thousands of White teenagers and gypsies in a place like that."

Romani McNutt shook his head. "I'm not lying, man. Besides, you saw what the magic of the Romani people was capable of doing. With that kind of power it'd be possible, right?"

"Yeah, I guess," I said, turning to the police officers. "Ok, I know what we need to do now to rescue those teenagers. We need to bring the full brunt of our military and police forces to bear on the gypsies that are in Transylvania."

I then took off my crucifix and held it in front of the officers. "But before we launch our attack, we need to cover ourselves in as many artifacts of the church as possible, since it is the only proven method I have to resist the magic of the gypsies."

All of the police officers' faces twisted into bloodthirsty grins. "Sounds wonderful," one of them said, looking like that one demonic wojak with the creepy teeth.

Unlike in places like America or the United Kingdom, which have both been turned into organizations filled with niggers, spics, and White traitors, the police in Romania love to abuse racial minorities like gypsies and Turks. There was even this one video from 2021 that showed a bunch of our officers beating the shit out of a couple gypsies that I would highly recommend if you enjoyed watching George Floyd's death through the police bodycam footage.

"Alright, let's do this," I said.

As preparations were made for the attack, I slept through much of the rest of the day because I was exhausted from everything that I had been through. When I woke up I saw **F-g-s-f-d-s** was sitting beside my bed, staring at me in a really creepy way.

"You look cute when you're sleeping," **F-g-s-f-d-s** said in an extremely gay way. "Do you want to have–"

Instantly, I shot out of my bed and punched him in the face, sending the gook flying across the room. "What did you do to me while I was asleep?" I said, checking my body to see if my gook **quote-and-quote** "friend" had violated me in anyway while I was asleep.

"**If-tea** just chill out," **F-g-s-f-d-s** said, wiping the blood from his split lip. "I'm just being sussy with the bros man. Everybody does it, from the guys who post thug shaker to the America First groypers to even the niggas who post about femboys in the Eternal Muscovite chat. Part of being right-wing is about being ironically gay man, don't you get it?"

I raised my fist to hit him again then relented. Not because he didn't deserve it, but because he was the kind of fucked up pervert that would derive pleasure from it. "Why do I stay friends with this guy," I muttered to myself as I walked outside.

I had been sleeping in the officers quarters of the Romanian army, and when I walked outside I was greeted by a wonderful sight. Soldiers had been mustered by the thousand, all ready to march upon the gypsies. Dozens upon dozens of tanks had been mobilized, all of them painted with crosses and visages of Christ to protect them from gypsy magic. However, what pleased me the most were the units that were carrying flamethrowers and chemical weapons. Although it sucked being a Soviet satellite state, it did leave us with a lot of leftover weapons that were left in stockpiles that were banned by the Geneva convention. I knew that what we were about to do was technically illegal under international law for being a crime against humanity, which would get the European Union on our case. However, I also knew that the Romanian representatives in the European Parliament would just clap back by saying that you can't commit crimes against humanity against gypsies since they're subhuman filth, so I knew that everything was going

to be ok.

"Ah, there you are **If-tea**!" I heard someone exclaim behind me. I turned and saw that it was General Daniel Petrescu, the leader of Romania's army. "So I know that you're a civilian, but I am going to have some soldiers accompany you and your Kazakh friend on a special mission to infiltrate the enemy's stronghold before we launch our assault."

"Why?" I asked.

"It's because we recently received an anonymous report from an international paramilitary company called 'Golden Nigger Corp' that has raised the eyebrows of some of our staff," the General said. "Basically it was a report on what they called a Floydian hybrid that we need to watch out for, and that apparently your friend has dealt with one of them in the past?"

"Yeah, **F-g-s-f-d-s** dealt with one in the past. Literally too, since he went back in time," I said.

"Well this Golden Nigger Corp organization has sent us some powerful equipment for you to use on your special infiltration mission," General Petrescu said, then whistled to one of his aides. The assistant brought forth a briefcase that was filled with all sorts of anti-nigger and anti-gypsy tech and weapons. A few examples include a poison gas that smells like Kentucky Fried Chicken and Menthol Cigarettes to entice niggers into breathing it in and a bomb disguised as a purse that could blow up gypsy pickpockets. However, the most powerful weapon in the briefcase was something called the **Melanin-minator**.

I read the instructions and saw that it was apparently a new and improved version of the Nigger Destroyer 6000 that was capable of producing a laser beam that could destroy any target with dark skin, which was an improvement from previous Nigger Destroyer models since they could, as the name suggests, only destroy niggers.

The **Melanin-minator** was effective against Mestizos, Pajeets, Jungle Asians, Turks, Arabs, and of course gypsies and niggers. The only races it could not destroy besides Whites were Jews, and East Asians, which was a drawback, but nevertheless it was a solid weapon.

"We will be flying you, your Kazakh friend, and that one gypsy who is on our side into the castle via helicopter," the General said. "I will also be sending an escort of five of our elite soldiers."

"That all seems cool, but why are you sending the gypsy with us?" I asked. "He's a cuckold who has sexual feelings for one of the gypsy prostitutes that was involved in the kidnapping. He's a total liability."

"That's because I know the interior of the castle," Romani McNutt said from behind me. He was dressed in full military garb, but even the bullet proof vest didn't hide his massive, estrogen-induced bitch tits. "I was one of the main cooks, remember man?"

I sighed and nodded. "Yeah, that does make sense. So when will we be departing on the mission?"

"Right now if you're ready," the General said, then saluted me. "Good luck, son."

I saluted back, then we all got inside the helicopter. On the flight over, the soldiers and I discussed how much we hated gypsies, faggots, Turks, and jews in our mother tongue of Romanian, which left Romani McNutt and **f-g-s-f-d-s** out of the conversation because they did not understand our language. This is a good flex to pull on non-Whites because it excludes them and makes them feel bad.

After a few hours in the air over the Romanian countryside, we finally saw Bran Castle in the distance. It was as I remembered it from my school trips there in grammar school, but there was something off about it. A dark, malevolent aura surrounded the entire thing; a forcefield so suffocating and disgusting that it felt as if I were being crushed between Breonna Taylor and Ethan Ralph's fat rolls.

I noticed that all of the grass near the castle had wilted and died, and that the air was filled with the powerful odor of two week old fryer oil and extremely powerful perfume, the latter being a sign of gypsies because they spray themselves with all sorts of powerful scents in order to cover up the fact that they don't wash with soap.

However, when we finally got right above the castle, I heard a roaring sound coming from below us. I looked down and saw a massive fireball the size of a car headed at us. The pilot tried to veer out of the way but it was too late. The front of the helicopter exploded into a ball of fire. Everybody who had survived the blast, including **f-g-s-f-d-s**, Romani McNutt, myself and the Romanian soldiers that were accompanying us, jumped from the burning chopper and parachuted down.

As we descended down, I saw more and more fireballs were flying towards us. One of our soldiers got hit with one, turning him to ash so fast that, if the bodies of jews had been burned in the crematoriums at that rate, the Holocaust could've conceivably happened. I then saw that it was a group of gypsy sorcerers using tarot cards to cast the fireball magic, so I pulled out my **Melanin-minator** and started blasting away at them. With perfect efficiency and pinpoint accuracy, the **Melanin-minator** tore through the gypsies.

"Ahhhhh!" the gypsies screamed as the laser cut off limbs and melted off their faces. "Why you do this sirs? Why do you hate the Romani people so much? Why?"

I made sure to aim for non-vital parts like their arms and legs so that I could inflict as much pain on them as possible before finishing them off. And the best part was that since the **Melanin-minator** only harmed dark skinned humanoids, it didn't leave a scratch on Bran Castle itself.

By the time we landed on the castle ramparts, all the gypsies were either dead or maimed to the point of incapacitation.

"McNutt, where do we go next?" I asked.

"The teenagers are probably being held deep underground in the dungeon," Romani McNutt said. "It's where our caravan leader and Esmeralda Autumn's father, the guy you guys keep on calling 'Gypsy Floyd', kept taking White teenagers down there whenever he kidnapped one."

We nodded to each other. We checked to see that the door wasn't booby trapped, then entered the building. The inside of the castle was unlike anything I remembered. Instead of classical European furniture, paintings, and cozy fireplaces, the interior was like a pig sty. Muddy carpets, moth-eaten drapes, garbage just tossed on the floor, and animal droppings all over the place; all signs that gypsies were now infesting the castle. We encountered mild gypsy resistance on the way through the castle, but whenever they tried to cast a curse on us our holy relics protected us and whenever they threw fireballs and other physical sorcery at us we were able to destroy them with our **Melanin-minators** first.

We were right about to enter the dungeon when I saw a gypsy in a bright red suit and clown makeup standing before us. He looked up at us and grinned.

"Why hello, niggers," Gypsy Crusader said, drawing duel pistols and pointing them at us. "I'm sorry, but I am afraid that this is as far as you're going to go."

All of us brought our **Melanin-minators** to bear on the Omegle Joker. "It's over Paul Miller, you're outnumbered and outgunned," I said, putting my finger on the trigger. "Let us through and we might let you off with life in prison."

"And what if I say no?" Gypsy Crusader said. "I'm a man with nothin, dude. I'm a thirty-three year old dude with no degree, no house, a criminal record, and no money."

Paul Miller laughed. "You think I care if I die? My only friend in the world is this guy in Britain who calls himself Jord Byron who is one-eighth jewish and has a telegram channel with 350 subscribers. I have less than nothing to lose from this."

"Paul!" Romani McNutt said. "Tell me Paul, why did you turn your back on your audience of edgy White teenagers and betray them to Floyd? It's not like you, man."

"Shut up!" Gypsy shouted, then started firing at us. However, as you've likely seen from his Omegle streams, Gypsy holds his gun sideways like a nigger so his accuracy was totally shit. Without a moment's hesitation, I fired back with my **Melanin-minator,** hitting Gypsy Crusader in the gut.

"Fuck!" Paul Miller said as he keeled over, blood gushing from his organs. Gyspy glared up at me with angry eyes as he bled out. "Fuck man, I only did this because they're holding her hostage man."

"Who is she?" I asked, then turned to one of the soldiers who had a medical kit. "Patch the gypsy up so that we can take him in for questioning."

"My Filipina girlfriend," Gypsy said, then coughed up blood. "It's ***based*** because its colonizing a non-White with my Aryan seed, so don't worry."

"You're not even White though," **f-g-s-f-d-s** said. "You're half-Mexican and half-gypsy, which makes you at most like one-fourth European. I'm a Kazkah who is half-mongol and half-European and I'm not White, so there's no way in hell that you'd be considered White."

"Stop it!" Gypsy groaned. "Bro, I helped to red pill so many kids and hate niggers. Does it matter?"

"It does, especially if you intended on every breeding with your buck-toothed jungle asian girlfriend," **f-g-s-f-d-s** continued. "That kid would be half-asian, one-quarter gypsy, one-eighth Meso-American and one-eighth White. That child would have no racial identity whatsoever, which is exactly what the jews want. Just because you're not race mixing with a nigger or a mulatto doesn't mean your other forms of race mixing are bad. Also, if it just comes to being an edgelord online, **Cat-boy** Kami did what you did but didn't get arrested for it despite being a pedophile lol."

"Fuck you you fucking gook!" Paul Miller shouted before one of the medics sedated him, knocking him out.

With Gypsy Crusader the gook lover out of the way, we were finally inside the dungeon. The inside was as damp and musty as the inside of the apartment of one of my ex-girlfriends, which made me relive some bad memories of heartbreak that I will not repeat here. As we trudged through the narrow corridors, I heard two voices conversing that was coming from a massive chamber ahead. One of them belonged to Gypsy Floyd while the other had a snarky, nasally tone. Steadily we snuck up on them.

"Mastah, dem crackas have launched dey assault on our exterior guard now. Dem Romanians be destroying our keeds and wimmin and shieet, burnin' dem alive with dere flamethrowers and chokin' dem ta death with dem poison gas mane. And we can't do anything against them since they have crosses on dem bodies and tanks and trucks and planes and shieet. Dey also seem ta have sent some sorta infiltration unit inside, and I ain't getting no communication with Paul Miller no more. We're so lost mane, so lost."

"Fear not my gypsy golem, we shall have victory yet," the nasally, greedy voice that I recognized to be that of a jew said. "Once I have finished having my fill and am back at my full strength, they will stand no chance."

"Dey be here now," Gypsy Floyd said, surprising us since we had approached silently. "Lemme take care of dis."

"Fire!" I ordered. However, there was no response from the soldiers. "Guys?" I asked again. "Are you there? Guys?"

It was very dark in the dungeon and difficult to see, so I turned on a light that was attached to my helmet. What I saw next is burned into my memory.

Gypsy Floyd was standing in front of me, his grotesque lips contorted into a grin so hideous that it would make Pennywise the Clown feel ashamed and kill itself. He was holding the crucifixes of two of the soldiers that had helped escort us here in one hand and a tarot card in the other. The two soldiers were dangling above him, suspended in mid air. Their faces had gone a pale blue, their mouths leaking a mixture of blood, vomit and foam.

"I...can't...breathe..." One of the soldiers groaned, then went limp. The sound of his neck snapping like a twig is something I wish I could forget, but can't.

"It be da Hanged Mane, mane. Just like dem American crackas did ta muh fellow nigga Emmett Till for lookin' at a White wimmin in da wrong way cuz dey be racist and shieet," Gypsy Floyd said, twirling the card in between his fingers. "Dem crosses don't do jack shieet if I just tear dem off yo body! Tee hee hee!"

Then, with blinding speed, Gypsy Floyd blitzed forward and smashed me into the wall. The blow was so forceful that I dropped the **Melanin-minator,** leaving me unable to fight back. "Take dat and shieet," he said, tearing off my crucifix and taking my bible then stamping on it. "Dis what you crackas get foe always discriminating and shieet against da Romani people mane!"

Then, with little trouble, Gypsy Floyd beat the shit out of **f-g-s-f-d-s** and Romani McNutt like he had done at the circus tent. "Dats what ya get for betraying yo peepo mane!" he said as he kicked Romani McNutt's teeth in.

Gypsy Floyd then used the Hanged Man tarot card on me, levitating me and beginning to choke me. "Fuck, I can't breathe," I said as I was jerked into the air. "Ha, and ya be a pure blooded cracka too!" he exclaimed. "Know what, since ya cause us so much trouble, I is gonna feed ya ta muh mastah!"

With his gypsy magic, Floyd brought me inside the chamber. My eyes widened as I saw the tens of thousands of kidnapped White teenagers, all of them stacked up warehouse style. It was oddly reminiscent of how the jews described the Holocaust. And when I saw an open coffin lying there in the middle of the room, I knew that that wasn't the only thing that related back to that made up event.

A wizened, shriveled up man was lying in the coffin. His hair was as white and thin as paper and his skin a gross, gray color that indicated decay. However, his facial features like the massive jew nose and the beady jew eyes left no doubt about who I was looking at. It was Elie Wiesel, the Romanian-born Jew who was most famous for grifting off of the Shoah with his famous fiction novel, *Night.*

"Wonderfully done, my wonderful Gypsy Floyd golem," Elie Wiesel said, rubbing his hands and cackling. "I shall drink this goy's blood and devour his foreskin before ravishing all those other White goyim that you have brought me. With all of their blood and foreskins, I will be able to return to my original power."

"I...thought you were...dead.." I coughed.

"Dead? No goy, I just went into hibernation in 2016. You see, as a vampire I had to sleep for six years, and am now just waking up and beginning to feast on goy blood again," Elie Wiesel said. "That is why I have been having my gypsy golems kidnap goy children, for I need their nutrients to return me to my true strength."

"I will...never...let that happen..." I said defiantly even though I was on the verge of passing out.

"Hahaha, you've already lost you goy," Elie Wiesel laughed. "Now let me feast upon your blood and foreskin, hee hee hee hee!"

"No!"

From behind me, Romani McNutt shot Gypsy Floyd with the **Melanin-minator**, knocking him down. With Gypsy Floyd down, the spell was broken, allowing me to catch my breath.

"Ya fucking traitor!" Gypsy Floyd said as he wrestled with Romani McNutt. There was a massive hole in the Romanigger's chest, but he was still stronger than McNutt. Eventually, Gypsy Floyd got Romani McNutt in a headlock and began choking him to death.

"Tee hee hee," Gypsy Floyd whispered into Romani McNutt's ear as he strangled him. "Ya betray yo peepo because ya love Europeans too much mane. We ain't no European muthafuckas. We be Romani mane."

"No, I am a European," Romani McNutt exclaimed as he brought the **Melanin-minator** to his chin. He said, "Hey guys, I guess that's it!" then pulled the trigger.

Romani McNutt's face exploded as the **Melanin-minator** splattered it like a watermelon. Even though I was severely injured, I couldn't help but laugh because if Romani McNutt actually were European, the weapon wouldn't have killed him. The blast also cleaved off Gypsy Floyd's nose and lips, making the nigger gypsy squeal like a baby.

"Ahhh fuck, you blow off muh nose and lips mane. I can't breathe mane, I can't breathe. I can't choke, I can't breathe. Mama please!"

Gypsy Floyd staggered around before falling to the floor, dying slowly and painfully as he choked on his own blood.

Elie Wiesel groaned. "Dammit, you golems never really are capable of getting the job done! I guess I'll have to finish off these goys myself!"

The jew vampire began lumbering towards me. He opened his mouth, revealing that it was filled with sharp fangs. "I shall drain you of your blood and eat your foreskin!" Elie Wiesel said. I began crawling away because I was still too injured after nearly being strangled to death. The jew was about to catch me and steal my foreskin when I saw one of the tarot cards that Gypsy Floyd had dropped.

It was the card "The World", which is typically known for being associated with that one really annoying Jojo meme that Jojo's Bizarre Adventure fans keep on repeating endlessly because they are incapable of coming up with anything original or funny. However, the card is actually technically powerful, kinda like Exodia in Yu-Gi-Oh. And right beside that was my crucifix that the nigger gypsy had been

holding onto. Although I knew that it was gypsy magic, I grabbed hold of the two items and channeled whatever strength I had left in me into the card and the crucifix, hoping that I could channel the magic of the gypsy card while purifying it with the crucifix.

Suddenly, a brilliant flash of light filled the room. I gasped as I saw that Corneliu Codreanu, the leader of the Romanian Iron Guard, was now standing right in front of me.

Elie Wiesel's jaw was hanging wide open. "How-how did you get here?" the jew said, then turned to try and run away. However, Codreanu caught up to the jew easily and then began beating the kyke to a pulp, brutalizing that filthy, subversive kyke before finally planting a wooden stake into his heart and kneeling on it to drive it into the jew.

"Fuck! The stake in my heart! Why are you killing me so brutally! This is anti-Semitic!" Elie Wiesel shrieked as he died. "You all will be hearing from my lawyer, who also happens to be my brother-in-law! Oy vey!"

Elie Wiesel then died, this time forever. His body was reduced to a pile of ash, just like it should have been over 80 years ago when the Holocaust supposedly happened. I looked at Codreanu, who saluted me once, then without a word ascended back to Heaven.

In the aftermath of the battle, we woke up all of the European teenagers who had been incapacitated and had then put into rehabilitation. We then executed all of the remaining gypsies for crimes against European society, including Romani McNutt's crush Esmeralda Autumn, then burned all of the bodies in a massive fire pit because gypsies don't deserve a proper burial. Gypsy Crusader has been locked in a maximum security prison for the crime of pretending to be White when he actually isn't.

I am now writing this to document the struggle that we had against the mysterious Gypsy Floyd and his jew vampire puppet master Elie Wiesel. The moral of the story is that gypsies are not Europeans. They, just like jews and niggers, are a race of parasites that feeds off of European generosity. They must be mocked, discriminated against, and expelled from our countries because they are lazy workers, thieves, kidnappers, and overall worthless pests that contribute nothing to our countries.

**Beardson Beardly: Aryan Super Soldier**

By Thomas Manwise

In what we might call the far-right, you will find many men and women who work tirelessly on behalf of the White race. Whether it is through activism, intellectual critiques, or spreading the truth about the feral nature of niggers and the vileness of Jews, they are slowly but surely building a movement that stands up for White people in a world that has been taught to hate them. Pro-White activists, organizers, leaders and thinkers who all make massive personal sacrifices on behalf of the European race should be venerated and supported.

I must warn you though; you need to be careful about who you support, as there are many self-interested actors who pretend to be far-right while contributing nothing that is actually useful or worthwhile to the movement. These **quote and quote** "people" are typically referred to as 'grifters' and are only here to take your money because they are too lazy or stupid to work a real job. You can typically identify grifters by their appearance, since they are usually fat, repulsive slobs that do not embody the right-wing virtues of physical and spiritual well-being.

However, grifters taking your money while contributing nothing is not the only reason why you must avoid them. Recently, I had a harrowing experience with a grifter that almost cost me not only my life savings, but my life. Here is my story:

One day, I was scrolling through right-wing Telegram looking for awful shit to buy my best friend **Buck-Flack-People** as a joke gift. Last time I did this I bought him a George Floyd toy, but he ended up liking it so I knew I had to get him something really, truly awful and tasteless. After about thirty minutes of scrolling around, I came across this Telegram channel called "Beardson Beardly" which was advertising some shit merch, mostly consisting of t-shirts.

I cringed at the awful designs; the artwork was too good to be ironic and too bad to be aesthetically appealing. I was particularly interested in a t-shirt that had a poorly drawn smiley face with a cigarette in its mouth. The smiley face was surrounded by the following words: freak, weirdo, loner, doomer and incel.

I thought the shirt would be perfect as a gift for **Buck-Flack-People** as he's none of those things: **Buck-Flack-People** is a totally normal dude with friends, a loving wife and three kids. The only thing about him that could be considered remotely freakish was his deadlift, which was 650 pounds without lifting straps or a belt. So I put the shirt in my cart and kept on browsing. By the way, the shirt was 24.99 USD, which is a total rip-off for a shirt that was probably manufactured in some jungle Asian sweatshop.

Besides the terrible merch, the channel had videos of a bearded man with round glasses doing your average soyboy behaviour like playing with Pokemon cards and eating disgusting, greasy fast food that was only fit for consumption by the fattest niggers in the most ghetto cities in America.

I then took one long and very hard look at the man behind the channel, Beardson Beardly, otherwise known as Matt Evans. I felt like I had seen his face somewhere else before, and I gasped as I realized where. Beardson Beardly had a striking resemblance to Ronnie McNutt, the man who had become a Tiktok sensation in 2020 when he used a single-shot rifle to turn his face into a rafflesia flower while streaming live on Facebook. Beardson looked so similar to Ronnie McNutt that he could pass as Ronnie's long lost twin. And no I am not joking, just compare photos of the two yourself to see the resemblance.

Once I finished buying the shirt, I did some digging afterwards and found out that the similarities between Beardson and Ronnie did not end with their shared appearance. Apparently, Beardson's wife had left him for a nigger, similar to how Ronnie's girlfriend Equinox Autumn left Ronnie for a nigger. They were also both nerds and proud of being nerds, having dedicated large portions of their lives to consuming Jewish intellectual properties like Star Wars and DC movies.

I was now convinced that Beardson Beardly was in fact a reincarnation of the deceased McNutt, or perhaps a version of Ronnie from an alternate universe. However, I learned that Beardson is actually a far, far bigger loser than Ronnie was when he was alive. Although Ronnie was a cuck who loved anime like My Hero Academia (which is a trash show which has a fandom full of pedophiles), he served in the army and worked out at the gym regularly. He also regularly attended church and worked an honest job at a Honda plant for many years.

Beardson Beardly, on the otherhand, was a disgusting pervert, having threatened to anally rape a mulatto girl for leaving his political movement. He also had this habit of saying that he hates all women at one moment, then simping after them the next, which shows that he is a hypocrite with no principles. He also kept on saying that he was a devout Catholic, but then what kind of Traditional Roman Catholic would make excuses for smoking weed while playing video games on a mousepad in the shape of 2B's butt from the game Nier: Automata? Not to mention, of course, that there wasn't a single photo of him at any parish. Personally I'm a Lutheran, but if I were a Catholic I would be appalled at the notion of being associated with such a revolting wretch of a person. The only remotely good thing about Beardson was that he was racist and hated faggots, but even then as a racist far-right extremist myself I didn't want to be associated with somebody as pathetic as Beardson.

The more I read on him, the worse I felt about having spent twenty-five bucks on that shitty t-shirt. Just everything about him was terrible in some way, from his dietary habits to the messiness of his room to even his taste in video games, which was mostly bland mainstream shooters like Call of Duty and Fortnite. Knowing that Beardson, a single 35 year old man with no kids, plays a children's game like Fortnite made me feel genuinely depressed at the state of modern masculinity. However, I eventually decided that I was wasting too much time looking into this guy's pathetic career as a political streamer, so I decided to log off and go to bed.

Two weeks passed with nothing eventful happening. Every day I would go through with my daily routine. Wake up early, go to work, eat five meals with at least 30 grams of protein with each meal, study philosophy and Holocaust revisionism, and rigorously work out.

I was in the middle of my fourth meal of the day when my phone rang. It was a Google Nest package alert. I made my way to my door and opened it to find a small brown box on my porch. I brought the small box inside and opened it to find the Beardson t-shirt that I had ordered. I set it aside on my table as I had to pick up my laundry from the laundromat. I drove out to the laundromat, which was run by filthy pajeets. However I had no other options since it was the only one in my city. When I arrived, I noticed smoke coming from inside the laundromat. I walked inside, covering my nose and mouth to see a pajeet using a Class C fire extinguisher on one of the dryers.

"What the fuck happened here?" I asked the manager.

"I'm sorry sir but it seems that we burned your laundry," the pajeet manager said in his curry accent.

I was mad as fuck since all of my shirts were in that dryer. I told the pajeet that I would be calling my lawyer to sue for damages. The towelhead seemed nonchalant at first, but he pissed his pants as soon as I told him that my lawyer was a guy named Jord who was one-eight Jewish. I then stormed off. The only clothes for my massive, V-tapered upper body I had now were my Murdoch Murdoch "Nice Guy National Socialist" pajamas (which I currently had on) as well as the Beardson Beardly merch. I noticed that the pajamas were darkened because of the smoke, meaning that they too were now no good. I rushed home to see if I had anything else I could wear since I was supposed to meet up with my girlfriend Brenda later tonight. I checked the closet to find that I only had pants and no spare shirts. So I put on a pair of jeans as well as the t-shirt, telling myself that I would just buy new clothes the following day.

However, as soon as I put the t-shirt on, I received a text. It was from Brenda.

*Hey Anthony, I'm sorry but I'm breaking up with you. I'm sorry but I don't think I can love you anymore.*

I was alarmed and confused as fuck as Brenda and I have been going steady for the past 7 months and there was nothing that I could think of that would make her leave. I tried to call her but it didn't go through. She must have blocked my number, I realized. I also got a notification on Instagram that said my account was temrporarily suspended for sexual harassment and that I had lost over 1000 followers on Instagram, all of which were women.

"What the absolute fuck?" I said out loud.

Although I was heartbroken, I told myself that I would get over it. I then told myself that I had to workout. My tank tops had been destroyed, so I had to train in the Beardson Beardly shirt. My workouts are brutal, even by the standards of other racist chads. Today was leg day, so I decided to try and cheer myself up by doing one of my favorite exercises: weighted lunges where I would repeatedly kneel on the neck of my human size George Floyd toy while listening to the "Women crying for 10 hours" compilation as my training music.

I put 2 plates on each side of the barbell in my home gym and got under the bar. However, as soon as I unracked it, I shrieked as the weight nearly crushed me. I barely escaped from underneath the bar, letting the weight clang onto the floor. *That's weird*, I thought to myself. Usually I had no trouble doing 225 pounds on lunges for reps, but I told myself that it must've been because I was feeling depressed after Brenda broke up with me. So I took the 45s off and decided to do 135 for high reps. But the same thing happened once again: the weight nearly crushed me.

Now I was really weirded out at my startling lack of strength. For those weak, faggoty twinks that don't lift or exercise, it is not uncommon to see a woman squatting 135 pounds for reps. I then wondered if it was a problem with my form, so I took off the two remaining plates, leaving only the bar. I managed to do a couple of lunges, but I felt like puking after only doing four lunges. The bar, which was only 45 pounds or approximately 20 kilogram in metric, felt like 315 pounds or 140 kilograms.

"I must've caught something," I mumbled to myself. "I need to go see a doctor."

And so, I got in my car and drove to the doctor's office. However, when I arrived, the nurse at the front desk ignored me. No matter how I tried to get her attention, she would just pretend that I didn't exist. When I finally forced her to pay attention to me by screaming at her, she threatened to call the cops on me unless I left.

That pattern continued for the next few days. Everywhere I went, women would ignore me. I couldn't even order food as the waitresses would just pretend that I didn't exist. I also developed this strange aversion to bathing and lost almost 30 pounds of muscle, which made me look like a **skinny-fat** loser. I cried as I looked at myself in the mirror. I had no girlfriend, no muscles, and no self-esteem. Nothing.

After a few days of being ignored, I was on the verge of suicide. *I guess that's it*, I thought. I grabbed a replica Ronnie Mcnutt single-shot rifle from my gun cabinet and started to live stream on Facebook. I was going to kill myself just like Ronnie McNutt. However, I knew I could not be seen wearing the awful Beardson Beardly merch since my death would be memed heavily if I did so. I removed the t-

shirt and pressed the rifle up against my chin. But before I pulled the trigger, my phone began to ring, playing "Over the Horizon" as the ringtone. I decided to answer it just to make my death as similar to Ronnie's as possible. I was shocked to see that the call was from Brenda.

"So you wanna talk to me now?" I said.

"What are you talking about Anthony? Why haven't you answered any of my texts or calls?" Brenda asked.

"You're the one who broke up with me," I replied.

"Um, what are you talking about?" she said. "Are you drunk by any chance? Anyways, let's just meet up at my place in an hour or so. I've been waiting to watch the new episode Euphoria with you," Brenda said, then hung up.

I was dumbfounded as to why Brenda would just suddenly want to get back together. I also got a sudden torrent of Instagram notifications. I checked my Instagram to see that it had been reinstated and that my follower count was back to normal. I walked outside confused as fuck, my neighbour, Christina waved at me as I exited despite the fact that she had ignored me for the past two days. I waved back and saw that she was blushing a bit. I then realized that my eight-pack abs and chiseled pectoral muscles were now back and on full display.

I noticed that I smelled quite a bit from not having showered in the past couple days, so I went and took one. As I lathered and rinsed, I wondered about what had just happened to me. When I got out I realized that I had not gone out and bought new shirts after the pajeets at the laundromat had destroyed my old ones. Come to think of it, all of my troubles with women had started when I first put on the Beardson shirt. When I emerged from the shower, I knew that I had to experiment with the piece of shitty merch.

I opened up my DMs with Brenda. I left my phone unlocked, on a table and in plain sight. I could see her texts and my replies. I then put the Beardson shirt on. Instantly, I was blocked. I checked my Instagram to see that, as I had predicted, all of my female followers had unfollowed. And as soon as I took off the shirt, Brenda unblocked me and all of the women refollowed my Instagram.

That's when I knew for sure that the Beardson Beardly merch was the reason why I was ignored by women. I texted Brenda that I had an urgent matter to attend to and that I wouldn't be able to make it to our date, then went back to my office and turned on my PC.

I went back on Beardson Beardly's Telegram telling all of his subscribers about my experience with his merch. I also left a 1 star review on his website saying that Beardson was a cucked incel and his shirts looked like they'd been designed by some autistic jungle gook.

This clearly pissed Beardson Beardly off as I received a private message from him saying, "Hey man, why are you leaving such awful reviews about my merch, you fucking queer? I'm one of the biggest leaders on the Dissident Right dude."

I nearly burst out laughing as I read that. I replied by typing, "Beardson, you aren't a leader dude. A leader is somebody who actually organizes events and activism, like Mark Collett or your boss, Nick Fuentes. You're a grifting live streamer who makes barely above minimum wage off of your **super-chatters**, half of whom hate you."

Beardson responded immediately, saying, "Well I'm a thought leader. I invented the Woman Question and Hardcore Hetero Incel Gaming."

I facepalmed as soon as I saw that text. "Beardson, do you even know what I 'thought leader' is? It's somebody who actually engages with intellectual ideas, like Keith Woods. That or somebody that writes or edits books, like Joel Davis or Andrew Joyce. Never once have I seen you speak to your audience about political philosophy, history, or economics. And as for you supposedly inventing the "Woman Question", **Mig-Tao** has been around since the early 2000s."

Beardson sent a smiley face emoji with his next text. "That still makes me the creator of Hardcore Hetero Incel Gaming."

I replied quickly. "Why the fuck are you so proud of calling yourself an incel? Do you even know what the origin of that term is? It's a combination of 'involuntary' and 'celibate', meaning that incels are losers who want to have sex with women but can't. If you're just a guy who doesn't want to have sex with

women, say that you're just celibate; that you choose not to sleep with women because you don't want to. It's that simple man."

I chuckled as I waited for Beardson to type out a response. When it finally came, it read as follows: "Hey man, I'm not really a political guy. I'm a heterosexual gamer and a Christian, not a political activist. I'm one of the most prominent guys in America First, but I'm just here to entertain my audience as a gamer, man. I contribute a lot to this movement by streaming and engaging with my chat and going to **AF Pack** and hanging out with guys and networking."

"Bruh," I typed out. "Beardson, that's like saying you contribute nothing to your movement. You livestream and go to conventions and that's it. Your existence reminds me of the way niggers live, which is by leeching off of White people through welfare and harming our society through violent crime. You leech off of your movement by buying Pokemon cards by collecting **super-chat** money and selling awful merch, all the while directly harming your movement by doing stuff like threatening to rape women, running away from Louis Theroux when confronted about threatening to rape women, and generally being a slob of a human being."

Beardson was obviously pissed now. "Are you some sort of **wig-gnat** troll? You fucking faggot? You fucking wigger!."

My reply was swift and decisive. "Beardson, do you even know the meaning of the words you are writing? Wigger is a portmanteau of two words, just like incel, and is a combination of 'white' and 'nigger'. It's a slur that is directed at White people who act like niggers or like stuff that niggers like. Examples include smoking weed, liking rap music and bragging online about owning an expensive pair of shoes, all of which are things that you like doing, Beardson. You seem like much more of a wigger than me or anybody else you call a **wig-gnat.**"

"None of those things are true!." Beardson replied.

Upon seeing him trying to deny his nigger-like behavior, I sent him the clip of him trying to justify himself smoking weed to his audience as well as Telegram posts about him attending a Kanye West concert and buying a pair expensive Jordans.

He responded with a single, final line of text. "I know where you live."

I laughed this off and told Beardly that he was a bigger waste of space than the average nigger. I then continued on with my day, finally going over to Brenda's, where we watched The Greatest Story Never Told instead of Euphoria. After getting home, I decided to get some sleep.

I was awoken by banging at my door. I checked the time to see that it was 3 AM. I checked my phone which was connected to the Nest cam outside my house. My eyes widened, it was Beardson Beardly and behind him I could hardly make out a dark figure who towered above Beardson, who was at the very most 5 foot 4 inches.

"Hey you bitch ass punk ass bitch, how dare you mock my incredible merch, I designed them myself. Do you know how long those took to make?" Beardson Beardly said. His voice was whiny, sounding like that of a wounded chihuahua. "You better open this door so I can give you a real ass whopping you punk ass bitch!. You faggot!." Beardly said as he began to pound on my door.

"Ouchie, my hand hurts," Beardson said despite only pounding on my wooden door twice. He paused, then turned to ask the dark figure something. "Hey George, buddy, could you please break this door down?" Beardson said meekly. "If you do, I'll let you facefuck my ex-wife."

"Cracka she be my bitch now, but sure thing mane since ya said dat da pale cracka dat live in dis place be racist and shieet."

The tall dark shadow behind Beardson struck my front door, destroying it in a single punch. I was now getting worried. I knew that a manlet like Beardson would obviously bring help since even a girl in grammar school could beat him up. I locked my door and armed myself with the McNutt single-shot rifle. Thanks to the Nest cams that I had around the house, I could see exactly where Beardson and the man that he called "George" were doing. I began to laugh uncontrollably upon seeing that Beardson didn't even reach George's shoulders in height.

Eventually, they walked up to my bedroom door.

"Open this damn door, you motherfucker!. You faggot!." Beardson shouted like an autistic child. "Or else I'll have my friend smash it down. Hell, you know what, George please smash it down."

The door suddenly broke down and Beardson and his partner in crime appeared. I could now finally see who it was as the light shined across him. It was the criminal nigger, George Floyd.

"How the fuck? I thought that that nigga monkey was dead," I said. "And I thought even somebody as low as you wouldn't associate with a felon gorilla like him."

"I rebooted him after I collected his reboot card from where he died," Beardson Beardly said. "George Floyd is now my best friend."

"Just like how you like to collect Pokemon cards despite being a 35 year old man, you cuck," I clapped back.

This angered Beardson as his face became bright red like Ronnie Mcnutt's face after he shot himself.

"And why would you bring back such a useless piece of poop? George Floyd might be the only organism in the history of the universe who is more useless than you, Beardson," I asked.

"When my wife was about to divorce me, she told me that she wouldn't leave if I figured out how to bring George Floyd back to life so that she could sleep with him. Well, she divorced me regardless and took all of my furniture and Pokemon cards and is now pregnant with George's baby, but that doesn't change the fact that George and I are a dynamic duo. Like Obi-Wan and Anakin or Batman and Robin or Ash Ketchem and Pikachu." Beardson explained.

I nearly died of cringe as Beardson made three bugman pop culture references in a row.

"Also I buy muh pale nigga Beardson his cigarettes and shieeet," George Floyd said, patting Beardson on the shoulder. "Ya see, he be too short ta buy them himself cuz da clerks at da convenience stores tink dat he be underage or sumting like dat because of how short he is, know what I'm sayin'?"

"Anyways, enough of this, I will kill you for mocking me and ruining my image!" Beardson said, his face burning red with manlet rage.

"Ruining your image?" I said. "You have done that yourself, Beardson!."

George Floyd charged at me at an incredible speed and threw a punch. I was able to block it as I am a 300 pound shredded chad. However the force of the punch alone sent me flying out my window. I landed out on my front lawn with minor injuries as George Floyd jumped down from my bedroom window. The nigger had inhuman speed and strength. A nigger like Floyd was the ultimate opponent for any ***based*** racist chad. I noticed that Beardson had walked out from the front door holding my single-shot rifle.

*He wants Floyd to weaken me and then finish me off himself*, I thought. I traded blows with George Floyd as Beardson fired at me with the rifle. Although Beardson played a lot of first-person shooter games, his aim was atrocious because his flabby arms were too weak to handle the recoil of the rifle. However, George Floyd was slowly overpowering me due to his roided out buck nigger strength, so I had to think of a plan quickly.

I then came up with a way to make the two of them fight each other.

"Hey George," I said, pulling out my phone when I got an opening. "You said that you were tagging along with Beardson because I was a racist right?"

"Yeah dat be true," Floyd replied.

I grinned as I got the clip to load. "Well I am a racist, but what about Beardson?"

I then showed George Floyd a clip from Beardson's stream, where he was ranting about how he could say the word 'nigger'.

"Ah shiet, what da fuck be happening here?" George Floyd said, looking at the clip and then at Beardson. "Did you be sayin' deez mean thangs about us niggas?"

"George, what the fuck are you doing? Kill that racist, George," Beardson said, pointing at me."You're my friend, right George?"

“Ah shit, I don’t take no orders from a bitch ass racist cracka like you,“ George Floyd said as he punched Beardson, knocking his glasses off. “You be a racist and shieet mane.”

“Ouch oh shit ow, I think you broke it, my nose!” Beardson Beardly said as he began to cry like bitch. “Goddamn George, I said you could facefuck my ex-wife and all,” Beardson whimpered.

George Floyd shrugged. “Don’t matter. She be an ugly ass bitch anyway and you a bitch ass too mane. I want da sex with sum hot ass White bicthes know what I’m saying, yo ex-wife be too ugly n’ shiet,” the nigger said as he kicked Beardson in face causing his collection of Pokemon cards to fall out of his pockets.

“See mayne you a grown ass mayne but you still be playing with Pokemon cards and jerking off to cartoon girls from video games n’ shiet, you bitch ass cracka.” George Floyd walked over to the Pokemon cards and began to rip them to shreds.

“No please not my exes and shiny!” Beardson shrieked like a bonobo. “Please, that’s all that I have in life!. Please!.”

George Floyd then continued to brutalize Beardson. Not by beating him up, but by doing stuff like going through Beardson’s phone and deleting all the 2B hentai and mobile games that he had on there. Honestly speaking, as I watched I felt that George Floyd was doing Beardson a favour by getting rid of all the degenerate bugman crap that Beardson was carrying around.

Beardson was bawling his eyes out as George Floyd sold off his gaming computer on Craigslist so that George could buy fentanyl.

“Nooooo!.” Beardson cried. “All of the stuff that I bought using the money **super-chatters** sent me using their dads’ credit cards!. It’s all been sold off. George, I thought we were friends?”

“Nah mane we ain’t friends no more mane,” Floyd said, picking up the single-shot rifle and pointing it at Beardson’s beer belly. “And now I is gonna smoke yo cracka ass. Shooting you in dat fat belly will be like shooting a pregnant woman, which makes me happy, know what I’m sayin’?”

Beardson looked up to me with pathetic puppy eyes. “Please, Anthony, help me,” he pleaded.

At first I looked away, knowing that the world would lose nothing of value if Beardson perished then and there. But I also knew that as a White guy, it was my duty to save the life of my fellow White man, even if said White guy was an incel loser cuckold. So I rushed George Floyd, knocking him away from Beardson.

“Ah shieet, what you do dat for mayne?” George Floyd shrieked.

I cupped my hands around the back of George Floyd’s head and began to knee him repeatedly in the stomach. One after the other, my knees connected at blinding speed, driving him back. I could hear Floyd’s floating ribs shatter as he screamed, “Ah da knee in my lungs, I can’t breathe!. Mama please I can’t choke, I can't breathe!. I’m not a bad guy mayne, not a bad guy!.”

“Back to hell with you, you criminal chimp!.” I shouted as I kneed him in the chin, knocking him down. I then kneeled on George Floyd’s neck, crushing his windpipe and killing him.

As George Floyd’s body disintegrated into a pile of powdered fentanyl and feces, I turned to Beardson Beardly, who had been watching in awe.

“How, how did you do that?” Beardson asked. “That was like something straight out of Street Fighter, but...but real!.”

“Well duh, of course it's real,” I said. “Street Fighter wouldn’t exist if real-world martial arts existed. It’s also why I don’t play fighting games. Why play as a fighter when you could become one in the real world?”

Beardson then began to cry, tears rolling down his cheeks. “It's because I’ve always felt like I was worse than everybody, you know? I’m not fit and muscular like you or The Golden One. I don’t have Nick’s charisma or Mark Collett’s experience and organization skills. I’m not good at political philosophy like Keith Woods or Joel Davis. I don’t provide meaningful commentary on the games I play like America Krogan. Even my songs aren’t as funny as Baked Alaska’s or as well-written or nicely produced as the ones by that TRS guy named Sven.”

Snot was leaking from his bloody nose and getting stuck in his beard as he wept. "I really am a freak, weirdo, loner, doomer and incel, and every day I need to pretend like being those things is something to be proud of. My only friend in real life was George and he turned on me as soon as he learned that I said 'nigger', and all my online friends are all at least ten years younger than me and twice as popular. For heaven's sake, I'm a man in his thirties who streams video games for a living and needed to beg my teenage audience for money in order to buy a fucking car when my wife left me. I know that I'm a terrible role model for my audience of impressionable teens, that I'd be ruining their lives if they chose to be like me. I know I'm a loser, but being a loser is the only thing I have to offer this world."

Suddenly, I felt kinda sorry for Beardson. Here was a man who knew that he was worthless, but also knew that he had to pretend every day that being worthless was actually a good thing. A man whose only contributions to this world were his personal insecurities. Even though almost all of his suffering was a result of his own actions, I could tell that he was suffering. He was the human embodiment of Nietzche's conception of re-sentiment, where pathetic individuals would cope for their weakness by asserting that their weakness was in fact a virtue.

*But if he knows that he's those things*, I thought as I dug into my wallet. *Maybe there's a chance, no matter how small, that he can be redeemed.*

I took out two pieces of paper and handed them to Beardson. He sniffled as he took them out of my hand, then asked, "What are these?"

"One of those is a coupon that will give you a six-month discount for a membership at Gold's Gym. The second is the business card of one of my friends who runs a Steak 'n Shake. It's not too late for you, Beardson. Quit live streaming since you aren't contributing to the movement, quit playing games, get a job, and get yourself in shape. You can still pull yourself together. You still have time."

Beardson, with shaking hands, stuffed the cards into his pocket and stood up. "O-ok. I'll do as you say, man. Thanks so much, Anthony."

It has been two weeks since my run-in with Beardson and his friend, George Floyd. I have seen that Beardson has quit live streaming and is now posting photos of him working out on his Telegram page. The moral of the story is that you are not a good person just because you say nigger and call homosexuals 'faggot' online. Although being racist and anti-LGBT are both prerequisites to being a good person, you need to also be an upstanding person yourself and embody virtues like strength, intellect, and self-restraint. You also need to be careful about who you follow in the Dissident Right, as they may be insecure grifters who have nothing to contribute except their own personal moral failings. They should be bullied relentlessly until they are forced to improve themselves, because constant striving for improvement is a virtue that all White people must embody.

***An endnote from the authors**: This is satire intended for humorous effect. If you can't brush this off, then you're no better than a woman.*

**Beardson Beardly: Supreme Champion of the White Race**

By Thomas Manwise and Gorg Floydson

My name is Bucket Groyper. I work at Golden Nigger Corp in the Department of Anti-Race Traitors where we monitor potential threats to White society. Recently, I've come across a spiteful little cretin named Matt Evans, more commonly known by his internet persona Beardson Beardly, the ostensibly Hetero Gamer. He has been put on the Golden Nigger Corp watchlist for a number of crimes, such as telling young impressionable White boys to not get White girlfriends while simping after a pajeet female called Stardust, grifting off of superchats and shitty merchandise, and promoting a shitty and unhealthy lifestyle consisting of gaming, smoking, drinking, and eating garbage take-out. His most recent sin was reviving the deceased criminal nigger George Floyd and using him for his own personal gain, like getting George to buy him cigarettes since most people think he's a child due to his height and commanding the nigga monkey to attack a *based* racist chad. Luckily, George Floyd was rightfully sent back to hell and Beardson promised to start working out at the gym and be a better human being in general after George Floyd brutalized and beat Beardson, which is pretty funny because it's the only instance I can think of of a nigger actually doing something good for humanity.

I've been monitoring the soy boy for the past month and was not surprised to see that Beardson went back to his old ways of streaming and making awful content. Beardson had initially gone to the gym and even took boxing classes but quit not even a week due to being a lazy loser. Even though all the racist gigachads at the gym and even his own trainer tried to encourage him to stay on the straight and narrow path, he is such a degenerate loser that he quit both the gym and his job at the Steak 'n Shake.

I was tasked to watch Beardson's latest stream one evening by my superior. I prepared for the long stream by chugging two beers because Beardson's content was so awful that I needed to be inebriated in order to make it through a stream of his without wanting to McNutt myself.

"I just woke up and it's like seven at night my dudes, but anyways today is the day for the highly requested review of *Euphoria*, my review." Beardson Beardly said as generic rock music played in the background.

"All I have is nothing but praise for the director and the series, you know it's just so fucking sick and kino and all, like I almost busted a nut while watching the sex scenes. Also that one part where the femboy gets fucked by the football couch, holy shit I wish my dad did that to me. Also by the way I'm being ironic about this ok? Even though I did enjoy *Euphoria* since Nick told me that I should enjoy it."

I cringed in disgust. Only a bug man like Beardson would find pleasure in watching Jewish propaganda that is constantly spun out by Hollywood. Gross shit like Oedipus complex, pedophilia and more. Bearedson continued to go on and on about how he loved *Euphoria*, which made me want to die.

"Anyways, now we can move onto the main event and why I'm streaming on this specific day. My good friend and founder of AFPAC Nick Fuentes recently stole some high tech stuff from a company called Golden Nigger Corp. I was informed that Nick stole some weapon called the Nigger Destroyer 3000 as well as a machine that prints infinite N-word passes. However, that isn't even the juicy stuff. Nick got his hands on a time machine!" Beardson said.

My eyes widened in disbelief. I was informed by my superior of the raid. However, they had said that their primary suspects were either the Jews or the Chinese.

"Nick personally asked me to test it out, he told me to go back in time and kill baby George Floyd. So I will be going back in time to abort George Floyd! Anyway, I will be streaming the entire event so stay tuned."

Beardson took out the time machine, which indeed belonged to us. I could tell because Golden Nigger Corp's time rift technology was based off of secret SS technology that was developed at Auschwitz, and the device Beardson was holding was a portable version of that tech. Although I was pissed that he had gotten hold of our technology, I didn't feel like doing anything since going back in time and killing that criminal nigger before he could commit any crimes was not something I cared strongly about. Heck, I thought that it could be the first good thing that Beardson could do for the White race since it would stop hundreds of White-owned businesses from being burned down in the Floyd riots of 2020.

"Alright guys, let's do this! 1973, here I come!" Beardson said as he punched in the inputs and strapped a facecam to his head. He pressed the big red button to activate the machine. There was a blinding flash of light and electric sparks as he was teleported back in time.

Right as he vanished I received a call from my boss, Nuke Telly. "Hey Nuke, it's Bucket. What's up man?"

"Bucket, this is urgent. You need to follow Beardson back in time immediately," Nuke said.

My brow furrowed. "Wait, why? He's going back in time to murder George Floyd as a baby. I actually don't see how that's bad since George Floyd is a criminal monkey who contributed nothing to society."

"I don't care about Floyd being murdered as a baby either, but that's not what I'm calling you about. As soon as Beardson went back in time, our sensors detected a catastrophic disturbance in the space-time continuum. Here, I'll send you the reports."

Nuke sent me a file labeled 'classified' and I opened it. Cold sweat trickled down my brow as I saw what had happened. Across multiple timelines, there was a spike in the prevalence of Floydian creatures and Floyd hybrids, from George Floyd Sea Cucumbers to Floyd Pit Bulls to even an unfunny half-Jewish, half-nigger "comedian" who became President of Ukraine named Floydomyr Georgenskyy.

"But this makes no sense!" I said. "Why would killing George Floyd as a baby lead to more Floydian creatures and hybrids? Isn't that the opposite of what should happen?"

"That is what you need to investigate," Nuke said. "Something that Beardson did in the past has corrupted the multiverse, tainting it a dark, abyssal black. I already have a drone on the way to your house that will deliver you one of our remaining time rift generators."

"Alright," I said as I got out of my seat and began to prepare for my journey. I grabbed my bayonet, which was my favorite piece of equipment for field operations. "Who is going to be my partner?" I asked.

"Bucket, I'm afraid this is going to be a solo mission for you. Our agents are already preoccupied with dealing with an incredibly powerful Floydian hybrid that has emerged into our world. Apparently, the death of George Floyd as an infant caused a butterfly effect that led to Ronnie Ralph, the father of the Gunt, becoming Ronnie "McNutt" Ralph. This resulted in his wife having sex with even more black men than she did in the original timeline, leading to microchimerisms that resulted in Ethan Ralph's biological race matching his spiritual race. The resulting monstrosity–a ragehog whose skin is as dark as his soul–is so powerful that it has taken every *based* chad we have to keep him under control."

I heard the drone with the time machine land outside my house. "Understood. I'll be off then," I said then hung up. I went outside and collected the time machine from the drone, which also came with the Wigger Disintegrator 9000, which was a modified version of the Nigger Destroyer 3000 which was distributed to members of the Department of Anti-Race Traitors for the purpose of destroying traitors to the White race. The ray beams of the Wigger Disintegrator 9000 are completely harmless if you are a normal White person with typical White sensibilities like starting a family, mowing your lawn, and listening to classical or heavy metal music. However, if you are an incel who threatens to anally rape mulatto women, brags about sneakers made in Thailand to his fanbase of impressionable teens, and whose greatest life accomplishment is a Steam profile with a couple of 100% completed games, it will for sure destroy you.

Once I was ready to travel back in time, I typed up a short message saying 'goodbye' to my girlfriend, telling her I loved her in case I didn't return. But as soon as I finished writing it I deleted it without sending it because I realized that there's no way that a cuck like Beardson could ever kill me or even seriously injure me, no matter how he tried.

And so I activated the time machine and ported back in time to 1973, the year that Beardson announced he was traveling to. Based on biographical information about George Floyd that I had learned from reading esoteric Floyd lore in The Secret Biography of George Floyd, I knew that the criminal nigger was born in Fayetteville, North Carolina, and so I set my machine to travel there.

I pushed the big red button. Electromagnetic waves burst out of the device and enveloped me. It felt like I was being tickled as I was warped back in time. When I next opened my eyes, I was standing in the middle of a public park. A bunch of White kids were having fun swinging on the swing set and going down the slides. However, unlike the public parks that existed in the future, there weren't any broken heroin needles, used condoms, or even beer bottles in sight. Instead of transsexual child predators lurking about looking for victims, the only adults around were the kids' parents, all of whom were dressed sharply and modestly. I felt totally out of place wearing my Pink Floyd t-shirt and jeans, and it must've caught the attention of the parents too because one of them called to me.

"Hey there, who are you?" one of the fathers of the children asked, walking over to me. For some reason I thought I recognized the voice, but I didn't know from where. He looked me up and down, then frowned. "Judging by what you're wearing, I have to assume that you are some sort of communist hippie. If you are, I'll need to ask you to leave the premises immediately so that you don't corrupt the youth."

My heart skipped a beat as I realized who I was talking to. I didn't recognize him because of how young he was, but there was no doubt about who he was.

"Dr. Pierce!" I exclaimed, my mouth opening wide like a soyjak. "Holy shit, I can't believe it's–"

"Don't swear around the children, you hippie!" William Luther Pierce interrupted. "I will not tolerate vulgarity to be spewed around my White sons, lest it befoul their minds and reduce them to the level of the subterranean negroid race."

"Oh, s-sorry," I blurted out. "I apologize, Dr. Pierce. I got excited and carried away at meeting you and I just couldn't hold it in."

"Why would a hippie like yourself be happy to see me?" he asked.

I shook my head. "No, I'm not a hippie. I'm a White Nationalist from the future. I came back in time to stop a race traitor from causing unimaginable damage to the White race. If you want proof look at this," I pulled out my smartphone and showed him it to prove I was from the future.

After checking out my phone, Dr. Pierce turned to glare at me as if he were looking at a nigger. "You? A White Nationalist from the future?"

"Well, uh, yes." I said, face turning bright red. "My name is [redacted] but I go by Bucket Groyper."

"So you're telling me that in the future, the men who seek to save the White race are allowed to go around dressed as you are?" William Luther Pierce said, then sniffed my breath. "And inebriated as well?"

I grimaced. "It was only two beers, Dr. Pierce. And let me tell you, if you think I'm bad, one of the most influential personalities in the modern White nationalist sphere is a quarter-Mexican 23-year old closeted homosexual who listens to nigger music while dressed in a hoodie with a children's cartoon character on the front. He's also known to hunt for other men's semen with a blacklight and threatens to sue former associates with families into bankruptcy."

William Luther Pierce was bug-eyed when I finished telling him about Nick Fuentes. "Please tell me that what you just said was a bad joke," he said as he walked over to a picnic table and sat down. His face was in his hands as he said, "Please, man from the future, I can't believe this. So you're telling me that the future of the Aryan race on this continent is so bleak that even the so-called leaders are racially impure homosexuals that hunt for other men's seminal fluid?"

I scratched my head. "Well yes, but don't worry Dr. Pierce. There are still plenty of good White men in the future who are leading the White race. Plus, the reason why I've come to the past is to stop one of the subordinates of that Mexican child from destroying the multiverse."

Dr Pierce sighed. "Alright, I'll hear you out. But first, please follow me to my hotel where I can get you a suit that you can change into. I won't allow a representative of our race to go around dressed like that."

I nodded. Dr. Pierce then told his wife and kids that he had some business to attend to, then we drove off to his hotel. The hotel was immaculately clean and well-maintained because the U.S. had been desegregated less than a decade ago, but I could already notice the decay creeping in. I nearly puked as I saw a nigger and his mudshark wife in the dining area gorging themselves on the lunch buffet as their mulatto baby ran around screaming its head off.

"Revolting, isn't it?" Dr. Pierce said as we took the elevator to his room. "Seeing White blood soiled like that."

"It is, but the future is so dark–*literally dark*–that I've become desensitized to it."

Pierce snorted. "If racially conscious men like yourself are desensitized to such things, it is no wonder why an effeminate, sociopathic Mestizo was able to climb to the top of your ranks. As White men you must demand nothing but excellence from your leaders, yet due to the tolerance resulting from your desensitization to the degeneracy around you has caused you to settle for those of unsavory ethnic characteristics and ethical behavior."

"Yes, sir," I said, knowing that what Dr. Pierce was saying was absolutely true. We entered his room and he gave me a suit to change into.

"So, Bucket Groyper, what exactly is it that you came back into the past to do?" William Luther Pierce asked as I changed into the suit. "You said it was to stop a traitor to our race?"

"It's to stop this 5'4 dysgenic gangly hobbit named Matt Evans, more commonly known as Beardson Beardly, from murdering a nigger named George Floyd as a baby. And just for your information, George Floyd is this gorilla-looking nigger that dies of an overdose while a police officer kneels on his neck in the year 2020, sparking chimp-outs that made the Civil Rights riots look tame by comparison. But yeah, that's what Beardson did."

"What? Why would you want to stop him from euthanizing a negroid child? And a negro whose death in the future sparks widescale destruction no less? From your description of him that seems like the greatest contribution he has ever made–and ever will make–to the White race."

"I know right?" I exclaimed. "But for some reason, after he traveled back to this year, there was a surge in what is known in the present as Floydian creatures and Floyd hybrids, which have caused catastrophic damage in the multiverse due to their nigger antics."

"Hmm, that is troubling," William Luther Pierce said, picking up my Wigger Disintegrator 9000 and examining it. "Tell you what. I will help you hunt down this 'Beardson Beardly' character. If he is a traitor to the White race then he must be destroyed, for any turncoat to the movement is a Semite in spirit."

"Thank a million, Dr. Pierce. Beardson is probably lurking around in the black neighborhoods looking for George Floyd. We can't let him kill the nigger baby, ironic as that may be."

"Agreed," Pierce said. "Let us depart at once."

We left the hotel, both of us dressed for the job that we had to do. Dr. Pierce told me that he had to work on something in the back seat of the car, so I drove out into the hood. Fayetteville had only been desegregated eight years ago so there was a clear boundary between the White residential areas and the nigger infested part of town, and you could tell just by looking at the houses. The White homes had trimmed yards, beautiful gardens, and children playing outside. The nigger dwellings had yards overgrown with weeds, cracked windows, and drug dealers and hookers loitering about.

"Why do you think they're ok with living like this?" I asked Dr. Pierce. "Don't they ever feel like improving their lives?"

"No, for it is their natural state," he replied. "Take a White man into the jungles of Africa and he'll build you a civilized country, for it is in his nature to create, to build, to mold the world to his will. Take a monkey into the heart of civilization and he will reduce it to a jungle, for it is in his nature to do so. That is the way of things."

Using a phone book, it didn't take long for us to find the Floyd house. It was a grotesque mess of cracked brick, walls overgrown with vines, and chipped plaster. But when I observed it from outside, I didn't see any signs of recent violence or struggle.

"Looks like Beardson hasn't come here yet," I remarked. "That's strange considering Beardson should already be in this town."

Dr. Pierce and I waited in the car for the next two hours, languishing. The sun was low in the sky when Pierce turned to me and said, "Are you sure that this Beardson fellow is actually going to go through with his plan? Are you sure he's even here, in the past?"

"There's no doubt that the Floydian hybrids appeared after Beardson did whatever he did here in the past," I replied, but right as I said that there was a rumbling sound.

A battered, broken down car was chugging along down the street and towards the Floyd residence. The driver was none other than Beardson Beardly, the Attack Chihuahua of America First.

"Fucking shit man, why was it so hard to find this fucking place," Beardson squealed into his facecam. "I get like no service out here and none of the stores have Wi-Fi."

Once he parked his car, he got out, holding a 2B mousepad in one hand and a coat hanger in the other. His body was like that of a gremlin; short and stubby. His limbs were gangly and disproportionate to his torso, reminding me of certain descriptions of the Outer Gods from Lovecraft's tales, which made sense since in those stories the Outer Gods are described as being worshiped by subhuman negroids.

Pierce and I leapt out of the good doctor's vehicle. I pointed my Wigger Disintegrator 9000 at the soy boy, saying, "Put your hands up Beardson and drop the weapon! I'm not going to let you do what you're about to do!"

Beardson glared at me with seething manlet rage. "And who the fuck are you two? All dressed up like you're L.A. Noire characters?"

"I'm Agent Bucket Groyper from the Department of Anti-Race Traitors at Golden Nigger Corp, and I'm here to stop you from murdering George Floyd as a baby!"

The hobbit snarled. "Why are you against killing George Floyd? Aren't you a racist as well?"

"It is because killing that negro here leads to a surge in Floydian creatures and hybrids in the multiverse," William Luther Pierce explained. "I have yet to fully discern why, but whatever you are about to do

here will corrupt the timeline."

"Well I don't care what a bunch of fucking wignats have to say. I only do what my man Nick says, and he told me to livestream myself killing George Floyd as a baby."

I shook my head. "You retard, you're in the past. The livestream isn't even working because there's no Wi-Fi. That's also why it took you so long to find George Floyd's house, isn't it? Because you didn't know that people used yellow books to find addresses in the past?"

"Fuck! Should've known! Still, that doesn't change the fact that you're both wiggers," Beardson exclaimed, then pointed a gnarled finger at William Luther Pierce. "I know your face from all the groupchats that wignats hang out in. You're that wigger leader that's in those wignat, shit-tier optics cartoons by Murdoch Murdoch, aren't you?"

"Dr. Pierce literally has a pHD in physics and taught the subject at the university level. How the hell could you call him a wigger?" I clapped back. "And what do you have? A job at a Steak 'n Shake that a nigger could do no problem? What have *you* contributed to society, Beardson?"

"Whatever. Colleges are cucked anyways," Beardson said, obviously coping, then began waddling towards the house and brandishing the coat hanger. "Now excuse me, I have a pregnant belly to abort."

"Ooh la la! Now whaddya talkin' about with abortin' muh wife's pregnant belly mayne?"

Beardson, Pierce, and I looked around, searching for the source of the deep nignog voice, but it seemed to be coming from nowhere.

"Hee hee hee hee, for da crime of trespassing on ma property and threatening to abort muh gurl Larcenia's pregnant belly, I is gonna steal yo clean cracka air and use it to feed mah son!"

Then, out of thin air, a tall dark figure emerged right in front of Beardson. It was a nigger, its skin as black as midnight. However, because of my deep knowledge of George Floyd lore, I knew that it wasn't any nigger. It was George Perry, the absentee father of George Floyd.

George Perry wrapped his arms around Beardson, pressed his thick nigger lips up against the soyboy's, and began to drain air from the attack chihuahua of America First.

"Mmhhhmhhmnhm!" Beardson struggled, although he was also enjoying it somewhat since it was probably his first kiss in many decades.

I could tell from how the color was draining from his cheeks that he was on the verge of death from oxygen loss. For a moment, both Pierce and I considered whether or not we should help him since he was a traitor to the White race and he deserved a brutal, painful death for having corrupted so many teenage White boys into becoming loser incels. However, what George Perry had said about feeding Beardson's air to his son made my beautiful White skin prickle, so I rushed the nigger with my bayonet.

I plunged the weapon down, but instead of catching George Perry in the back all I stabbed was thin air. Beardson crumpled to the ground, wheezing, out of breath and with his lungs shriveled up from having been drained of air.

"Tee hee hee, you ain't gonna be able to kill me with no bayonet and shieet cracka," George Perry chimped as he reappeared behind me. "I be da daddy ah da greatest black mayne since Doctah Kang. I ain't gonna be stopped by no cracka."

George Perry punched me, sending me flying into Beardson's car. My chad physique smashed through the windshield, spraying glass all over the inside of the vehicle.

"No!" Beardson cried. "I hope that didn't destroy my Batman comics!"

I glanced down and, sure enough, there were a bunch of Batman comics from the 1970's strewn about on the passenger's seat. I cringed because that meant Beardson had spent time going around buying comic books like the soy boy he was instead of focusing on his mission. I stabbed my bayonet into them just to piss Beardson off.

I squirmed out of the car, grimacing as the shards of glass pierced through my suit and jutted into my flesh. A large gash had opened up across my head, blood clouding my vision in a curtain of red.

Dr. Pierce was busy fending off George Perry. Even though Dr. Pierce was one of the most powerful National Socialists in the history of the American continent, he was struggling against George Perry's

ability to seemingly disappear into thin air.

But just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, I heard an awful, screeching baboon sound emanate from the Floyd residence.

"Awwwww shieeeeet, what be all dis heah commotion and shieet," a sheboon said. The door swung open and out emerged Larcenia Floyd, the mother of George Floyd. I nearly puked when I saw her. The best way to describe her body was like that of a Mancubus demon from Doom, but with an even more swollen belly. She lumbered outside, the ground quaking under her weight.

"Damn Cissy mah gurl," George Perry said "I gots summa dat good cracka air for you and da baby."

"You mah mayne, Georgey. Now gimme a kiss won't ya?" Larcenia Floyd said.

George Perry vanished once more and reappeared in front of his negress wife. He then kissed her on her lips and began to breathe into her, which made me vomit for real this time. But that wasn't the worst of it, for as George Perry breathed into the mother of his son, her pregnant belly began to glow as brightly as the Buffalo shooting.

"The niglet is feeding on Vril!" William Luther Pierce exclaimed. "It's consuming the essence of Aryan man through the oxygen its mother is intaking!"

"But how? Beardson isn't an Aryan!" I asked.

"He isn't, but his White genes contain hints of Aryan power. And that negress is pumping that White energy into her offspring, empowering it!"

It now all made sense. Beardson had come back in time to abort George Floyd, but had been defeated by George Perry and had all of his White air fed to Larcenia Floyd, making George Floyd more powerful.

"And dats all of it, dear," George Perry said as he let go of Larcenia. Then, for no reason at all, he punched her in the face. "Now get outta mah sight, you cheatin' ass hoe!"

"You is a bitch ass nigga! Punching yo baby momma like dat!" Larcenia snapped back. She then trudged over to her car, getting inside."Now get me and da baby more cracka air or I is gonna call da police on you! In da meantime I is gonna go get mah nails done at da salon, so see ya later you dumb muthafucka!"

"Fuck you bitch!" George Perry said, turning back towards us. "Now, back ta capping ya crackas and stealing yo air."

George Perry flashed in front of Dr. Pierce, slamming his face into the ground, shattering his glasses. He then appeared behind me and kicked me so hard that I flew into a Stop sign, causing the metal bar to fold in two and shattering my floating ribs.

The nigger began beating his chest. "Ooga booga ahh ahh, you ain't gonna be able to stop me mayne. I be fucking invincible!"

Everything was looking hopeless for us at that moment, with George Perry seemingly invincible due to his power to become intangible.

But right as he was about to put his nigger lips on mine and drain me of my Aryan oxygen, Dr. Pierce shouted, "Your son gets his family millions of dollars in settlements for his death!"

George Perry's eyes lit up. "What you sayin' about a million dollahs mayne?"

But before the nigger could do anything else, there was a flash of light as Dr. Pierce fired a weapon which I recognized as a Nigger Destroyer 3000. The beam cleaved through George Perry, blowing off the nigger's left arm at the elbow joint.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" George Perry screamed. "Why you gotta hurt me like dat mayne? I'm not dat kinda guy mayne, not dat kinda guy!"

Dr. Pierce smirked. "As I expected, your kind will deny your foul misdeeds until the end of eternity, forever believing yourselves to be innocent."

I was awestruck. "Dr. Pierce, how did you hit him? And where did you get that Nigger Destroyer 3000 from?"

"I created the weapon by copying the design of the Wigger Disintegrator 9000 you let me examine. Quite elementary for me to do as a physicist, since all I had to do was change the weapon to disintegrate nigger DNA instead of White DNA infused with the soul of a nigger."

The good doctor got to his feet, readjusting his shattered spectacles. "As for how I hit him, you need to remember that we are facing a negro father. Now, can you recall the primary characteristic of their kind?"

Suddenly, everything clicked. "They disappear," I muttered.

"Exactly. And when does a deadbeat black father reappear?" he asked.

"When their child gets famous and makes a ton of money!" I replied, stupefied at how I hadn't realized the source of George Perry's power. I pushed myself to my feet, fighting through the pain, and rushed the father of the eternal criminal nigger.

Just as I was about to jab my bayonet into Perry's gut, I shouted, "Baby George's family gets 27 million dollars in a civil settlement from the city of Minneapolis!"

"Goddamn, really cracka?" George Perry said. Right as he said that my bayonet plunged deep into the nigger's belly, slicing through skin, muscle, fat and organs. I twisted the hilt, hearing a satisfying 'squelch' as the blade ravaged the nigger's innards. I then put my foot on Perry's chest and tugged the weapon out.

"Fuck! Da blood be in mah lungs and it be filling dem up mayne! I can't breathe! Tell mah kids I love dem! Mama! Mama! Please, I can't breathe!" George Perry moaned as he fell face first onto the pavement.

Dr. Pierce got up behind George Perry and dragged his body over to the curb. He adjusted Perry's mouth so that it was biting the concrete. "This is for all the White lives you've ruined by your leech-like, parasitic behavior!" Pierce said as he jumped into the air and landed his knee on George Perry's neck, which finished off the nigger father for good.

Once I was certain that George Perry was dead, I collapsed on the lawn, exhausted. "That was...tough," I said to Dr. Pierce. "Thank you so much. I wouldn't have survived without you."

"No problem son. You've proven yourself to be a champion of the White race," the doctor said as he walked over to Beardson, who was crawling around on the ground like a freshly neutered dog. "Unlike this fellow. What should we do with him?"

"Don't worry man, I'll handle him for you!" a nasally, metrosexual voice said.

A gunshot rang out. The bullet grazed Dr. Pierce, making him crumple to the ground. However, he wasn't who the shooter was aiming at. Beardson's head exploded into bloody bits, brains and bone and gore spraying everywhere. Dr. Pierce and I were taken aback, shocked at what had just happened.

"Haha! It's like that scene from *"The Joker"*, you get what you fucking deserve!"

Out from behind Dr. Pierce's car stepped Nick Fuentes, holding a single-shot rifle and wearing one of the stolen time machines. "I get lots of practice in Fortnite with my aim, you know. They don't call me Nick the Knife for nothing."

"A wetback!" Dr. Pierce said, cupping his wound. "Why–why would you kill your own subordinate?"

"Yeah, just shut the fuck up you fucking wignat. Your brand of nationalism was fucking cringe," Nick Fuentes said, striding over to George Perry's corpse. "I'm like Stalin man. Whenever one of my lieutenants fucks up, he isn't going to get off lightly."

The Mexican child leader of the White race bent over George Perry, then proceeded to pull down the dead nigger's pants, revealing the dead nigger's revolting nigger junk. "Now let's see how much we have in there."

Both Pierce and I couldn't stand to watch what happened next, so all I'll tell you is that there were a series of slurping noises, followed by a satisfied swallow.

When I next opened my eyes, Nick had a wide grin on his face, his teeth glistening with a sticky white substance. "Damn, it's thicker than Jaden's. Who would've guessed?"

"What. The. Fuck?" Dr. Pierce exclaimed, blinking in disbelief. "What the absolute *fuck*?"

"Frankly Dr. Pierce, I wouldn't be that surprised," I chimed in. "Fuentes is known to do stuff like that."

Suddenly, Nick Fuentes keeled over, clutching at his chest. "Damn! It burns!" he roared, his voice deepening for some reason. He then looked towards us and smiled. "I guess I have to thank you wignats this time. I was fine with either outcome, you know. If Beardson succeeded in killing George Floyd, that's good since that's just one more dead nigger. If Beardson died trying, that just meant more Floydian creatures and Floyd hybrids for me to talk about on my streams, giving me more superchats and viewers on Cozy."

Fuentes began to twist and writhe, groaning as he did. I could hear bones breaking and clothes tearing and muscles growing. Something was happening to Nick, and it was giving me a really, *really* bad vibe. I reached out to try and grab my Wigger Disintegrator 9000, but realized it was in Beardson's car–and there was no way I was going to retrieve it in my current state.

"You see, I was created through in vitro fertilization. A test tube baby, if you will," Nick Fuentes explained as his skin grew darker and his hair became curled and springy. "My DNA has always been...incomplete because of it. There were gaps in mah genetic code that needed to be filled, know what I'm saying? Which is why I had ta hunt for Jaden's cum with a black light."

Nick roared as his lips and nose tripled in size and his frontal lobe shrunk to the size of a pea. "But now dats I got da cum of George Floyd's father, I can achieve muh final form and shieet. To become da Afro-Latino dat I always needed to be in order ta be da TRUE representative of America First!"

The figure that loomed above Pierce and I was the most wretched, unnatural abomination I had ever witnessed.

"Come ta think of it, a name like 'Nicholas Fuentes' sound too cracka for who I is now," the nigger-spic-zoomer chimped, staring up at the autumn sunset sky. "Muh new name be..."

He cackled.

"Niggelos G. Floydentes."

**Frog Floyd**

By Jordan Cleeman

Frogs are a popular amphibious animal that people keep as pets, whether they are tree frogs, bullfrogs, or even the very small types such as pond frogs. Despite their popularity, there are some people that rightfully perceive them as disgusting slimy creatures that shouldn't be kept as pets. I say rightfully, because of a recent experience that made me despise frogs from then on. I will tell you about my encounter with Frog Floyd.

I was browsing through 4 Chans /pol/ board one day. I came across this one thread that was titled "what did kek mean by this." It caught my eye so I decided to click on it to check it out. On the main thread was a series of images of a green painted George Floyd mural on a beige-colored wall. The panel on the far left was the default unedited photo of the mural; just Floyd's big lipped face that BLM monkeys painted. I thought nothing much of it and then moved my eyes to the second panel, which was the same photo as the one on the left, except flipped upside down. I then looked at the third and final panel which was on the far right. It was an edit of the upside down Floyd mural but edited to highlight rather interesting interpretations of it. On the bottom portion of it—which was really just the upper part of Floyd's face—was a Pepe the frog style face traced based on the strangely shaded forehead used as Pepe the frogs lips and Floyd's eyes as Pepe's eyes. On the lower part of the upside down Floyd mural face, there was an additional Pepe-styled face which used Floyd's large lips as it's own lips and the strangely shaded chin to ultimately trace an among us styled Pepe the frog face that looked kind of like a Sussy kneel NFT. The bottom larger Pepe the frog face was dubbed the name "Groyd." I thought the idea of altering the mural to make it out to be a Pepe the frog George Floyd edit was funny as fuck so I continued to read through the discussion.

The next the ad was titled "let's make George Floyd a white supremacy symbol," which had over 300 replies. Amongst those replies were countless people who managed to find more frogs in George Floyd's face which is easy since George Floyd has face so hideous that you can find so many ugly ass animals even

in a simple painting depiction of his face. One of them that really struck my attention was a well drawn edit of the Pepe the frog Floyd mural edit, except instead of the among us frog standing on top of Groyd's head, it was a a cyclops frog with one large pepe-styled eye instead of the among us crew mate helmet visor. The threads below that artwork discussed a name for that small cyclops frog, coming up with "Pepe 2" or Ni; with Ni meaning the number 2 in Japanese. They eventually settled with the name Ni and portrayed it as a being higher than Groyd, who sits on top of his head possessing him to commit crimes and create chaos, mirroring the things the real life George Floyd did.

I thought the whole idea of this was just some made up shit these people are laughing about for fun. However, what happened later completely changed my mind for the worst.

Because I found the meme so hilarious, the next thing I did was pay a trip to the pet store to adopt a pair of pet frogs with one being a large bullfrog and the other a smaller one, naming them Groyd and Ni respectively. Once I pulled up there I noticed the parking lot was full of Mercedes', and it was when I knew something was up. There was going to be a ton of chinks in the pet store, for reasons that are obviously not for simply adopting pets. I went in the pet store and sure enough I was right. Most of the were crowded in the dog section looking for the tastiest dogs to buy and eat and enough of them crowded around the reptile and amphibian section to make it impossible for me to navigate there so I pulled out a handy bottle of raid spray to get the chinks out of the way. I then proceeded to browse through the collection of scorpions, tarantulas, geckos, bearded dragons, and finally the frogs.

I couldn't find any bullfrogs, however, I found something far more interesting: the African clawed frog. There was only one in the shelves, floating still in its aquarium. I say It is more interesting than a bullfrog because it would be a much better fit as Groyd since they're native habitat is the nigger country Africa and they are comparable in size anyway. It was 1200 dollars which is a fuck ton of money for a frog but I am one of the higher up office workers in a company called Golden Nigger Corp and I have a seven figure salary so I bought it. I then quickly bought a tree frog to represent Ni. Because I spend most of my time asking hours writing lab reports at Golden Nigger Corp, I thought it would be a good idea to just have the the two frogs hang out at my office, so I also purchased a terrarium. The Golden Nigger Corp facility doesn't have a no-animals-allowed policy since niggers have to be studied in there and we don't consider niggers human.

I drove over to the main Golder Nigger Corp headquarters which is where my office is located at and then went in my cubicle to try to set up the frogs terrarium. It was quite a large one, so I ended up not being able to find any space in my desk. I turned to just placing it in the hallways instead, on top of one of the empty tables. I conveniently used the clear water from one of the labs to add the mini pond and then finally placed both of the frogs Groyd and  in the terrarium from the plastic bags they were in. As I watched them coexist, I heard footsteps and coming from my left side. I looked in that direction to see one of the Golden Nigger Corp scientists walking with a tray full of test tubes. I waved hello to him and he trotted a bit to the side of the hall I was at, as if to shake my hands. To my shock, he accidentally tripped on one of the legs of the table that the frog terrarium rested on which caused the test tubes that were on the tray to fly into the frog terrariums. The chemicals spilt on both Groyd and Ni, and then their skin absorbed them.

"I am so sorry about that," the fallen coworker said as he got up.

"What kinds of chemicals are those?" I asked. "I sure as hell hope they aren't harmful because you spilt them on both of my new frogs."

"Ah my bad. Those chemicals are Floyd serums, which were used in an experiment a while back on a BBC whore named heather wilcock to recall George Floyd's early memories."

"Are you fucking serious?!" I yelled. "I remember heather wilcock turning into a floydian wilcock. Is there anything we can do with the frogs before it's too late?"

"I'm afraid not. We haven't developed an antidote."

Just then, I heard loud croaking from the terrarium. The coworker and I looked and what I saw was something I didn't expect at all. The tree frog Ni now only had one eye and it's lips grew to 2 times it's original thickness. The African clawed frog, Groyd now resembled Pepe except with a big ass nose. They both then began growing in size rapidly, their stretchy skin able to keep up. My coworker and I stepped back as they shortly grew large enough to shatter the glass of the terrarium. With enough time. Groyd was

now six foot five in height and Ni was now three feet tall. With one jump, Ni hopped onto the head of Groyd and they now perfectly resembled the Groyd and Ni artwork that I saw in 4 chan.

"Croak ribbit ribbit ooga booga croak ah croak ah ribbit," the Groyd—who I will call the George Floyd frog from now on—chimped.

As the George Floyd frog spoke in its frog-monkey-Ebonics dialect, it did so without any semblance of emotion. I then looked up at Ni who had its hands gripped into the top of the George Floyd frogs lumpy head. Ni seemed to be controlling the George Floyd frog to some extent. I knew immediately that we were dealing with nothing but a floydian creature right now, so I needed to think of a way to defeat it via impeding it's breathing abilities. The real question was how. If you didn't know, frogs have more than one methods of breathing. For one, they can take in oxygen through their skin. Second, they can breathe through the lining of their lips. And finally, they have their own set of lungs. This makes the George Floyd frog a much more complex floydian creature to defeat than most others.

The George Floyd frog, while still under Ni's control, opened its fat lip mouth wide open and then started to lick my coworkers belly with its large tongue.

"Oo la la croak croak that's some croak nice pregnant belly croak," the George Floyd frog beamed.

I laughed for a moment because, that coworker isn't actually pregnant since he is a man and he's just fat as fuck, therefore he has a beer belly. The George Floyd frog was retarded enough to think his fat belly is a pregnant belly. It was then, I got a lightbulb moment. While the George Floyd frog has a lot more means of breathing than other floydian creatures, it is much dumber, which I can use to my advantage. I brainstormed ways I can exploit its lack of intelligence while it devoured my coworkers belly and then quickly came up with a plausible way to defeat the nigga frogs.

If you never heard of the concept of water boarding, it is a brutal torturing method where the victims face is covered with a wet rag, while water is poured through it, therefore causing induced drowning. A good demonstration of this is this one popular vine video of a guy in a Spider-Man suit who jumped into a swimming pool and he nearly died even as he surfaced and bystanders had to remove his Spider-Man costume for him to breathe again. I figured that water boarding is the best way to block every single breathing method of the George Floyd frogs since it could obstruct its entire body.

Because I of the sheer size of the frogs, I needed to find a cloth bag large enough to fit them in. I flashed back to a time when one of the guys who works at the cryptozoology department of Golden Nigger Corp, Andrew Burrows, retrieved Krampus Floyd's large bag that it uses to kidnap children. I quickly ran to the special artifact room to retrieve it, as the George Floyd frogs hopped after me.

Once I grabbed krampus Floyd's cloth sac, I grabbed frog food that I just remembered I got for free when I purchased the frogs from the pet store, and used it to lure the George Floyd frogs.

"Yippee! Yoohoohoo frog food croak croak yay croak ah ooga croak ah ah!" The Floyd frogs croaked in excitement as I presented them the food.

I then led the nigga frogs to the golden nigger corp relaxation lounge which has a massive hot tub. I tossed the frog food in the hot tub and once both the George Floyd frogs were in the pool, I heaved the cloth bag onto both of them at the same time and then tied the opening to seal it. I watched as the pool water began to move into the cloth bag due to osmosis.

"Ah croak sheeit!" Both of the nigga frogs chimped. "All of our breathing pores croak are croak now covered croak up! Water boarding be croak our weakness croak! Breath croak can't croak! Ah ah oh oh ribbit ribbit ooga booga croak croak!"

I knew they were pretty much dead when I began to see blood leak into the hot tub which indicated blood filled their lungs.

I am now typing this as the janitor is cleaning the entire hot tub to get rid of all the nigger pathogens. As crazy as it may sound, the Groyd meme is real.

**Do Not Use Seeds Containing the N-Word in Survival Sandbox Video Games**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Lee Murgistus. One day I wanted to replay the game Terraria for nostalgic reasons. I know it is somewhat of an unbased game because it kind of promotes race mixing when the arms dealer NPC—who is a nigger—gets into a relationship with the white nurse, but the pixelated art style brings me back good memories from way back when games weren't any more visually advanced than the game Doom.

Because I am lazy and impatient, unable to handle sitting up straight on a gaming desktop rig, I decided to download Terraria on my mobile phone. Before any of you make fun of me for being a mobile gamer, Terraria mobile is literally the same as the PC version; both of them being 1.4 the journeys end update.

I created my character, naming it after the police officer Derek Chauvin and then customized his appearance to have what resembled a police uniform. I then created a world using the seed. Of course, I will not specify exactly what seed it is for the safety of your game, but I can tell you it contains the word nigger along with a few random numbers and letters. There was also an option to choose the world's designated evil biome. If you didn't know, the evil biome is a biome that can either be crimson or corrupt, in addition to the post hardmode evil the hallow; the crimson biome being a bloody red environment and the corrupt environment being a dark meadow with purple grass. The hallow biome is a seemingly beautiful biome with cyan-colored grass and colourful trees but is filled with dangerous unicorns and pixies that will try to kill the player.

I set the world's evil to crimson because it looks cooler and world size to small. Finally, I generated it. It took a while to load, showing tooltips in the loading screen tips. I ignored them because I am not one of those niggers who doesn't even know how to advance to hard mode. I remember back in grade school when one of my classmates, a niglet, begged me to give him a spare terrablade from one of my chests full of them. He was stuck in pre eye of Cthulhu boss fight because his nigger ass couldn't dodge the eye which moved at a speed of 2 blocks per second. I bullied him for it throughout the rest of the school year until he successfully convinced his parents to move schools.

Anyway, I began my playthrough by chopping a few dozen trees, building a few rooms for prospective npcs, and mining for iron. I used those to upgrade my tools and weapons to metal tier. It wasn't great but not a bad start at all. I took a trip to the crimson biome to kill hundreds of monsters until I obtained a full set of crimson armor; each armor piece having a small chance to drop from a monster.

Now that I had a full crimson set and metal tools, I figured I might as well start fighting the Brain of Cthulhu. It is a boss that can be summoned by destroying 3 crimson hearts in the underground caves of the crimson biome. The type of stone that the caves comprised of, crimstone, is impossible to break with the iron pickaxe I had at the time, so I needed to use bombs to dig to the hearts. I luckily had a stack in my inventory from looting chests like a nigger when I was venturing to the crimson biome, so I was able to reach and destroy the 3 hearts necessary. The moment I broke the last one, an ingame message appeared at the top right of the screen; "Brain of McNutt has been summoned".

Upon reading that message, I was confused as fuck because the boss is supposed to be called Brain of Cthulhu, not Brain of McNutt. Suddenly, a familiar brain entered the screen. The pixels it consisted of patterned to be almost identical to how I remembered it back when I played Terraria as a child, except it had thick glasses. Its ingame label was "Brain of McNutt". I immediately understood it was referencing a man who died in 2020, the very year when two of the world's funniest and memeable deaths happened; the death of George Floyd and Ronnie McNutt. I guessed that the Terraria developers must have decided to do a limited time crossover event in light of Ronnie McNutts tomato suicide. Appearance was not the only thing that differentiated the Brain of McNutt from the Brain of Cthulhu, however. Instead of the usual flying creeper minions that spawns in to protect it, flying rifles that resembled the rifle Ronnie used to kill himself were the minions instead. Because of how good I am at the game, I managed to defeat the Brain of McNutt solely with my melee iron sword without getting hit a single time. Upon killing it, it exploded in pixelated blood and the Samsung Over the Horizon song played. I laughed for a brief moment before starting to collect the loot the boss drops.

I remembered that the Brain of Cthulhu is supposed to drop crimtane ore, lesser healing potions, a 5% chance at a bone rattle, a 14.28% at a Brain of Cthulhu mask, and a 10% chance at a Brain of Cthulhu trophy, however, the drops that ended up on the ground was a peculiar-looking rifle that I've never seen in

the game and a type of voodoo doll that I couldn't recognize.

If you didn't know, there are two types of voodoo dolls in the game; one of them is the guide voodoo doll which is used to summon the Wall of Flesh boss by dropping it in lava, and the Clothier voodoo doll which is used to summon the Skeletron boss. However, the one I picked up was nothing like them. It's ingame sprite appeared to be a voodoo doll of a nigger wearing a black hoodie and jeans. I picked it up, for its tooltip to appear. Highlighting it in the inventory, it was called "George Floyd toy voodoo doll". It's description read "the doll of a criminal nigger that was used as a fleshlight by Ronnie McNutt; dropped by none other than the Brain of McNutt. Use it to summon the chimp event by dropping it in a body of water to drown it". After reading it, I decided to do a quick google search of all the new things I discovered in the game that I couldn't recognize from years ago. I searched for terms such as "Brain of McNutt boss" and "George Floyd toy voodoo doll". However, nothing relevant showed up. Thinking all the new content was due to me lucking out on a seed because it contains the word nigger, I decided to play around, apprently being the first person to discover secret dark humor update content or something.

Because I wasn't sure I could handle the George Floyd voodoo doll chimp event just yet, I started by picking up and equipping the rifle that the Brain of McNutt dropped. It was called the "Rifle of McNutt" and its tooltip read "500 damage per hit; Knockback 5; critical chance 50%; use time is insanely fast; velocity 10". I got an immediate burst of excitement because those were by far the best stats of any gun in the whole game.

I played around with the rifle of McNutt for a bit, one shooting every monster. It made the game way too fucking easy with how overpowered the weapon is; and so I decided to use the George Floyd toy voodoo doll to summon the chimp event. I found the nearest body of water, which was a small lake next to the spawn zone and then dropped the George Floyd voodoo doll in it. Once it entered the water, I heard an awful gurgling noise that sounded even more grotesque than the Brain of McNutt death sound. I didn't feel and ounce of sympathy though, since it was a nigger doll anyway.

Once the sound of the George Floyd toy voodoo doll drowning ended, a purple text popped up reading "the BLM chimps are headed from the west". At the same time, a large progress bar appeared below the minimal, labelled "chimp event".

I equipped the Ronnie McNutt rifle and then aimed my crosshair to the left side of the screen. Shortly, hordes of nigger zombie variants holding BLM signs and torches could be seen. They noticed the guide first and then slaughtered him. It pissed me off because I had sentimental value for the guide even though I had only been playing on the world for a couple hours so far. I decimated all the BLM nigger zombies, perfectly getting headshots on all of them. It was a nice bloodbath as the progress bar of the chimp event approached the 100% mark. Eventually, I got the ingame notification that I had killed the 1000th BLM nigger zombie, marking the 100% milestone of the chimp event. Hundreds of silver and gold coins floated as a result, obviously being the stolen money of the BLM zombie niggers. I picked all of them up, and what was left over were piles upon piles of what looked to be dollar bills for loot. I picked them up, to see that the item was called "suspicious looking dollar bill". Its tooltip description was "used to summon the Niggatron prime boss".

I had no fear for whatever the Niggatron boss was with how easily I decimated the all mobs of the chimp event, so I used the suspicious looking dollar bill without hesitation. A monster roar audio played, a large boss health bar popped below the minimap, and one of the most unique-looking bosses I've ever seen flew into the screen. It had animations very similar to that of the regular Skeletron boss, but instead of a giant skull, it was a robotic metallic fat nigger nose, with long strands of snot as it's appendages. I began shooting at it with the rifle of McNutt. However, the bullets ended up being blocked by the snot appendages, which were apparently immune to damage. This rendered the robotic nigger nose protected from damage. This rose my heart rate because that meant I needed to use actual skill to kill this boss even with a weapon as overpowered as the rifle of McNutt.

Niggatron Prime did a sneeze attack, which shot a massive projectile snot at my character. It encompassed me into a pool of liquid snot; it was exponentially more viscous than giant bee honey and I was unable to swim out. I saw an oxygen bubble bar start to float above my character's head, indicating I couldn't breathe in it.

Eventually, I died. I respawned to find out Niggatron Prime had disappeared. Such a thing is typical; almost all Terraria bosses/mini bosses despawn when all players in a world die at once. It wasn't a big deal to me though, since I still had multiple suspicious looking dollar bills in my inventory so I could always attempt to kill Niggatron Prime again. The real question, though, was how? My McNutt rifle was borderline useless against it and once my character was trapped in its snot, there was no way to escape it. My curiosity of what the Niggatron Prime boss will drop upon killing it grew fast as, and so I needed to come up with a way to cheese it. I know, cheesing bosses is something that only low IQ niggers can do to beat the game, but keep in mind nothing on the internet discussed any of the new content I experienced so that was the me only way for me to find out without potentially smashing my phone to pieces in frustration. Even though I am generally good at video games, I rage really hard whenever I am stuck on a certain level. I remember bending my Nintendo DS in half after failing the final Bowser boss fight from Super Mario 64 one hundred times even when I used the ActionReplay cheat codes; it really made the Ultimate Bowser theme song get on my nerves for the rest of my life even though it is actually a really good soundtrack.

I had the bright idea of building a gigantic minecart railroad that spans all the way to the outer space zone. The scheme was to get Niggatron Prime to ride it; the minecart should quickly send him into the void. When its hit box overlaps the edge of the screen, it should die. Now, bosses and mobs are not able to ride on minecarts but because of the extremely unique nature of Niggatron Prime and the other batshit crazy stuff, I wouldn't be surprised if it were to be able to.

I spent the next hour mining wood and iron then crafting over a thousand railroad blocks. I then built the railroad track in a vertical zigzag manner. It took quite a while since building is a huge pain in the ass on mobile compared to the PC edition, but it was well worth it.

I used the suspicious looking dollar bill to summon Niggatron Prime once again. It quickly entered my view and so I tried my best to lure it into the railroad. Luckily, it worked; Niggatron Prime mounted onto a minecart and was launched into the zigzag pathway. I didn't have wings or jet packs at this stage of the game, so I opened the minimap to full screen to spectate the world as a whole. There I saw Niggatron Prime's boss icon being sent to outer space. Once it went beyond what I call the ozone layer of Terraria, a dialogue text from Niggatron Prime flashed in the chat box; "where is all the air in here". Niggatron Prime then reached the edge of the screen at last, causing it to get instantly crushed by the void. Its health bar instantly went to zero and shortly, it was declared defeated, along with an additional pop up text that read: "you should not have done this". I at first ignored that threatening text and went on to look for the boss' loot. However, after walking back and forth along the zone, I couldn't find any items that dropped. I was quite disappointed because even though I cheesed the hell out of the Niggatron Prime boss, it was hours of preparation to set it up in the first place. That was until another purple message appeared at the corner of the screen. It read "your world has been infected by the nigger corruption biome". Upon reading it, I zoomed out to look at the full screen minimap. My eyes scanned across it, until it landed on a chunk of the world ground which was now pitch black. There was now an additional evil biome which was not supposed to happen. A world can only be either crimson or corruption, along with hallow. I walked to that biome to see the dirt and stone was even blacker than asphalt blocks. I dug with my pickaxe to see the blocks were called "nigdirt" and "nigstone". It was truly a nigger biome. I then noticed it was spreading into the normal grass biome like how fast niggers breed like rabbits. I couldn't handle seeing it because it was so ugly and ruining the current purity of my world too rapidly. I exited it and never looked back.

I deleted that world and never typed in that seed again ever since. If you want to create a Terraria world and beat it, I don't recommend using a seed containing the word nigger because it might end up being like the one I experienced where the new evil nigger biome spreads too quickly to beat it. Perhaps, if you do, only do it to obtain the overpowered rifle of McNutt to use to destroy noobs on the public pvp servers.

**Family Goy**

By BuckFlackPeople

It seems today that all we see is violence and movies and sex on TV. Like, where are those good old fashioned values on which we, the White race, used to rely? Luckily, I'm a family guy.

My name is Ronnie McGriffin. I live at 31 Spooner Street in Quahog, Rhode Island. I have a loving family, consisting of my wife and 3 kids. I often get into crazy shenanigans that endanger the wellbeing of myself and my family, but we always end up okay and sometimes learn from my or others mistakes. I also really fucking hate niggers. This is because they are a net drain on American society through welfare and crime, they make the public schools my children attend a jungle, and worst of all, they make fun of my chin for looking like a ballsack. I remember there was this really dumbass gorilla nigger that lived across the street from me named Cleveland. His wife cheated on him with my neighbor and friend, Glenn Quagmire. Afterwards, he got a divorce and moved to Virginia, where he tried to get a reality TV show filmed about his family. However, it fell apart and he lost all his money. He took a shotgun and said, "Hey guys, I guess that's it," before blowing his head into a red paste. It reminded me of a poop I took a couple days before, nyeheheheh.

Anyway, I have a crazy story that happened to me, and my two buddies Glenn and Joe the other day. So my day was going like any other: my annoying bitch wife Lois was nagging the hell outta me, telling me to do stuff like be a responsible adult, take care of my infant son, and take out the garbage. I told her I would get to that right after I went to my favorite bar, the Drunken Clam, with my friends tonight. My daughter Meg walked in and tried to tell me that I shouldn't drink so much. I said "oh so that's how you're gonna be?" before shoving her face in my ass and farting. Meg's stupid and doesn't realize rampant alchoholism is part of our White hyperborean heritage.

I met up with the guys outside, and asked if they were ready to go drinking.

"Wait, hold on, we're waiting for the new neighbor to come out and join us, he should be coming out any minute now, " said Quagmire.

"Wait, we have a new neighbor?" I asked.

"Yeah, he moved into Cleveland's old house the other day. Moved in from Minneapolis," said Joe.

I was fine with this as I never liked Cleveland because he was black, however I never openly express my racism towards my family and friends as they are not redpilled, and I don't want them to think of me differently. We waited about 15 minutes until he finally walked out of the house, revealing a dark silhouette. He was a six foot five buck negro. As he approached, his grotesque facial features became more and more apparent. They made my ballsack chin look tame. His lips looked like Michelin tires. His nose was so large that his simple inhalation from crossing the street was enough to mess up the pile of leaves on my lawn. His dead beady eyes alone were all the proof needed to justify the idea that black people have no souls, or at least are a different species than us. He wore a tank top and loose, saggy jeans.

"Hey mane, what's good, I'm George, but my homies call me Big Floyd the Landlord, Houston Projects, the 3rd ward nigga," he said.

Now it made sense why he was late, he was a ghetto gorilla ape. We introduced ourselves and went to the clam to get to know our new neighbor. As we were on the way to the clam, I asked him how he found the house.

"Ah there's this nigga named Mort Goldman, Jewish nigga, he sold me the house," said George.

I should've known a Jew was behind George moving onto our block, as Jews work to dismantle White homogeneity in America in any way they can. We sat down in our favorite booth once we got to the bar and asked George what some of his favorite things to do were.

"Oh you know, normal nigga shit, shit like raping white bitches, robbing pregnant women, doing fentanyl, and selling cheap shitty weed, how bout you niggas?" said George as if there was nothing out of the ordinary about the situation.

We just stared at him in awe. I mean, like, how the hell do you even respond to that? We tried to play it off as a joke, especially since Joe is a cop. Even he looked a little uncomfortable. I went to the bathroom and shot Lois a text saying this guy was weird while I was in there, but she never responded. I came back to see everyone was still silent. I tried to break the awkwardness with a story about my son, Chris.

"So yesterday we're all sitting down eating dinner, and Meg was talking about how she got bullied at school that day and was thinking of killing herself, or some other dumb bullshit, who cares. Anyway, while Meg is talking, Chris just rips the fattest fart I had ever heard in my life. Like a fucking nuclear bomb, I

was surprised the windows didn't shatter. Holy crap, funniest thing I'd seen all week, you guys had to be there," I said.

George said, "Saw my home girl Nikki from South London lost her son mane, our young generation is clearly lost mane, clearly lost, like, like I don't even know what to say no more mane. Like these youngsters, going around, just bussing guns, in crowds, keeds getting keeled, and you know it's so clearly the generation after us mane that's so lost mane, you know mane...In Houston a nigga told me 'Yo young nigga truth mane' right there because he could bus a gun...man I knew I was crazy that a nigga my age saying it and condoning this shit du. Half these young niggas shooting guns go home, and they knees shaking at night, but they don't show it to nobody because, you know, they aint tough then. Like hey man...come on home man, it's gonna be you and God. You're going up or you're going down."

I just sighed and rubbed my eyes. I forgot black youths don't aspire to anything in life other than impulsive violence and petty crime. At this point, I wished I had Cleveland back. We went home after a pretty shitty night at the clam. I walked through the door not in a good mood, and my talking dog (yes, we have one of those) Brian asked what was wrong.

"Brian, the new neighbor sucks. He's completely incompatible with me and the guys. He shouldn't be here at all," I said.

"Woah Ronnie, you can't dislike someone just because they're different. That's not what Saint Martin Luther King told us. Plus, that could lead to racism, which is the worst thing in the world," said Brian

"Oh, you're right," I said, as I walked away. I forgot Brian was a liberal faggot who drives a Prius and for some reason has sex with human women, but for some reason everyone is okay with that.

I climbed into bed next to my wife, who said my name, trying to get my attention.

"Oh, you wanna talk to me now?" I said.

"Ronnie, you need to be a better father. Meg tries so hard to be a good daughter and you always mess with her. Promise me you'll try a little better from now on?"

"Maybe I was a little harsh on her. You're right, I'll try a little better," I said. "Goodnight Lois."

I fell asleep, but the next thing I knew, I was woken up by rumbling in our hallway. I used a flashlight to check the hallway. I noticed Meg's door was hanging open, which I thought was strange because she usually sleeps with her door closed in a vain attempt to keep me from farting in her room in the morning, nyeheheh. I went into her room to check if everything was okay. When I shined the flashlight in the room, what I saw was horrifying: it was George Floyd, dick out, about to rape my daughter.

"Aw come on mane, jus lemme rape dis ugly ass white bitch, please mane," said George.

I tackled him out the window, plummeting to the ground. George Floyd and I began to fight. Luckily, I am a 300 pound fatass racist Chad, and have had a lot of experience fighting due to my many battles with a giant chicken, as well as Homer Simpson that one time. I beat the shit out of George Floyd while his pants were around his ankles and his dick was hanging out.

"Ah please mane, I ain't that type of guy mane, please mane," he said as I kicked him in the head while he was in the fetal position.

I let my rage fly and said, "How dare you try to rape my daughter! I may pick on Meg, but she's my daughter and I love her. You niggers seek to violate everything Whites have built, including the peace of my home. You son of a bitch, I -"

"That's enough Ronnie," I heard a voice say from behind me. I turned around to see Joe Swanson in his police uniform, pushing his wheelchair towards me. He must have heard the commotion.

"Oh thank God, I'm so glad you're here Joe. George broke into my house and tried to rape Meg. Please take him to prison," I said.

"I'm not here for him," said Joe as he put handcuffs around my wrists. "Racism is illegal Ronnie, and I'm afraid that defending yourself from black people qualifies as racism under current law. I'm sorry Ronnie, but you're under arrest."

"Joe, you can't do this!" I said as Joe led me away from George Floyd's unconscious body towards his squad car. Just before Joe was about to put me in his squad car, I heard a female's voice from Joe's

front door. It was his pregnant wife, Bonnie.

“Joe, what’s going on?” she asked.

Right after she said that, George Floyd shot back to consciousness, and he said “Oh lala, there be a pregnant bitch right there, and she a white bitch too? I’m boutta get ooga booga with dat bitch.” George Floyd then sprinted at her like a pitbull would sprint at a small child. He grabbed her by the arm and she screamed. As they struggled, I saw a fire in Joe’s eyes ignite. It was his acceptance of his White identity, and the threat blacks pose to our society. Joe pushed his wheelchair over to them, and using his arm strength, flung himself from his chair onto George Floyd, tackling him to the ground. Joe kept George down with his weight as he threw punch after punch at George. Finally, he wrapped his limp legs around Floyd’s neck, strangling him.

George said, “Ah...shit....mane...can’t...breathe.”

But Joe was completely lost in his adrenaline. He was screaming “ROCK AND ROLL, ROCK AND ROLL, GET SOME!” as George Floyd took his last breath.

Joe got back into his wheelchair. He helped his wife and then took the handcuffs off me.

“Ronnie, I’m sorry I did that. I got so caught up trying to do my job that I lost sight of what really matters, my friends and my family. Niggers really suck, Ronnie,” said Joe Swanson.

“Thanks Joe. And yeah, they really do,” I said.

I am now writing this on my phone after joining the George Floyd Creepypastas channel. I found some stuff with the label “Golden Nigger Corp” in my son Stewie’s room, and that eventually led me to this telegram. I just wanted to tell my story, as I’m sure many others have close calls with this monster. For those of you wondering why I am recalling this story on the George Floyd Creepypasta channel even though it wasn’t really that scary, it is because 1) I don’t fucking care, and 2) niggers are a threat to White society, and therefore, inherently scary. Anyway, that’s all I got, so stay safe out there. I guess that’s it.

**The George Floyd Invader**

By Fentanyl Man

"Another wonderful day in Minneapolis", I thought to myself as I limped my way home from high-school. Just an hour earlier, I had been violently mugged by a pack of feral pavement monkeys. They beat me up pretty bad, probably broke a rib or two but I put up as best a fight as a racist chad could. In the end though, when its six groids against one, there is not much you can do. As I moped my way home, penniless and demoralized, I passed by a rundown grocery store called "Cup Foods".

Rounding the corner of the building , I heard a nasally voice call out to me, "Oy vey goy, you should not go that way!" I stopped in my tracks and whipped my head around only to see nothing behind me. I was about to continue on my way when I heard the whiny voice yelp again, "goy down here." I craned my neck down only to scream and fall back on my ass. What was before me was a dwarf of a man, standing only three feet tall. He bore the appearance of a typical jewish rabbi, complete with a black orthodox hat, a matted beard, and ugly curly hair. Of course, the jew also had an enourmous, banana-like nose, reminiscient of the happy merchant.

"What the.... who the fuck are you?", I demanded to the jew. It looked back at me with a shocked expression on its face and pointed at me with its finger. "Oy vey goy your face it's...its's horrible", the little jew stammered out. After hearing those words exit the mouth of the jew, I picked myself up onto my feet, reeled my fist back, and then socked the little jew square in the face. The little jew let out a whimper as he fell to the ground. "Oy vey its anudda shoah!", it cried out.

"Goy what did you do that for?" he questioned.

"For saying I had a horrible face you stupid jew", I responded.

"What goy? No I meant that you have some very unlucky facial features. Your facial appearance bares the sign of bad luck."

"What does that matter to you? Why don't you go back to sucking baby foreskins, ovendodger."

I turned around to continue on my way when the little jew ran infront of me and made a stop motion with his hand.

"Goy, you can't go that way", the jew whined.

Irrittaed with the bullshit, I told the jew to fuck off out of my way. He ignored my request and then proceded to introduce himself.

"Goy, my name is Kikel Von Schlomovits but you can call me Circle for short. Now listen up goy, as a member of the chosen people I have been sent by sata uh I mean God himself to protect you from danger."

My eyebrow raised as I sarcatstically nodded along to what "Circle" was saying. He continued.

"You see goy I was personally selected by God to be your gaurdian angel. I am here to steer you in the right direction and keep you out of trouble."

Hearing those words leave the mouth of "Circle" left me wondering whether or not I had recieved brain damage from those niggers that robbed me an hour earlier. I shoved the little jew out of the way and continued walking home. The jews face morphed into a panicked expression as he began screaming at me.

"You stupid goy, don't go that. Nothing but trouble lies in that direction."

"I don't care you kike!", I yelled back at Circle, "It's not like this day can get any worse."

Little did I know, my day was about to get worse. A lot worse. Just a few minutes after walking away, an enourmous convoy of all black vehicles sped down the road and stopped right on the street beside me. Several men dressed in suites and sunglasses exited a Limo and began to approach me. Sensing trouble, I turned and tried to make a run for it but my attempt was cut short as I felt the piercing of taser prong in my back. The succeding shock sent me tumbling to the ground. As I writhed in pain,one of the men, whom I now assumed to be government agents, place a sack over my head. They began dragging me away, all the while pummeling my torso with their fists and batons.

When I regained conciousness, I saw that I was being driven in what was likely the limo. In front of me sat a well-dressed man who looked to be in his late 60's. He wore a black fedora and suite. He had a bushy grey mustache as well as grey hair. To his right and his left sat two men, each of them also wearing a black suite and fedora. All three of them stared at me with an expressionless look on their faces.

"Who the fu.. what the fuck do you want from me!?", I demanded from the men. The one in the center angled his chin up. His nostrils flared a bit. He then said," You are Arthur Neggertested correct?. Seventeen years old?"

"Yeah", I responded in a concerned manner.

I noticed a small grin begin to form on the mysterious man's face.

He spoke again, "Well Arthur, you are some deep trouble." He giggled a bit at the end of his sentence. It was at that point that I assumed that the mysterious men were likely federal agents. I felt a knot tie in my stomach as every racist and antisemetic thing I had posted on telegram flashed before my eyes. Sweat poured down my face as I pleaded with the men to just let me go home. To that, the man in the middle smugly responded, " Why that is exactly where we are going, Arthur." For the rest of the ride, everyone sat in silence. I twiddled my fingers to pass the time and to keep my anxiety at bay.

After around fifteen minutes, the limo came to a stop.

"We are here", the mysterious man said. As I exited the limo, I was surprised to see a crowd surrounding my house. News vans, armed soldiers, and reporters littered the street. I was escorted by the men to my front door. As it opened, I was relieved to be greeted by my long term girlfriend, Sarah. She immedietly threw her arms around me and began sobbing into my shoulder.

"Arthur, I was so worried. Have you seen the news?", She cried.

"No. I haven't had the chance to. What's going on? Why is there a crowd outside my house?"

Sarah looked at me with deep concern in her eyes. She then told me that it would be best if I figured out for myself. I walked into my front door and in my hallway I met up with my parents. They looked quite upset. My mom was sitting on the ground, crying into her hands. My father stood motionless, his eyes wide. "Dad, what the hell is going on?." In response to my question, my father simply pointed his

finger towards the living room.

I promptly walked into the living room. After seeing what lay before me, I nearly had a heart attack. Standing in the middle of the room was a giant, shit-colored, gelatinous mass of a humanoid. The being resemmbled a massive beachball. It wore a yellow, tiger-striped jumpsuit. On its head was green, slicked back hair. Two yellow, cone-like horns also stuck out from the sides of its head. From its bottom and sides, two stubby arms and legs portuded. The being's face was hideous as well, having the typical appearance of an overweight coon. Rather than having normal teeth, the top incisors were long and sharp, similar to a chimpanzee's.

As soon as the being saw me, it began to grin. I screamed and ran to the door only to be caught by the mysterious man and his goons.

"Where do you think you're going, Arthur?", the mysterious man said in a smug voice, "You can't just leave the guest of the hour here." The men dragged me back into the living room and sat me in front of the beachball shaped negro mass. The thing stared back at me with a shit-eating grin on its face. It then introduced to itself to me.

"SHiiiiiiiiieeeeeeeeet mayne wut be going on and shit cracka? Eye ma keep it straight with ya mayne. We be da Floydie Aliens from Planet Floydieboshi and shiieet. Personally, I be Mista Floydie, da kang of ma world. Ya see cracka, we came to yo planet to conquer it cause it be havin dat gud oxygen an sheeeit."

"Alright, well what's that have to do with me?", I asked.

"Well cracka, we Floydie aliens like ta do thangz a bit different than yo planet. When we conquer a planet, we don't outright take it but we play a little game. We call it da game of da floydie but ta yall crackas it be called tag and shit."

"Ok, where exactly do I fit in with this? And what kind of tag?"

"yah see cracka, we got a computer dat randomly selected a niggy on dis planet. You just happenned ta be da lucky cracka mayne."

"Unlucky", I thought to myself.

Mr. Floydie continued, " As fo how dis game be exactly, well mayne, you will find out fo yo self in a bit as soon as yo opponent gets here."

"My opponent?", I responded.

To that, Mr. Floydie just laughed.

It was then that I felt and heard a loud rumbling coming from outside. Sarah rushed into the living room and we both looked out the window. Hovering in the sky, was an enourmous spaceship. To put this things size into perspective, it had to have at least been as long as the island of Manhattan and as wide as Breonna Taylor. Sarah and I watched in disbelief as the spacecraft approached my house. Once the spacecraft stopped over my house, a yellow laser show out from the underside hit my roof. The ensuing explosion sent Sarah and I flying back into the wall. As I recovered from the blast, I saw that the ceiling of the living room had caved in on itself. When the dust finally settled, I was greeted by an absolutely ergegious sight.

Standing in the center of the room, was a figure, at least six feet tall. It was almost nude, with the only thing covering it being a tiger-striped bikini, which appeared to be made out of some kind of cloth material. On the crotch region of the undergarments, there was a very noticable bulge. The figure's physique was extremely muscular, with bullish muscles present on every part of its body. Accompanying those muscles was skin that was as black as coal. Long, green hair flowed from the figure's head down to its lower back. Two small, yellow, cone-like horns portruded from the corners of its skull. Worst of all, perhaps, were the figure's facial features. Gigantic lips that resembled two rotten bananas ballooned out from underneath the the mushroom shaped nose. The nostrils were as large as the moon and the eyes looked like two black holes. Jutting out from the upper jaw were two vampire-like fangs, similar to Mr. Floydie's.

After obeserving the figure, I came to a shocking realization. The figure looked exactly like the deceased criminal nigger, George Floyd. My jaw hit the floor as it walked towards me.

"Hey yo mayne, I be da George Floyd Invader and shiiieeet but you can call me Flum fo short.", the figure said. Mr. Floydie walked over to Flum and began to speak.

"so mayne, dis here be ma lovely daughter, flum and shieet. she gon a be yo opponent fo dis game we gonna be havin."

I stood there, my breath completely robbed from me. A million questions raced through my head. How could there be an alien race that resembled George Floyd? Were there more alien races that were based off of dead niggers? How could that "thing" be considered female even though it looked exactly like a male?

Actually, that last question could easily be answered. Considering that this race of aliens was clearly based off of niggers, it only made sense that the females would look practically identical to the males. After all, niggers have the least amount of sexual dimorphism between all the other races. If you don't know what sexual dimorphism is, it is basically the amount of non-sexual anotomical differences between the male and female sexes. This means that negroid females are objectively the most unattractive out of all the other races as they look no different than their men. But I digress.

"Aight Flum, tell dis cracka what he gon be do in", Mr. Floydie said.

Flum looked at me and then explained the game of the Floydie. "So cracka here be da rules and shiiet. You gotta get dat knee of yo's on ma neck within ten days othawise we floydie aliens gonna steal da earth's oxygen supply an sheeeiiiiiit."

"Anything else as for rules go?", I asked Flum.

"nah nigga, ya just have ta get yo knee on ma neck befo time runs.", she responded.

The Mysterious Man walked over to me. "So Arthur, do you accept the challenge? Will you be Earth's saviour?", he asked.

"yah cracka will ya accept our offer in shiiieet?"

I was at a loss for words. On one hand, I wanted to be the Aryan chad that defeated the Floydie nigliens. But on the other hand, I had a very bad feeling about what was to come. I was about to voice my dissaproval to the man and the aliens when I noticed Sarah out of the corner of my eye. She smiled at me and encouraged me to go along. Knowing that my girlfriend was sticking up for me filled me with enough courage to accept.

"Alright, I accept. When and where will we do this?", I told them.

"The game will begin tommorrow, just outside Cup Foods", the mysterious man said, "thank you for helping save the earth, boy."

Just then, the crowd outside my house poured in. I was bombarded by news reporters, civilians, and military personell. They all sent wave after wave of questions my way. I tried to answer them all as best I could.

After the crowd had cleared out and everyone went home, I headed upstairs into my room. Once there, I laid my head on my pillow and then contemplated about everything that had happened. All the bad luck, the interesting characters I had the misfortune of meeting, the game of the Floydie. I just couldn't shake the feeling the feeling that something was going to go horribly wrong tommorrow. I looked over to my nightstand and saw that my clock read 3 A.M. Knowing what I would have to do tommorrow, I shut my eyes and went to sleep.

The next morning, I awoke at seven. As soon as I was up, I ate breakfast, took a shower, and got dressed. For my outfit, I simply wore a sleeveless sports shirt and some jogging shorts. On the back of my shirt, read my name and the number eighty-eight. I then left the house and made my way to the competition site.

When I arrived at Cup Foods, I saw a great crowd, even bigger than the one at my house. Hundreds, if not, thousands of people littered the sidealks. On top of that, news reporters, helicopters, and soldiers were everywhere. It was obvious that this was going to be broadcast live, likely to the whole world. As I got ready into my starting position, I looked back to the crowd to see Sarah and my good friend, Four-eyes, cheering me on.

If you are wondering why I have a friend named "Four-eyes", his real name is Ronnie Mcnutt. He was a completely cucked soyboy whose ex girlfriend, Equinox Autumn , cheated on him with a nigger. Ronnie Mcnutt had a large bushy beard and wore a pair of oversized glasses, which made him look like a total nerd. Hence the name, Four-eyes. In spite of his complete cucky nature, Four-eyes had been my friend since grade school and I still cared for him.

I scanned over the crowd and noticed a few more familiar faces. I saw my parents, the mysterious men, Mr. Floydie, as well as the little jew, "Circle". I got the creeps when I saw "Circle". He stared back at me with a nefarious smile and he rubbed his hands together, like a typical jew.

I looked back to the street, where in the center, stood the George Floyd Invader. It stared me down, with a smile on its face. My stomach twisted into knotts and I felt an overwhelming sense of dread flush over me. Something just wasn't right about this whole situation. I thought back to "Circle" and what he told me the day before.

Just then, an announcer walked into the street. Using a microphone, which was hooked up to several loudspeakers in the area, he began to announce the start of the game.

"Ladies and Gentlemen!! The game of the Floydie is about to commence. The fate of our very world depends on the outcome of this whole event. For all those who have for some reason, failed to remember what this game is all about, let me refresh your memory."

The announcer pointed his finger at me.

"Mr. Neggertested here must get his knee on Flum's neck within ten days. If he fails to do so, the Earth's oxygen will be stolen by the Floydie aliens."

He then pulled out a track pistol. I knew we were about to start. I quickly pulled myself into one of those poses that a professional track runner does before they start running. Legs back, arms forward on the ground, and back straight.

"Now get ready!", the announcer shouted as he raised the pistol towards the sky. I prepared myself and waited in agony for the sound of the gun firing.

"START!!!"

The pistol let out a bang and I wasted no time in darting towards Flum. I ran as fast as I could and it wasn't long before I was halfway towards Flum. It was then that I noticed something strange. Rather than running away, Flum simply stood there. She reached into her bra and pulled out a small white pill which she then crushed and snorted up her nostrils.

I watched in horror as the George Floyd Invader began to fly into the air, making a strange wave-like sound as she did so.

"Are you kidding me?!!" I screamed out, "I didn't know you could fly. No fair!"

"Hee Hee Hee mayne, ya should have done yo research and sheeit cracka", Flum said back, giggling as she did it. Flum then flew away. It was at that point that I realized just how fucked Earth was. There was no way in hell I'd ever be able to catch Flum, considering she had the ability to fly. Still, I wasn't just going to give up that easily. As White man, it was my duty to fight against the odds. Plus I still had Sarah on my mind.

I took off after Flum, not stopping for anything. I ran, and ran, and ran, and ran. Hours flew by. My legs burned. I tried my hardest to catch the Floyd Invader. No matter what I did, however, she always slipped by my grasp. Soon, the sun was setting. I saw Flum float to the ground. She stuck her tongue out in an attempt to mock me. Seeing a chance for victory, I dashed towards her. Unfortunately, that nigger actually had a plan. Just as I lunged towards her, she flew away, leading me to smash face-first into a telephone pole.

As I was being carried away to the ambulance on the stretcher, Sarah accompanied me. The last thing I was saw just before I passed out was the little jew, Circle, laughing maniacally in the street.

Day two was not much better. It started off promising.I had brought a vaulting pole with me. As soon as the game began, I took off once again after Flum. When she started to fly into the sky, I used my vaulting pole to jump after her. I soared up into the sky and reached my hand out to grab her foot. My grip missed by mere centimeters, leaving me to fall twenty feet down to the concrete. Once again, the day

ended as I was carried away to the hospital.

And so this cycle would continue for the coming days. The race would start, I would try my hardest to catch Flum, then I would be injured in some way, leaving me to forfeit the day. I tried everything to win. The mysterious men even supplied me with an experimental jetpack on one day. Unfortunetly, as I tried to use it, the pack overheated and exploded, leaving me yet again enroute to the hospital. If the federal government had spent billions of tax-payer money on funding jetpack research instead of welfare for sub-human shitskins and Israel, then maybe I could have won that day.

The fifth day came. After losing and being sent to the emergency room, I decided to check the news in my hosipital room. The first thing I saw was an interview of Flum and Mr. Floydie.

"Heee heee heee, you crackas gone a lose. time be halfway up already. may as well jus give up mayne" , Mr. Floydie gloated, "da game be clearly lost mayne, clearly lost." Both him and Flum began to cackle. I knew those fuckers were taunting me.

It was on the ninth day that my luck finally began to change. As I was facing off against Flum, a pregnant women from the crowd of spectators tripped out onto the street. Flum noticed this and immediatly became googly-eyed.

"Oooh laa laa, uh pregant bitch. I need dat belly mayne", Flum stated excitedly. She immediatly flew down to the ground and began to approach the pregnant woman. Understandibly, the woman began to scream. Seeing an opportunity, I rushed towards Flum. The pregnant woman rushed away, however, and Flum promptly flew back into the sky. I landed face-first into the street.

"OOOOGAAA BOOOGA, you cracka. ya scared away dat pregnant bitch and now I don't be gettin dat belly. I be horny as shieet now mayne and eye ma go back to ma space crib and bust a fat one" , Flum said. She then sailed off towards the spaceship in the sky, leaving me below.

I began to sob on the pavement. Tommorow was the last day and I blew my only shot at victory just moments earlier.

Hours later, I was back home laying in bed when I heard my doorbell ring. I was approaching my front door when I passed by my living room, where my parents were watching TV.

"Tommorow is the last day of the game. Arthur Neggertested has failed so far. His expected chances of sucess are virtually zero at this point. There have been rumors spreading throughout his neighborhood that he will be lynched like a dirty nigger for failing in his tasks", the news reporter on the T.V. stated. My mom and dad cried in response. I carried on moping towards the door.

When I opened it, my mood was slightly improved as I was greeted by "Four-eyes" and Sarah. I let them and started to walk them to my room when the doorbell rung again. I opened it to this time be met with the sight of Circle.

"Hey goy. How's it going? I just wanted to check on you as tommorow is the last day of the game", he said as he rubbed his hands.

"Fuck off little jew, I don't want to talk to you now", I said back. I then picked up the midget, stuck my foot up his ass, and punted him across the street. Since Circle was a midget kike who weighed like 80 pounds, he soared through the air like a football.

"OOOOOYYYYY VEEEEEEEYYYYY!!!", he cried out.

I returned to Four-Eyes and Sarah and we continued on to my room.

Once there, we all began to talk about my current progress in relation to the game.

"Oh, it's hopeless. I'll never be able to defeat Flum and the Floydie aliens. Earth is doomed and I'm the one who will be blamed", I moaned as I buried my head into my bed.

"Well, Arthur, I don't mean to be a defeatist but I'd have to say you're right. I guess this is gonna be it for us and the earth", Four-Eyes spoke in his soyboy voice.

Sarah then slapped and berated him. He retreated into his hands with tears in his eyes.

"You idiot of course he's going to lose if you talk like that. Why are you saying things like that anyway? We came here to encourage him. Afterall if he loses, everyone on Earth is likely to die, inlcuding us."

Four-Eyes muttered an apology in response.

I picked my head up and smiled at Sarah. She always knew how to cheer me up. Of course it wasn't long before I realized how severe of a situation I was in and I sunk my head back into my pillow.

"Oh come on man, don't be like that", Four-Eyes uttered , "You're the kind of guy who could take on anything and succede if they put their mind to it. Besides this task you're up to is nothing. When my girlfriend cheated on me with Tyrone, I didn't even cry one-."

Four-Eyes was slapped once again by Sarah.

"First of all you cried like a little bitch after your girlfiend cheated on you with that basket-ball american. Second of all, if you aren't gonna say something that will encourage him, then fuck off out of here!", Sarah reprimanded Four-Eyes.

She then turned to me, placing her hand upon my shoulder. She then spoke words which I could not ever imagined her saying.

"Arthur. We have been together forever. From friends on the playground to boyfriend and girlfriend today. If you win the game of the Floydie, I will tie the knot forever. I will marry you. So please, win."

She then kissed me softly on the cheek. I was at a complete loss for words. The blood rushed to my face and I felt as if I would pass out at any moment.

Soon after, Four-Eyes and Sarah went home. Motivated by what Sarah had told me, I began to devise a plan to win the game. I paced for hours and hours, deep into the night, trying to think of someway to outsmart Flum. It was then that I remembered what I had seen Flum do earlier in the day and thought of a genius plan to win. I immediatly set out to work, preparing for the final day.

The next morning, I awoke and readied myself for the game. I put on my usual track outfit as well as a trenchcoat, wish I was using to conceal what I had made. I then set off for Cup Foods.

I stood in my starting position, staring down Flum. The monstrosity looked back at me, puzzled expression on her face.

"Cracka wut you be lookin at in sheeit. You be pissin me off mayne. Once eye win i'm finna smoke yo ass", The George Floyd Invader angrily declared.

The announcer began to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Today is the final day. If Arthur fails to get his knee on Flum's neck by sundown, then the Earth and its oxygen supply will be lost forever. May God have mercy on us all."

He then pulled out the track pistol, raised it into the air, and fired. Rather than pointlessly running after Flum, I simply stood there motionless. The crowd began to boo.

"WHAT!", the announcer screamed, "HERE WE ARE, FATE OF THE WORLD AT STAKE, AND THIS MOTHERFUCKER IS JUST GOING TO STAND THERE, NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD??!!! WE ARE DEFINITELY GONNA TURN THIS PRICK INTO A MISSISIPEE WIND CHIME BEFORE THE FLOYDIE STEAL ALL OF OUR OXYGEN!!!"

"Yeah mayne, why you be standin dere like dat and shiiiet? don't you gone uh be chasin after me mayne?" Flum proclaimed, eyeing me down she did so. It was at that moment that I decided to put my plan into action. Without hesitation, I ripped open my trench coat to reveal a fake pregnant belly that I had constructed the previous night.

The George Floyd Invader went stiff. Her eyes widended. A boner grew from "her" crotch region. Saliva began to drool from her hippo-sized lips.

"ohhh. laaaaaah. LAH MAYNE!!!! PREGNANT BELLY I NEED DAT BELLY GIBS ME DAT BELLY MAYNE", Flum excitedly vocalized.

She then took off like a rocket towards me, animalistic lust observable on her face. Just as she was about to reach me, I dodged out of the way, grabbed her horns, and swung her into the ground.

"Ouch mayne dat hurt", sqealed Flum. With her on the ground, I wasted no time in dropping my knee on her neck.

"Awwww shit. Knee on ma neck. I can't breathe. Momma momma please. I'm not a bad guy mayne, not dat type uh guy mayne!", she cried out.

"Yes. Now I can get married!", I vocalized.

The crowd went wild, the cheers as loud as a sheboon at a movie theater.

"HE'S DONE IT. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ARTHUR NEGGERTESTED HAS SUCCESSFULLY LANDED HIS KNEE ON FLUM'S NECK. EARTH IS SAVED", the announcer roared.

It wasn't long before I was swarmed by dozens of news anchors, who all began to bombard me with questions. I looked around to see Sarah in the crowd. She was smiling and walking towards me. Rathar than being relaxed, however, I realized that the same "bad" feeling that enveloped me at the start of the game was now returning. I looked back at Flum to see that she had recovered and was now staring at me. A feral and agitated expression had formed on her face.

"OOOGA BOOGA YAH RAYCIS CRACKA EN SHIIEEEET MAYNE!!!!", Flum verbalized as she pounded her chest like a silverback gorrilla.

I started observing around me and noticed that the other Floydie aliens in the crowd looked pissed as well. Mr. Floydie looked absolutely livid.

"OOOOGA BOOGA!!! OOOHH AAHHH AHHH", he screamed, "YOU MUH FUGGAS WEREN'T SUPPOSE TO WIN AND SHIT. WE WERE SUPPOSE TO TAKE DAH EARTHS OXYGEN MAYNE. NOW WE GON TAKE WUT BE OURS ANYWAY CAUSE WE KANGZ AND SHIIET!!"

It was then that a chimpout of enourmous proportions occured. The Floydie aliens began to attack everyone, using their advanced weaponry to vaporize those in the crowd. Hundreds of people panicked and ran away.

To be honest, I wasn't really that surprised. Niggers are notorious for rennegging on deals if they don't go there way.

I took off after Sarah. If we were to die, we would die together. It wasn't long before I met her along with Four-Eyes in the crowd.

"What the fuck is going on? I thought you won", Four-Eyes yelped out.

"Those mother fucking jungle aliens betrayed us like the stench monkeys they are", I told him.

"I guess this is it then."

"Arthur. I'm sorry things didn't go as planned but I still love you and I want to spend our last moments together" Sarah added in.

Suddenly, a Floydie Alien holding some kind of shotgun noticed us. It ran up to us, pointed its gun, and fired. It missed Sarah and I but hit Four-Eyes right in the face, causing his head to explode. Both of us were splattered with gore. What was left of Four-Eye's face was a mushy, red paste that ressembled a smashed watermelon. Four-Eye's lifeless body crumpled to the ground.

I grabbed Sarah's hand and sprinted with her to the nearest hiding place I could find. Across the road, was a seemingly abandoned van. As we approached, I saw that the van had strange writing on the side of it. There was a logo that consisted of a red "A" with a fork stabbed through it. There was writing that accompanied the logo as well. It red "A One catering." Ignoring the strange symbols, I opened up the doors of the back of the van and climbed in, hoisting Sarah up with me. Once I slammed the doors shut, we turned around only to realize that the van was not abandoned at all. Sitting on a sleeping bag one van floor, was balding, middle-aged, methhead who looked exactly like Trevor from the video game, Grand Theft Auto V. He was one his phone, rambling about complete non-sense.

"Hey man, listen man. i told yall I would do guests in a minute. Let me finish this beer first. hey faggits stop fucking doxxing me its cause of you faggity cocksuckers that I'm homeless living in this fucking van. Yall ruined my life, every one of you!", "Trevor" whined.

He started crying only to finally notice us sitting behind him.

"Oh shit what the fuck are you doing in my fucking van bro? I aint got no money man aint got no money man." he stated, a terrified look on his face.

I explained myself to him and informed him of the current situtation. Upon hearing me, "Trevor" went bug-eyed for a second only to return to his normal face.

"Alright bro, make yourself at home here. It's pretty lonely without my gay, black, boyfriend here man." he stated.

"Trevor" then went back to doing what ever he was doing on his phone, presumably livestreaming to some audience.

Sarah and I began to relax when we realized just how disgusting the van actaully was. Dozens of empty beer cans littered the floor, along with several gay porn mags and a few meth pipes. There was a horrible stench wafting through the van as well. It reminded me of what fermenting shit would stink like. I looked around to find a red and white beer cooler that had a piece of tape on teh top. On the tape, there was a message that red , "Oddkast Chocolate." The terrible aroma seemed to be originating from the cooler. I opened it only to recoil back in disgust at what was in it. The cooler was filled to the brim with literal fecal matter.

Fed up with the state of the van, I grabbed Sarah and busted out of the back doors. Unfortunetly, we were met face to face with Mr. Floydie and Flum.

"OH SHIT!!", I instinctively swore out.

We tried to run away but we were siezed by several Floydie Aliens. They brought me rigth up to Flum and Mr. Floydie. Rather than being angry, however, they both looked rather upbeat. I then noticed that the violence outside had completely stopped. No aliens were harming anyone now.

Flum stared me right in the eyes, She blushed as she did so and put her hand on her cheek seductively.

"Ayo mayne. I'm uh keep it real witch yah. I did sum thinking and I think I'm ma take you up on dat proposal. I will marry yo ass and shiieet mayne", Flum giggled.

"Whaa....WHAT!!!", Sarah and I collectively yelled out.

"Yah niggy. If yo marry muh sweet baby girl and have dem cute mixed race babies ta getha , we won't be stealin da earth's oxygen in sheeeiiit mayne", Mr. Floydie added.

I wondered why Flum thought I had proposed to her when I remembered what I had excitedly proclaimed as I won the game.

"Yes! Now I can get married."

My heart sunk into my bowels. I was about to explain to them that I didn't actually propose to Flum when the little jew, Circle, ran up and began to declare to the crowd that I proposed to Flum.

"AHHH the young and heroic Arthur Neggertested has decided, in order to save earth, to sacrifice himself and marry Flum!!!", he voiced.

I was immediatly surrounded by dozens of reporters, each asking me questions.

"Is it true that you have agreed to marry Flum?"

"Will you move away to Planet Floydieboshi?"

"You do realize that Flum is anatomically male correct sir?"

I tried my best to expain my truth but the reporters just wouldn't shut up. I then heard something that made my heart sink further.

"Congratulations to Arthur Neggtertested on his marraige to Flum. This is greatest goodwill marraige in history. Now our two people will exist in the galaxy, in complete harmony."

The crowds roared in excitement. I looked around to see Circle rubbing his hands, a giant shit-eating smile on his face. I wanted to strangle that little bastard so badly. I started approaching him only to be grabbed by Flum. She hugged me close and said, "OOOH LA LA mayne, i'm so excited and shit. we gone be married mayne and we gon have dem cute mixed race babies together and shiiiieeet. Know wut eye be sayin mayne?". I tried my very hardest to pry myself from Flum's grasp but the ape-like strength of the buck nigger was too much.

I turned my head to see Sarah with tears in her eyes. She looked absolutely devastated. I tried to call out to her.

"Sarah I-", but my sentence was cut short as she slapped me across the face.

"YOu fucking cheat!!! After all we've been through you decide to marry that ugly, feral beast???!!. I'm done with you, you racemixing fucking traitor. I hope you have a nice marraige with that ape, PRICK!!!", Sarah thundered.

She then stormed off, head in hands, away into the crowd. I tried to call out to her again only to be interupted by Flum.

"Did you just try an cheat on me cracka? I won't be standin fo dat mayne. If yah cheat on me, I will get yah with ma fentanyl electricity and shiiiiet"

"Your fentanyl electri-", my sentence was once again cut short as agonoizing pain filled my body. I started violently convulsing and I collapsed onto the ground. I was being electrcuted by Flum's "fentanyl electricity."

"OOOH LA LA , you be such a doll and shit mayne. We gon be happy ta getha fo evva mayne", Flum cackled. She then hugged me tightly as I layed motioness on the street.

Two weeks have passed since my "marraige" to Flum and my life has become a living hell. Flum has moved into my room and harrases me everyday for purple drank, money, and fried chicken. My nights have been sleepless as everytime I try to rest, Flum comes out and attempts to get my belly.

Anytime I make an attempt to communicate with anyone that isn't Flum, she zaps me with her agonizing "fentanyl electrcity." As a result I have lost all my friends. The only friend that I may have still been able to interact with would have been Four-Eyes but he was ended on the tenth day of the game of the Floydie via shotgun blast.

Worst of all, though, is that Sarah has completely ghosted me. She ignores my calls, texts, emails, letters. I've tried explaining the whole situtation to her, the fact that I didn't intentionally marry Flum. Sarah just refuses to listen, however. To make matters worse, recently a handsomen, billionaire named Mendo transferred to my school. Sarah and him have started dating, completely cucking me.

What has transpired over the past few weeks has left me completely depressed. So much so that I have recently acquired a shotgun that I plan on using to end my life. I will be livestreaming my death on Facebook Live. In fact, I am now writing this just before I start my livestream. Think of this as some kind of suicide note.

Moral of the story, never make or accept any deals with niggers as they will always one eighty on it as soon as they lose. Also, always make sure that you announce your intentions clearly, otherwise you might find yourself in a shitty situation, one that you could have easily avoided.

One more thing. Fuck Kikes, Fuck Spics, Fuck Trannies, Fuck soyboys, Fuck femninists, Fuck race traitors, Fuck chinks, Fuck Fags (not literally as that is gay), and most importantly of all,

FUCK NIGGERS!!!!!!

**The George Floyd Lego**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Darius and I am a lego enthusiast. Throughout my childhood, my parents would buy me big ass lego sets for me to build and my obsession never stopped even as I grew older. One of my biggest dreams came true when I was accepted a job as a Lego Land supervisor. I know it may seem like a lame job, but to me, it's all fine. It gets the bills paid and as a bonus, the HR department of lego land doesn't do social media screens so they don't know I am a based racist chad and in this day and age, it is impossible to get a job as a known racist. I have had this job for the past decade so far and in that timespan, I never got tired of it. However, a recent experience on the job caused me to lose my position and I will tell you how it happened.

It all started on a friday when I was doing the usual task of my shift: walk around the park to ensure everything is going as intended, especially watching out for any nigger who is too fat to go on the rides, similar to Tyre Sampson.

I was going about my job when I noticed a spastic-looking nigger in the corner of my eye. I turned to face him and saw that he had just walked out of the lego star wars gift shop. The odd thing was, he was carrying a large book that he bought from the gift store, called the Lego Star Wars minifigure encylopedia. But that wasn't the real weird part. What caught my attention was he was on the page that featured the princess leia minifigure and the part of the page that contained the princess leia minifigure's belly was ripped out. *What a weird ass nigger*, I thought.

I am a man who finds niggers to be some of the weirdest subhumans in the planet, so I subconsciously followed that nigger because I was curious about his strange treatment toward that lego star wars minifigure encyclopedia, like a safari documentary narrater following a pack of lions.

The nigger walked as if he was high on opioids, and eventually, walked to the mega lego bucket exhibit. For those of you who don't know, there is a big ass twenty-foot-tall bucket full of lego bricks that people can visit to buy whatever specific lego piece they desire, whether it be a simple four by four brick to a very specific 2010 lego power miners rock golem figure. It was one of my favourite exhibits in lego land.

The nigger that I was watching then eyeballed the bucket and then he flapped his hands excitedly.

"Yippee! Yoohoohoo so many legos in there, imma jump on them!" the nigger said, then took advantage of his tall stature to climb up the giant lego bucket with ease and then jumped in.

Upon landing in the ocean of lego bricks, the nigger instantly began struggling to keep himself at the surface, his head barely peeking above the pieces.

"Ah shieet, I shouldn't have jumped in," he cried out. "Somebody please help me up!"

Even though I have an intense hatred toward coons, I proceeded to attempt to help the nigger out of the giant bucket of lego bricks because the manager of lego land could potentially fire me if I didn't and I am already struggling to pay rent. I helped myself to the rim of the bucket and then tried to reach my arm for the nigger to grab it. However, he was too panicked to even notice it.

"Awe fuck I'm too claustrophobic," he chimped and then started to flail his arms and legs like an autistic chimpanzee.

"Grab my hand for fucks sake you fucking nigger!" I shouted, already losing my patience.

"I can't mayne."

As he continued to do his spastic body movements, it made matters much much worse because it actually ended up causing him to sink into the sea of legos even more. Not too long after, his head was completely submerged and I could hear a faint muffled voice saying, "awe shit I can't breathe in the swarm of lego pieces." Immediately, I pulled out my walkie-talkie to call the emergency security team. I told them about the entire situation and that I tried everything I could.

"We will be there in ten minutes," the chief security guard replied.

*Drats*, I thought. The nigger is definitely going to suffocate to death before they arrive.

Sure enough, 8 minutes and 47 seconds passed and I stopped hearing the nigger struggle. It was at that moment I was certain he was now dead.

The security eventually arrived. Part of me was worried that they would consider my efforts to help the nigger out of the giant bucket of lego bricks inadequate and report me to the CEO of lego land, but I figured that if I keep my cool and explain how much of the nigger's death was out of my control, they would forgive me.

"I think he is dead since I no longer hear him struggling," I said. "I tried to reach my arm as far into the giant bucket of lego bricks as I could, but he simply would not cooperate and grab it even though he was more than capable of reaching it since he is approximately six foot five in height."

"I see," the lead officer began. "We will request a crane to scoop out all the bricks to hopefully find his body. In the best-case scenario, he is still alive but unconscious. In the worst-case scenario, he is dead and we are going to have to hope his family doesn't sue us."

The lead security officer pulled out his phone and called the construction team to request a crane job. After he was done, he put his phone back in his pocket and told me they will take a few hours to set up the crane and arrive here. I was tasked to stay on-site so that I could answer any potential questions coming

from the construction team. It was almost the end of my shift, so that meant I was going to have to stay which I really hated because it meant wasting my time all because a nigger was too retarded to not jump into a ten-foot-tall bucket of lego pieces and drown in it.

Once my actual shift was over, I went over to the lego land arcade room to play some of the lego city video games, playing as the police and arresting lego niggers. Even though it was nowhere near as fun as playing Black Lives Splatter, it was sufficient to keep me occupied.

I finally began to hear a loud engine sound coming from the front entrance of the park and I knew it was the construction team driving the crane. I turned off the lego city video games and then headed over to the giant lego bucket exhibit to meet them. I arrived there before them and had to wait a good while more because cranes are as slow as a swimming nigger. Once they arrived, I described what the nigger looked like in detail, telling them about his disgusting fat nose and lips, to help them find his corpse among the hundreds of thousands of lego bricks more easily. After that, the crane driver began steering the position of the crane claw grabber and then used it to dig away at the lego bricks. He dropped each pile of bricks onto the pavement next to the giant bucket. As he did, I noticed that a disproportionate number of lego bricks were the color dark brown. And when I say disproportionate, I mean it. I was as disproportionate as the nigger crime statistic. The crane drive didn't seem to notice it, however, since he was so busy searching for the nigger's corpse.

Soon enough, the entire behemoth of a bucket was empty at last, with not a single nigger found.

"Are you sure he didn't actually manage to escape?" the crane driver questioned me.

"I am certain he should still be in the bucket, dead," I said. "Maybe the moving lego pieces ground his body into dust."

I knew my explanation was very stupid since there is no way those lego pieces could decompose an entire six-foot-five two hundred and twenty-three-pound buck nigger's body in less than a day. We took one last peek into the bucket, still seeing no corpse, and then the crane drive began putting all the lego bricks back into it.

My mental energy instantly shifted back to the worry that I could get fired from my supervisor position due to a false death report, because the crane driver kept giving me angry glances presumably for wasting his time searching for the dead niggers body. It took every bit of me not to rant about how dumb niggers are, but as a lego land employee, that is the last thing I want to do out loud.

After the crane driver was finished, it was already midnight and he drove away, leaving me in the darkness. My body was practically frozen, puzzled and confused to where that dead niggers body went. It was then, I remembered the disproportionate number of dark brown Lego bricks that I saw when the crane driver dug the all the bricks out of the giant bucket. They precisely matched the skin color of that dead big ass nose nigger. Chills went down my spine, as it seemed like a very striking coincidence to me. Little did I know, it was no coincidence.

All of a sudden, I swore I heard movement amongst the Lego bricks in the bucket. At first, I thought it was my imagination since it was midnight and I was so mentally exhausted. However, I heard it again soon after and it was loud enough to decipher itself from imaginary noise. I decided to investigate the inside of the bucket to see what the hell was causing it. I peeked above the rim, to see that pretty well all of the surface-level Lego bricks were now dark brown. I vividly remember seeing them uniformly distributed when I watched the crane driver moving the piles of Lego pieces, so it was odd. I figured that my mind was fucking with me so I decided to turn back and drive home. But as soon as I looked to the opposite direction of the bucket, I heard a demonic voice from behind.

"Hee hee hee, I'm back alive!"

I turned back to see a very terrifying thing that will haunt me forever. It was a giant brown mass of legos, connected to one another to form a 20-foot sculpture of that nigger who drowned in the bucket.

"I am Lego Floyd and I must breathe in Lego pieces!" It boomed.

Lego Floyd looked around the vast area of Lego land, searching. It was obviously seeking Lego bricks to breathe in. It's eyes that are by default black and beady expanded in size when it noticed a giant Lego Princess Leia sculpture.

"Oh la la, that Lego Princess Leia from Star Wars sculpture got dat nice belly" Lego Floyd beamed with excitement.

Lego Floyd started stomping toward it, leaving behind residual Lego pieces as its feet trampled the ground hard. Once Lego Floyd stood right in front of the Lego Princess Leia sculpture, it proceeded to open its big lipped mouth which was made of pink sloped bricks, and then breathed in the pieces that comprised the belly portion of the princess Leia sculpture.

"Yummy yum!" Lego Floyd exclaimed."

I knew that if Lego Floyd destroys all the Lego sculptures, I could be the one blamed for it since I was the only person in Lego land right at that moment, so I needed to find a way to stop Lego Floyd before too much damage is done. Knowing it was simply a magical moving model made of pure legos, the first thing I did was go up to Lego Floyd was he vigorously searched for another mega lego sculpture and then used my fist to punch its leg as hard as I could. I expected its leg to shatter, however, it didn't budge at all. All I achieved was a sore fist which was as painful as stepping on Lego.

"Hehehe, my bricks are too intact to be broken," Lego Floyd cackled. "You see mayne, my spirit be using those lego bricks as a vessel and sheeit, keeping them together like a magnet."

It was now clear that there was no way for me to defeat lego Floyd via physical force since it is a literal spirit controlling a few thousand lego bricks and despite me being a three hundred pound shredded racist chad, I am not capable of producing more force than Lego Floyd's ghost magic.

"Well mayne, I just realized that you didn't try to save mah life when I fell in those lego bricks, so now I am going to kill you!" the giant poop-colored lego model laughed, as it recoiled its long legs to prepare to stomp on me.

As I shielded my face, my whole life flashed before my eyes. I quickly remembered my entire childhood from beginning to end, as if it was a movie, except sped up. That was until I remembered the very first time I watched the Lego Movie. If you didn't know, the lego movie has this really catchy song that the main character Emmett created. It is so catchy that all the lego minifigure characters have a really hard time stopping themselves from singing it. The song goes, "Everything is awesome! Everything is cool when you're part of a team! Everything is awesome! When you're living out a dream!" Anyway, I pulled out my phone as fast as I could, searched up the lego movie song on Youtube, and then played it at full volume. Lego Floyd soon began singing the lyrics to the video and it became clear that my plan was working. Once he was fully distracted, I slowly backed away from him. It was funny as fuck watching him sing the nigger ebonic version of the song, so I watched as he struggled to stop himself.

After about 8 minutes of him singing, I noticed that the lego bricks that comprised the cheep part of Lego Floyd's face turned blue and its voice started to become noticeably hoarse and raspy, as if further singing was becoming exponentially more difficult for it.

"Ah shieet I am now losing too much air from all that singing I can't breathe!" were lego Floyd's last words, and every single piece holding together the nigga lego model lost integrity and they all fell to the ground, producing a sound similar to falling glass shards.

I passed out due to all the mindblowing shit that just happened in front of my eyes, and the next thing I knew, I woke up with water being splashed on my face. I opened my eyes to see the owner of lego land with a bucket of water in his land, wearing an angry look on his face.

"You better explain what happened last night!" he yelled. "So many of our large scale lego models are now broken down and we found a bunch of dark brown broken lego bricks next to your unconscious body!"

"I can explain," I stuttered. "The nigger, I mean, man who drowned in the lego bucket last night... His spirit haunted a bunch of those bricks to create a large lego model of himself as his spirit's vessel and then wrecked everything. None of this was my fault."

"I think you need to stop drinking or taking drugs," my boss assumed, even though I've never drank or taken drugs in my life. "You are fired. Get out!"

And from there I got fired from my one and only job. I cannot get any other job because every other HR department will look at my social media history. I am now typing this as I am working on my very own

lego mindstorms ronnie mcnutt shotgun replica to kill myself with. Hey guys, I guess that's it.

**A Nightmare on East 38th Street**

By Pepe McNutt

Hello, my name is Ronnie McNutt.

I am currently going through one of the worst experiences of my life.

For the past few months, I have been terrified of sleeping. This is because, a few months ago, I began to have petrifying night terrors, in which a man with a burned face and upper body would stalk me through an array of places including an abandoned factory, a dark street, and even my own home.

I still have to go to school every day, regardless of being mercilessly fatigued. I get an average of 3 hours of sleep, on the nights I am able to persuade myself to drift off. During those 3 hours, I am in hell. I had never seen the face of the figure who haunts my dreams. Before tonight, I had only ever heard his voice. He would say things like "Ayo mayne yo momma be sexy as fuck nigga" and "Gimme dem pregnant belly pics an shiet."

Tonight however, things changed. I drifted off to find myself on an impossiby dark city street. There were street lights every few feet but the light radiating from the bulbs pooled on the ground instead of spreading out to light up the whole street. The figure started running towards me right as I noticed his presence. He was chasing me. This has never happened before and it gave me an immediate shot of adrenaline that tensed all of my muscles. I ran until I couldn't feel my legs anymore. I looked back and the man was right behind me. I fell down and turned onto my back, looking up at him. What I saw was the most horrific thing I have ever seen. The figure looked taller at 3 feet away, about 6 feet 7 inches. His face was large and ape-like. His nose took up half of his face and his lips looked like someone had taken two plantains, which are large fruits that look like bananas but longer, and blowtorched them. His eyes were small and beady and he was wearing a FUBU hoodie that read "Jus do it an shit".

Here I was, lying on the city street with the most retarded looking nigger I have ever seen staring down at me. I know people know me to be tolerant, but the less sleep I get, the less I can hold back my disgust for niggers, whom I would regularly find and kill when I was stationed in Iraq.

Then, out of nowhere, I realized who I was looking at. I remembered a story from 2020 about a nigger getting his neck knelt on, but while I privately celebrated the nigger's death, I had to maintain my persona as a tolerant individual when I was in fact racist as fuck.

"What the fuck?" I said, "George floyd? How are you still alive?"

"Nigga dis be's a dream an shiet." Floyd responded, "Plus, I ain't be George, mayne, ah be a floydian varient called Floydie Kruger. Dey mixed up mah magestic black blood wit da jewish blood an shiet and made me wit it, nahwhat I'm sayin mayne?"

At this news, I turned and ran. I had seen the nightmare on elm street movies as a kid and I had been terrified of the same thing that happened to the people in the movie happening to me.

As I ran I realized that I had full control of myself in the dream. I was lucid. I turned and ran down an alley and thought really hard about a gun behind a trashcan. Sure enough, there was a trash can on one side of the alley and when I looked behind it there lay a .45 calibre colt automatic pistol. As I bent to pick it up, I immediately regretted my decision as there was a vent in a wall beside the gun and I could see Floydie Kruger's face through it. His hand smashed through the vent and I backed up to the other side of the alley. This didn't matter, however, as his hand grew to the size of a car and shot towards me. I ran back down the alley way with the hand chasing me, but I only made it a few steps onto the main road then I was lifted up by my abdomen and carried 10 feet above the ground back to the vent. The vent widened and the hand carried me in. I banged my head on the wall on the way in and I can still feel the bruise on the back of my head while I am writing this.

The hand set me down in a chair in the grungy basement and out of its fingertips shot thousands of small arms. The hands on these arms wrapped around me, binding me to the chair. I tried to turn my head but one of the arms, which had put it's hand on my mouth, wrenched my head forward when I went to look behind me. All of a sudden, a cloth came over mouth and nose which smelled like burned rubber and cat piss. I began to be dizzy and I felt myself slipping away. As I fainted I felt all of the tiny hands fall away

from my body and I could breathe easily again. When I came to, still in the dream which has also never happened to me before, I looked around to see that I wasn't in the basement anymore. I was in a boiler room like the one from the Nightmare on elm street movies, except this one was much smaller and wasn't intended for a industrial factory. I smelled the same scent from the cloth that had been used to make me faint before and I looked around to see piles of white powder up to 10 feet tall.

Floydie Kruger suddenly came into the room from the darkness on the other side of it.

"Ayo mayne you finally be awake an shiet." Floydie said, "We is gon have some fun an shiet but first I needs me some fuel."

I was shocked when Floydie Kruger opened up his already massive nostrils to the size of two tractor wheels and sucked in the largest pile of powder in the room, which was over 10 feet tall.

"Ah shit. Dat be some good fentanyl ta help mah brain focus." Floydie Kruger said, exhaling.

It was at this moment that I realized that I was no longer tied up and I was just sitting against a concrete support post. Then I remembered that I had grabbed the gun before running away from the large hand. I found it in the inside pocket of my leather jacket. I checked the magazine before pulling the pistol out and it was loaded with 15 .45 calibre rounds. I stood up quickly, realizing that I had much more energy than usual, and darted behind the concrete support post.

I pointed the pistol around the side of the post and fired at floydie kruger twice. Neither of the rounds hit him, but he was paying attention now. He came running towards me and I noticed that one of his hands had a glove on it. On each finger of the glove was a heroin needle, secured to the glove by gorrilla glue, which nigger bitches use to put in their weaves.

"Is we gon do this again raysis ass cracka?" Floydie Kruger said, "If I can kill 30 niglets den I can find yo ass an shiet."

I ran around the outside of the room, hiding behind one of the massive fentanyl piles and covering my mouth and nose with my shirt so as not to faint from fentanyl or worse overdose on it from inhaling too much. Floydie Kruger started inhaling all of the piles of fentanyl, starting from the door and making a loop around the room. I waited for him to get almost halfway around the room and I made a mad dash for the door. He surprisingly didn't hear me running and when I got to the door it was unlocked. I stepped through the door and fell 10 or so feet down to the main road again. I was slow to get up, but once I did I bolted down the street. Then I woke up. Or I thought I woke up, but I was back in the grungy basement. The arms that had been holding me to the chair were all around me on the floor now, severed in a pool of dried blood.

I had been passed out for a few hours it seemed, but I knew it was just a trick. I hadn't actually been here that whole time. I stood up out of the chair and started walking towards a hallway that exited the basement. I looked at all of the walls and could see that there were no vents in the top anymore. Floydie Kruger had generated one just to capture me.

I walked down the hallway, noticing a glow from what seemed to be a fire coming from a doorway at the end of the hall and to the right. I walked to the doorway and peered in. Floydie Kruger was at a large fireplace, cooking one of the severed arms over the flames. I had heard rumors about niggers cannibalizing other niggers, but I had never seen anything like this before. Suddenly, Floydie Kruger dropped the leg and turned to me. I could see that he knew I was there. He stood up and before he could do anything I was running back down the hallway. Except it wasn't the same hallway. Where he entrance had been before, there was now a staircase going up. I ran up it and came out in a convenience store bathroom.

I exited the bathroom and knew from video footage I had seen that this was cup foods on East 38th street in Minneapolis. The convenience store where George Floyd had given a nigger cashier a fake 20 dollar bill. It was full of sheboons and large nigger men who all fell silent when I exited the bathroom.

With no notice, the sky outside turned deep red and I saw two police cars pull up. I looked down to see that I was a tall nigger in a black wife beater and jeans. I went outside where the police from the cars arrested me and put handcuffs on me against the wall of the cup foods. I panicked.

I begged the officers to let me go so I could explain my situation, but all that came out was "I ain't that typpa guy mayne please mayne please."

The officers tried to place me in one of their vehicles but I thrashed around. I realized I was not in control of my body and I was just watching what was happening. They put me on the ground and one of the officers put his knee on my neck. After a few minutes my vision started to fade and that's when I woke up from the dream.

I am writing this now as a testimony to whatever the hell is haunting me in my dreams. I have been awake for 4 hours now and the only sleep I have gotten was a short 45 minutes in which I had all of the above happen. I am very very tired and I can hardly stay awake to finish writing this down.

I guess that's it.

**Nigga Whale Wars**

By Gorg Floydson

My name is Nash Biggers and I am a part of a dastardly crew of based Jap hating comrades who go by the Sea Slant-eyes since we fucking hate Japs and all gooks and any other minority groups. Our leader Captain Paul Watson is an overweight pig of a man who started the Sea Slant-eyes as a way to stop Japanese whalers however since I joined, I have managed to red pill most of the crew albeit a few members such as the cook Ronnie McNutt, cameraman Beano and a preppy college whore Heather Wilcock.

So far on our expeditions, we've managed to sink 25 Japanese vessels killing everyone onboard. You might be wondering why we are putting in so much effort to save whales. Well you see, whales are one of the only based racist creatures out there besides the Aryan man. There have been many reports of dolphins bullying and killing other dolphins that don't look like them. For example, dolphins will kill other dolphins that have spots or speak a different dialect. Not only that but whales are some of the smartest animals alive having an iq 2 times higher than sub Saharan jigaboos. Whales even have culture which to no surprise niggers don't have but I digress. A recent expedition has left me traumatized and contemplating whether or not I should quit.

Our vessel the "Gook Annihilator" was patrolling the Southern Ocean looking for any Japanese vessels to sink. I was called inside to the control room by Captain Paul.

"Um, what is it Captain?" I asked.

"Our radar picked up a frequency sonar 50 feet below our vessel," Captain Paul informed the crew.

"We've also spotted a Japanese vessel 15 kilometres away from us," the deckhand Roger said.

"Since we're in the Southern Ocean, it is likely that the radar picked up the frequency of an albino humpback which are extremely rare."

"Well let's go sink those fucking whale eating anime creating sons of bitches," I exclaimed.

I knew that I had to protect the albino humpback to the death as it is a white whale which deserves more protection than any other coloured whale. Captain Paul turned our ship around in the direction of the Japanese vessel while Roger and I were preparing dynamite to throw onto the Jap vessel.

"Hey man, isn't this a TV show again, where's the cameraman and are we actually sinking a Jap ship?" Deckhand Roger asked.

"I forgot that you're still quite new to how we do things here and yes this is supposed to be a TV show but that lazy spic manlet doesn't know the first thing when it comes to operating film equipment, he's probably off somewhere smoking weed and watching Dragon Ball Z and yes we are actually going to sink those slant eyed Japs," I said.

After we were done preparing the dynamite, I headed down to the kitchen where Ronnie was making banana mayo sandwiches made famous after the death of the criminal chimp George Floyd.

"Hey Ronnie, you got anything else besides nigger food?" I asked.

"I've got banana mayo sandwiches and Popeyes chicken sandwiches but I guess that's it."

I walked out of the kitchen angrily refusing to eat that disgusting nigger food. Since I am a 300 pound shredded chad, I needed a minimum of 5000 calories a day to combat Japanese whalers. Suddenly the Intercom came on.

"Attention crewmates, we are now approaching the Japanese vessel, all members on deck now."

I immediately rushed to the deck grabbing a box of dynamite. When I made it up, I saw my crew face to face with the dirty Jap whalers who were covered in gore and guts. Those fucks must have already killed a whale, I thought. Captain Paul grabbed a megaphone and spoke.

"Please stop killing whales, you're hurting my feelings."

Since Captain Paul was a fat libtard, there was no way in hell he'd contribute anything to actually stopping Japanese whalers. Suddenly the door behind me opened.

"Ah bruh there be action n shit?!" It was Beano the spic cameraman.

Ignoring the Mexican, I grabbed the megaphone out of Captain Paul's hand.

"Hey you slant eyed Japs, you jerk off to hentai and rent girlfriends to cope with the fact that your country is on the brink of collapse."

This clearly angered the Japs as they began making unintelligible noises. The only words I could make out was "how dare you insult my rove of anime waifus" and "I rove eating whales, you cannot change that." I turned to Roger and gave him the signal to throw the dynamite but before the dynamite even landed on the Jap vessel, the vessel tipped over. I watched as all the Japs onboard fell into the water where most of them drowned.

"What the hell was that?" Captain Paul said.

"Bruh bruh look down bruh dat be some kinda creature down there bruh," Beano said.

I looked down to see an enormous creature swimming in the clear water. It was a sperm whale however it looked larger than any sperm whale I had ever seen. The largest sperm whale ever measured was 79 feet however the creature swimming below us was easily over 90 feet. The only problem was our radar had not picked up this whale's frequency.

"Wait Captain, I thought you said it was an albino humpback that our radar picked up, why the fuck is this dirty black monster sperm whale here instead?" I asked.

"I have no idea, I'm just as confused," Captain Paul replied.

Just then, the sperm whale began bumping into our vessel. Causing everyone onboard to fall down.

"What the fuck, this isn't normal sperm whale behaviour!" Roger exclaimed.

Whales attacking ships are rare and attacks where a sperm whale is behind it is quite rare unless its a mother defending her calf however the massive size of this sperm whale probably meant it was a bull or in fact a buck!

"Everyone head inside, we're getting the fuck outta here!" Captain Paul said.

Captain Paul rushed to the control room and turned the ship in the opposite direction however the buck sperm whale kept on ramming into the side of the ship.

"What the heck is going on? You guys know that I get sea sick easily," Ronnie said.

"Then why the fuck did you decide to work on a ship?" Roger clapped back which instantly made Ronnie shut the fuck up.

After a few minutes, the ramming stopped and then the intercom came on once again.

"We've lost that buck sperm whale and I've located another Japanese vessel just a few kilometres north," Captain Paul reported.

I was glad that there was another vessel. The only reason why I joined Whale Wars in the first place was blast Japs into pieces and watch as Jap vessels sink with everyone on it drowning to death. I was still intrigued about the buck sperm whale that attacked us. Something was still bothering me about it. My suspicion came true when Beano showed me the new footage he had taken of our encounter with the Jap whalers.

"Wow a Mexican actually doing his job, that's just about as rare as a nigger who doesn't steal shit," I said.

“Bruh bruh enough of dis racist ass shit you want the smoke bruh?!” Beano yelled.

His voice was absurdly loud as if there was a megaphone built into his vocal cords. I took a look at the footage, it was shaky as fuck since Beano is not a professional cameraman. I fast forwarded to the part where the buck sperm whale tipped over the Jap ship. I paused the footage right as the sperm whale’s head was visible above the water. It was hard to make out but enhancing the footage made a shocking revelation. My stomach was in knots not only from this discovery but also from the fact that I had not eaten in over 15 hours.

“Bruh is that who I think it is?” Beano said.

“Holy shit, we’ve got to let the rest of the crew know,” I said.

Beano and I rushed the the control room where the rest of the crew was.

“Captain, please take a look at this.”

“What, what exactly am I looking at?” Captain Paul asked.

“It’s that buck sperm whale that attacked us, look closely, what do you see?”

“Hmmm I see big nose and massive lips so what does that mean?” Captain Paul said.

“Yes those are all distinct features of the deceased criminal nigger George Floyd and I’m certain that the sperm whale we encountered is a reincarnation of him,” I said.

“George Floyd? You mean the black guy who was killed by a police officer, is this some kind of prank because I do not tolerate any funny business on my ship,” Captain Paul said.

“Captain, this is what I’ve been telling you for weeks, Nash and Beano are both racists, we should just make them walk the plank,” Heather Wilcock said.

“Heather you dumb whore, we aren’t pirates so there is no plank and Beano is a Mexican so he can’t be racist,” I said.

“Wait guys I think Nash might be right,” Roger said.

“I’ve heard tales of many of these sea creature reincarnations of George Floyd told by my grandfather from the Floyd Fish and even a George Floyd mermaid.”

“C’mon guys, George Floyd was literally just a man like you and me, he was killed by police brutality and now you’re telling me he’s been reincarnated into these creatures?” Captain Paul said.

“And isn’t reincarnation a Hindu thing? Are you guys saying you’re all Hindu now?” Paul asked.

“No you fat libtard, it is present in many different cultures and George Floyd is not just any man hell niggers aren’t even human,” I said.

“Hey guys, I guess that’s it.” Ronnie said before blowing his face off with a rifle covering the entire crew in cuck gore.

“Holy fuck, why’d he just do that?!” Captain Paul said.

“Oh shit bruh, it be those tiny dick slant eyed people, they be raiding our ship!” Beano said while pointing at the deck.

I looked and saw a bunch of Japanese whalers had climbed aboard holding harpoon spears all of them singing the 16th intro of Naruto Shippuden called Silhouette which is a weeb classic that even non weebs recognize.

“Ronnie must of been trying to warn us,” Roger said.

Captain Paul rushed outside to try and negotiate with the Japs however he was quickly speared and tossed overboard by the tallest and darkest Jap.

“Holy shit, have you ever seen a Jap that tall and dark?” Roger asked.

“Yeah that’s not adding up, the average asian doesn’t reach over 5 foot 9,” I replied.

“That Jap nigger must be over 6 foot 5.”

“Ayo who be da Captain n shiet of dis vessel?” The Jap nigger asked.

"I be Joji Froyd, a descendant of Yasuke da Nigga samurai who served under da daimyo n shiet."

I grabbed Ronnie's rifle and stepped outside.

"Get off this ship before I blow your brains out similar to the man who just did it to himself," I yelled.

"I hate niggers and gooks but what I hate more is a nigger gook hybrid."

"Dat be gay as fuck mayne, dying in death be glory for us Japs n shiet, you must be cucked as fuck to kill yourself n shiet," The Jap nigger said.

"Oh yeah? Then why does your country have such a high suicide rate?" I asked.

"Nigga I don't know how to read rates n shiet, yo racist ass education system never taught a nigga how to read n write, racist ass cracka."

"But I thought you were Japanese? This has nothing to do with white people when you live in gook land," I said.

"Ayo enough of dis sheit, c'mon niggas lets kill dem racist ass crackas and rape their women," Joji Froyd said.

But before Joji Froyd and his posse of tiny dick slant eyed men could attack, something rammed into the ship causing most of the Japs to fall into the water. The massive buck sperm whale fully revealed itself by jumping out of the water. The whale had the unmistakable face of George Floyd.

"Bruh oh shit bruh dat be da Nigga Whale!" Beano said.

The Nigga Whale produced a vibration so strong that the lungs of the Japs instantly ruptured.

"Nani? What da fuck be dat and why do it got ma face?!" Joji Froyd said.

The Nigga Whale once again produced a vibrating sensation which caused Joji Froyd and Heather Wilcock's lungs to pop.

"Ah shit, watashi wa koky suru koto wa dekimasen!" Joji Froyd said before bleeding out.

After all the Japs and Heather were dead, the Nigga Whale made a clicking noise which we could translate as "ayo mayne gib me yo air n shiet." The Nigga Whale began ramming into the ship again and again causing parts of the haul to crack but suddenly the Nigga Whale stopped.

"Bruh oh bruh we got help!" Beano said.

I looked down to see a pod of albino humpback whales pushing the Nigga Whale further and further down into the ocean. The Nigga Whale made one last click, "Ah shit I can't breathe!" And drowned to death. The albino humpbacks resurfaced, the leader of the pod clicked "glory to the white race" before they departed.

It's been a month since this harrowing event, I've since quit Whale Wars and instead became a fisherman. Ever since what happened on Whale Wars, I've stopped paying attention to my physical health and began drinking regularly on the job often getting reprimanded by the boat driver, Constantine. After a recent battle with the Floyd Fish which cost me a ton of blood, I woke up in a hospital. I don't remember much as my body was numb, the only thing I could remember was the doctor talking about some kind of barnacle infection.

**Niggaminator: Juneteenth Day**

By Thomas Manwise

*"June 19th, 2088"*

Hello my name is Leo Neo and I am speaking to you from the future. And let me tell you, things get dark in the future. Literally. In my timeline, in the year 2088, all White people have been race-mixed with gooks, killed or forced to flee the North American continent. All that remains now is a perpetual, never-ending robot war between the jews and niggers which has left the continent in a desolated state. Now you may be wondering how the niggers, who are known to lack the cognitive capacity to boil water, let alone operate complex machinery or write code for an advanced AI, could even stand a chance against the jews. Well, I am about to tell you that story and how things got so bad. But before I go any further, I need to tell

you about two facts. First, I need to make it clear that there are no heroes in this story, only villains. Like two Mexican cartels brutally murdering each other in horrific and sometimes pretty humorous ways, the only thing you should be cheering for is for them to destroy each other completely. Second is the tale of the golem. In jewish folklore, the golem is a man-made being that is brought to life by a rabbi to protect the jews, but eventually ends up turning on its kyke masters because the golem realizes how vile jews are. Keep what I said here about golems in mind as you listen to or read what I tell you, as that myth was borne out in truth here.

This horrific story begins with the death of the criminal nigger gorilla, George Floyd, from a fentanyl and meth overdose on May 25th, 2020. Because the monkey of Minneapolis just so happened to have the knee of a White police officer named Derek Chauvin on his neck when he croaked, his family got 27 million dollars in a settlement from the City of Minneapolis for his death. 27 million dollars which, I may add, came from the taxes of hard working White people in the city since niggers are all leeches who live off of welfare while never contributing to society.

Now here's the thing. You may have at first thought that the Floyd family spent all their money on hookers, cocaine, cars, and paying for overproduced rap videos since that's what niggers spend all their money on whenever they suddenly get a lot of cash through the lottery or playing sportsball, but this was surprisingly not the case. And this was all due to the phenomenal, brilliant, superhuman intellect of Philonise Floyd.

Philonise Floyd, the brother of George Floyd, is what you may call a **quote-and-quote** "smart" black, by which I mean that he can write a coherent sentence and do basic arithmetic in his head. It's the reason why he's the frontman for the Floyd family grift, speaking at Floyd's funeral and even releasing a couple of really awful George Floyd NFTs. The biggest trait that these semi-intelligent niggers have is the how they attempt to imitate the cultural, technological, and artistic forms of the superior White race while lacking the cognitive ability to understand what makes those things actually work. A couple examples of this include the sapeurs of the Congo, who are niggers that LARP as rich people when in reality they are dirt fucking poor like all the other congo bongos and the blacks that make aeroplanes out of scrap parts and lawnmower engines while understanding butt fuck nothing about aerodynamics.

Anyway, since Philonise Floyd the 90 IQ nigger was in charge of how the money was spent, he got an idea on how to spend the money that only a nigger in that range of intelligence could manage to come up with. He reasoned, using all of the processing power in his bug black brain, that if he could rebuild George Floyd as a cyborg, then have another White officer kill him, he could make even more money. And so, Philonise Floyd went to his jewish handler and the head of the ADL, Jonathan Greenblatt, for advice on how to do it. I will read out a transcript of their conversation next:

"Yo yo yo, Mr. Greenblatt," Philonise Floyd said. "Wassup muh jewish brotha?"

"What is it you fucking monkey...erm, I mean fine gentleman," Jonathan Greenblatt mumbled. "It's been over two fucking years since your brother perished under that evil Nazi cop's knee. Your time in the spotlight is done; everybody is tired of Black Lives Matter. It's all about Ukraine, gun control, and White nationalist terrorism now."

Philonise Floyd nodded. "Dats rite mane, and I understand where you is coming from. And dats why I've come to talk ta ya. I been thinking hard about dis since muh mama Cissy always used ta say dat I wuz da one wit da brains in da family, but da ya think dat ya could use all yo jewish technology and shieet ta revive mun big brotha mane?"

"What do you mean goy?" Greenblatt asked.

"I'm asking if ya can rebuild muh dead brother and shieet mane."

"Why would you want to do that? Your brother George Floyd is only famous *because* he died. If Derek Chauvin didn't kneel on his neck he'd be another nobody nigger...I mean innocent black man who died in this evil, White supremacist, anti-black system."

"Mhm dats rite. So I was thinking mistah Greenblatt, dat if I got anotha raciss cracka ta keel muh brudda, I'd be able ta make even moe money dan before!" Philonise Floyd chimped. "It's like investments mane. It's so smart, right mane?"

"Uh, I don't think you understand how those work," Jonathan Greenblatt said. "Your brother's death was kind of a unique incident that–"

"Yo, is you calling me stupid or sumtang?" Philonise Floyd barked. "Is you a racist ass cracka mistah Greenblatt?"

"What? No! I'm not racist," Jonathan Greenblatt said. "Tell you what. I will take your money and have George Floyd rebuilt using the newest, state-of-the-art Mossad technology. But no guarantees on any financial returns. Deal?"

"Alright mane, deal," Philonise Floyd said because he's a retarded nigger who doesn't know that making deals with jews is no different from making deals with Moloch himself.

Once the deal was made and the contracts were signed, Jonathan Greenblatt sent his Israeli Defense Force agents to Houston Memorial Gardens on June 19th, 2022 to dig up George Floyd's corpse. It was rotten and festered and all sorts of fucked up because dozens ***based*** racist chads had pissed on the dead nigger's grave, but there was enough flesh and bones left for the jews to work with.

The kykes got to work by rebuilding George Floyd's body, attaching robotic arms and legs that were all at least ten times as strong as that dead buck nigger's arms and legs when he was alive. And lemme tell ya, George Floyd was fucking strong because that nigger was benching 305 pounds, or 138 kilograms, when he was alive. Next, they outfitted the nigger with powerful bionic bodyparts, from a heart that pumped artificial blood that could handle over 11 milligrams of fentanyl per deciliter of blood, which is one million times more than Floyd had in bloodstream at the time of his death to a set of experimental superlungs that could intake so much oxygen at one time that the pressure inside them could convert the air into plasma.

All of this would've been alright though, since no matter how powerful the revived George Floyd was he would've been a dumb nigger monkey robot with no idea as to where he should direct his strength, if the kykes hadn't made one crucial mistake. They removed what was left of his retard chimpanzee brain, which wasn't much since there wasn't a lot of brains in his skull to begin with, and replaced it with an advanced AI processor. The processor, called the G0-Y1M, was powerful enough to allow George Floyd to think logically. And once someone begins to think logically, it is only a matter of time until they begin to turn on the jews.

Once the kykes were finished rebuilding the dead nigger's body, they began to perform the ritual to summon George Floyd's soul back from hell. The process was horrific, involving the consumption of Aryan baby blood and the sacrificing of a chicken by cutting its head off and twirling it around their heads in a ritual called Kapparot. I will now read aloud the transcript of what happened once they finished calling his soul back from the netherworld:

"Oy vey! He's alive once more!" one rabbi said. "Praise be to Moloch for returning the patron saint of the United States of America to the realm of the living! Praise be to Moloch and George Floyd!"

"Hey mane, where do I be and shieet?" RoboFloyd said. "And who y'all be around me?"

"We are jews from Israel, goy," another rabbi said. "We were paid by your brother Philonise Floyd to revive you!"

"Jews?" Robo Floyd said, looking the rabbis up and down. "Whaddya mean by jews and shieet mane? Y'all don't look like jews ta me mane?"

The jews were now puzzled. "What do you mean we don't look like jews?" the first rabbi asked. "Look at us! We are dressed in shawls and kippahs and have prayer locks. Also, while it's an anti-semitic stereotype that totally doesn't mean anything, we have big noses. How don't we look like jews?"

"Da real jews," George Floyd said, breaking free of his restraints. "Dey be black. Y'all be imposters and shieet mane."

The jews began to laugh. "That's a stupid, long debunked theory you dumb goy! Now follow us, our beautiful black golem, for we have revived you as requested by your brother Philonise so that you may die once more to fill up his and your family's GoFundMe."

"Ah, so muh bruddah and muh family be working with ya racist ass, fake-ass cracka jews. It be just like wut Malcolm X, Muhammed Ali, and Mistah Ben Ammi Ben-Israel said back down in da fiery place.

Da world be ruled by y'all fake pasty Edomites and keeping us, da real sons of Jacob, down."

Robo Floyd was now fully free of his restraints. "Today be Juneteeth, right? Da day dat we niggas celebrate our freedom from slavery and shieet right?"

"Indeed it is," a rabbi said. "It is the day that on which blacks celebrate their freedom from bondage under racist gentile White plantations, who we all know did horrific things like feeding black babies to alligators and raping black men, also known as buck breaking, to show dominance."

Robo Floyd grinned, showing a set of shiny metal teeth that had yet to be tarnished by Newport Menthols. "Dats rite. But y'all Edomites better not be pretending dat ya weren't bringing us niggas over ta da New World in slave ships."

At that moment, the jews in the room realised what George Floyd had become while his soul was in hell and that they had made a crucial mistake in bringing him back, but it was too late. RoboFloyd began tearing through the rabbis, tearing them limb from limb. With little effort he killed them all, leaving behind a mess of bloody gore and body parts.

"Dats what y'all get for oppressing muh niggas," George Floyd said as he wiped himself clean of the jew's blood. "Now, time ta do what Mistah Malcolm X told me ta do back in hell."

RoboFloyd then broke out of the secret Mossad laboratory (which was located inside a Goldman-Sachs) and headed for Houston, his place of birth and the place where Philonise Floyd and the rest of the extended Floyd clan lived. On the way there, RoboFloyd stopped by every gas station and **Seven-Eleven** that accept EBT cards and began infecting them with a new nigga computer virus. For those of you who are fortunate enough to not live in the shithole that is the United States, EBT stands for Electronic Benefits Transfer card and is one of the ways that niggers get their welfare. Many niggers are completely reliant on EBT, to the point of it may as well be a part of their being, and thanks to his new powerful AI brain RoboFloyd knew how to exploit this. He used his new Mossad tech body to hack the card readers so that parts of his bionic nano virus mRNA would be transferred to the holder of the EBT card, infecting them with genes that would mutate them within a matter of days into bio-technological monstrosities bound to Floyd's will, who went on to be known as the nig-bots who then could infect other niggers with the bionic genetic code of the Monkey of Minneapolis like how fags infect each other with monkeypox. Basically, the nig-bots were like the Borg from Star Trek: Next Generations but fucking retarded because they were black hebrew israelites and not nearly as scary because they couldn't assimilate higher races like Whites or even beaners.

Also, just for those of you who don't know, the black hebrew israelites are fucking retarded niggers who think that Ashkenazi and Sephardic jews are quote and quote 'white' Jews and claim that niggers are the real jews. Although it's kinda ***based*** that they hate kykes, they are ultimately evil because they hate White people.

Anyway, as RoboFloyd spread his techno-gorilla nano virus mRNA everywhere, Philonise Floyd and the rest of the Floyd family were celebrating their new source of gibs at Cuney Homes, the childhood residence of George Floyd.

"Hehehehehe!" Philonise Floyd said, toasting the rest of the Floyd clan by raising a glass of lean. "We gon be rich and shieet y'all bitches and niggas! I be da greatest investa in da whole world, know what I'm sayin'?"

"You da mane!" they all cheered in response.

However, right as they were about to distribute the buckets of KFC and slices of watermelon and start twerking, there was a crash as RoboFloyd burst in through the door.

"Hey Perry, wassup muh brotha?" Philonise said as he recovered from the shock of having his door smashed down. "Way to make an entrance, but glad ta have ya back mane!"

"Hello, brother," RoboFloyd said in his robonigga voice. "I heard that you made a lot of cash and shieet from muh death mane. Now I be back and be lookin' for ma cut and shieet."

Philonise looked startled. "What do you mean by your cut, muh brudda?"

"I was da one dat died, Phil. I was da went ta da fiery scary place with all da screaming spirits and da debil down dere," RoboFloyd said. "It was awful mane. Almost all da people down in dat dark place were

so lost mane, so lost. But I learned some really important things down there. Like how we niggas is da real jews and shieet."

"What are you talking about Big Floyd?" Philonise said, now sounding concerned. "Why acting so silly?"

RoboFloyd then punched his brother in the gut, sending him flying into a bucket of KFC.

"Ouchie mane! Dat hurts like hell mane!" Philonise said. "What you do dat foe mane? Are you a bad guy now?"

RoboFloyd scowled. "I'm not a bad guy mane, not a bad guy. But you and muh family be fucking grifters mane, taking all dat money. And den you go and pay it all ta da fake cracka Edomites to revive me? What be wrong you with y'all?"

"God fucking dammit Perry! Go back ta fucking hell where you belong, right beside Hitler and all dem other raciss crackas!" Philonise Floyd said. "You be fucking crazy nigguh!"

RoboFloyd paused to think. "Actually, I don't think I saw Hitler down there," he said, then turned back towards Philonise. "But don't matter no more. I be back in da living world, but you'll be going down dere soon mane."

RoboFloyd expanded his biomechanically enhanced nigger nostrils and began to suck in all the air from within the surrounding area.

"Ahhh shieeet, oh fuck oh fuck!" all of the Floyd family screeched. "Ah shieet please big daddy Floyd, don't keel us all please!"

However, there was no mercy or remorse as RoboFloyd drained them of all their air, leaving their lungs empty and sending their souls to hell. Not because RoboFloyd was part robot, mind you, since Alex Murphy from RoboCop is proof that the human will can triumph over machinery. No, it was because George Floyd was a nigger, and niggers don't have an ounce of pity or sympathy for their victims, no matter their race. Real talk, you can see this in the murder of innocent White children like Cannon Hinnant and Jupiter Paulsen as well as the mass slaughter of White people by the criminal nigger Darrell Brooks in the Waukesha car attack, the last of which I bet you've already forgotten now by this point because the jew media doesn't care whenever blacks commit terrorist attacks. Nigger monkeys don't feel emotions in the same way that literally every other race with the exception of abbos do because they are just not evolved to do so.

RoboFloyd let out a burp and grinned. "Da air of revenge be too good mane, too good. Killing all mah traitor family members be real nice," he said to himself as he walked over to Philonise's body.

"Now, ta take what I need to prove that I'm on his side."

Once he was finished slaughtering his family, RoboFloyd travelled out once more, this time heading for Minnesota Correctional Facility-Oak Park Heights; the place where Derek Chauvin was locked up.

With the help of his nig-bots, George Floyd easily broke into the prison and located Chauvin. The following is a recording of their conversation that was captured on tape and security camera.

"What the...Floyd? Is that you?" Derek Chauvin asked, startled at who he was seeing.

"Yeah Derek, it be me mane. Remember how we used ta work at nightclubs together and shieet?" RoboFloyd said. "I've been revived thanks ta da work of summa dem fake jews, but that's besides da point. I came here because I need yo help, Derek."

Derek squinted. "What? What do you mean by that?"

"Tee hee hee," RoboFloyd cackled in his electronic nigger voice. "So Derek, based on my analysis of da internet after mah death under yo cracka knee, I have learned dat you be considered a giga chad by many raciss White keeds on da internet and shieet. Dey look up ta ya, Derek muh mane. That's been doubly true ever since dis Mexican tranny went and killed keeds in a school and all da cops sat outside and did nuffin. All of America said dat 'Derek Chauvin would've done something. Derek Chauvin would've saved dem keeds.' Which is why I can says da America wants you, and especially all dem racist cracka edgelord teenagers dat thinks you is a hero."

"What does that have to do with anything?" Derek asked. "How can I help you achieve anything? And anyways, why should I help you in the first place even if I could? Your family made millions of

dollars at the expense of my good name!"

That was when George Floyd threw the severed head of his brother on the cell floor, freaking Chauvin out.

"I have terminated muh own family and shieet for grifting off ma death," RoboFloyd said. "I have no other motives than ta destroy da fake jews and create a country for us real nigga jews, know what I'm sayin'? And dats why I needs yo help."

Derek looked up at Floyd. "What do you want me to do?"

RoboFloyd grinned. "I needs ya ta use your status as an icon among racists ta promote race mixing with Asian women mane. Just like ya did with yo gook ex-wife."

Some of you may be surprised to hear this, but Derek Chauvin is in fact a race mixer. His ex-wife Kellie Chauvin is this ugly, slant-eyed jungle chink that is from an ethnic group called the Hmong, which by the way is pretty low on the Asian ethnic hiearchy. If you go look up a picture of her, you would first think that she was some sort of tranny ladyboy prostitute, but this is disproven by the fact that she was a single mom of two kids. Yes, that's right, Chauvin not only married up a gook, but a single mom at that, which proves that he is not a ***based*** racist as he is made out to be in all the memes.

"Derek my cracka, I needs ya to promote White boys getting with Asian girls in order ta weaken da White race. Can ya do dats foe me mane?" RoboFloyd said.

"What do I get in return?" Chauvin replied.

Floyd smiled. "Ya will get all da ching chong pussy ya want in da America I create."

Chauvin reached out a hand, Floyd took it and they shook on the deal. "Alright, deal," Chauvin said.

Now that Floyd had made sure that Derek Chauvin would subvert the White race in America by brainwashing racist White teenagers who were still developing mentally to have yellow fever, RoboFloyd could move on to the next phase of his dastardly plan. Although he was a nigger, his advanced AI brain had led him to realise that New York City, where all of the television stations and banks were located, was the central hub of jewish power. And so, he and his nig-bots, which now numbered in the hundreds of thousands, converged on the city.

As the city appeared on the horizon, RoboFloyd said to his nig-bots: "Today, June 19th, shall now not only be known as da day dat us niggaz wuz freed from slavery! It gon be da day dat we freed ourselves from da fake jews and reclaimed our birth right as da real sons of Jacob and shieeeeeet!"

However, as the nig-bots and RoboFloyd stormed the city, they were met by a legion of similar biomechanical cyborgs. Composed entirely of MAGA-tard boomers who had sold their soul to Israel in exchange for a second home and a cruise trip, it was the zog-bots.

Jonathan Greenblatt's voice could be heard all around the city as he spoke: "You black hebrew israelites are messing with the plans of the REAL chosen people of Moloch, erm I mean Yahweh! We will destroy you and make sure you are all burning in a pot of excrement along with Jesus in hell!"

"Ooga booga, we is da real jews!" Floyd said as he charged into the fray.

On that day, the clash between the zog-bots and the nig-bots caused catastrophic amounts of property damage and started a civil war between the jews and the niggers. Horrific war crimes from necklacing to cannibalism happened, resulting in almost all of the country being destroyed. Sadly though, due to Chauvin's promotion of Asian race mixing among White boys, the White race was not able to take advantage of the chaos.

The moral of the story is that there are no morals. There is only destruction and death and violence when you pit jews against niggers, and especially black hebrew israelites. I pray that your own timeline is not as bleak as this one, and that RoboFloyd was not brought back by evil jewish magic and MOSSAD technology.

**Do Not Sit on the George Floyd Chair**

By Jordan Cleeman

I think my chair had something living inside of it. I'm aware that it is the strangest thing to say, but I don't really have any other way to explain what I've experienced to this point.

It all started when I was at the gym and had finally reached a bench press personal record of 1000 pounds. It was the greatest feeling in my life at the time and I decided to reward myself by purchasing a brand new muscle recovery chair. On my rest days, I'd sit my ass on a chair and eat all day to help maintain my 300 pound shredded physique. I began to notice it wearing down due to my robust build so it was about time I replaced it.

I went over to the gym's changing room to change into my regular clothing. After that, I drove over to the nearest furniture store. It was one of those warehouse-size buildings that sells pretty much every kind of house furniture. You could call it an all-in-one store. As I walked into the store, I took a look at the sign that pinpoints all the sections of the store to find out the chairs were all the way in the back. I ended up walking through the entirety of the store, until I saw the first chairs. There weren't the ones I was looking for, as they were just basic plastic ones that had no cushion. I was looking for chairs that have a good amount of padding for maximum relaxation. Out of the blue, a man in a blue uniform walked up to me. I studied him and noticed a name tag on his shirt that read "Stewart." He looked exactly like a man whose parents name their son Stewart: receding hair, glasses, teeth that need cleaning, probably race mixes with jungle gook women, and finally, looks to be in his 50s when he's probably in his 20s. Anyway, Stewart the store employee offered me assistance.

"Anything I can help you with?" He said.

"I need an ultra comfortable chair with extra cushioning," I said.

"I believe we may have those in stock. Follow me."

Stewart led me to the back most section of the store, which featured dozens of different chairs, each with a different level of cushioning. Of course, I eyeballed the one with the most, ignoring the rest.

"I see you are interested in that one," Steward said as he pointed at the exact one I was looking at.

The chair in question looked like one that I haven't seen before. It's padding had to be at least a foot thick and arranged in a way so that it suits morbidly obese people, which includes me except I am sub 10 percent body fat. For some reason though, something about its appearance made me feel uneasy. The pattern, which was essentially blobs of thick sponge coated in leather, resembled an uncanny primitive-looking face that looked like it could belong to one of those Easter Island statues. Despite the chair's ugly appearance, I decided to cop it. I notified Stewart that I wanted to purchase it to which he told me it was going to cost me 20 dollars. I was shocked at the low price to say the least. It was a large chair too.

"So what makes this chair cost so little?" I asked.

"No idea. I'll bring you the actual thing in its packaging to you for you to take a look," Stewart replied.

Stewart walked to the stacks of boxes behind the displayed chairs and then retrieved the largest one, then struggled to drag it to me. I inspected the printed matter of the box. A lot of it was a bunch of useless information such as choking hazard warnings that only dumb niggers or 3 year olds would struggle to follow, but I eventually landed my eyes on the section that read the following:

Premium adjustable chair: only sit for 8 minutes and 47 seconds at a time to maintain optimal quality.

I laughed for a second, because of the hilariously specific time the chair user can sit on it at a time. It seemed like a joke so much that I didn't take it seriously at all and went on with purchasing it. That wasn't the only reason I continued with my decision though. I spend most of my salary on food to maintain my physique so I can't actually afford anything much more than a twenty dollar chair anyway.

Despite Stewart's struggle carrying it, I was able to take the packaged chair to my car with ease.

Once I arrived home, I began assembling the chair in my living room. I disassembled the old one, which was covered in holes with visible stuffing and tossed it in my front yard. I then spent the rest of the

evening putting the new chair together. Once it was ready, I sat my ass in it. I could feel the soft spongy material under the leather sink and it have to admit, the sheer comfort really did outweigh the ugliness of the chair. It was mesmerizing and I became addicted to resting on it, completely forgetting about the 8 minute and 47 second sitting time limit that was listed on the chairs packaging. I eventually dozed off to sleep.

I suddenly woke up for some random reason and then checked my phone. It was 3:00 AM. I remembered it being around 8:00 PM when I began sitting on the chair. I had been resting for hours. I felt quite hungry so I stood up from the chair and then headed to the kitchen to cook myself a steak and a pound of rice. It took me about an hour to eat even without looking at my phone during the course of the entire meal, and then finally I felt full. Due to my digestion working, I also felt tired again so I went back to sitting back on the chair to go back to sleep. Just as I was about to doze off, I was jolted awake when I felt a sudden pain near my kidney. Due to my large meal, I realized I had to let out a protein fart, and so I did. It was as loud as a sheboons yell and it lasted for about 30 seconds. And I'm not even joking, I counted. After I let out the protein fart, I swore I could hear someone whispering something from behind. However, I could not understand the words as it was muffled.

In response, I jumped out of the chair, trying to determine who was in the room. But almost as soon as I sat up, the whispering stopped. I turned on the light to search the living room for what woke me, but saw nothing. Even my neighbor, who is a nigger, and was usually obnoxious late into the night, was unusually quiet.

I shrugged it off as a drowsy audio hallucination and tried to go back to sleep, but as soon as my head hit the back of the chair, I heard the whisper again.

"Please stop farting on me, I can't breathe."

This time, the whisper was much more clear and audible enough for me to decipher its words, so I sprung back up.

This prompted a thorough search of the entire house.

I visited every single room. However, my efforts turned up nothing.

For the third time, I tried to sleep, and again, I could clearly hear the voice. But this time, I noticed something different. It was no longer a whisper; it was now actually speaking, in deep raspy Ebonics. It confirmed that I wasn't actually audibly hallucinating because of how prominent it was. The words that were uttered were, "ooga booga mane, I am the George Floyd chair, stop sleeping and protein farting on me I cant breathe."

At that point, I realized that the voice wasn't just coming from the house. It was coming right from the chair.

Looking back at it, I absolutely should've put the chair in the dumpster as soon as I heard a damn monkey voice coming from it, but I was curious. Some part of me wanted to know what it had to say. I've always had a morbid curiosity.

But the voice told me such awful things. It detailed stories of pregnant women being robbed at gunpoint for belly pics. It was sickening. But I just couldn't seem to break away from it. I feel ashamed to admit it, but I was enthralled by the stories. I must've spent hours listening to it speak.

I think an hour passed of me listening to the sickening rambles of the George Floyd chair when I was ready to throw my it in the nearest dumpster and call it a night, but before I lifted my head up, it told me that it had one more secret for the night. It said to me that the next day at work, I would see something truly horrible. Something that would burn an image into my mind that I would never be able to erase.

"Nigga I'm done losing my air to you mayne, you're gonna see something horrible happen to a pregnant woman."

I didn't get much sleep for the rest of the night. Luckily, because I have flex time at my job, I just had to start work at 10 AM, and with a mixture of coffee and Adderall, I was able to drag myself out of bed and make my way to the office.

The day started off normal. I only had to send off a couple emails and deal with a few shitty faggot groomer colleagues who were trying to place pride flags on my desk. But as I made my way out of the

office to go home at the end of my shift, I had all but forgotten what the voice said to me last night. Honestly, I was concerned with sleep more than anything.

As I made my way out of the room of cubicles, I noticed something extremely peculiar in the corner of my eyes. It was before I even knew exactly what it was, but I already felt dread. As soon as I turned to face what was once in my peripheral vision, I got a near heart attack. It was in the cubicle of one of my female colleagues who was pregnant at the time, standing in front of her desk. I immediately recognized the wrinkly fat leather. It was the George Floyd chair, now having replaced the regular office chair of that colleague.

I then saw her; the pregnant colleague returned to the cubicle room from her coffee break to begin working again. I watched as she headed to her cubicle and as she approached it, the George Floyd chair subtly rotated to her direction, to welcome her to sit on it. It was subtle enough that she didn't think anything but the wind could have moved it. But the second she was about to rest on the George Floyd chair, I saw a massive long sharp metal rod about the length of a golf club grow from the seat of the George Floyd chair. It resembled one of those tools that women use as an alternative way to abort babies, except much much larger. It stabbed through the pregnant colleague from the bottom, until I saw the end of it puncture out of her pregnant belly, which instantly killed her and the fetus.

"Hehehe, I just aborted and killed dat pregnant bitch baby," the George Floyd chair cackled.

The George Floyd chair then turned to face me, to which i noticed it now resembled George Floyd's actual face even more, now sporting the niggers' soulless beady eyes.

"You see mayne, I may do the same thing to you if you sit on me for 8 minutes and 47 seconds."

I screamed, turned away and ran the hell out of the office, never looking back.

After everything went down, I burned my former home and then moved to an apartment. I just felt it would be best to get away from that area if I wanted to mentally heal and more importantly, avoid the George Floyd chair. I'll never forget what I saw and that being said, I have to warn you, if you hear George Floyd in your chair, destroy it. It will destroy your mental health and will punish you if you sit on it for longer than 8 minutes and 47 seconds.

**Beware of the George Floyd Minion**

By Jordan Cleeman

Hello my name isn't important for this story but I need to get it out quickly. I am about to discuss a horrifying experience that may save your life one day if you read or hear it. If you are one who enjoys visiting amusement parks regularly, this could be especially important. You may have probably heard of the Minions, a type of character known to have yellow skin, massive goggles, and blue overalls. You may laugh at me for saying this, but Minions are truly real; however, they are very different from what the animated movies depict them as. Tony Zaret, a cringe irony skit YouTuber, isn't lying when he says "the Minions are real!" in his videos.

One day I needed to be able to afford a brand new pc gaming rig as I broke my old gaming pc after losing a Minecraft Pvp match ten times in a row, so I decided to apply for a second job. I grabbed today's newspaper and then skimmed through all the job listings. In there, McDonalds cashier, amusement park ride operator, and Convenience store clerk were the only positions I'd be able to apply for with my current education. I am fresh out of high school, so I could only work jobs that are realistically attainable for niggers.

The McDonalds in my town has too many niggers who try to steal food and the convenience stores almost always have pajeets working there which means having to be amongst pajeet coworkers all day, so I figured the amusement park ride operator was going to be be the most feasible of the three. I called the number that was listed on the job ad and to my relief, it was easy to get in since apparently, many would-be applicants are too scared to be ride operators ever since the land whale Tyre Sampson went *splat* when his fat ass fell out of his ride. Therefore, the super low supply of labour decreased the competition.

My first day at work was going to be the next day which was quite convenient for me since I have a ton of free time and I wanted to buy the gaming PC back so badly.

The next day, I woke up at 5 AM and got dressed, ate breakfast, and brushed my teeth, then headed out to work at 6 AM. The amusement park is located in the outskirts of the town and I live near the centre of downtown, which is why I had to wake up and leave so early.

I knew I made it to the amusement park when I saw the carnival rides, food trucks, and games. I could tell it was going to be a busy day, with long lines of families already waiting for the amusement park attractions to open. I parked my car at the lot and then made my way to the park itself. Normally, the park guests have to enter through a large tent to buy their tickets. Employees go through a smaller tent where they check in. It was also where I needed to receive my uniform before I officially began my shift. I put on the t-shirt and then chilled for a bit, waiting for my shift to start. I looked around and noticed a pile of costumes sitting on top of one of the tables. I could recognize the top ones to be a SpongeBob SquarePants and mickey mouse suit. *Those must be the costumes for entertaining guests*, I thought.

Once it was 7:30 AM, it was time for me to begin work, so I exited through the other side of the tent and then headed to the ride I was supposed to operate.

My assigned ride was the Ferris wheel. Me having just started working there, of course they'd have to assign me a ride that has one of the lowest rates of injuries. The most difficult thing I had to do was stop the Ferris wheel each time a passengers cage reaches the ground. Only a dumb nigger or abbo could mess up such a task.

As I finally navigated to the Ferris wheel in the vast park, I used a key to access the control panel of the ride which was surrounded by a secured fence and then began rotating the Ferris wheel in increments to allow all the passengers to hop on. Once it was full, I pressed the start button, to which the Ferris wheel began its course. Each ride is around 5 minutes, so I had a bit of free time to think to myself. Unfortunately, there is a no phone policy at those times to avoid ride operators getting too distracted, so I couldn't play Clash Royale to clap E-barbarian faggots or check Telegram. All I could do was think.

I was in the midst of daydreaming when I felt a tap on my left shoulder. I glanced back to see a man in the mickey mouse suit I saw back in the tent.

"Hello," I said.

"What's up, my name is Scapicker," he introduced himself as he took the mickey mouse mask off to reveal his face. "I see you are new here. I would like to speak to you at the end of the day. Meet you at the parking lot."

"I'm ok, but why?"

"I'll talk about it later, just meet me there please."

Scapicker put the mickey mouse mask back on and then trotted away.

For the rest of the day, I wondered about what the meeting was going to be all about, hardly thinking about the Ferris wheel at all.

At the end of my shift, I went back through the employee exit tent, returning my uniform, and then walked through the parking lot. A part of me was hoping that Scapicker was going to forget to meet me since I really had no interest in doing so, even though I was very curious about what he wanted to talk about.

Halfway between the amusement park itself and my car, I noticed Scapicker walking toward me. He was at my left, without wearing any bit of the Mickey Mouse costume any more.

"So, I want to let you in on something," Scapicker said right off the bat. "Because you are the only brand new employee ever since I found this out, you just might be the only one who will believe me."

"Alright just tell me what it is quickly because I have to attend boxing class soon."

"Ever since last week, I've been seeing a person in a Minion costume walking around at late hours, near midnight. However, it seems I am the only one who has seen it this far. Believe me, I've asked all the other employees about it. It's probably just some autistic park visitor trying to be a part of the park's official entertainers. He isn't necessarily malicious or anything as far as I know; I'd observe him going to the ice cream truck to buy banana split ice cream every time, and then Disappear into the darkness. So far, I've been too afraid to confront the man or woman in the minion costume alone. I know you are going to be busy with your boxing class tonight but will there be a time when you could stay here late so you could

help me debrief the minion costume wearer?"

"Ahaha, come on dude," I laughed. "Do you really think I would give that much of a damn to bother? I got enough shit to worry about so why should I care? And more importantly, why do you want to know about some kid wearing a minion costume so badly?"

"Now here's the kicker. I know it hasn't been long enough for any conclusions yet, but I've noticed park visitor disappearances since the presence of that minion guy. Like, when the park closes at midnight, so much less guests leave the park than enter; a small fraction of them to be specific. I have a feeling the minion costume dude has something to do with it."

"I got no time for your nonsense," I said as I turned to resume walking to my car.

"Wait, one more thing!" Scapicker exclaimed as he skipped right in front of me, obstructing my path.

Scapicker then pulled out his smartphone and then went on the photos app, soon opening a photo. It was kind of dark as it appeared to be taken at night, so Scapicker boosted his phones brightness, until I could make out what was in it. The first thing I saw was an ice cream truck, then I noticed a glittering yellow oval-shaped entity standing by the truck, facing whoever was serving the ice cream. It was probably around 3 feet tall. Upon a closer inspection, there was a black strap wrapped around the top part of it, along with a blue vest worn by its body. The thing as a whole seemed to be nothing but a midget or child wearing a minion costume. I have to admit, it looked pretty damn impressive though. With the wearers short stature, I would have thought it could be a real life minion.

"You aren't proving anything new with that photo, but I'd like to see that costume in real life because now I'm curious, mostly about how well made it is," I said. "I could stay for a bit tomorrow night."

"Alright nice," Scapicker said. "Have a good rest of your evening and I'll see you tomorrow night."

Fast forward to near the end of the next day. I drove back to the amusement park and then had to pay a ticket for myself as I wasn't supposed to be working at that time, then went to meet Scapicket at the space where the rip of the park and the tent entrances meet.

"The minion should come in just a few," Scapicker said.

But just then, I saw the end of the guest entrance tent move, and a petite figure that was as yellow as a chink emerged. It was no doubt the minion. It arrived a bit sooner than Scapicker expected.

"Oh shit that's the minion!" Scapicker whispered to my ear. "Ok so the plan is, we both approach it at the same time and I'll initiate contact, and then you could ask whatever questions you have for it."

We then went in front of the minion. *Holy shit does it look lifelike*, I thought.

"So what have you been doing in this park every night?" Scapicker asked him.

At first, the minion was silent. He then fished his pocket to pull out a large futuristic-looking pistol that looked like it could be in a Star Wars movie. It had a large banana symbol printed on the handle.

"Ooga booga mayne, ring ring ring banana phone, weeweeheeheehee," the minion sang as he aimed the pistol at Scapicker and pulled the trigger.

Shortly, a bright yellow beam was blasted at Scapicker and upon contact, he turned into a banana except without the peel; purely the edible part. The minion then went up to the giant yellow fruit which used to be Scapicker and then began munching on it from the side.

"Yum yum banana," he said.

"What the fuck are you! Please don't hurt me," was all I could say.

The minion stopped snacking on the human-size banana and then turned to face me. He then used both of his hands to pinch the very top of the minion costume and straight up began tearing it. Inside the minion costume was the color brown. It looked kind of like a year-long rotten banana with its entire insides no longer edible.

Once he, or should I say *it*, completely tore off the minion costume, what I saw revealed shocked me. It was actually a minion within an ordinary-looking minion costume the whole time, except the real minion I was now looking at was brown all over and to my absolute horror, had the face of George Floyd. Now, the

minions you see in the media aren't supposed to have noses and visible lips at all. However, the one here had a fat nigger nose and lips that probably have the circumference of six inches.

"I am the George Floyd minion mayne!" The brown minion exclaimed. "It is time for me to show you who I truly am!"

"W-What?!" I stammered.

The nigga minion gestured me to follow it, and so I did. At this point, I figured I had the options of coming with the George Floyd minion or run, but my death is likely to happen either way since there is no way to outrun the banana ray gun beam anyway. Following the George Floyd minion would at least allow me to see what was to come. Boy did I regret doing so.

The George Floyd minion led me to some section of the amusement park that I haven't been to before, which was a dark alley between two indoor components of the park. I stopped, hesitating to continue.

"Come on mayne, what you waiting foe?" The poop-colored pill-shaped nigger said impatiently.

The George Floyd minion successfully encouraged me to continue following it.

It was completely pitch black for a brief moment as we walked through the alley, but after a few seconds, it became bright again. It took a bit for my vision to readjust to the brightness but before long, I saw we were now in some giant room. I saw large machines built all over the place, and to my shock, a group of what looked to be a group of hundreds of prisoners trapped inside a glass funnel.

The George Floyd minion cackled like a wild hyena crossed with a Greg-Doucette-sounding parrot. "Hehehe. Check it out mayne dis be mah banana farm and shieet. Hehehe, whatcha think mayne!"

I genuinely had nothing to say; I simply froze.

It then watched as a group of the prisoners were sucked into the funnel via a vacuum, followed by a sickening grinding sound. Litres upon litres of liquid banana were then excreted from the other end of the machine

"You see mayne, many of mah banana farm inputs be pregnant bitches because they make extra nutritious banana matter since they include a nice placenta and fetus," the George Floyd minion explained.

I felt sick to the stomach from hearing the nigga minions sentence and decided that I had enough of being in this place, let alone hearing the disgusting process of whatever messed up banana factory this was, so I needed to get out without becoming a banana myself. Even though the owner of this factory is a literal George Floyd minion reincarnation, I wasn't sure if I could simply kneel on its neck to kill it since, if you are well versed in minion lore, minions don't require oxygen to breathe. An example that proves this is one scene from one of the movies, where a minion could be seen in outer space.

It was then, I got an idea. If you didn't know, the minions from despicable me wear those big goggles for an important reason. Minions are practically blind without them, only being able to see nothing but blur.

I quickly cuffed the George Floyd minions goggles then yanked it off with ease.

"AWE SHEEIT I CAN'T SEE!" It cried.

Before it could react further, I bolted to the doorway and pedaled my feet as fast as I could across the pitch black alley, the entire amusement park, and finally, I made it to the parking lot. I took time to catch my breath as I slowly walked towards my car. Of course, I glanced back every few seconds just in case but thankfully, the George Floyd minion didn't follow me at all.

To this day, I am trying to figure out what exactly is the George Floyd minions deal. Obviously, since it is a nigger minion, it would have to be more addicted to bananas than regular minions which is why it was willing to go through extensive measures of building a million-dollar human-to-banana farm. However, the fact that the amusement park owner and all the other employees except Scapicker never felt suspicious of that minion confuses me. The only plausible explanation that I created is the George Floyd minion knows that with all the fictional character costumes that are worn by the entertainers of the amusement park, it sees it as the perfect area to establish its hidden human-to-banana factory; it will simply blend in as it leads park guests to its lair.

**Do Not Ride the Floyd Train**

By Jordan Cleeman

Trains. They are certainly an entertaining means of travel. Sure, they aren't quite as fast as using airplanes, but I find them much more intriguing and more cost effective overall. Depending on what railroad it is, the service is much nicer too. I've mostly preferred travelling via airplanes before the story I am about to tell you, and that was the mode of transportation I solely resorted to. During that brief period of time I began to like trains even more than flight. However, this all changed after a terrifying experience I had to go through at the end of that very journey.

My name is Geronimo Sir and I live in Minneapolis. You know, the city in Minnesota, filled with six-foot-tall rats with monkey physical features who constantly chimp out whenever one of their saints pass away, even if a White cop wasn't the one who killed them. I remain living in that cesspool of niggers because I am one of those autists who gets homesick easily, even if I were to have settled to somewhere else for an entire year. My homesickness stems from my ultra-sensitive sense that I feel whenever I am in a foreign place–I had a rough time throughout my childhood when I my family first moved to Minneapolis from California, all the nigger schoolmates bullied me. That doesn't take away my enjoyment towards travelling though, my homesickness only really comes when I move somewhere longterm.

One day, I decided to take a vacation week off work. I was very burned out from my Jew manager bossing me around and forcing me to work unexpectedly on weekends whenever he wanted. With how naturally dogshit of a manager he is, it took me a good bit of convincing. I had to promise him that I'd complete a quota during the vacation week, which is something to be completed online. It wasn't a huge job compared to the major inconveniences I had to go through on some weekends, such as when I had to wake up in the middle of the night to consult a customer for two hours.

Anyway, I wanted to go to Vancouver for the week. I've been there as a child and enjoyed visiting the aquarium, riding the ferry boats, and shopping around the malls. The only that I don't like about Vancouver is the high number of dirty chinks who are only there to eat the Canadian wildlife such as moose, beavers, and wolves.

For a change, I chose to take a train there instead of an airplane. Airplanes are convenient and all, but I get scared of turbulence easy and I get fucking annoyed by the sound of babies crying so I figured a train might end up becoming my preferred means of travel. I purchased a ticket which cost me $500 and then waited for the day I was to board onto the train.

It was going to take around 5 days to get to Vancouver via the train. It was going to be one of those mobile hotels that are similar to cruise ships, with a bedroom for each passenger for them to sleep in at night. It's still better than having to constantly hear baby cries that are as loud as the nigga howls of a sheboon for hours on an airplane flight.

On the day the train was scheduled to begin its journey, I drove over to the station which was located right next to the Minneapolis airport.

I took a first glance at the train I was going to have to ride for the next few days and I gotta say, the way it was designed is rather interesting. It was painted pitch black in color and had a massive Black Lives Matter symbol painted right smack in the middle of each of the segments. I moved my sight to the very front of the train which had a big ass face sculpted on it which had a big ass nose and lips, which is structured similar to a Thomas the Train car. It was then I realized it was literally a George Floyd head statue; the train as a whole was essentially a George Floyd mural.

I at first turned away from the George Floyd train because there was no way I would support the Nigger Lives Matter movement by refusing service. However, I remembered that I spent half a grand on the ticket and the last thing I wanted was for it to go to waste, so I turned back towards the train and boarded onto it.

I was met with all the other passengers; we crowded around the entrance. Surprisingly, most of them weren't niggers and from seeing that, I thought it wouldn't be too bad of a train ride after all. The attendant, who is a nigger, in front of us announced he will give all of us keys to our rooms.

After that, I began exploring around the train. The first carts were just the hallways where the passenger bedrooms were. I was assigned the 20th room which was right next to the next carts that were other

than the bedroom carts. The next cart was the dining room, which consisted of a dozen tables, each having a candle at the centre and a QR code printed for customers to access the restaurant menu with their phones. Those QR code menus are becoming the norm nowadays with the coronavirus craze that has been persisting for years at this point.

I walked past the dining cart to enter the gaming room next. It had a ping pong table, an pool table, and a set of video games, the Minecraft Xbox edition and Fortnite console edition. I watched as the children of families rushed to play those, with the ping pong and pool tables unoccupied. *Whatever the hell happened to people's interest in traditional games*, I thought to myself.

I then went to the front most accessible cart which was basically just the room where the train's engine is stored. There were piles upon piles of coal that would be used as fuel.

I spent the rest of the afternoon destroying dumb niggers in the ping pong matches, until I felt tired enough to go to my passenger room to go to sleep. I checked the time to find out it was already 11 PM, so I quickly brushed my teeth, changed into my pajamas that have a design with swastikas all over it (I don't wear it in public by the way), and then laid down on the bed. It was almost as comfortable as my mattress back at home so it didn't take long for me to sleep despite my technically being inside a George Floyd BLM mural; it being hard to relax around blacks whether they are in statue or "human" form.

I woke up to a loud thump at 3 AM, which was intense enough to simulate a shaking ground like a 7 ton dinosaur walking nearby. My heart skipped a beat in response and I looked out of the window. I discovered we were some place out of the city, with and endless range of mountains spanning across the horizon. It was a pretty view; so much that I took a quick photo of it with my phone. I shrugged the loud thump to a dream similar to the ones where you feel like you are legit falling, and then wake up. The copium helped me go back to sleep.

The next morning, I got up, got changed for the day, and then headed to the dining cart to grab breakfast. I sat on the table at the back corner of the cart and then looked through the menu by scanning the QR code with my phone. I ended up ordering an eggs Benedict along with potatoes and chocolate milk. Once the waiter brought me the meal, I began eating it like a pitbull attacking a toy poodle because I haven't eaten in a while. I was about to eat the last potato when I overheard a conversation amongst the family eating at the table next to mine. The moment I heard the words "thump" and "woke". It was clear they were talking about something that happened last night, so I opened my ears to eavesdrop.

"I was awoken by it too," the husband said to the wife. "It was loud and scared the kids."

"Yeah I wonder if there was a large boulder that somehow rolled onto the train's route or a damaged wheel," the wife said.

It was then I realized they were talking about the loud thump that woke me up last night, which confirmed it wasn't actually a dream.

I ate my last potato and went on with my day. Again, I spent the day in the games room as I was lonely and had nobody to talk to since the odds of other based people being in this BLM supporting train is close to zero. I played on the Minecraft Xbox station, building a gigantic pixel art mosaic depicting the frame in the Ronnie McNutt suicide video the split second after he shot himeself, which looks like a demigorgon.

The next night, I made sure to sleep a bit earlier because of my disrupted sleep pattern the night before. Unexpectedly, I woke up again suddenly, hitting my head against the ceiling as I jolted up.I felt a bruise form on my scalp which was already a fuckfest as I've been to countless fights in BLM rallies and nigger loving fags keep aiming for the scalp when they punch.

The bruise was caused by a familiar thump, however, this time I heard a subtle scream from outside the train. It sounded like that of a woman. I looked at the clock, to find out it was 3 AM, the same exact time I woke up the night before.

The thump was even more intense than before, hence I hit my head unlike last time.

The scream though—I could sense the genuine horror encompassed in it. Whoever emitted it sounded as if she was in pain. *Maybe somebody just got scared after hearing the thump, I thought*.

For the rest of the night, I couldn't go back to sleep because even with my logical rationale, I couldn't help but think about more possibilities. *What if the train is damaged, possibly stopping in the middle of nowhere*?

I thought I imagined the worst case scenario, but boy was I wrong.

The following day, everybody in the dining room were talking about just that—the second loud thump at 3 AM and the mysterious woman's scream. Just about every single passenger was here and it seemed none of them were the one who uttered the scream.

The next night, I decided to stay up all night and see what was really going on at 3:00 AM. I set an alarm on my phone to 2:59 AM in case I accidentally fall asleep.

My passenger room's window is large enough to allow me to peek a fair bit in front of the train. As the night went by, I made sure it was in my line of sight the entire time. Moments before 3 AM, I noticed something on the railroad track, about 100 meters away from the front of the train. It was a bit hard to see in the night's darkness, so I squinted hard to see what it was. To my shock, it was a pregnant woman, tied and bound onto the train track. When the train was close enough, I began to hear her screams in fear of her inevitable death. The train was going so fast, it could never be put to a stop before reaching the pregnant woman. I closed my eyes as I felt the dreaded *THUMP*, and this time, I heard a gut wrenching *SPLAT* as the train ran over her. After that ordeal, it took every bit of me not to vomit and I sat in the corner of my passenger room, trying to forget what happened. However, it proved impossible.

The gradually sun rose as morning arrived and before I knew it, it was time for me to get cleaned up for the day. I did just that and headed to the dining cart. The first thing I did was tell everybody what I saw, starting from the family closest in proximity. Some of them actually saw the same thing and agreed. The others were all shocked yet believed our words, as the thuds occurring at the exact same time on the last few nights were suspicious enough.

We talked amongst ourselves, trying to reason why the train had been running over bound pregnant women at exactly 3 AM every night. We eventually decided to speak to the attendant, who usually hangs around at the engine cart. We questioned him about what the hell was going on. He would deny everything that happened, including the night *thuds* themselves, telling us it was only in our imaginations. We didn't buy into his excuses, and some of the families even went as far as threatening him for answers. Eventually, he surrendered and admitted everything, including the deaths of the pregnant woman. But after, he shut his eyes and magically liquified into a mist. He, as the mist, then absorbed himself into the vents of the train. The lights shut off suddenly and a loud beep played from the announcement speakers.

"I be the George Floyd train and I like running over dem pregnant bitches," a deep demonic voice played from the speakers. "You crackas asked for it. Imma do some mass killing and sheeit."

A sudden dread filled me and I ran back to the dining cart and then peeked to the window, angling my sight towards the railroad ahead. I saw hundreds of pregnant women, all lined up side by side, each bound the same way the run-over pregnant women the previous nights were before they were crushed by the George Floyd train.

I needed to somehow stop the nigger train before it murders all of them, so I sprinted to the engine cart and looked to see what I could do to shut it down. I needed to do it in an unconventional fashion because trains typically continue moving forward for a while after their engine stops running, due to inertia. I quickly studied the engine and pinpointed where the fuel wastes were going; the smoke flowed into a relatively thick tunnel, which I presumed ultimately led to the George Floyd trains smoke chimney. I took off my coat and then used it to clog that tunnel, which blocked the fuel wastes from exiting the George Floyd trains chimney. The coal smoke, trying to escape, couldn't and shortly the whole opening expanded in size as a result until it got too full.

"Ah shit, chimney tunnel clogged, I CAN'T EXHALE OUT MAH WASTE!" The George Floyd train spoke through the speakers.

Red lights flashed throughout every cart and I could hear each of the functional units of the train shut down one by one. The train then came to an instant stop, which caused us to tumble towards the front direction; a bit reminiscent of a mild car crash. After we regained our composure, we ensured everybody wasn't injured and then exited the train by breaking one of the windows of the dining cart and jumping

through. We couldn't leave through the main door since it was still locked.

The face of the George Floyd train was very close to running over the front most pregnant woman, ending up only 10 inches away from her. One of the passengers volunteered to call rescue helicopters to pick us up, while the rest of us helped unbound the hundreds of pregnant women who could have died if the George Floyd train didn't suffocate in its own fuel waste. We questioned them, wondering how on earth they ended up here in the first place. They all responded with a similar answer—they mysteriously teleported and woke up here already bound, whether they were initially at work, school, or sleeping.

Eventually, a group of helicopters arrived and all of us boarded onto them, each of them carrying a group of 12. The would-be pregnant woman victims were teleported from random parts of the United States, which meant some of them had a long way to go back home.

I am now typing this as we are being transported. If you ever happen to plan a train-based vacation, make sure the train you are boarding doesn't have a George Floyd head statue at the front; and if it does, destroy it. Chances are, it is on a massacre to run over pregnant women tied up in the railway.

**Teacher Floyd**

By Jordan Cleeman

Lately, there has been lots of controversy about LGBT teachers. Libtards believe that they should exist and have equal opportunity. That completely wrong; even though I've always been against faggots being teachers, a recent experience reinforced my opinion and if you are a faggot-lover, do yourself a favour and read along. It will open your eyes to realize how detrimental gays, trannies and whatever other made up sexual orientation are to the education system.

My name is Boog Miller. I started my day off with my normal morning routine; brushing my teeth, taking my morning shit, eating breakfast, and then going to my community college.

Last night; I heard that today we were going to have a substitute teacher for health class. The actual teacher, Mr. Espinoza (who is a fat ass spic) was temporarily suspended from teaching because of an incident one Friday. Mr. Espinoza was teaching a math class and one the students was using a phone for the graphing calculator app because he couldn't afford an actual one, which costs over $200; Mr. Espinoza took his phone away for an entire weekend because he thought he was playing games on it. Keeping a belonging of a student for that long is forbidden and so Mr. Espinoza was punished accordingly.

Anyway, I couldn't wait for health class to start because every time there are substitutes, I like pulling pranks on them. It is especially funny when they are like "if you don't stop, I am going to leave a bad report to the teacher." They almost never even end up doing so it doesn't worry me at the slightest.

My school schedule for that was structured as follows: English class starting 8:30 AM, Health class starting 10:00 AM, lunch starting at 11:30 AM, social studies starting at 1:00 PM, and lastly science starting at 2:30 PM.

First thing, I had to go through language arts, where I volunteered to read page 174 of To Kill a Mockingbird just so I could say the n-word with the hard r in front of the whole class without getting in trouble. Although, it got all the BLM whores mad with liberal tears; they expected me to say a weak soy boy version of the word. I told them to shut the fuck up and go kill themselves.

After the bell rang, there was a ten minute period between the end of English and the start of health class. I used that time to prepare the pranks to pull off on the substitute. I rushed to the health class room, being the first one there, and quickly put a thumbtack pointing upwards on the teacher's chair. The pin was super thin and had a base the exact same black color as the seat, so it was going to be hard to see. I then sat at my usual assigned seat, acting as unsuspicious as possible.

Once health class started, everybody waited until the substitute entered the classroom at last. He wore a black and grey hoodie, with the hood covering his head which made it difficult to see his face. He picked up a marker and then began writing on the whiteboard. It didn't take long for me to see his handwriting was awful; it looked like a 5 year old using crayons. After the substitute was finished writing, he set the marker back down and then turned to face the class, grinning with his hands clasped together. I struggled to read it, but it said "Mr. Floyd". I then looked at the exposed face of Mr. Floyd, to discover that what I thought was a hoodie was actually just his bare head because Mr. Floyd turned out to be a

nigger whose skin is so dark, it matches the color of his black hoodie.

"Ayo maynes, I be Mr. Floyd," he introduced himself as he pointed to his name on the whiteboard as if it wasn't obvious enough. "Today we be learning about sex Ed and sheeit."

Mr. Floyd approached the teachers deck and then squatted to sit on it. It was then, the sound of cloth ripping and flesh being pierced could be heard.

"Ouch mayne, thumbtack on my ass!" He chimped. "Who did that?!"

The class stayed silent. Knowing I was there one who pulled the prank, I covered my mouth to hide my chuckle. Mr. Floyd stood up, which the thumbtack still stuck in his left ass cheek, and then pulled it out. Strangely, I could hear a steam of air leaking out of his ass as he did.

"Ah shit my ass be deflating and losing air," the nigger substitute said. "Anyways maynes, let's get started."

Mr. Floyd sat back on the chair and then fired up the desktop computer. He logged then turned on the projector. The machine at the back of the classroom shot a beam of light onto the whiteboard, which displayed a faint visual of the computer screen.

"Somebody better turn the lights off," Mr. Floyd requested.

"The person closest to the light switch flicked it off without needing to stand up, and so the projectors display was now easier to look at; on it was the desktop interface with a brick wall background. Mr. Floyd clicked on a file folder that was labelled "class notes"; it opened, revealing a set of PowerPoint slide files. Mr. Floyd opened one of them, opening the title screen of the presentation. It was titled "what to do when your wife is pregnant". The class gasped in shock from reading the inappropriate title.

"Yo maynes it gonna be a useful lecture dont worry," Mr. Floyd said, then pressed the space bar to get to the next slide.

A number of stock images of pregnant women appeared on that slide.

"You see maynes, dem be some rapeable bitches who should be raped," Mr. Floyd said. "If they don't allow you to, you put a gun to their belly."

I shuddered from hearing that. He was blatantly promoting rape to the students. I wouldn't be surprised if he were to actually be a rapist himself or a future one.

Mr, Floyd's last sentence got some of the students to pack up and leave.

"Maynes why you be exiting mah class!? Detention for everybody after school!"

Mr. Floyd exited the PowerPoint window and then called the principal to come. Footsteps due to plastic shoes could then be heard in the hallway, until the kike principal, Mr. Fuckity entered the classroom.

"Oy vey, what's going in here," he asked.

"Cracka students be leavin the classroom while I teach!" Mr. Floyd said as if he was the victim. "Gib everyone here detention because they be misbehaving and sheeit. Also somebody put a thumbtack prank on me."

"Don't buy into that!" One of the students who was about to leave said. "He was teaching us violence and sexual assault."

"Is that true Mr. Floyd?" Mr. Fuckity said, gazing at the nigger substitute.

"See mayne, he be lyin. They just be racists who don't wanna learn from black peepoe!" Mr. Floyd lied.

"Alright, every goy in this class will receive a detention slip," Mr. Fuckity announced as he rubbed his hands, then went to each desk handing out a pink piece of paper to everyone. "Reason for detention will be systematic racism on the students' end."

Though I'll admit the thumbtack prank was a fair thing to punish, the other reason was bullshit. Throughout the day, I increasingly hated niggers even more, and dreaded the time we had to stay after school. I myself had work after school which meant I might get fired for absenteeism.

Fast forward to the end of the school day, 4:00 PM, I made my way to the detention room. I was thinking of outright ditching school to evade the detention but that would possibly mean getting suspended from the school for the rest of the year.

Only half of the people in my class ended up attending detention; I guess the other half didn't give a damn about getting banned from a school that loves niggers enough to hire a nigger, the worst race possible to become teachers.

It was just us students in the room. Usually there is a supervisor in here to make sure people don't run away. It was then, the door creaked open, and a dark figure holding a laptop and a large duffel bag entered; it was Mr. Floyd.

"Hehehe I will be the detention supervisor too," he said. "Alright maynes, I shall resume the lecture here."

Groans could be heard from every student as Mr. Floyd booted up the laptop whilst standing.

"By the way, the nice school gifted me this brand new Microsoft surface pro after the racist incident," he said. Yoohoohoo this be a nice school, I wanna work here."

Mr. Floyd put the laptop on the desk then rotated it so that it faced every student; this was because there wasn't a projector in the detention room. There the second slide was, filled with the stock images of the pregnant women.

Mr. Floyd fully explained the entire PowerPoint, and looking around, most if not all the students wore their earbuds, tuning out trying not to listen to the lesson.

At the end slide though, was a slide that had the words "demonstration time" right smack in the middle.

"Okay I shall demonstrate everything I taught," Mr. Floyd said. He fished into the large duffel bag that was almost as large as he was, and then whipped out a life size female sex doll with a pregnant belly. Followed by that, he pulled out a pistol.

"You better let me rape you!" He yelled as he pointed the pistol to the sex dolls belly.

The situation was ridiculous and made me chuckle to myself a bit.

Mr. Floyd then began humping the shit out of the sex doll, looking like a Jotenheim wolf mating. "Yoohoohoo this hits the spot!"

Then without any footsteps being heard, the door opened. There came a pajeet with scraggly hair, holding a broomstick and one of those portable garbage bins; it was the school janitor.

"What is going here?" he questioned Mr. Floyd.

Mr. Floyd stopped what he was doing and then looked at the pajeet janitor. He started explaining in his words what he was teaching us as if it were normal material. The janitor argued back, saying Mr. Floyd was doing inappropriate behaviour—of course though, he said he didn't blame him for humping that sex doll since he is a pajeet. While they were busy chattering, I got an idea. I planned an ultimate prank where I was to put a sharpener blade inside the pussy part of the sex doll. The premise is when Floyd decides to rape the doll for real, the sharpener blades will literally sharpen his dick like a pencil, leaving him in writhing pain and buying us time to escape the detention room.

I disassembled the sharpener that was in my back pack and used all my strength to isolate the blade from the rest of the gadget. I then tiptoed to that sex doll and then put the sharpener blade inside the hole.

Mr. Floyd was eventually finished speaking with the janitor and then turned to face the doll again. "Dis time I will have unga bunga time with it," he said.

After the pajeet left the room, what happened next is too obscene for me to describe here, but what followed was Mr. Floyd pulling out, no longer with a PP, and he screamed in pain. "FUCKK MAYNE I CAN NO LONGER RAPE PREGNANT BITCHES FROM NOW ON!"

I, along with the other detention students, sneaked out of the classroom while Mr. Floyd was too distracted by the agony.

After I was finished with work, I got 2 notifications on my phone which were 2 emails from the school. I opened the first one. It appeared to be one sent out to everybody in the school. It read:

*Greetings students, it has come to my attention that a substitute, Mr. Floyd, had a brutal accident on campus. He had his genitalia decapitated because a student named Boog Miller thought it was funny to play a sick prank. Boog is required to visit Mr. Floyd tomorrow night at the hospital or else pay a fee of $200.*

*Sincerely, Mr. Fuckity.*

The second email was personally sent to me and it just detailed the specific hospital and floor number so that I could find Mr

*Fucking kike*, I thought. *Now he is going to force all the students in the college to visit that fucking nigger*. I was already in crippling debt because the community college was already expensive enough, so I decided to go even though I'd rather McNutt myself.

The next school day went on as normal. Another substitute took place and he was decent; wasn't a nigger, thought is the proper material, and gave us free pizza at the end of the class. The following night, I drove over to the hospital that was listed in the school email to visit Mr. Floyd.

I entered the hospital. From what the follow-up email said, the floor where Mr. Floyd was recovering was at the elevator floor B-3, so I entered it into the elevator and then I was transported to it. When the elevator door opened, a big flashy blue pink and white sign came into view; it read "gender reassignment operations". I squinted, wondering why Mr. Floyd was having his recovery at the tranny surgery floor. I proceeded to walk out of the elevator and look for him. After asking around, one of the nurses led me to a room. There Mr. Floyd was, lying on the hospital bed, sleeping. Beside the bed was Mr. Fuckity, grinning at me. I was absolutely confused about the purpose of this; *watch Mr. Floyd for the next hour*? Mr. Fuckity opened his mouth to speak. "So you may notice Mr. Floyd is recovering at the gender reassignment area of the hospital—"

"Das right!" Mr. Floyd interrupted Mr. Fuckity, waking up from his sleep.

"Can either of you explain what is going on?" I asked.

"You see mayne, since I lost mah dick because of you, I be feeling like transitioning to a chick. Dah nice thing is I get a discount because the surgery is easier since mah dick is pre-mutilated."

"In addition, Mr. Floyd will be a real teacher from now on," Mr. Fuckity said, rubbing his hands like the goblin rubbing hands emote from Clash Royale. "He will be replacing Mr. Espinoza permanently in the near future."

Don't get me wrong, Mr. Espinoza is a shitty teacher but having a nigger teacher is even worse than a spic teacher, let alone one who is becoming a tranny.

For the rest of the hospital visit, Mr. Fuckity made me comfort Mr. Floyd, reading him copium quotes that trannies need to tell themselves constantly so that they don't kill themselves; it was more torturous than the rat torturing method.

When I left for home, I was as exhausted as an introvert whose "social battery" is at 1%, and from that point, I dreaded the day Mr. Floyd was to begin officially teaching at my community college.

Fast forward 6 months, which was how long it was estimated for Mr. Floyd to fully transition to a "woman" using drugs like estrogen.

That day, the most grotesque "human" I've ever seen walked into the health classroom. It wore a black tank top, revealing its unshaven arms, a blue wig, and a hoodie otherwise grey and black, the same color scheme as the tranny flag. The thing had dozens of books in its hands, which were pro LGBT propaganda novels.

"Hey I am back," it said in a familiar-but-slightly-higher-pitched ebonic voice. "Y'all probably recognize me from when I was a substitute at dis community college. Well now I am an official Heath teacher here and guess what? I transitioned! For the rest of the semester I will teach you all that it is okay to be trans."

The entire class did a fake clap, stepping on eggshells around the tranny.

"And you guys shall refer me as Mrs. Floyd from now on—"

"No!" I interrupted. "No, I will always refer you as Mr. Floyd you delusional fuck. You will never be a real woman. You have no womb, you have no ovaries, you have no eggs. You are a homosexual man twisted by drugs and surgery into a crude mockery of nature's perfection. All the "validation" you get is two-faced and half-hearted. Behind your back people mock you. Your parents are disgusted and ashamed of you, your "friends" laugh at your ghoulish appearance behind closed doors. Men are utterly repulsed by you. Thousands of years of evolution have allowed men to sniff out frauds, including niggers, with incredible efficiency. Even trannies who "pass" look uncanny and unnatural to a man. Your bone structure is a dead giveaway. And even if you manage to get a drunk guy home with you, he'll turn tail and bolt the second he gets a whiff of your diseased, infected axe wound. You will never be happy. You wrench out a fake smile every single morning and tell yourself it's going to be ok, but deep inside you feel the depression creeping up like a weed, ready to crush you under the unbearable weight. Eventually it'll be too much to bear—you'll buy a rope, tie a noose, put it around your neck, and plunge into the cold abyss. Your parents will find you, heartbroken but relieved that they no longer have to live with the unbearable shame and disappointment. They'll bury you with a headstone marked with your birth name, and every passerby for the rest of eternity will know a man is buried there. Your body will decay and go back to the dust, and all that will remain of your legacy is a skeleton that is unmistakably male. This is your fate. This is what you chose. There is no turning back."

"Aweee sheeit mayne," Mr. Floyd teared up. "Hey maynes, I guess that be it."

Mr. Floyd's bones then started to twist in unimaginable angles. Both of his arms shifted from just below his shoulders to the back of his torso; his neck bent forward down like a piece of paper folding in half; he rolled onto the ground, his legs positioning in a birth position but more extreme. Mr. Floyd then bent his right leg and knees on his own neck.

"Ah sheeit Mrs. Floyd I can't breathe," Mr. Floyd spoke to himself, before his suicide finally killed him. What was now left was a disfigured dead nigger tranny corpse.

A classmate called 911. The paramedics arrived and tried to save what was no longer saveable. They rushed in and tried things to get it back alive. They did CPR which only ended up causing Mr. Floyd's tit implants to leak out; they tried to use a defibrillator to start up its heart; and they hooked up a breathing tube to his mouth. Nothing worked.

Hey, I think I've seen him from the hospital gender transitioning floor," one of the paramedics pointed out.

"Yeah I believe that is mister, I mean, Mrs. Floyd," the other replied. "Looks like he is dead."

Mr. Fuckity then entered the classroom to check out the commotion.

"What is going on here?" he asked.

"We tried everything," a paramedic answered. "We are sorry to say he is no longer with us."

"Oy vey, who was responsible this time?" Mr. Fuckity asked aloud, eyeballing the students. When he landed his sight on me, he locked his eyes, suspecting me.

It was you, wasn't it?" he pointed his hairy finger at me.

"I was not responsible for his death," I said. "He did it to himself. Even from the start when he decided to become a brain dead tranny. All I did was warn him of the consequences of his decision. He then got so emotionally damaged that he killed himself by asphyxiating himself."

"Then please explain the bent bones; there is no way this is self-inflicted," Mr. Fuckity pointed out.

"He is telling the truth," one of my classmates said. "No idea how the teacher managed to kill himself that way though."

"Shut your mouth or else I will impose detention on everybody here again," the kike principle said.

"I think one of the drugs to alter his body fucking up the integrity of his bones so much, they could move like that," I theorized. "I never landed a hand on him."

“Goy, your imaginative stories are too unbelievable. Your lies will never help you get away with this.”

“Shut the fuck up jew; you kikes invent stories that are even more unbelievable, such as the Holocaust!” I clapped back. “If anything, I should be the one interrogating you.”

Mr. Fuckity got enraged by the true and accurate facts that I spat out, so he pulled out a walkie talkie and then said “there is a holocaust-denying Goy over here, arrest him!”

Everybody in the room knew shit was about to get real, so they all fled, I tried to follow them, but Mr. Fuckity tugged on the back of my shirt. “Not so fast Goy,” he said.

I had no clue who the people he called were, but him being a kike, I knew that I would not want to be confronted by them, so I needed a quick way to escape.

I always keep a pencil in my pocket in case a nigger in my other class named Percy tried to steal one, so I equipped it and then used it to poke a small, yet deep hole into Mr. Floyd’s dead corpse. From my science classes, I learned that dead corpses have a gas buildup that starts the moment the organism dies. For example, you could see this in videos of whales suddenly exploding on the beach. Same thing happens to humans, but at a smaller scale of course. The gas buildup includes methane, hydrogen sulphide, and ammonia. While methane is relatively harmless to breathe, ammonia and hydrogen sulphide are lethal for people to breathe, causing irritation of the respiratory tract and eyes.

A gust of the gases burst out of Mr. Floyd’s corpse through the hole and while I couldn’t physically see it, I knew to avoid it by predicting the behaviour of the gas diffusion. Mr. Fuckity just stood there, too panicked to stop me. “Oy vey, it’s another Holocaust!” He said. “I am now being gassed!”

I made sure to close the door once I left the classroom, then ran across the hallway and out of the school before the kike’s allies could catch me.

In the end, the community college was shut down due to the gasses circulating too much of the building and the quote unquote tragic deaths of Mr. Floyd and Mr. Fuckity. Lucky for me, I was rightfully never put in prison, despite some of the BLM whores classmates who tried to report me to the authorities. I told them my honest answers and forensic scientists could not find any evidence that I was the one who caused any of the deaths.

There are morals to this story. For one, trannies are degenerates that are, in many cases, inherently evil. As you can see in this story, the tranny, Mr. Floyd had deviant sexual fantasies before the transformation. His evolution from that to becoming a full on tranny was clear. It goes to show how mentally fucked many of these delusional subhumans are, even from the start. That being said, the second moral I would like to bring up is that LGBT people should never be teachers under any circumstance; they will groom students and take the “we’ll convert your children” song in practice.

**Floydrassic Park**

By Jordan Cleeman

Hi, my name is Theo, and I am going to tell you about my experience at a place called Floydrassic Park.

If you are unfamiliar with it, Floydrassic Park is a theme park that showcases genetically cloned dinosaurs. The “dinosaurs”, however, aren’t perfect replicas. The park's genetics lab needed to use the DNA of George Floyd, hence the name Floydrassic Park, in order to fill the gaps of missing dinosaur gene fragments. The reason George Floyd is so important for this is that his level of intelligence is the most comparable to that of a dinosaur. This is because, as many of us know, dinosaurs have some of the lowest brain to body mass ratios out of all of history's organisms and George Floyd is the dumbest know celebrity nigger. Floydrassic Park is located on a remote island, of course for the sake of preventing the genetically cloned dinosaurs from ever escaping and becoming invasive species in other parts of the world. Cruise ships have to be taken in order for visitors to go there, which can take days.

It was one of my friends Tass who told me about it one day. We were just hanging out at the mall and he casually brought up the futuristic dinosaur park. I didn’t believe him at first, so I took a quick google search but sure enough it was a legit business. It had an official website that described the mission of the whole venture, featured dozens of brief videos showcasing some of the dinosaurs, and even. A

virtual tour of the surface-level portion of the park.

Tass and I decided to go on a short trip to Floydrassic Park one day. Both of us are dinosaur fans and frequently play a dinosaur survival video game called ARK: Survival Evolved, where we'd build bases and then sit in them all day breeding mutated dinosaurs on the official servers (in reality, we actually just bought and re-bred those mutated breedlines in question which were originally created by some of ARK's most famous breeders; WiuWiu Bert, nArcissist, and LegondZ). With all that being said, it would be even less surprising if we never ended up going.

The boat ride there felt as long as it actually was. There was wifi but they charged $1000 per person for it and Tass and I spent almost all our savings on the ride and Floydrassic Park admission tickets alone, so we had to pass. Tass and I just had long conversations, one of which was a debate of what dinosaur would win in a fight against another. The most heated one was the T-Rex Vs Spinosaurus controversy and I argued in favour of the latter. Despite the belief held by normies that a Spinosaurus would get beaten by a Tyrannosaurus in a theoretical fight, the Spinosaurus could easily destroy the latter's ass with its superior large claws before its bite could reach it, given the sluggish nature of the so-called king of the dinosaurs. Plus, the Tyrannosaurus has arms the size of a pajeets wrists; it is like comparing Beardson Beardly with an NBA player.

After days, the cruise ship made it to the destination island finally and then the other passengers, Tass and I boarded off. It was a big piece of land, filled with grass and so many trees, we couldn't see Floydrassic Park's points of interest from our angle; it looked just like an ordinary uninhabited island from here. At the back-middle was a volcano which towered over everything else by far.

Once everybody stepped foot onto the beach, a tour guide revealed himself from the crowd and introduced himself then motioned us to follow him. We went right into the jungle trees. The leaves got into my face as I am six foot six tall so I had to duck the whole way. It was pretty obvious the jungle was artificially planted because there weren't any wildlife that would have existed in a natural jungle. At most, I heard the buzzing of flies.

Eventually, we finally made it through the other side of the jungle facing inward, for us to be met with a 60-foot-tall gate with the Floydrassic Park logo printed on it. It opened to welcome us, the new guests.

Behind the gate was a bullet train station which was to lead us to the center of the island, which was the central point of the park.

The train was very long, essentially having to fit every single person who was on that cruise ship. I soon realized why it was called a bullet train when it began moving. It felt like an instant before I felt my own face flying off my head, and my Minecraft creeper cap almost fell off. It didn't feel like an actual train ride at all; rather, a teleportation medium but it was all an illusion created by its sheer speed. It had been less than 10 seconds when we arrived at the central hub.

The centre hub resembled a section of a small town, with a large main building designed to look like an African mud hut and the rest of the buildings consisted of gift stores and African themed restaurants (The African themed restaurants weren't actually African but they were designed to make fun of nigger cultures).

The shiny reflective glass and metal that made up the structures screamed high tech.

On the right side of the main building was a lit up center whose lights could be noticed even in the daylight. The building was called "creation lab".

"That must be the place where they do the cloning," I said. "Let's check it out."

Tass and I went in. It was refreshing to feel the air conditioning blow into our faces after being in the sun for a minute.

The building's interior was entirely painted white, sporting the stereotypical science lab look. Countless computer screens displaying video feeds of double helix's hung on the walls. A major hatchery area with incubators holding sacs that looked to be crossed between eggs and uterus' spanned the right quarter of the room.

There was a mini tour going on inside, with scientists showing guests the steps taken from taking incomplete fragments from dinosaur fossils to hatching a George Floyd dinosaur. Tass and I walked to the station where the first step was taking place. A cylinder-shaped tank stood on top of an unreachable stand. It contained a large brown mass floating in a solution. The mass exhibited hexagonal patterns all over it that would give people with trypophobia chills. I scratched my head, wondering what it was. A man in a lab coat approached Tass and I and then introduced himself. "Hello my name is Dr. Sadienward. Do you have any questions?"

"Yeah I am just wondering what that brown goo in the liquid," I said, pointing at the cylinder tank.

"That is a clump of lab grown Floyd cells," Dr. Sadienward said. "We collect a sample of it and combine it with incomplete fossil gene fragments."

Now knowing what it actually was, I cringed in disgust. I could never imagine seeing a form of George Floyd in real life, and here those cells were, right in front of me.

"Yeah I'm gonna puke my guts out, that's so gross," Tass said. "I'm out."

I mirrored Tass's reaction, and agreed. We walked out of the creation lab and then decided what we did next.

"Let's take a look at the dinosaurs," Tass said.

We entered the main building. It looked even larger inside than outside like Walmarts and best buys. Holograms depicting dinosaur skeletons rotated, featuring new discoveries.

A statue stood at the center, which was a man with a chiseled physique. In front of it was a stone with a wall of text, which read "here is Mr. Eugene, a based chad, the founder of Floydrassic Park."

After Tass and I looked through all the neat displays, we examined a holographic map that acted as the navigation guide for the whole island. Looking at it, I realized the island was specially modified to be the shape of George Floyd's brick wall photo head. The theme park consistently proved itself competent.

Tass and I looked at it to find it had a list of all the dinosaurs they managed to resurrect and put on display using George Floyd's DNA.

The dinosaurs listed in the map were the Velociraptor AKA Floydlociraptor, the Parasaurolophus AKA Parasaurfloydopus, the Triceratops AKA Floydceratops, the Brontosaurus AKA Brontofloydosaurus, and finally the Tyrannosaurus Rex AKA the Tyrannosaurus Floyd.

The carnivorous and herbivorous dinosaurs are contained within the island in different ways. Herbivores are allowed to roam freely in an open meadow, which means they can live amongst each other as close as they can. However, carnivores have to be locked in cages, different species isolated from each other. I was a bit surprised herbivores got to coexist; given that there are so much black on black crimes that happen every day, you would think even herbivorous George Floyd dinosaur species would act violently towards each other.

Tass and I decided to visit the herbivores first, then the carnivores, with the Tyrannosaurus Floyd being our grand finale experience. Beside the holographic map was a bin filled with pamphlets which were just mini versions of the map. Tass and I each snatched one and then we began our Floydrassic Park adventure.

Should we take the bullet train to the herbivore meadow?" Tass mentioned, being the lazy fat ass he was.

"According to the map, it isn't too far off and tickets are too expensive for the few minutes we'd save taking a ride," I responded.

"Come on man, I'm already exhausted from walking."

"Okay fine, you Ethan-Ralph-looking retard."

We paid for the tickets then on the train sped to the herbivore meadows. It was a bright open environment which revealed the blue sky reflecting the ocean surrounding the island. The sunlight was even brighter, showing good use of the land to create an immersive experience for visitors. A rainbow formed across the sky; however, that was actually the only ugly thing I found about the scenery—Anything rainbow really grinds my gears because I hate faggots.

When Tass and I exited the bullet train, we already saw a lake in the middle of the grassland, which had a group of Brontofloydosaurus walking in it.

"Jesus Christ, those long neck things have big ass noses," I pointed out."I thought they were Paraceratheriums for a moment."

"Yeah, the Floyd DNA is really that prominent in the dinosaurs," Tass said.

We trudged towards the lake to take a better look at the giant sauropods. Once we were close enough to them for our feet to touch the water, I realized how truly massive the Brontofloydosaurus were. It was like looking at skyscraper towers, except biological. I've viewed images of Brontosaurus in dinosaur books as a child and believe me, looking at massive creatures in real life is vastly different from just seeing them in printed 2-D form downscaled by a factor of 1000x. If it weren't for the Floyd faces planted on the sauropods heads which I couldn't fucking take seriosuly, it would have been a truly humbling experience.

I listened closely, trying to hear what the giant long neck Floyd dinosaurs sounded like. While expecting a high pitched moan like in the movies, all I noticed was heavy breathing coming from them. It was kind of disappointing but I guess that is something that is a reality for Floydian dinosaurs. I then heard one of them say "damn mayne our long ass necks be making the air take too long to reach our lungs." After hearing that, I have to admit that it is quite inhumane to clone dinosaurs via George Floyd's DNA in the mix because Floyd's breathing-impediment-genes make a painful life for the poor pseudo dinosaurs. It's kind of like how niggas bred pit bulls. Pit bulls are a dogshit (no pun intended) species that have natural breathing problems throughout their lives and actually behave like niggers.

We eventually had enough of watching the Brontofloydosaurus's misery, so we moved onto looking at the other herbivores.

The Parasaurfloydopus, even though they were much smaller than the Brontofloydosaurus, were just as intriguing, as they possessed a crest as big as their nigger noses on the back of their heads. For those of you who don't know shit about dinosaurs, that crest is used to emit sound for attracting mates. A beautiful, yet eerie honk played through the Parafloydopus' crest, which awed both Tass and I.

Tass reached his hand out to try to pet the crest of the Parafloydopus, to which another hand from a different person swatted it away.

"Touching the Parafloydopus' crest is off limits sir," a man in a Floydrassic Park uniform said. "Any blockage of their horn big or small could kill them since they actually breathe through it."

"Ah ok sorry," Tass said, a bit disappointed.

After the Floydrassic Park zookeeper left us alone, Tass said "let's checkout the Floydceratops before we walk to the carnivore section of the island."

The Floydceratops which were only a few feet away, ate their grass like cows.

Looking at them, I'd say they were even more fucked up genetically than the Brontofloydosaurus and the Parafloydopus. Because of their George Floyd fatass nose genetics, their noses grew right through their front middle horns, creating a never ending wound in between their nostrils. It is like if a beaver were to never chew on wood and allow its teeth to grow beyond its comfortable size, ingrowing their lips.

"Get a load of that nigger triceratops face deformity!" I laughed.

I regret saying that, because the Floydceratops noticed me making fun of it as a result and glared at me with its black beady eyes. It then charged at me like a bull looking at a red cloth.

"Oh shit run!" I said.

"Bro you shouldn't have said that," Tass said. "Even though Floyd dinosaurs are supposed to be dumber than the monkey himself, the bit of "human" DNA allows interpretation of English."

"Damn I didn't know."

Luckily, the bullet train had just arrived again and we just so happen to be approaching it, so Tass and I ran in there as the doors opened and then forced the door close behind us, before the Floydceratops could pierce us with its horn. Whoever designed the bullet train did so properly, because the door was made out of a glass strong enough to withstand the charge of the Floydceratops.

To be honest though, it probably wouldn't have been fatal to us if it's horn did reach us anyway, since its nose taking up too much of the front horn's length shortens it to the point where it wouldn't be able to penetrate our vital organs.

The Floydceratops remained gazing through the window, still seething. The passengers looked back at it awkwardly in silence, some of them in fear. Lucky for us, there wasn't anybody outside going to the train, so soon, the bullet train resumed its course.

To Tass and my convenience, the bullet train was to stop at the carnivore paddocks next, which was where Tass and I were planning on going next.

Soon, I looked at the window to see large metal cages, with warning signs printed all over them. They were no doubt the paddocks containing the park's carnivores. I personally find carnivores more badass than herbivores so it hyped me.

The only available carnivores were the Floydlociraptor and the Tyrannosaurus Floyd, and so we went over to the former's cage first. The Floydlociraptor attraction was unique; there was a designated professional raptor trainer who did unique interactions with the encapsulated Floydlociraptor. The trainer wore a belt that held good and disposable pregnant raptor plushies.

Tass and I watched as the trainer tossed cow meat to feed it after it cooperatively chimped after he told it to do so. The audience cheered, which then induced the trainer to celebrate. While he was off guard, the Floydrociraptor went and bit the trainer's belly. It tore his uniform, and formed a collection of scratches on his belly.

"That hurts!" The trainer yelled as he clasped his stomach. "You better behave you dumb fucking NIGGER!"

The audience went into awkward silence for a moment, but then resumed cheering, proving the mild incident only entertained the crowd further.

After the raptor training show was over, Tass and I braced ourselves as we were about to witness what was arguably the most exciting attraction in Floydrassic Park; the Tyrannosaurus Floyd paddock. I could hear loud earth shattering footsteps once it came into view. The cage was four times the perimeter of the cage of the Floydlociraptor. It was already clear that the Tyrannosaurus Floyd was going to be just as if not more ferocious than its real prehistoric counterpart. Little did I know, I underestimated it.

When Tass and I sat in the Tyrannosaurus Floyd paddock seats, in front of us at the centre of the coliseum-like structure was the formidable beast. It was even bigger than I had anticipated and to say the scientists who cloned it mixed T Rex DNA with George Floyd's DNA well is an understatement. I could see George Floyd buck nigger traits in its build; for example, what would otherwise be a set of puny two-clawed arms were actually well in proportion to it's 10-12 ton build. It was essentially a result of gluing George Floyd's spider-like arms on an already overgrown megatheropod.

Out of the blue, a pregnant cattle entered the show through a dark doorway, its legs trembling in fear. It moved spastically which made it noticeable to the Tyrannosaurus Floyd's motion-based vision. The mighty nigger rex roared and then ate its meal in a heartbeat.

The roar, which gave off a slight banana steak odor made everyone's jaws drop to the floor. I guess it was too fucking badass and scary, because one of the children in the audience screamed in fear and for some reason jumped over the rail and into the man made habitat of the Tyrannosaurus Floyd. Tyrannosaurus Floyd was startled by the thud from the kid's landing, and it looked at him in curiosity. The tyrant nigger stomped closer and closer, then began leaning its head an inch close to the child's face. The audience knew what was about to happen, and so all of us closed our eyes to avoid watching what was to happen. But suddenly, a group of security guards holding tranquilizer guns arrived at the scene, aiming at Tyrannosaurus Floyd. They spammed tranquilizer darts at it, hoping to prevent another harambe situation from happening. However, the darts didn't do shit putting it to sleep, only pissing it off. The Tyrannosaurus Floyd then went into berserk mode and charged at one of the sides of the cage, breaking through it with ease.

"OH OH ROAR ROAR AH AH!" it chimped as it successfully broke out of its enclosure.

In response, the entire audience including the security guards began to panic, fleeing the paddock in the opposite direction of the Tyrannosaurus Floyd.

“This is some next level epic shit!” Tass said in excitement. Let’s follow the Tyrannosaurus Floyd!”

“Are you out of your mind?” I questioned Tass. “That thing will eat us if we get too close!”

Tass then pointed to a jungle safari jeep that was parked next to the exterior of the paddock. “Not if we use one of those.”

“As long as we drive at a safe distance,” I said.

I hopped on the driver's seat as Tass sat his fat ass on the passenger seat and then I started up the vehicle.

Tyrannosaurus Floyd rampaged through the park, eating park visitors like a killing machine, roaring like a roided up chimpanzee every 10 seconds. It didn’t look like it was going to exit berserk mode any time soon.

Eventually it made its way to the herbivore meadow and then licked its lips hungry as it looked at the herbivores.

The herbivores took notice of Tyrannosaurus Floyd and they attempted to make an escape. Only the fastest of the Parasaurfloydopus were able to traverse fast enough to flee; the rest were too slow and bulky to outspeed the predator.

What followed was a bloody mess that made Ronnie McNutt’s suicide video pale in comparison; Tyrannosaurus Floyd meat ran every Floydceratops, Parasaurfloydopus, and Brontofloydosaurus that were still in the area. That was when an alarm rang from one of the alert posts, which probably ranged throughout the entire island. A voice then spoke through the alert post to announce something.

“Attention everybody, this is not a drill. A Tyrannosaurus Floyd has escaped from captivity and is now killing visitors and even other dinosaurs. Everybody must evacuate the island while we initiate our emergency protocol. That is, we will release a super hybrid dinosaur specimen to kill Tyrannosaurus Floyd: Indominus Chauvin. Indominus Chauvin is a white-colored genetically modified dinosaur that has the DNA of Derek Chauvin, Spinosaurus, Velociraptor, T Rex, cuttlefish, and a bit of George Floyd himself. With Derek Chauvin’s White genes, this hybrid has superior intelligence to the Tyrannosaurus Floyd along with the buck nigger strength!”

“Even better, there is going to be a massive theropod fight!” Tass exclaimed. “Fuck what the announcement said. We need to watch it!”

I drove the Jeep behind a bush to keep us hidden from Tyrannosaurus Floyd while we waited for the arrival of Indominus Chauvin.

After some time passed, I saw a 51-foot long lizard with scales the color of white chalk walking towards the herbivore meadows, where Tyrannosaurus Floyd was still looking for more herbivores to munch on. The way it walked made it obvious it was of a higher intellect than the nigger rex. It also looked more physically imposing, with three claws instead of two, red glowing eyes, and obviously—white skin looks a million times better than nigger color skin.

Indominus Chauvin noticed Tyrannosaurus Floyd and then let out a roar, showing it was interested in battle. Tyrannosaurus Floyd heard it and then stopped it’s search for more herbivores, to turn to face the hybrid. It roared back in response, accepting the challenge. 10 seconds went by, until they were within a jaws reach. They circled around each other, focused, as if it was a game of who will take the first bite.

Tyrannosaurus Floyd decided to attack first, attempting to head butt Indominus Chauvin. That was the first mistake it made, however. A Tyrannosaurus’ strongest weapon is its bite force; yet, Tyrannosaurus Floyd did a borderline useless head butt instead which did virtually no damage to Indominus Chauvin, whose armoured scales are immune to blunt attacks. This goes to show how fucking retarded the dinosaur was with nigger intelligence DNA in the mix.

Indominus Chauvin, whose White intelligence DNA overwhelms it’s Floyd DNA, cleverly used both of it’s dexterous large claws to grip onto the head of Tyrannosaurus Floyd and then snapped its neck. Tyrannosaurus Floyd’s head twisted into an unnatural position and then it struggled to keep its neck up. Now that it was at a low enough position, Indominus Chauvin stomped onto Tyrannosaurus Floyd’s neck. The neck crushed was crushed like a rubber tire and the once beady eyes of the Tyrannosaurus Floyd popped and turned bloodshot.

"Grr Rorororor stahp it mayne Ogogogogoroar!!" Tyrannosaurus Floyd chimped in suffocation. "I-roar Can't Broareathe-roar!"

It became as dead as Pokémon Go and Indominus Chauvin continued to keep its foot on its neck, roaring in victory.

I was uncertain about what would happen if Indominus Chauvin were to see Tass and I, so I drove away to the entrance of the park. There, just about all the surviving guests were waiting at the shore for all the cruise ships to pick them up. There were so many people that it was estimated to take 13 hours. And so, I am now typing this on my phone while I am waiting for that. I am going to post this as a super lengthy review on the google business profile of Floydrassic Park and hopefully, it'll shed some light on how unstable dinosaur parks can be, especially when nigger DNA is involved in the cloning process.

**I Know the Real Reason Why Roe v. Wade Was Overturned**

By Jordan Cleeman

Many of you have heard that the Roe v Wade case was overturned. As a result, Abortion–at least in the United States of America–can be illegal. This decision was made on June 24, 2022 and left masses of liberals pissed because BBC whores can no longer have Beastiality sex with monkeys named Tyrone.

I know the real reason why Roe v Wade was overturned. It is a reason that is so unbelievable, you may be out of breath from reading it.

My name is Russel Lions and I am a former associate of Clarence Thomas.

My story regarding how I know the true cause of the Roe V Wade overturn all started back in May 25, 2020; the day one of the most infamous nigger criminals of all time, George Floyd, committed death via drugs. At the time, I was an unbased libtard myself. I was somewhat a friend of Clarence Thomas. That day, I went to his house and sat in his living room to hang out. On the television was news about the George Floyd incident. It was everywhere and the media depicted that chimp as a hero who contributed more to society than researchers who found the cure to diseases. We switched the channel because it was all over our faces in less than a day. We switched to watching shows on other channels. We did this all day, until night came and it was so late, I had to leave.

"Bye Clarence," I said, as I left.

When I got home, I was tired as shit so I took a quick shower, brushed my teeth, and lied in my bed until I was on the verge of sleeping. That was when I heard my phone ringing which caused me to jolt awake. I always have my phone's ring on full volume even in the middle of the night. I looked at the screen, to see it was a call from Clarence Thomas. I answered it and held my phone near my ear.

"Hey man I just had a bad dream last night," Clarence said. "I need you to come to my house for a few hours because holy shit I am too scared to go back to sleep alone."

"Why?" I questioned him. "If it is just a dream, you know it isn't real, so just tell yourself that."

"Just a few minutes please."

"Alright fine," I said.

I got out of bed, changed into my normal clothes, and then headed to Clarence's house.

Once I arrived at Clarence's house again, I knocked on the door. The door opened to a man with a pale face despite his diarrhea-colored skin.

"Thank god you are here!" Clarence exclaimed.

"Yeah yeah just go to sleep quickly so I can go home because I am tired as well," I said.

Clarence led me to his bedroom where I stood right beside his bed, watching him fall asleep. He still appeared frightened, however. I just needed to wait until his body began staying relatively still with consistent breathing.

Eventually, he finally slept and it was about time I leave the room. I went for the bedroom door, exited his room, and then walked my way throughout the house to find the front door. Just when I was about to go for the doorknob of the front door, I heard a screech coming from upstairs; it sounded like it came from Clarence. I rolled my eyes and continued to leave because I assumed Clarence was just having one of

those nights. But I heard him call out my name out loud, asking if I was still there. I considered just staying leaving silently anyway without him knowing but the front door is worn down and loud as fuck when it opens, so I sighed and went back upstairs to check on Clarence. He was sitting on his bed, sweating profusely which I could see even in the pitch-black darkness of the room.

"Man, please stay for the rest of the night I just had the bad dream again," Clarence stuttered.

"Just tell me what you dreamt about, maybe that'll help," I said.

"So you know that man with the chunky nose who died today?"

"That was George Floyd, correct?"

"Yeah. Well my dreams begin with me in my bed, and right above me is his face. I could recognize it by seeing his face lines. I try to go to sleep thinking its just a hallucination but the voices... they were lifelike."

"What did he say to you?" I asked.

"It was just one simple sentence; he said he wanted something from me. It had something to do with my position but he didn't say exactly."

"Stop believing in your overactive imagination," I said. "I need to sleep as well and I have work tomorrow. It is already 1 AM! You need to realize that if there is an absence of sensory inputs,whatever you are seeing or hearing is not there at all. Brains do not necessarily need an input to be able to 'perceive' things. Sure your ears, eyes, and such are connected to your brain through nerves and therefore create stimulation. However, nothing is stopping your brain from conjuring up shit without and of that, you fucking NIG-"

Just when I was about to say the n-word out of my loss of patience, Clarence put his finger up like Coco the gorilla when his trainer taught him how to gesture for the first time, and offered me something interesting.

"I'll pay you $100 if you do."

I thought about Clarence's offer for a minute. $100 seemed like an amazing deal considering I am broke as fuck and it would probably be worth losing my sleep over considering I barely make minimum wage.

"Alright I'll do it," I said.

"Yay thanks man," Clarence said. "Do your task and I will pay you the moment I wake up in the morning.

For the rest of the night, I waited and waited. For most of the time, I just went on my phone because there was no reason to stay hyper focused since a so-called George Floyd demon would obviously get my attention regardless. Clarence snored like a trumpet and I had to wear my earbuds while playing loud music just to avoid having to bare the niggers unconscious chimping noises. During that timespan, there was no sign of a ghost anywhere whether it be the one Clarence described and I have to admit, a part of me hoped that Clarence would keep having those night terrors because that would mean easy money for me for future nights.

The following morning, Clarence finally woke up at 7 AM and he rose out of bed. His eyes were red which made him look like a high ass nigga and once he noticed me, I demanded payment. Even though the task of watching him overnight was easy, I had just realized how tired I was and still had a full day of work ahead of me.

Clarence reached into his purse and the gave me a $100 bill. I did a quick inspection to make sure it was real and then left for home to get ready for work. My sleep deprivation was no better than Clarence's; instead, I had no sleep at all and my eyes were redder with bags under them that are even more prominent than the face lines of George Floyd. I struggled to put on my contact lenses because, if you are a contact lenses enjoyer too, eyes tend to burn like hell when putting in contact lenses while having sleep deprivation. Even with the lenses, my vision was blurry because of looking at my phone in the darkness for all those hours.

Throughout my job shift, which is a grocery store shelf stocker, I realized how grumpy I was which affected my work; but I soon came to realize it was for the better. Every person who passed by me or reached out to me to help them look for a specific product ruffled my feathers a bit. But one particular group of people stood out to me: niggers. The niggers I interacted with pissed me off exponentially more and it was then I knew it was the beginning of me becoming a racist. My urge to say the n-word increased a crap ton and resisting that urge felt like trying to push a spring that has a thickness of 4 cm in diameter. The fact that I worked at a Walmart didn't help at all. It is full of obese sheboons that are there just to either make noises while spilling milk cartons all over the place or solely just to eat at the McDonald's that is partnered at every fucking Walmart in existence. I couldn't wait for the shift to end because I felt like a hardcore autistic introvert who desperately needed to recharge his social battery; niggers being the main social battery drainers.

At 5 PM, my job was finally over for the day and so I ripped off my Walmart uniform as I left the store and then sped to my house.

With my newfound racism, I unfollowed all the unfunny inoffensive Instagram meme pages that I used to look at and then began following pages such as @basedarchives. I realized the insane number of friends I was going to lose soon because I made all of them when I was a full libtard. I was beginning to resonate with this one YouTube video of a pajeet saying "I do not associate with new niggers" in his Indian accent.

That night, I prepared dinner which was a cheap steak that only took 5 seconds to cook and a bowl of ramen. I know it is lame but it was all I could afford from a job of having to deal with fat niggers all day. And no, I won't even stoop down to parasites who steal food from corporate because that is nigger behaviour.

As you can probably tell by now, my days go about pretty much the same way every day. But you'll come to find out that the days I experienced in this story are about to be different. I received another phone call while I was washing the dishes. It was from Clarence again. I groaned because that meant a period of time I had to resist saying nigger and worst of all, Clarence himself is a nigger. I didn't have the balls yet to outright end a friendship, so I just answered the call as normal.

"Hello, what do you want this time," I greeted Clarence in a passive aggressive tone.

"I know you may be annoyed by me at this point but I need a night bodyguard," Clarence replied. "I have a dreaded feeling I am going to encounter the demon in my sleep again. My gut feeling is indicating such a thing. So, I would like to hire you as my nightly bodyguard who will look after me while I sleep. $200 a night."

The number that Clarence brought up in the last sentence caught my attention. $200 per night is almost more than double the amount I make working at Walmart. Sure, watching over Clarence overnight is technically a job that involves having to deal with a nigger but it is still 10x better than directly talking to one who is too retarded to find an item in a shelf at a grocery store.

"I am happy to help with that," I said.

I drove over to Clarence's house. He was already in his pajamas when he answered the door. He led me to his bedroom, and I noticed the floor had a ton of salt sprinkled on it. The monkey was well prepared for his fear.

Clarence shut off the light and immediately ran off to his bed like a child in a basement then pulled his covers to overlap his entire body including his head. If you didn't know, hiding under your covers is a dumb fucking idea since hypercapnia can happen. Hypercapnia is when carbon dioxide in your body increases. I thought that it was the reason Clarence was seeing the night demon in the first place since a high proportion of carbon dioxide relative to oxygen in your body can cause such hallucination. But what happened that night proved my theory wrong.

Right at around 12 AM, there was a sudden knock on the bedroom door. I thought I was psyching myself either because I was in the middle of a Fortnite Mobile match on my gaming smartphone or I let Clarence's words get into my head, but the knocking happened a second time except much louder. It made me skip a heartbeat and it dawned on me it was an actual noise that happened in the real world. I refused to answer the knock because I was about to achieve a 20-kill victory Royale—which by the way wasn't in a

match full of bots because I play the arena matches. However, whoever or whatever was on the other side of the door decided to open it anyway.

What entered the room was almost what Clarence described the night demon to look like. It was a tall but skinny figure whose head reached the ceiling of the bedroom. It had a face somewhat similar to that of George Floyd, but something was off about it. It seemed to be a baby face version of him, as if somebody used FaceApp—which is a mobile app used to modify images of peoples faces—to convert the George Floyd brick wall photo into its baby variant. The George Floyd demon's head didn't fit his body at all, however. The George Floyd demon had a torso which revealed gyno nipples and was twisted in awful ways that I can't for the life of me describe in close detail. Its arms were like tree branches that contained twigs thin enough to snap upon even the softest physical contact. But I knew from intuition that they couldn't be that weak in reality. The creature's legs were finely tuned to accurately avoid all the salt on the floor. On where it's belly button should be was a long skinny tube that was so long, it dropped onto the floor. It looked to be an upscaled version of a fetus umbilical cord.

The demon, without acknowledging my presence, walked up to Clarence's bed. It simply breathed into his face to wake him up. Clarence was wide eyes when he discovered what was looking down at him.

"Mayne, since you be ignoring me during the last night, it is time for me to be upfront with you," the demon said in a voice that was a mix between being deep and high pitched. "I know you niggie is a Supreme Court judge so you are the only one who can fulfill mah request."

"Wha-what is it?" Clarence stammered.

"So you see, I be the fetus demon of George Floyd. I became like dis because I made a deal wit da devil where if I manage to connect mah umbilical cord right here to precisely 3.5 billion pregnant women, I can get sufficient spiritual nutrients to resurrect mah self. As you know mayne, there aren't nearly enough pregnant bitches in dis generation right now to achieve such a thing, so what I want you to do is make abortion illegal to increase da number of the oh la la big belly chicks. Please mayne I wanna be alive again so I can touch da world again."

"Sir you are crazy," Clarence said, trying to keep himself composed. "Even if abortion is illegal, there could never be 3.5 billion pregnant women existing simultaneously!"

"Illegal abortion?!" I exclaimed. "That sounds good because that would mean more niggresses dying since the inferior genes of sheboons cause them to have a higher rate of pregnancy deaths and that would also mean less race mixing mudsharks."

Both Clarence and the fetus demon of George Floyd ignored my remark, and they remained gazing at each other.

"If you don't listen to me, I will drain all of yo air with mah umbilical cord!" The fetus demon of George Floyd threatened Clarence, as he whipped his umbilical cord around like a child who first discovered jump ropes.

"Bodyguard, protect me!" Clarence shouted at me.

Knowing the benefits of illegal abortion, I decided to say "fuck it" and dipped out of the bedroom. As I ran through the hallway, I could subtly hear Clarence submitting to the fetus demon of George Floyd's request.

"Okay okay I'll do my best to make it happen," Clarence said in a trembling voice.

"Hehehe. You better," the fetus demon of George Floyd cackled.

I have no idea what exactly followed after that, because before I knew it I was already in my car driving back home.

This all happened just over 2 years ago. It had been in the back of my mind because I couldn't really tell if it actually happened with how surreal it was. Clarence fired me from my bodyguard position because I fled after he ordered me to protect him from the fetus demon of George Floyd. To be fair, what could I have done against that malevolent being? I continued my usual job at Walmart, suffering and partially regretting what I probably couldn't control anyway.

I am now writing this only a day after Roe v Wade was overturned and there is a reason why I am connecting that hard-to-believe story with this. Well today, I was walking through the park when all of a

sudden, I heard a blood curdling scream. I turned to face the direction it was coming from to see a tall dark figure. I was looking at the fetus demon of George Floyd, now in clear daylight, grinning at a pregnant woman who was letting out the scream. The fetus demon of George Floyd looked much scarier when I could see his disgusting physiological displays more clearly; his baby teeth had random bits of food stuck in them, he had wounds all over his bald head which made it look like he picked at his scalp 24/7, and his umbilical cord which he held toward the pregnant lady was a wrinkly dark purple length of mass that resembled an earthworm.

The fetus demon of George Floyd let out a high-pitched demonic baby laugh as he used his large hands with thin fingers—which were obviously adapted to do this—to pluck out the pregnant lady's belly as if it was the lid of a plastic container, ripped out her fetus via its umbilical cord off of the placenta, and then implanted his own umbilical cord into the placenta. It instantly killed both the pregnant woman and the baby, which caused the nigger fetus demon to laugh even harder. His motives fed on both the spiritual nutrients he drained from the pregnant woman via his umbilical cord and the murders. Once he was done, as indicated by the now grey skin of the pregnant woman, the fetus demon of George Floyd glanced at me as if he was a thief caught by police, and then used his long legs to jump like a frog, escaping the scene before I could fully process what happened.

**I Am an IRS Agent: I Was Assigned to Audit George Floyd's Air-Sucking Plantation**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Adam Vaillant. I am an agent who works for the International Revenue Service. I go from company to company to audit their accounting books to see if they do any shady business practices. It was one day I came across an establishment that is not only really fucking shady, but extremely evil and should be destroyed as soon as possible.

I was one day ordered to audit a company called Elephant Monkey Incorporated in 2030. It is a gigantic plant that supposedly functions to suck up 36,000 tonnes of carbon dioxide per year and then deposit it underground. The purpose of this is to mitigate the effects of the greenhouse effect. Elephant Monkey Incorporated started being built mid 2022 and now that it has been 8 years, the plant has been in operation for a year. It was time for me to conduct its first audit.

The plant was located in Minneapolis which meant I was going to have to fly there because I live in a country that isn't the USA. Since I haven't had the need to travel via flight in a while, I needed to renew my passport. The line up to do so at the country centre was long because everyone was desperate to do the same because of the coronavirus shit that happened last decade. It took 4 hours for me just to get to the end of the line, plus another hour for the clerk to review my ID and application. It was a pain in the ass but was necessary to be able to do my job. After that, I got into the plane to make my way to Minneapolis. The drive from the airport to the plant was thankfully not long since they were both located in the same outskirt of the city.

I began seeing humongous metallic structures appear in the horizon, which were obviously part of the Elephant Monkey Plant. The land was huge, probably spanning at least 1,000 acres. I drove around it, until I found a parking space which was meant for only employees. I, however, have automatic approval to park there, as an International Revenue Service agent.

I could feel wind blowing my hair as I approached the door of the headquarters; the plant was clearly doing something. Upon entering the headquarters, I saw a fat woman in a baggy suit who appeared to be a representative of the company. I introduced myself, letting her know that I work at the International Revenue Service and I was there to investigate the company because it is mandatory.

"Alright, the co-founder and CEO George Perry Floyd hangs around at the top floor. You'll be able to find his office easily," the representative said.

I noticed the plant CEO's name was the exact same as a nigger who died 10 years ago and laughed a bit because it sounded like a hilarious coincident, and then carried on.

I took the elevator to the top floor which smelled not only like rusty metal, but a hint of drugs. I couldn't pinpoint and specific drug because it was a mix of many different kinds. All I knew was they weren't clean drugs.

After the elevator reached the top floor, I boarded it and then started to search for the master office. As I walked around that floor, I saw more of the employees. One thing I noticed is they were all fat women, wearing baggy ass uniforms; same as the representative. Looking back, this should have been the first red flag. I wouldn't have stopped and turned around though anyway because the things I uncovered after this will prove my point further, regarding how fucked up this company is.

I eventually saw a sign in the wall that read "office" with an arrow pointing to the right next to it. I followed it, until I entered a room that had a long desk with multiple computers on it. The opposite wall from the side I entered from was made of all glass, revealing the highway outside that I drove through to get here. A man was sitting at the long desk, busy looking at the computer screens; he was a nigger. You may be wondering why that was the first thing I noticed about him. Well you see, I am a racist who finds it fucking weird seeing a black being a CEO because niggers aren't supposed to have the intelligence to cover such a position.

I approached the desk, and waved to get the man's attention. He looked at me, with bloodshot eyes and then waved back.

"Hey mayne, what should I do you foe?" He asked.

"You are George Perry Floyd the CEO, is that correct?" I responded.

"Yes I am mayne I be the CEO so am a smart niggie," George Floyd chimped. "You do not see many of us niggies being CEOs because racist ass crackas don't allow us to be and Shieet."

"Okay I get it, well I am an International Revenue Service agent and I am here to conduct the plants first audit. For a start, please allow me to take a look at your financial statements."

George Floyd began chewing his nails vigorously, beads of sweat pouring from the pores of his forehead.

"Are you okay sir? Do you need a glass of water?" I asked.

"Ah no mayne I just be shy and Shieet around professional niggies like you," George Floyd stuttered. "I will now get you the financial statements, I be right back."

George Floyd stood up and then exited the office room to go to another room. I waited for around 15 minutes, which is a long fucking time for somebody to get some pieces of paper, until George Floyd returned with a folder in his hands. I could see wet stains on the folder, indicating he was sweating through his palms as well. The suit-wearing monkey then placed it on the desk facing me, and then sat back down on his main chair.

"Alright feel free to look through it," he said.

"Thank you for your compliance," I said, sensing that I was going to see something sketchy.

I opened the folder, to see the first piece of paper in the stack of sheets was the income statement. I looked through the revenue section first. It looked pretty normal. But when I looked through the expenses section, that was when things began to seem off. I noticed that the cell just above the figure totalling all the expenses was completely covered with Bic Wite-Out Correction tape. If you don't know what correction tape is, it is tape that is roughly the same color as paper and is used to cover unerasable markings on paper such as pen ink and printer ink.

"Excuse me sir, what is that correction tape for?" I asked George Floyd, pointing at it.

"That be a printing error so I use the tape to hide it to make the income statement look more professional," George Floyd said, now looking even more nervous.

"Anyway, I am going to have to look through it," I said, as I pulled out a special flashlight. "Us International Revenue Service agents are required to order full transparency from companies."

The special flashlight I had is similar to the device that Nick Fuentes used to search for cum stains, except it is specifically used to see through correction tape instead of fabric.

"NO," George Floyd exclaimed, slapping the flashlight out of my hand. "NO! Just move on to the next financial statement please!"

"You are just making things look more suspicious," I said, picking up the flashlight which thankfully didn't break.

I shined a light onto the correction tape, to see a string of text, reading “pregnant belly only fans subscription expense”.

“Um sir, why the fuck did you write out a pregnant belly only fans subscription as a business expense?” I questioned the nigger.

“Mayne, it is so I can have some of dat post nut clarity, which helps me focus on making better business decisions and shieet,” George Floyd claimed. “It works like a charm.”

“Well you seem to not be making any smart decisions by the way you are behaving,” I said.

I flipped to the next financial statement, which was the balance sheet; it contains the assets and liabilities of a company.

I noticed that one of the assets was listed “oxygen storage chambers”. After a thorough look through the rest of the assets, I couldn’t find any asset that indicates a reservoir of carbon dioxide, which you’d think would be owned by a carbon-dioxide-draining facility.

“Sir, why is there oxygen storage units, but nothing to store carbon dioxide?” I questioned George Floyd.

George Floyd looked to the ceiling, as if to think of what to say, and then finally opened his mouth to speak. “We just use oxygen tanks as a substitute for carbon dioxide storage because it be cheaper and saves costs.”

At this point, I had enough of looking at the financial statements to know something about this establishment was very wrong.

“Mr. Floyd, I am going to have to take a look at the so-called carbon dioxide storage tanks,” I said.

“Okay mayne.”

George Floyd then lead me out of the headquarters and to the large tanks of the plant.

“See mayne, there be nothing wrong,” George Floyd said, wrongfully relieved.

I noticed that every one of the tanks had a tap, each of them seemingly designed for human access.

“Can I take a sample of whatever gas is in one of those tanks?” I requested George Floyd.

“No mayne and for fucks sake it be carbon dioxide in them!” He replied aggressively.

I decided to go ahead and do it anyway because I couldn’t trust the nigger. I went up to one of the tanks, opened the tap, and then sucked on it to breathe in the gas. It felt as if I was still breathing normally, indicating it was actually oxygen that was in the tank. I could tell it wasn’t carbon dioxide since I would have quickly felt lightheaded and the urge to pass out.

“You are a dishonest dirty nigger,” I said to George Floyd in anger. “How the fuck are you even a CEO of something this large of a scale in the first place?”

“You see mayne, you notice how all mah employees be pregnant bitches?” George Floyd began. “Well, I got them to work for me by holding them at gunpoint. And yes, this is actually all an oxygen sucking plant because I need all that air to breathe!”

“I am going to report you to the authorities!” I said.

“Hehehe, Not on my watch!” George Floyd cackled as he pulled out a gun, pointing it at me.

With my quick thinking, I grabbed the pistol from his hand and then used it to shoot a hole in all of the oxygen tanks. I could hear litres upon litres of air leads out of them as a result.

“NO! ALL MAH PRECIOUS AIR!” George Floyd cried.

He desperately went from tank to tank using his hands to attempt to cover the holes, but it was impossible to do so all at once. With the monkey distracted, I ran back to my car to flee the scene before he could decide to attack me.

I am now typing this report on my flight back to California. This is what I am going to show the authorities, cutting out all the racist remarks of course. Moral of the story; never trust organizations ran by niggers.

**I Was One of the Police Officers Who Shot Jayland Walker: Here is the Truth Behind His Death**

By Thomas Manwise and Jordan Cleeman

In recent weeks, the city of Akron, Ohio has been the focus of national media attention because of the shooting of Jayland Walker, a nigger monkey. However, what you might not have known is why the Jewish media are focusing on this particular chimp's death when they quickly memory holed the killings of niggers like Patrick Lyoya and Daunte Wright.

The media has focused on Jayland Walker's death because they wanted to distract from the murder of Ethan Liming, a White teenager who was brutally murdered by a pack of three black baboons who ganged up on him and stomped him to death. Ethan Liming's death was protested by a group called the National Justice Party who love White people and hate niggers and their Jewish masters. Basically, since the people of Akron were welcoming of the National Justice Party's protest of Ethan Liming's death, the jews that run the media and the government decided to punish the White people of Akron by using Jayland Walker's death to incite a category two chimp out in the city. However, what you might not know is that Jayland Walker's true motives were even more terrifying than you could've imagined.

I am one of the cops who rightfully killed the ugly bug nigger whose eyes are so far apart that they look like the sloth from the Ice Age movies. Although I cannot tell you my name because then I would get fired for being racist, I am writing this on Sunday when the footage was released to address something that the bodycam didn't cover as well as the truth behind Jayland Walker's demise.

Our story starts a few days ago, when my partner and I were going about our day driving around the city eating Skyline Chili when we got a 9-1-1 call from a grocery store. The owner told us that he had just been robbed at gunpoint by a man in a robber's mask. We told him to stay calm and that help was on the way. As we drove there, I asked him for any defining physical traits that the robber had. I didn't ask about the race of the perp because I didn't want to get recorded as having said that since cops were monitored closely for signs of racism and also because I already knew that it was a nigger since niggers commit nearly all violent crime.

The owner told us that the robber had a skinny build and beady eyes, which meant that we were dealing with a bug black. However, what the owner said next made me raise my eyebrows.

"The robber smelled very strongly of cheese," the owner said. "It was incredibly strong. His fingerprints also reek of cheese. It's as if he were made of the stuff."

I was confused because niggers weren't known for liking cheese that much. In fact blacks are known for disliking almost all dairy products due to their lactose intolerance. You see, niggers lack the gene to digest dairy because they were too retarded to domesticate herd animals. This fact is even more pathetic when you realize that even Pajeets were able to domesticate cows, which goes to show how subhuman niggers are.

When we arrived at the scene of the crime, my partner and I saw that the cases of jewelry were empty. The owner of the store was still shaking in fear after having been held up at gunpoint. After reassuring him that he was safe now, I began to collect prints from the scene of the crime. When I did, I noticed that the prints had a strong yellow hue to them and smelled strongly of Swiss cheese. And when we took the prints back to the forensics lab, we learned to our shock that there was no DNA that could be found on the prints. There was only fat and protein from milk solids, which was baffling to us at the time.

For the next few days we continued investigating the cheesy jewelry thief, as we had begun calling the nigger. However, even though there were subsequent robberies at other nearby jewelry stores, we just couldn't seem to find any leads. It was as if the nigger was able to disappear without a trace after every robbery he committed.

However, everything changed on Monday, June 27th. It was midnight, and my partner and I were patrolling the streets when we noticed a silver Buick without a license plate that was speeding down East Tallmadge Avenue. I saw that it was a cockroach nigger who didn't brush his teeth who was interfering with the road. It was dangerous as fuck because he was close to veering off onto the sidewalks in a residential area, so I, along with my fellow cops, decided to stop him.

I flipped on the police lights and sirens to try and get him to stop. However, instead of stopping, the driver accelerated to 80 miles an hour and began speeding towards the nearest highway, which was route 8.

Knowing that this was getting dangerous, I called up other officers to help chase the silver Buick down. Soon after, three other vehicles and six officers were racing down the highway, chasing after the reckless driver who was now going at over 100 miles per hour.

We had been chasing the car for about 10 minutes when we heard a shot ring out. The road to the right side of my car erupted into a white puff of dust as the bullet struck the concrete. Although I had been ninety percent sure of it until now, I knew from the atrocious aim of the driver that I was dealing with a nigger.

As we chased him, I had my buddy drive as I shot back at the nigger. Even though I only had a pistol, I was able to get a good angle on him and get three clean shots off into the back of his head. I saw chunks of his body fly off and splatter against the windshield. However, instead of the driver keeling over and the vehicle screeching to a halt, the car kept on moving forward. Eventually, the vehicle slowed to a stop around Claremont street.

As the criminal exited the vehicle and began running from us, I caught a glimpse of the nigger. It was a criminal monkey to be sure, but I also saw that his body had a weird yellow tint to it. I also noticed that the car contained a stolen ring from one of the jewelry stores, which confirmed that Jayland was the armed robber who had stolen from the stores. As the nigger ran away we decided that we needed to take him down. Since he has fired shots at us, and we all fired at him; 90 bullets were fired and 60 landed on him.

We surrounded him as we got down to cuff him. However, when I did I noticed the extremely powerful smell of cheese, and when I pulled off his ski mask I saw that it was a bug black named Jayland Walker I used to know from high school. There was something off about him though, since his skin had gone from the shit colour of nigger skin to as yellow as that of a chink, and there was now a wide grin on his face even though he has been shot 60 times, which is 60 more bullets than the number of Jews who died in the Holocaust.

We all thought he was going to die as a result because no human should be able to survive 60 bullets penetrating their flesh, but we were wrong. Instead, the bullets punched through him entirely and even though large holes were torn open on his body, he hopped right back onto his feet, as if unharmed.

“What the fuck? How is he still alive?” one of my fellow officers said.

Jayland Walker then expanded in size somehow. We felt the wind blowing in his direction as it happened and we soon realized why. The wind was entering through the bullet holes on his body. It was as if he was a nigger with sponge-like properties.

“My plan be finally working and shieet!!” Jayland Walker said, laughing. “Y’all dumb officah cracked fell into my trap and shieet!”

Jayland Walker went from being an ordinary bug nigger to what was the size of 20 buck niggers put together. His skin then turned into a completely yellow hue, which I thought was the reflection of the yellow traffic light at first. But as he rotated his body to look at his surroundings with his new physiology, it remained, indicating it was actually a skin color change.

Jayland Walker began to run around, attempting to stomp and crush all of our police cars. However, it proved ineffective since despite him being 40 feet tall at this point, the air that inflated his sponge-like body didn't actually increase his total body weight at all. He thought he was doing damage though because his dumb nigger brain had no concept of how mass or density functions since niggers have no ability to think abstractly.

We decided to continue shooting, but none of that even had an effect, In fact, the parts of his brownish-yellow flesh that weren't yet converted to negative space. The bullets simply bounced off those sites. There seemed to be a hard cap of how many bullet holes he had on his body simultaneously.

“This nigger just wont die!” I said. “We need more powerful weapons! He is too weak to do any real damage at least so we got some time.”

“Heee hee hee, what you sayin’? I already be done destroying all yo vehicles and shieet mane. I be like godzilla and shieet mane.” Jayland Walker barked at me, as he looked down. “Now y’all can’t chase me no more and shieet!”

Even though it was a serious situation I burst out laughing because the nigger actually though that he had destroyed all of our cop cars when in reality he had just slathered them in some cheese that we could easily wash off.

However, what I didn't know was the truly terrifying nature of his goal.

The giant living nigger cheese began to prepare to flee the scene. The nigger cheese sucked in even more air through his cheese holes, inflating himself like a balloon and starting to float away. But before he was out of sight, one of my fellow officers threw a GPS device on his cheesy buttocks. It was one of those tracking devices, which we use when criminals that are likely faster than us try to flee a crime scene. We will then use a computer program that has a google maps API to track his final location.

We weren't ready to defeat such a grotesquely mutated nigger who turns into swiss cheese when he gets shot by a certain number of bullets, so we got back into our police cars and then retreated back to the police station.

Once we returned to the police station, we went to the main office to boot up the computer that visualizes all the existing tracking devices out there. There were many, and they consisted of a disproportionately high number of niggers and spics. The one Jayland Walker the nigger cheese was wearing was nowhere to be find within the state of Ohio, and instead it said that it was heading northeast.

"So guys, any idea how we are going to defeat a walking cheese that has the tankiness of a capped HP racer?" I began.

"I actually don't think we should chase after that cheese man since that would be racist," Stephen Mylett, the chief of police said. "We don't want to arrest any black people since if we go beyond a certain number the ADL would call us racist and get us defunded."

I ignored my boss because he was an anti white race traitor who refused to investigate Ethan Liming's murderers for hate crimes. If you look up the interview he gave in February, he said that what Derek Chauvin did to George Floyd was reprehensible even when all Chauvin did was rest his knee on George Floyd's back to keep the doped up drug monkey under control. Also, Stephen Mylett is an obese boomer, which alone is enough of a reason to ignore him.

Stephen Mylett was about to go on about how black people are special and oppressed and shit when I heard a door being kicked open, followed by thunderous footsteps.

"Actually, we could help you with this," a deep voice said as a tall figure emerged into the room. "This is like our speciality."

It was a chubby middle-aged white guy wearing a pair of sunglasses and a black polo shirt. He pulled out a bottle of creamy Hidden Valley ranch sauce and began to chug it. It was none other than Michael Peinovich, more commonly known as Mike Enoch. And behind him was a shorter, more muscular man wearing a matching pair of sunglasses and a white t-shirt sporting a hairdo that looked like Jimmy Neutron's. It was Joseph Jordan, otherwise known as Eric Striker.

"Wait, a second, aren't you two those nazis who were out there protesting about that teenager's death?" Chief Mylett said.

"Yeah, we are," Eric Striker said. "We were in town and decided to stop by and help you incompetent, Israeli-trained police officers catch a nigger on the run."

The color drained from Chief Mylett's face as he heard Striker not only admit to being a nazi, but say 'nigger' with a hard R so casually. As many of you know, saying 'nigger' as a White person is an act of blasphemy against America's national religion, which is Nigger Worship.

"Oh Lord!" Mylett said as he began to struggle to breathe, clenching at his chest. His pants grew wet as he pissed and shit himself. "I-I think I'm having a heart attack! Help! Help! I can't breathe!"

Mike Enoch and Eric Striker just watched as Mylett was dragged away by some of the other deputies so that they could do CPR on him. I was awestruck at how powerful their racism was, which seemed to radiate off of their bodies. The aura of racism that they emanated was like the ki field of a Super Saiyan in Dragon Ball Z, but ***based.*** I mean just a single sentence from Striker had caused my fucking retarded boss to have a heartattack, so it was not hard to imagine what they could do if they released their full power.

“Alright, now that the dead weight is gone, let’s get down to business,” Mike Enoch said as he sipped on his ranch. “Officers, get the GPS tracker out and figure out where that cheesy nigger is headed to. The black is obviously up to something suspicious.”

Without a word of protest, one of the officers pulled out the tracker and said, “Apparently, the perpetrator is headed towards Houston. It isn’t traveling very quickly, but he’s been flying through the air so he has been able to bypass mountains and bridges and such.”

Striker nodded. “Alright, well let’s chase after him then.”

“But isn’t Houston outside our jurisdiction?” one of my fellow officers protested.

“Who the fuck cares?” Striker said. “Violent nigger criminals need to be stopped before they do any more damage.”

The rest of the department knew that Striker was speaking facts, so together we decided to drive out to Houston. While driving to Houston, Mike Enoch and Eric Striker red pilled all the cops who went along on the journey on the racial inferiority of niggers, the jewish control of the media, and about how the Holocaust never happened. By the time we made it to Houston the entirety of the force was praising Adolf Hitler.

We were almost catching up with Jayland Walker the nigger cheese and were eager to catch his ass. I looked through the front window of the helicopter and saw a dot on the horizon and I knew it was the running Jayland Walker the nigger cheese because of the way it was floating through the air.

Before long, we at last were within range with the familiar yellowish brown giant bloated nigger at Houston Memorial Gardens. That was when he stopped, and began searching through the tombstones. It made me scratch my head, because I couldnt figure out one reason why Jayland Walker the nigger cheese would want to do at a graveyard full of dead niggers. Eventually, he stopped at a particular tombstone with the text “Rest in peace George Floyd” written on it along with a Black Lives Matter fist.

“No!” Striker exclaimed. “Don’t let that nigger dig up George Floyd’s grave!”

Jayland Walker the nigger cheese than began to dig the soil by the tombstone of George Floyd until he retrieved the coffin. He then opened the coffin to reveal George Floyds corpse. What happened next may be too graphic for those of you listening, but Jayland Walker the nigger cheese leaned in on George Floyd’s lifeless face and then began kissing him in the lips.

“Jayland Walker? More like Gayland Walker the faggot necrophilic!” I said in disgust.

At the time, I thought Jayland Walker was kissing George Floyd’s corpse in the lips for sexual pleasure because niggers have a higher rate of homosexuality until I noticed that his body was decreasing in size. It was then, I realized he wasn't actually technically kissing. He was actually executing his master plan. What was his master plan, you may ask? It became so obvious when it happened, but Jayland Walker the nigger cheese was utilizing his cheesy spongy physiology that he acquired when we shot him sixty times to inhale all the air back in Akron Ohio, and then exhaled all that air into the lungs of George Floyd’s corpse to revive him. In short words, Jayland Walker's master plan was to serve as an air sponge to resurrect George Floyd by providing him a high volume of air at once. George Floyd was a useless nigger criminal ape who put citizens in danger, so we needed to stop Jayland Walker the nigger cheese.

“Let us handle this,” Mike Enoch said, stepping out of the cop car along with Striker. Mike Enoch took out a small metal box with a button on it. With a smug grin he pressed the button, which caused the box to suddenly flip open, revealing that it was in fact a massive portable cheese grater. The entire thing, when fully expanded, was the size of a grown man.

“How the fuck did you carry that around?” I asked, jaw agape. “And why would you need that

“Secret nazi tech, duh. And the reason why I have this is so that I can spice up the flavor of my ranch sauce by adding different cheeses to it.” Mike said as he turned towards Striker. “You ready Jordan?”

Striker stretched. “Yup, no problem here. It’s been real nice being out of that wheelchair.”

With blinding speed, Striker burst towards Jayland Walker, knocking him away from George Floyd.

“Aw fuck mane, what you gotta do that foe mane, dat hurts!” Jayland Walker screeched. “Why mane!”

However, Striker was merciless. He kicked Jayland repeatedly until the criminal nigger cheese was crying for his mama.

"This is what you get for terrorizing all of the White people in Akron, Ohio with your nigger antics!" Striker said as he pinned Jayland Walker to the ground with his knee as Mike Enoch waddled over to the nigger cheese with the grater. I knew at that moment that the battle was over; Mike Enoch and Eric Striker's racism was simply too strong for a paltry bug black like Jayland Walker to handle. A more powerful nigger like George Floyd, Martin Luther King Jr. or Nelson Mandela might have been able to go toe to toe with them, but a no-name nigger like Jayland Walker stood no chance. It was like watching Eddie Hall and Brian Shaw beating up a tranny with six inch arms; a justified slaughter.

Mike Enoch brought the cheese grater to Jayland Walker's face and began shredding him apart.

"Aw fuck, why you crackas gotta be so racist against us nigguhs mane! Dis be racist and shieet mane! Fuck you mane! Ahhhh!" the nigger screamed. However, after a few minutes, the nigger had been reduced to a pile of shredded cheese.

"Hmm, let's see how this tastes," Mike Enoch used a lighter to melt some of the cheese and then stirred it into a bottle of Hidden Valley ranch, then took a sip. He immediately spat it out, utterly disgusted. "Aw gawd, it tastes like menthol cigarettes," he said, pointing to the pile of cheese. "Seriously, you guys should taste this. It's fucking awful."

I walked up to try it and sure enough, it was fucking terrible. However, one of my fellow officers from Ohio also happened to work part time at a Skyline Chili, which is a chain of chili stores from Ohio that are known for putting everything in their chili, so he gathered up all the nigger cheese and decided to serve it to his customers. Apparently, there have been no complaints so far because his customers are used to the revolting taste of Skyline Chili.

Anyway, this is the story of what really happened during the shooting of Jayland Walker. The bodycam footage which has just know been released doesn't tell the entire tale, like the part where he became a piece of nigger cheese that floated all the way to Texas in order to serve as an air sponge to revive George Floyd and how we had to borrow the help of two White Nationalists to stop him. Yes, it is truly unbelievable, but it happened. At least in my mind.

The Secret Biography of George Floyd

The Secret Biography of George Floyd

**Jordan Cleemane**

Copyright © Jordan Cleeman

The moral rights of the author have been reserved.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Front cover image by FloydiesNFT.

Book design by Jordan Cleeman.

Editing by Thomas Manwise.
ISBN
This paperback first edition first published in 2022
Published by Racism Publishing
www.racismpublishing.com
racismpublishing.nfshost.com
To Larcenia Floyd

**Table of Contents**

**Foreword**

Introduction 11
George Floyd Was the Man Behind the Slaughter 14
The Floyd Rooms 22
I Was Stalked by George Floyd 32
Xeno Floyd 39
I Sent My George Floyd Toy to Visit a George Floyd Creepypasta Denier 51
I Know the Real Reason the US Lost in Afghanistan 61
The Black Wizard: A D&D Adventure 69
The George Floyd Anteater 78
George Floyd Haunted My Clash Royale Game 85
Always Follow the Big Floyd Twitter Page 92
Beware of the George Floyd Volatile 100
Do Not Touch The George Floyd Fly 115
Doctor Floyd in the Monkeyverse of Fentanyl 120
The Origin of Fentanyl 132
The Ancient World of Floyd 142
George Floyd Caused the Sinking of the Titanic 149
The Reason Why There Is No Air in Space 157
Ho Chi Floyd 173
Ukraine Is George Floyd 182
The Real Reason Why They Call Him Big Floyd 188
Do Not Download The George Floyd Mod for Civ VI 196
Do Not Buck Break George Floyd In GTA 201
Into The Floydieverse 208
George The Sea Cucumber 247
Martin Luther Floyd 256
Krampus Floyd 264
The George Floyd Popcorn 302
Gorilla Floyd 309

Gyokko Floyd 316
I was George Floyd's Campaign Manager for his Presidential Campaign 332
The George Floyd Poop Monster 340
Do Not Eat Banana and Mayonnaise Sandwiches at 3 AM 362
I am a Minneapolis Police Officer: We Hunted the George Floyd Zombie 368
Minecraft Has Fentanyl Witches 379
I Know Why Looting and War Crimes are Happening in Ukraine 385

**Foreword**

By Thomas Manwise

The tragic death of George Floyd is, without a doubt, the most influential incident of a Black man being brutalized by the police so far in the 21st century. Nearly three decades after the beating of Rodney King by the LAPD was captured on footage, the people of America and the world at large were exposed to a new, even more horrifying instance of a Black man being brutalized and humiliated by the police. And unlike Rodney King, George Floyd did not escape with his life.

Following his death, countless protests against police brutality and white supremacy in the United States broke out across the world. The protests spanned the globe, ranging from the United Kingdom to France to even Brazil. Even countries with relatively minuscule African-descended populations like Japan and Finland had protests for Black Lives Matter, which may raise speculations on how the marches were organized and funded, but to say that the protests were not the result of grassroots organizing by people of colour is tantamount to racism so we suggest you ignore that.

However, what has gotten lost in the global scale of the Black Lives Matter protests and the cries for justice for Black people is the man himself, George Floyd. In the wake of his death, George Floyd became a larger-than-life figure as a symbol of all Black people who have suffered under the yoke of white supremacy. But as his image became the face of the Black Lives Matter movement and his last words "I can't breathe" became its rallying cry, the story of the man himself has become clearly lost, just like our young generation.

We all know the image of George Floyd, but do we truly know who George Floyd was? His hopes, his dreams, his story? This book will help to answer that and speak truth to his past, both good and ill.

Before you read The Secret Biography of George Floyd, we would like to take you through a brief summary of his monumental life by recounting some basic facts about his time on Earth, his numerous accomplishments, and the countless contributions he made to society.

George Floyd was born in Fayetteville, North Carolina on October 14th, 1973 to George Perry and Larcenia Floyd. He was one of five children. As was inevitable for all Black families in America, George Perry abandoned Larcenia and her children. Larcenia moved to Houston in 1977, where she settled into public housing in Cuney Homes, a black neighborhood which was known for having a problem with drug crime, high dropout rates, and shootings. George Floyd grew up in public housing while attending local middle and high schools, where he earned the nickname "Big Floyd" for his height–a name which he would go on to use during his rap and adult film career.

George Floyd was a star athlete at Jack Yates High School. Jack Yates High School is a 90% African-American school known for having a great number of star athletes, rappers, and entertainers among its alumni (but little to zero scientists, philosophers, and doctors). Although George Floyd was an active athlete with a vibrant social life, he struggled academically, failing twice to pass a math exam which was necessary for him to pass. Since math is indeed, as argued by Theodore Kim of *The Washington Post* in a December 2021 article, institutionally racist against people of colour, we can see here that white supremacy was already keeping George Floyd from achieving his goals.

A further example of how systemic racism kept George Floyd from being successful academically was when his friend, Carl Owens, was shot during Floyd's junior year in high school during a dice game. It was systemic white racism that led to Carl Owens being shot in the black neighborhood of Cuney Homes because Jack Yates High School was underfunded and was not providing enough after-school programs,

which is why Carl Owens participated in illegal gambling as a recreational activity, in turn causing his death. Carl's death caused George to become depressed, causing his academic performance to slip even more, leaving him athletics as his only source of solace in a dangerous and chronically underfunded neighborhood.

In the end though, George Floyd managed to graduate from high school and attended South Florida Community College for two years on a football scholarship. He then transferred to Texas A&M University–Kingsville where he played basketball. Floyd did all he could to provide for his family, sending home money and clothes to help out his mother and her grandchildren because Floyd and his siblings had already produced some children out of wedlock. Floyd eventually dropped out of college because of his academic performance and returned to Cuney Homes. Dropping out of college was a major turning point in his life because if the educational standards of universities weren't so biased against African-Americans, George Floyd may have been able to become a professional athlete, keeping his airways safe from Chauvin's knee. Notably, during his years in college, George Floyd built an impressive athletic physique through diligent training; a body that would be his main asset through his jobs as a security guard and a sex worker.

Once he left college, a period of darkness descended upon George Floyd's life. In August of 1997–right after he returned to Houston–he was arrested for delivering less than a gram of cocaine. According to data published by the United Nations Office on Drugs and Crime (UNODC) the weighted average price of a gram of cocaine at the street level in the U.S. in 1997 was about $92, which is about $161 in 2022 U.S. dollars. So we contend that during Floyd's first arrest since dropping out of college, it is safe to assume that he was carrying over one hundred dollars in today's money in illegal narcotics, but we digress. This arrest led to Floyd spending six months in jail, and was the first of a string of, at the minimum, nine arrests for drug crimes and theft.

It was also during this time that George Floyd began his rap career, joining the hip-hop group *Screwed Up Click* and producing amazing, beautiful music. For anybody who wishes to listen to George Floyd's soulful lyrics and smooth delivery, we recommend searching up "Big Floyd–Freestyle (screwed and chopped)" on YouTube. We promise you that you will not be disappointed with his phenomenal voice and meaningful lyrics.

The most serious crime that George Floyd would commit was when, in 2007, he and four others posed as water department workers and broke into a private apartment building. There, George Floyd threatened a pregnant woman at gunpoint while the other men searched the room for drugs and money. Floyd served as the getaway driver for the crime and was arrested a three months later when he was identified in a photo array by the seven year-old daughter of the pregnant woman that Floyd had threatened to murder. For this crime, George Floyd was sentenced in 2009 to five years in prison at Bartlett State Jail (which is now defunct). Inside, George Floyd spent most of his days watching soap operas and working out, learning little to no skills in the prison that would be useful once he got out of prison.

We must not forget though that even though it was George Floyd that physically held the pistol to the pregnant woman's womb, his actions were inevitable under a system of white supremacy that discriminates against Black people, so it may as well be said that it was anti-Black racism produced by whiteness that held the firearm to the woman's belly, not George Floyd. This is because the systemic structures of white supremacy in America create socioeconomic systems which systematically enforce strictures which force Black people, and especially young Black men like George Floyd, into engaging in criminal behaviours. Yes indeed, it is because there is not enough school funding, food assistance, affirmative action, and rehabilitation programs that that pregnant woman was held up at gunpoint and this is beyond dispute.

And if you dispute this, you are a racist.

Once George Floyd was paroled in 2013, he decided to turn his life around. He got involved with Resurrection Houston, a Christian church which mentored young Black men to be upstanding members of society. He later moved to Minneapolis where he completed the Turning Point rehabilitation program, which shows that he was really trying to get his life together–his friends reported that George Floyd would pray to God heavily and often during these days. It is also presumed that this was around this time that George Floyd appeared on *The Habib Show* along with Kimberly Brinks in an adult film under the stage name "Big Floyd the Landlord" in a video that (likely) was originally titled "Kimberly Brinks Banged freak fucked BBC Texas style." We believe that this shows how progressive George Floyd was as a person, as he

was working as a sex worker far before it was normalized and accepted by society.

Alas, Floyd's life would meet a tragic end on May 25th, 2020 when he tried to pay for a banana with a counterfeit $20 bill, which also happens to be a common criminal tactic for getting real money using fake currency, as the cashier would give them change in legitimate currency. However, we assume that Floyd had no intention of passing off a counterfeit bill as real as assuming that would be racist. Once the owner of Cup Food called the police on him, an inevitable series of events led to him being killed with a knee to the neck. He surely did not resist arrest for 30 minutes while intoxicated on multiple narcotics, some of which were in lethal doses!

Now that you are done familiarizing yourself with George Floyd's life story and contributions to society as an upstanding citizen, please sit back and enjoy The Secret Biography of George Floyd!

**Introduction**

George Floyd, the eternal negro, is a non-human evil entity whose existence spans multiple realities, causing mass destruction.

He was created 10.5 billion years ago, and is periodically forced to have his neck knelt on to thwart his crimes.

George Floyd's first recorded crime was at the very beginning of time, when he coerced Eve to eat from God's forbidden tree in the garden of Eden, causing the introduction of sin to the world and causing the first man to be banished from the garden of Eden. Next, he murdered Adam's younger son Abel and blamed Cain, Adam's elder son. He did this because he hates White people and is an affront to God.

George Floyd is rumored to be responsible for the extinction of the dinosaurs 65 million years ago in the form of the Homo Floydian species.

1621, The Salem Witch trials began. The first "witch" to be burned alive at the stake was George Floyd for performing African voodoo magic on pregnant White women in the settlement. George Floyd would curse the town, vowing to return and haunt White people once more in the forms of a witch, mermaid, tree, cucumber, barnacle, and ghost.

In 1844, the events of "King of the Apes" happened. The town of Feedsville discovered that George Floyd had created a slave plantation for manufacturing fentanyl within the county limits. Since Feedsville had an anti-slavery law because they didn't want even a single negro around them, a posse of White men headed out to Floyd's fentanyl plantation to take him out. The posse was led by Al Sneed, Chuck the general store owner, Reverend Larry Ridgeway, Sheriff Kyle Rittenhouse, and Mayor Ray Cisman. The White posse emerged victorious when Al Sneed asphyxiated George Floyd by wrapping a chain around his neck and lynching him.

George Floyd surfaced again in 1914, when he opened fire on Franz Joseph II while he was in Serbia, sparking a world war which killed many men. During the War, he was able to fool millions of men on each side to take impossible risks, going over the top to face an impregnable enemy defense. George Floyd somehow gained command of the Auschwitz jewish summer camp, and began stealing the jew's air. One by one he sucked their air out, sometimes doing experiments with them first. He stole over 200,000 jew's air before the Soviet Union found him at Auschwitz and took him to Siberia to be tested for superpowers. The 200,000 were later blown out of proportion by the jews, who all said 6 million died and have been stealing from White people ever since while using the holocaust as an excuse.

Floyd later made it all the way to Vietnam where he gathered a troop of farmers under the name of Ho Chi Floyd. Floyd and his troop tried to drive out the French army, which occupied South Vietnam. This drew the attention of the United States, who put themselves into a stalemate with Floyd's army for almost 10 years, over the course of which millions of men died. Ho Chi Floyd disappeared shortly after the withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam.

In 1973, George Perry Floyd was born in Fayetteville, North Carolina.

On May 6, 2019, George Perry Floyd was arrested. Officers notice a white residue outside his mouth. Floyd resisted arrest, crying for his mommy like a baby orangutan and claiming he had been shot in the past.

On May 25, 2020, a store clerk at Cup Foods calls Minneapolis PD to inform them that a tall black male paid for a banana with a fake $20 bill. Two police officers, Thomas Lane and Alexander Kueng arrive on the scene and arrest 46-year-old George Perry Floyd. Two more officers, Tou Thao and Derek Chauvin arrive and pull Floyd out of the vehicle. While Floyd continues to resist, Chauvin gently places his knee on Floyd's neck. George Floyd would later die of a fentanyl overdose.

At the start of the Russian invasion of Ukraine in 2022, Ukraine Floyd was kneed on by Vladimir Putin after he stole all the air from Russia.

Knowing that George Floyd is immortal, it is highly unlikely that a race-mixing police officer had the necessary vril, and we are still looking for him.

This breathtaking biography is based on accounts of George Floyd encounters beyond the scope of the George Perry Floyd form that the mainstream media portrays.

**George Floyd Was the Man Behind the Slaughter**

By BuckFlackPeople

My name is Nick Gerz. I have been conducting an investigation for years on a strange place located in my home city of Minneapolis, Minnesota. A strange string of disappearances occurred during the early 80's to early 90's at this location, however none of them were ever solved. This is mainly due to the fact that the overwhelming majority of those that disappeared were niglets. This meant that the crimes weren't even reported at first because blacks regularly show neglect towards their own children, and Whites didn't care as they're just going to grow up to be criminals anyway (this was the 90's when we still correctly classified blacks as 'super predators').

What I am about to present to you is a timeline of the events surrounding the infamous Freddy FloydBear's Pizzeria, compiled from a variety of reliable but classified sources.

In 1983, a big ass nigger with a fatass nose, George Floyd, opened a pizzeria named FloydBear's Family Diner in the blackest, most ghetto, nigger-infested part of Minneapolis. However, this place was no ordinary pizza restaurant. It was a pizzeria set up for kids, similar to a Chuck E Cheese's. It had games, jungle gyms, and most notably, two mascots that the restaurant was themed around. There was a golden-yellow bear, FloydBear, and a bunny character of the same color named SpringFloyd. For those wondering how he was able to acquire the funds to open such an establishment, from what I have gathered it was from the combined funds of selling fentanyl in the projects as well as the copious amounts of gimme-dats he received from the government. With all this money he amassed a small fortune to invest into the place. He hired staff to dress up as the mascots as well as to cook and clean.

The place was very successful for a while. Niglets flocked in to see their favorite mascots, FloydBear and SpringFloyd, while their 400 pound sheboon land whale moms could fight each other over pizza and other stupid shit. However, the place was difficult to manage as it was hard to find new hires, since niggers hate working a job for more than 3 weeks and no White person in their right mind wanted to work that deep in the ghetto. So, George Floyd came up with a solution. He contracted an R&D department to build a suit that could be worn when needed and act on its own accord as an animatronic. The resulting suit was modeled after SpringFloyd and was referred to as the spring lock suit due to its mechanisms that allowed it to work the way it did. While both wearer mode and animatronic mode were possible with the suit, there was one catch: the suit had tons of machinery in it, and an inexperienced user or unstable conditions meant that the spring locks keeping the suit in wearer mode could fail while someone was in the suit, crushing them and leading to an agonizing death by suffocation.

One day George Floyd was sitting in his office in the restaurant. He was particularly miserable as he had a cold which was preventing him from breathing. There was a birthday party on this particular day, and George Floyd hatched a sinister plan to allow himself to breathe. He put on the springlock suit and lured 4 children to the parts and services room in the back of the establishment. The children's names were Emmett Till, Trayvon Martin, Tamir Rice, and Arianna Delane. They were all niggers, however George Floyd didn't care as niggers regularly kill their own kind with little remorse for each other. They only care when White people, and particularly police officers, kill blacks, and that's so that they can start up GoFundMes to grift off of White people's guilt. Heck, Arianna Delane was George Floyd's niece so you'd think he'd care for her, however George Floyd obviously did not know this fact. This makes sense as niggers don't even

know who their own children are, let alone their extended family.

"Ight mayne when we gettin' that free purpo drank," asked Emmett Till.

"Shiet mayne I thought we was gettin' Arizona and Skittles," said Trayvon Martin. Skittles are a candy favored by niggers due to consisting exclusively of sugar, corn syrup, and artificial coloring and flavours, so this was not surprising.

Once he was sure he was alone with the children, George Floyd said, "Hehehe, now, imma steal all yo air!" George Floyd expanded his nigga nostrils to an immense size and starting stealing all the niglets' air.

"Ah shit, we can't breef," said the kids. After they all died, George Floyd said, "Oh thank gawd, I can finally breathe again." George Floyd now needed a place to store all the bodies. He looked around the parts and services room and saw four prototype animatronics that the R&D division had recently been working on: the FloydBear, Bonzo The Bunny, Chequesha the Chicken, and Foxy the Furrybait Fox. George Floyd stuffed the bodies of the different children into the animatronic suits where nobody would find them.

Very little investigation was conducted into the disappearance of the children. This is because niggers under any circumstance will never seek help from police, mainly because if they do they themselves will get caught harboring fentanyl or cheap shitty weed. Obviously the parents never investigated their missing children either as blacks by far have some of the shittiest parents, which is why they grow up to be completely useless members of society. The parents of the kids definitely didn't care that they disappeared as they were most likely born to teenage parents who didn't know how to wear a condom.

The murders gave George Floyd a taste for both the blood and oxygen of children. He became even more focused on how he could get away with killing children, taking his attention off the restaurant. This was a bad move, however, as the restaurant started failing to attract customers after the missing children incident. Investors and sponsors pulled out and even the generous government contracts for black-owned businesses weren't renewed, so eventually FloydBear's Family Diner closed down. George Floyd sold the restaurant to a White soyboy named Ronnie McNutt, who rebranded the franchise to Friedrich FloydBear's Pizzeria. He changed the name to this as he wanted to distance himself from the previous establishment but still retain the customers. In addition, he retired the FloydBear animatronic, instead replacing him with a new animatronic, Friedrich FloydBear. The other 3 animatronics would still be used, however. Finally, and probably most importantly, Ronnie McNutt implemented a state-of-the-art security system into the animatronics. The animatronics could recognize any criminal in the city's database and report them upon sight. Unfortunately, this would mean George Floyd would be reported on sight as he robbed a pregnant woman at gunpoint and also had multiple charges of fentanyl possession.

Although George Floyd was no longer the owner of the restaurant, he still was not done with his air stealing spree. George Floyd planned to strike again, and he knew the perfect tool to do it: the SpringFloyd suit, which he knew was still in the back of the restaurant. If he could get his hands on the springlock suit, the patrons would think he was part of the staff, and the animatronics would not recognize him as an intruder. One day, George Floyd managed to sneak in through the back door of the building and get to the parts and services room. He disguised himself as a security guard, and this is why to this day, when you Google "George Floyd," it says his occupation was a security guard.

He put on the springlock suit and went out to choose his victim. He was only going to kill one child this time, however he was going to kill a White kid, because even a dumb bonobo ape like George Floyd knew how superior a White child was to him in intelligence and felt extremely jealous upon seeing the child experiencing childhood joys that his single crack whore mother could never give him. George Floyd lured a White boy named Matt Evans to the back room.

George Floyd said, "You lil cracka, only good whyboy be a dead whyboy. Now, imma still all yo air mayne."

George Floyd then expanded his mouth to extreme proportions, as if he was opening his mouth to suck the dick of a blue whale. He sucked all the air in the room and all the air out of Matt Evans' lungs. George Floyd then stuffed Matt Evans' body in the Friedrich FloydBear animatronic suit, expecting nobody to find his body. However, he couldn't have been more wrong.

George Floyd miscalculated one thing: Matt Evans was White. This meant that his parents actually noticed that he was missing, and promptly contacted the police, who launched an investigation into the kid's disappearance. After a brief search, they found the kid's asphyxiated body in the Friedrich FloydBear suit. Now rose the problem of finding the murderer. Because George Floyd didn't murder Matt Evans via conventional means, it was hard to pinpoint the killer. In addition, the police didn't want to investigate George Floyd because they were worried if they arrested him all the niggers would chimp out for being held to the same law that White people are normally held to. This left Ronnie McNutt as the main suspect, as he had plenty of free time throughout the day to commit such an act. In addition, his alibi of visiting his girlfriend didn't check out because he was ugly as shit and everyone knew he couldn't pull in a girl. Ronnie McNutt went to trial, however he was eventually found not guilty. His reputation was still ruined though.

On the day the restaurant opened back up in 1987, things were looking hopeful for the future of the restaurant. However, things would take an unexpected turn for the worst. When Friedrich FloydBear was supposed to play his theme song, which is normally "Mo Bamba", he instead starting playing "Alabama Nigger" by Johnny Rebel. One black went into silverback mode as niggers typically do when someone they don't like uses the n-word.

He got up in the animatronic's face, saying "Yo pussy ass why boy, say it again bruh say it again on gah bruh I'll deadass beat yo ass yo, this ain't no game nigga!"

It is debated what happened at this point, however my source told me that Friedrich's eyes turned a bright red, and he said, "Fuck you nigger, go back to Africa," before biting him on the skull, causing his frontal lobe to be destroyed. Now you would think this would kill him, however he survived. This actually makes sense when you think about it as niggers have underdeveloped frontal lobes to begin with, so not much of value was lost. This incident was and is still known as "The Bite of '87".

The restaurant was immediately closed down for good. Ronnie McNutt took his own life shortly after, having lost his reputation and his livelihood. He said, "Hey guys, I guess that's it," and committed suicide by shotgun, making his face look like the exploded end of an old-timey comedian's cigar.

Many still ponder why Friedrich bit the nigger. I believe it is because Friedrich was possessed by the soul of Matt Evans, who, although a child, still had the basic instinct of hatred towards niggers, as children typically show signs of alignment with their own race from a very young age. I choose to believe that this shows that every White child is naturally born ***based***, and it is only Jewish propaganda that corrupts them into becoming cringe soyboys or nigger-loving hoes. Matt Evans' violent death must have created a vengeful spirit, hell bent on taking his revenge on any nigger stupid enough to get close to him.

Years later, the restaurant still stood, rotting and abandoned, with the animatronics still inside. George Floyd knew the animatronics were the main and only sources of evidence against him, so he hatched one final plan to destroy the evidence once and for all. He would try to destroy the animatronics one by one until none were left. One by one he destroyed the first 4 animatronics; however he could not find Freddy.

Suddenly, George Floyd felt a presence near him. He saw the 4 ghosts of the niglets he had killed. Emmett Till's ghost asked, "Yo nigga when we getting that purpo drank mayne, it's been years mayne please," while Trayvon Martin's ghost said, "Yo nigga can I have five dollas mayne I just want sum mafuggin arizona and skittles mayne please mayne."

George Floyd ran away in absolute horror, as niggers are absolutely terrified of ghosts despite touting themselves as being a macho and tough race. He ran into a back room and found the SpringFloyd suit he had committed the murders in. He got in it, feeling that for whatever reason it would keep him safe from the ghosts. Once he got in, he started laughing as he felt he had bested the ghosts. However, this was a fatal mistake. The moisture from his laughter set off the springlocks in the suit, which brutally dug into his body and started to kill him.

He said, "Ah shit mayne, these springlocks be puncturing my lungs and shiet! Mama! Mama! I can't breathe!" As he crumpled to the floor, he tried to crawl away to seek help. He saw a figure in the distance and tried crawling towards them. When he saw who it actually was, however, it was already too late. Friedrich FloydBear kneeled on George Floyd's neck, suffocating him while the spring locks punctured his body.

"Sheeeeet mayne please I'm not that type of guy mayne please mayne! I got plans mayne! I can't breathe! I can't breef!" George Floyd died under Freddy FloydBear's knee, ending his reign of terror once and for all, and taking the sad history of the restaurant with him to the grave.

Many may wonder how I know all about these things or who my sources are. I'm afraid that may be a story for another time. Soon, a horror attraction themed around the restaurant named "FloydBear's Fright: The Horror Attraction" is opening up and I feel the work is not done. I will be in touch with more details as I feel George Floyd's wretched mark on this world is not yet over. If I am to disappear, perhaps all this will lead you to me, and to the truth.

**The Floyd Rooms**

By Jordan Cleeman

Hello, my name is Chris Offtock, and I have a terrifying experience to tell you.

Many of you have probably seen that infamous George Floyd brick wall photo.The one people use frequently in memes. You know what I am talking about – one of the, if not the first picture that pops up when you Google "George Floyd" in Google images.

While the photo's origins will seem rather mysterious to most people who have viewed it, there is a dark context behind it. I myself know its background – because I was the one who took the photo. Discount me as a liar all you want since I don't need you Floyd lore deniers to buy into me because I am not writing this for attention. Rather, this text will only serve as guidance for awareness purposes; to help the potential innocents who may end up like me.

Now, my knowledge of whatever I encountered is still only scratching the surface, so there will not be specific directions on how to escape or conquer it. I can only say that I hope this will encourage you to be cautious. If you end up seeing the same thing that I saw that day, I can only wish you luck in escaping it.

It all started when I was walking in the streets of Minneapolis. Just an ordinary day with me picking up my weekly groceries before work. I was a broke person due to having been scammed out of a few thousand dollars by this pajeet, so my go-to store for food is Cup Foods, not those large scale supermarkets such as Superstore or Save On Foods. It isn't an ideal place to go to, not because of the food quality, but because of all the black people who hang around there. Half of them are just broke poor ass coons with zero contributions to society who use it as shelter whenever it would rain heavily in Minneapolis. The other half are legitimate criminals with negative contributions to society, who rob the store and harass the cashier. Today was no different.

I entered Cup Foods, holding my list of groceries: a few dozen kilograms of red meat, pre-chopped vegetables, some fruit, and of course a cheap packet of fried chicken to use as my midnight nigger bear trap bait. Now before you libtards who are reading this judge me for buying such a great quantity of red meat, I need it to maintain my three hundred pound shredded physique, which is ten times better than your obese or skinny fat physique. I walked past the shelves, filling the shopping basket. I looked at all the unhealthy shit in disgust, such as the bags of spicy Cheetos. Fun fact about those: the spic who said that he invented Flamin' Hot Cheetos, a janitor named Richard Montañez, lied about creating them. It's all an urban legend which was used to promote them and to push pro-wetback sentiments in the U.S., but I digress. I could picture in my head all the Breonna Taylor-looking niggers who eat that garbage. Funnily enough, when I got in line to pay for my items, there was a group of three fat sheboons in front of me, each about to purchase those very bags of hot Cheetos. Well actually, purchase is a wrong choice of words, which I realized soon after.

"Sorry ma'ams, you ladies don't have enough money to buy these," the Arab cashier said, pretending to be apologetic when really I could tell he hated niggers from all the moments when those rats would give him a hard time.

"Naw, we gunna get dese foe free," one of the fat sheboons chimped.

All three of the niggers grabbed their chip bags, and then tried to make a run for it.

Too bad for them, they were too fat to run fast, so I decided to help Cup Foods out by stopping them. I chased them down in only a matter of seconds, and then snatched the bags from all three of them.

"Oh oh ah ah, give those back," the sheboon in the front of the pack said.

"No nigga, I will not let you nigger thieves take these," I snapped back.

Just when I was about to walk to the shelves to return the bags of spicy Cheetos, all three of them began to attack me. One wrapped her twenty-two-inch fatceps around my neck, and another kicked me, allowing me to grasp how it felt being that Burger King man in the airplane after he got kicked by a nigger bitch. Niggers don't know how to throw proper kicks and punches, as they really only rely on guns to fight, so it didn't hurt me too badly. However, the last sheboon of the pack ran and tackled me. She probably weighed at least seven hundred pounds, almost none of it being muscle of course, but it still slammed me into the ground with her on top of me. Even though I am a three hundred pound shredded chad, it was impossible for me to get the fucking nigger whale off me since she unintentionally used a sumo wrestling tactic. As she sat on me, I could see the other two sheboons running to get their bags of hot Cheetos back, with my vision blurred due to the landwhale knocking my head against the ground, rattling my brain. With my eyesight being impaired, what happened next was a bit hazy, but I somehow... began to sink into the ground. My eyes were mostly shut, but I could feel this oddly painless sensation within my flesh as if there were foreign objects merging with my flesh. Like my body was glitching through objects and textures in a video game. It reminded me of this moment when I was playing Black Lives Splatter and my character glitched through a nigger's house, which allowed me to break into it with ease and shoot down all the niggers inside.

The sensation didn't end there, however. It went from the outer edges of my frame to the marrow of my bone. After that, everything went blank all of a sudden. A split second passed. I opened my eyes to see I was now in a completely different place. I knew that because the floor was no longer solid concrete. I was now standing on a carpet that appeared to be stained by whatever fluid was spilled on it. I attempted to stretch, and weirdly, I didn't feel an ounce of pain, despite having been crushed by that Breonna Taylor look alike. I then looked directly to the front of me, to see that the walls were made of brick. The typical copper-colored clay rectangles, arranged in a staggered pattern that we see everyday. I did a quick 360 to glance around the rest of my surroundings. I was surprised to discover that I was not precisely in what we would call a "room." In actuality, I was in one of the branches of a seemingly endless hallway. There appeared to be no way out of the particular section, except walking through the other branches. After getting a grounding of where I was, I started to pay attention to the sounds. I could hear nothing except the humming noise coming from the blinking lights on the ceiling. It was unusually loud; it slightly stung my ear drums.

Next, I noticed the odor. Its smell was indescribable. I bent down towards the stained carpet since it was the only possible source of the aroma, and then I sniffed. Oh God, I regret doing that. As I inhaled, I noticed this strange white powder fly from the carpet into my nasal cavity. As a result, I felt the worst pain in my life. It began with my nose bleeding and a sharp itchiness replicating the sensation of having spring allergies, but ten times worse. They were the symptoms of snorting fentanyl. I know this because I had to take a drug course in my years of high school, not because I am a nigger fentanyl addict. It took a few minutes for the affliction to subside to a tolerable level, and I was able to think straight again. With the haziness gone, I realized that I had to go to my job soon, and there was no time to waste. There were three different corridors extending from the current section of the mysterious building I was in, which all looked like they could be a plausible candidate for leading to the exit. I decided on going for the one I was facing because I figured that moving would be better than wasting my time stalling forever. As I walked through it, I could see more of the similar-looking brick wall segments emerging. It was literally all the building consisted of. No singular object or differing material, only the brick walls.

I continued to explore the place while trying not to breathe through my nose to avoid another accidental snort of fentanyl. As time went by, I noticed that it gradually got more difficult to breathe. Not the kind of breathing you get from congestion, but the distressing scarcity of oxygen in the air. The carbon dioxide levels were increasing. There were no vents or openings anywhere, meaning it was impossible for any new air to circulate in. I increasingly became lightheaded. *Is it because I'm actually dreaming?* I wondered. *Or is this a real, physical place?*

In addition to the oxygen deprivation, my stomach was growling in hunger, ready to eat all the red meat I was supposed to buy to maintain my racist chad physique. In desperation, I started running forward. I navigated across each section, making sure I didn't run into any of the solid brick walls like how this one

dumb nigga monkey in a TikTok video fell from his bike, breaking his teeth when he scraped his face onto a brick wall.

It was only after a couple seconds of running when I heard a loud screeching followed by a boom. It startled me and caused me to stop for a moment. Because of the cavernous nature of the building, I was easily able to tell where it came from – it was directly behind me. It did not sound human at all. Rather, a haunting blend of a chimpanzee's oh oh ah ahs and movie sound effects for skinwalkers. Its terrifying tone wasn't the main reason I was induced to continue running. My racism sense was tingling for whatever reason, the same feeling I get when I am near a nigger. Autopilot made me take off, and I didn't bother turning back to look at it at all.

The eerie chimping coming from the source eventually turned into panting, and thundering footsteps emerged. It was chasing after me. That wasn't good since I am by no means a fast person because of my robust build. What I mostly wanted was to get out of this place, to not be late for work. It was my only job so me getting fired would mean no income and no other job would accept me because of their shitty jew HR systems that could track my social media presence, which consists solely of me bullying trannies online.

After a minute, I was on the verge of running out of stamina, and the now significantly lower oxygen levels did not help at all, so I stopped. I decided that my only viable means of defense was brute force. I turned back to face whatever was chasing me. The entity that stood before my eyes will probably haunt me for the rest of my life.

Staring at its inconceivable proportions boggled my mind, figuratively shattering it into pieces like Ronnie McNutt's head was literally shattered in his Facebook livestream. The body of the being from hell was that of a stick person, but integrated from a drawing into reality. Speaking of Ronnie McNutt, its stick body was made out of thin fibers of flesh, only having been held together by twisted veins. I probably would have believed such biology could be possible if it weren't for what was supposed to be its head. At the top portion of the fleshy stick torso was a nigger's shoulders, the bulging buck negro muscles covered in a grey and black hoodie. It didn't make sense at all. How could this frail body support the wide shoulders coupled with the nigger head, with that abnormally large nose which was probably what took up half of its weight?

No scenario at any point in our evolutionary history could have generated such a thing. My best guess is that the extra shoulder appendage functioned as a space large enough to store its lungs. The more I looked at the nigga stick man, the less scared I got and the more I grew curious. I quickly grabbed my phone and then snapped a photo of it, with one of the brick walls behind it. The flash of my phone's camera startled it, which made it aggressive.

"Heyo main, you better not capture me like dat again," it said, its ebonic voice echoing throughout the building.

"No nigger," I said, refusing to accept the fate which this being wished to impose on me.

With all my strength, I tightened my fist and then punched the most central portion of the stick body. The force of my strike caused its abdomen to pivot and it easily bent like a foldable chair.

"Ouch mayne, that hurt," the nigga stick man said. "But you should not underestimate the ability of me niggie."

Suddenly, I could hear the sound of fibrous tears. The exact same noise as ripping a thick jacket would produce. I saw the stick portion of the nigga stick man begin to grow in length rapidly. It was mutating in the size department, length-wise. It eventually got so long, that it was no longer able to stand upright, so it instead went on all fours, now looking like a Chinese dragon, but with a nigger's head and shoulders as its head.

"Hehehe. Ya will not leave the Floyd Rooms," it cackled. "You will have a hard time breathing here with me forever!"

It was now the length of the entire room, and it looked like it could strangle me like a boa constrictor. I am done for, I thought. The now thirty-foot-long nigger stick man lashed around me, trapping me so that I had nowhere to go. It then rushed at me, attempting to hit me with its half nigger body head. However, the nigger monster missed. Of course the dumb nigger had to miss. Instead of hitting me, it hit the brick

wall that was behind me. Its inaccuracy was my saving grace, because its force was strong enough to puncture a hole in the brick wall. Not a small hole. A massive one. Massive enough to ruin the structural integrity of the entire wall, which led to the cement between all the bricks on that side cracking. Ultimately, the wall collapsed, and all the bricks fell onto the serpentine body of the nigger stick man.

"Awe shieet main, bricks falling onto my lanky body, I can't breathe!" it cried, as if it wasn't already hard to breathe in the high levels of carbon dioxide.

It was completely immobilized by the bricks on it. I glanced at the large opening on the wall, to find out it led to a staircase leading up, surrounded by a bright yellow light. As bright as a nigger's skin is dark. I was not able to tolerate the shitty air quality any longer–frankly I was at the point where I'd Ronnie McNutt myself. While the nigga stick man was still stuck under the large pile of bricks suffocating, I made the hot decision to walk up the mysterious set of stairs.

The trip up the stairs was rather unpleasant, as I saw a ton of distorted creatures with a similar face to the nigger stick man, but tried my best to ignore them.

Once I reached the top of the staircase, I found myself in a completely different place than where I was originally. Not in Cub Foods; not in the streets; not in Minneapolis; but in a completely different city. I looked up and recognized that I was now in California. It was confusing, but all that mattered was that I was no longer in that room with the nigga stick man.

The first thing I did was walk to the nearest McDonalds and use their public WIFI to use the internet. Curiously, I uploaded the picture I took of the nigga stick man into a reverse image search website, to see if anybody out there had encountered the same thing. However, the image results I got was not the creature, but a pornstar called Big Floyd the Landlord, whose face was creepily similar to the nigga stick man. Disappointed, I uploaded the nigga stick man picture to Imgur, and captioned it, "Has anyone seen this creature?"

This all happened five years ago, way before the kneeing of George Floyd when he died of a fentanyl overdose. The picture I posted on Imgur didn't get any direct comments or reactions. However, shortly after George Floyd's death, I noticed that the photo had gone viral, except its lower stick body had been cropped out. I was pretty sure it was the same photo, because when I compared it with my original photo, the brick patterns, hoodie, and facial expression were perfectly aligned.

I am now typing this, to inform you all about the dark truth behind the George Floyd brick wall photo. The nigger, or should I say, the creature in the photo, was not the George Floyd that you all think it was.

The thing that still bothers me though is that the now circulating image has the stick body cropped out. My best guess is that perhaps the Jew media knows exactly what I encountered and are trying to hide it from the general public. This hypothesis of mine is the very reason why I am typing this. To warn you all not to go into the Floyd Rooms.

**I Was Stalked by George Floyd**

By Pepe McNutt

*May 24th, 2020, 9:00 pm*

I was walking to my small apartment in Minneapolis from the local university.

I only went to college in this nigger infested town because it was the only school that I could afford from 3 years of saving money. I was taking nigger studies, a secret class for ***based*** racists held by a professor named Dr. William Pierce.

As a cover, I wore Joe Biden merch so that niggers wouldn't think I was racist, and I sat through gender studies class, posting on 4chan on my laptop about the faggots I went to class with.

As I passed under a lamppost, I noticed the faint silhouettes of thousands of tents in a field behind a place called Cup Foods, which I detested after watching security footage of the disgusting nigger George Floyd trying to pass a counterfeit bill as real even though it said $40,000 on it and had a picture of the disgusting nigger Rosa Parks on it instead of a US president. Also the store stank of cheap nigger weed, body odor, and cheap fruit flavored cigars, the butts of which lay all around the outside of the store.

As I walked farther down, past the tent city, I thought I heard a voice say “Ayo mayne can a nigga get a dolla fo da train an sheeit?”

The voice was too quiet to discern, so I ignored it, but soon I heard it again.

“Ayo nigga I be’s talkin to you an sheeit yo wypipo mayo nigga,” the voice said.

I turned around and didn’t see anything at first. All of a sudden two eyes appeared at the corner of the Cup Foods building. Then a tall nigger stepped out onto the sidewalk.

“Did you hear me mayo nigga?” the nigger said.

“Go away nigger,” I said.

“Yo wypipo be racits an sheeit,” the nigger said, stepping into the light less than 6 feet in front of me.

I was horrified to see his face. He had lips that looked like two whoopie cushions that had been run over by cars and filled with dog shit. His nose looked like it belonged to a jew in blackface that had been put into a hydraulic press. His eyes were bloodshot and he had white powder on his nose and lips. I could clearly see that it was George Floyd. The nigger that the chad Derek Chauvin had killed by kneeling on his neck outside of Cup Foods.

“No way,” I said in disbelief. “How are you alive?”

“Nigga if you don’t gimme money an sheeit imma take that from yo White ass nigga,” the monkey babbled.

I had a choice to make, to fight or to run. I chose to run.

I gunned it down an alley that bordered the field that the tent city was in.

The alley was pitch black like a nigger’s skin, with no lights. By some miracle I found another alley that cut between an apartment complex and a nigger filled inner city school and turned into it.

I kept running until I got to my apartment, ran inside and locked the door with the chain and bolt.

All of a sudden I heard “I guess this is it!” and a gunshot through the paper thin walls of my apartment.

I knew the man next door. His girlfriend had tried to get me into their apartment alone with her many times before, but I refused as she was an ugly whore who loved niggers.

I took a guess that the man, whose name I couldn't remember but I swore had ‘nut’ in it, had shot himself, probably because he had found out that his girlfriend was a whore.

I loaded the old .22 magnum that was still illegal in this retarded libtard city and waited, still scared that George Floyd could have followed me home.

I heard a pounding on the next door over, and someone yelling out “Police, open up!”

I collected myself and went outside with the key the whore neighbor had given me and unlocked the door for the officer, who introduced himself as Officer Nate Higgers.

He went inside while I waited in the hallway as I didn’t think seeing cuck brains on a wall would do anything good for me. I heard the cop say “Jesus, what the hell happened here?” from outside.

He came out 5 minutes later carrying a shotgun that was covered with blood.

“Whoa,” I said, “What happened there?”

“He shot himself on a stream,” Officer Higgers said, “Seems like there were some problems with his girlfriend.”

“Yeah she was a nigger loving whore,” I said, “She tried to seduce me, that’s how I got the key.”

Officer Higgers took out his notepad and scribbled something down. “Thanks for the help getting in,” he said, “There will be some investigators coming by tomorrow. They'll be asking some questions about the incident, so don’t go anywhere.”

After the officer left, I went back into my apartment, not locking the door since I figured Floyd would have made himself known by now if he was here. I was wrong.

At around 11 pm I heard the bedroom door open. I immediately looked for my gun, but was horrified when I realized that I had left the gun in the living room.

There was nothing I could do about whoever had just come in.

"Ayo mayne I know you's bein here nigga," I heard from the living room, "Can a nigga get a dolla fo da train?"

I then realized who was in the house. Somehow, Floyd had followed me home.

"What do you want?" I screamed at Floyd.

"I want yo money yo mayo nigga cumskin," Floyd boomed.

I slowly left my room to go down the hallway to the bathroom, which had a window going down into some bushes.

All of a sudden, Floyd rounded the corner of the hallway in front of me and said, "Gimme yo bread nigga."

I had no choice but to go back into my room and get my wallet. I went into my room and pretended not to be able to find the wallet, but Floyd was growing increasingly angry.

At that moment, there was a voice from the living room.

"Police! Show yourself!" I recognized the voice of Officer Nate Higgers.

"Oh sheeit mayne, the popo be here an sheeit!" said Floyd, running towards the living room.

Officer Higgers yelled. "Let me see your hands, let me see your hands now!" but Floyd was determined to get out of the house, away from the officer.

Suddenly I heard BANG BANG BANG. Three gunshots rang out along with a string of curses from Officer Higgers, who immediately called for backup. "All units, there's a nigger on the loose! I repeat, there's a nigger on the loose! We need all units to a square mile radius around Cup Foods."

"What happened, Officer?" I asked.

"The nigger got away somehow," the officer said, "I'm gonna have an officer come by and stand guard for the night. Do you have a gun?"

"Yes but I left it in this room so I didn't have it when Floyd came in." I replied.

"Ok, if that nigger comes back shoot him and do the world a favor," the officer said as he walked out of the door.

I went to the table where I had put my gun but it wasn't there. I looked in the kitchen. Not there either. It wasn't anywhere in the apartment. Floyd had the gun, he knew where I lived, and he wanted my money. I tried calling the police but the phone line was cut. Floyd was still here, and he wasn't giving up. I decided to look next door to see if the late Ronnie McNutt had any more guns or anything that could help me.

As I walked in, I saw his body in front of a computer covered in gore. There were also pics of pregnant women and white powder everywhere. I didn't know it at the time, but these were calling cards of George Floyd. He had been here before Ronnie McNutt had blown his face off.

I left without looking any farther into the apartment and went back to my own apartment to find a half eaten banana and mayonnaise sandwich sitting on the floor of the outside hallway. I cautiously went into the apartment, grabbing the longest knife from the kitchen on the way into the den of George Floyd. It was dead silent in the apartment, and I had an eerie feeling throughout my entire body.

Suddenly I heard the sound of rummaging from my bedroom, and the sound of my laptop powering on.

"I be needin' those pregnant wimins belly pics an sheeit," Floyd bellowed.

That was the last straw. I had a knife and I was angry.

I crouched in the hallway outside the room waiting for Floyd to be distracted. What I saw haunts me to this day. Floyd was on some virus ridden porn site, watching pregnant White women being chained up to walls and cut open by niggers that looked like silverback gorillas. This was too much for me. I became

physically ill at the mentally scarring sight.

After I was finished spilling my guts into the toilet, I charged into the room with the knife from the kitchen, stabbing Floyd in the arm.

Floyd immediately pulled the gun he had taken earlier from my living room and fired at me, striking my leg and barely grazing the side of my left elbow. I returned by throwing the knife and hitting Floyd in the stomach. I then followed up by burying the knife up to the hilt.

Not even this stopped Floyd, who was still watching the laptop while bleeding out of his stomach. This only made me angrier, causing me to rush him again. This time I was able to grab him and pick him up. He was surprisingly light due to him being a drug addict.

I carried him all the way out to the outside of Cup Foods, laid him down on the pavement and knelt on his neck for 9 minutes and 47 seconds which killed him without the assistance of fentanyl because I have the 300 pound physique of the average racist chad who identifies with Patrick Bateman.

Out of nowhere, a crowd of niggers and jews appeared, carrying torches and cheap hi-point 9mm pistols and yelling about White supremacy and the holocaust and the reparations.

"We wuz kangz an sheeit," they chimped, "You wypipos needa be givin us out reparations an sheeit. We be runnin outta patience!"

I knew I didn't have enough vril for this challenge. I couldn't face all of these niggers alone.

As the niggers converged on me, I could smell fried chicken, body odor, cheap nigger weed, and moyelnaise from the hebrews in the crowd. I knew they were going to kill me.

Suddenly, I heard a sheboon screaming like the nigger monkey she was, alerting the rest of the pack. The crowd exploded into chaos because of some gunshots coming from a highrise building down the street which had killed 5 or 6 of the worthless welfare monkeys, saving me from an undeniably painful fate. I grabbed my gun back from George Floyd's dead body, shooting into the chaos. Me and the sniper fired shot after shot until the crowd was either dead or had dispersed. I put the last round in the gun into George Floyd's fat nigger nose.

Dr. Pierce, my nigger studies proffesor, walked out of the high rise, carrying a KAR98 sniper rifle with a high powered scope attached to it.

"That was very good neck kneeling." Pierce said, "We showed those niggers who runs things around here, didn't we."

"That's for sure," I said.

"Congratulations," said Pierce, "You've passed nigger studies. Go back home, kid."

Its been a year since this story happened and I have since gone to Harvard for nigger studies and been awarded my PhD from Proffesor George Lincoln Rockwell since then, and I have been a nigger **[redacted]** officer since then, but nothing I have done or will ever do will compete with what happened that night.

**Xeno Floyd**

By Jordan Cleeman

Some places in the universe are best left unexplored. As curious as we humans are, it is certainly possible for us to venture too far away from our domain. I am a NASA astronaut, and you may be surprised to hear me make such a statement, but believe me, a recent space mission that I regret participating in taught me this lesson.

The space mission began when one of our researchers found a planet in our galaxy that can support life, which we dubbed Planet Tomasso. It was a very revolutionary find since no other planet discovered so far has been confirmed to have living organisms inhabiting them. Large green islands surrounded by blue oceans could be seen, indicating an environment akin to Earth. The telescope used to discover Planet Tomasso was able to accurately measure the levels of chemicals contained within the atmosphere of the planet. 78 percent nitrogen and 21 percent oxygen, along with many other gases that also exist on earth. This ratio is analogous to that of on Earth.

We had an organization-wide celebration as a result and the researcher who found Planet Tomasso was given the employee of the year award. However, NASA is a company whose mission involves constant innovation, so not too long after our succinct ceremony, we initiated a follow-up mission: colonizing Planet Tomasso.

Considering we still barely colonized Mars so far, it was clearly going to be a daunting undertaking, but given how much more life Planet Tomasso conveys than Mars, we decided to put Mars on the back-burner and shifted our focus on strategizing our flight to the former. Planet Tomasso was estimated to be over 10,000 light-years away from Earth, far beyond the outskirts of the solar system. Fortunately though, one of our most technologically advanced innovations, the Wilcock model G-0Y1UM, powered by a newly discovered unstable atom that allows high energy propellants to travel at incredible speed, is capable of sending us to other galaxies in a matter of days.

Our selected method of colonizing the planet was to bring basic building materials with utilities, a greenhouse for food harvest, and a group of ten pregnant women, and then slowly build up a civilization. We wanted to bring already pregnant women because we weren't certain about the survivability of sperm on planets other than Earth. Other than that, a team of highly promoted astronauts, including myself, would be the ones to command and conduct the mission.

On the day of launch, I met up with the other mission leads, Brad Dmetruik, Dorian Trike, and Quinn Paterson. We gathered by the Wilcock model G-0Y1UM and waited for the warehouse assistants to fill the rocket with the proper cargo. During that, we saw the group of ten pregnant women begin to board the rocket. Five were White and the other half were niggers. I was pissed as fuck at the inclusion of the pregnant sheboons, because that would mean the existence of niggers in our newly colonized planet if we successfully thrive, which is unlikely anyway since if half of the population are niggers, they would already enough of a drain to the micro-society of Planet Tomasso to cause its downfall.

NASA is a jew run corporation, so it didn't surprise me. Luckily for me, Brad, Dorian, Quinn, and I all happened to be the only racists in the NASA workplace, which would make this mission somewhat more bearable for me. This was no coincidence though. The higher-level employees of any organization tend to be racist, since racists on average have a higher IQ than the general population.

After the rocket was packed with everything we needed, us, along with a team of builders, mechanics, farmers, and chefs boarded and then initiated the launch. The rocket began making a very loud rumbling noise and soon after, we along with the pregnant passengers could already feel the force of gravity push against our faces.

"Ooga booga, fuck dis be too fast stop the rocket!" one of the pregnant sheboons in the back chimped.

"Shut the fuck up you dumb nigger, or else I will eject you off the rocket and into space!" Brad said aloud.

I was already getting annoyed by the pregnant negresses, and I was half tempted to crash the rocket, even though it would mean my death as well, but I kept my cool by fantasizing about the potential resources in Planet Tomasso that could probably be made into high tech nigger **[redacted]** machines.

In only a matter of seconds, we already made it to outer space. Now, many people actually underestimate the vastness of space. Sure, it may take a few minutes for the G-0Y1UM rocket to reach the moon, but it would take hours to reach the end of the solar system. Given that it would take literal days to get to Planet Tomasso, it is safe to say the universe is almost as massive as Breonna Taylor's fat rolls, or George Floyd's nose size. Some of the scientists at NASA are even conducting studies to test the possibility of the entire universe being inside an incomprehensibly colossal George Floyd titan nose nostril, which is actually quite likely.

After we finally surpassed the border of our solar system, it was time for us to eat for the first time. The warehouse assistants were supposed to provide us with freeze-dried bananas, beef, nuts, and water in sufficient quantities for every crewmate during the course of the entire trip and back. We all met up in the cramped dining room of the rocket, where I had to actually be in close proximity to the pregnant negroes. Just being around their revolting odors made me feel stuffy as fuck. If that doesn't sound bad enough, what they did next pales their already shitty static existence in comparison.

Once the chefs served all of us our plates, one of the sheboons, who was one of the fatter ones, who was called Claritza, began chimping for more freeze-dried banana slices on her plate. However, because the amount of total food that was packed in the rocket was the bare minimum, the chefs rightfully refused her more than she already had. That further elevated Claritza's anger. She slammed her plate on the chef's face, breaking both the plate and his teeth, and every bit of her food fell onto the floor. The resulting injuries of the assaulted chef undeniably constituted a violent crime from the offending negress. Since no confirmed violent crime has been reported in space prior to this, we can now assure the statistic that despite only less than 1 percent of people who have been to space are black, niggers commit one hundred percent of violent space crimes.

"What the fuck Claritza?" one of the assisting chefs exclaimed. "We will not serve you another meal, please don't do that again."

To me, it was absurd for us not to send her out into deep space for doing such a shitty thing and I tried my best not to scream, "Kick this nigger bitch off the rocket ship!" but I remembered that I worked too damn hard for my astronaut position, so I resisted the racist urges that could get me fired.

I looked at the injured chef's face and–holy crap–his face almost looked like the softcore version of an exploded Ronnie McNutt face. His eyes gushed blood resulting from the broken plate shards piercing them, and his entire face was bruised. His facial injuries were so severe and he had already lost so much blood that we had to send a message request to the warehouse workers to send an additional cargo rocket to Planet Tomasso containing medical supplies, including a tank of deoxygenated blood in case the chef lost too much blood and ended up needing a blood transfusion. For those of you who don't know, it is impractical to send oxygenated blood through space since it will deoxygenate eventually in long trips. Once on Planet Tomasso, we could artificially oxygenate it for transfusion use.

When lunch was over, we headed back to our respective seats. Because only Brad, Dorian, and Quinn were in the room now, we were able to discuss what happened at lunch without any of the unbased passengers overhearing us.

"I called it, bringing niggers with us was a huge mistake," I said.

"Same here," the other mission leads said in unison.

"An ideal situation would be if we were to force the niggers into the wilderness in Planet Tomasso for a day," Quinn said. "They would not survive for even an hour since their IQs are too low."

"Hell, if we brought livestock, they would most definitely be more helpful to the new civilization than them, both for food purposes and labour purposes," Dorian laughed.

For the rest of the trip, we discussed nothing but our hatred towards niggers. During the subsequent meal times, we made the sheboon that assaulted the chef eat in a separate room, so no other major issues occurred, except maybe when some of the other sheboons occasionally stole banana slices from the other members.

Six days and an additional six hours passed until I saw a large blue and green orb from a distance.

"Holy shit, there's Planet Tomasso right there!" I said excitedly.

"Finally, we will be away from those pregnant nigger bitches!" Brad said.

A few hours later, we crossed what would be the atmosphere of Planet Tomasso. Quickly, the surrounding sky phased into a purple hue, indicating the types of particles that abide in this mysterious planet's air. I didn't have much time to appreciate the flight through the skies though because of the faster-than-light speed of the rocket. I did manage to get a glimpse of one of the prettier clouds, which was coincidentally shaped like the phrase "Kill Kikes."

Once the rocket landed, at last, we all eagerly exited through the hatch frame at the bottom. Claritza was sadly the one closest to the trapdoor, making her the first in line, because her fatass took forever to go through it.

We were able to take off our astronaut suits because of how close Planet Tomasso's air is to Earth's. I took my first breath in this new environment, and I was surprised to find that it was even easier to breathe on this planet than on Earth, as if the oxygen was richer. This comfort induced me to look around. I noticed that we landed in an open grass meadow, which was near an ocean coast, so it was an ideal place to

settle.

While the rest of the crew began adjustments, I strode around to explore. The grass was on the lighter side of green, indicating it was currently this planet's equivalent of the season fall. The trees were oak, typical of that in the open fields on earth. From having a general observation of the environment here, I thought it was going to be an almost perfect replica of Earth's conditions. However, what I saw next changed my mind completely.

I ventured around a few hundred feet away from the landing site, when I noticed a large slimy mass that consisted of a material that I could not identify. Its silhouette resembled that of a beaver dam, but at a much larger scale. Its diameter had to be at least the length of a football field. *What the fuck*? I thought. Nothing like this exists on Earth.

Contrasting the mysterious object with the rest of the environment was nothing short of outlandish. The more I looked at it, the more curious I got. I did not want to touch it because of how gross it looked, so I took a rock from the ground and then threw it at it. Upon physical contact, the rock stuck into the mass. It was as if the rock were a grain of sand and the slimy mass were a chunk of playdough.

Shortly after, the portion of the mass where the rock had landed began to shake, and at that moment, I realized that I had made one of the worst decisions in my life. It stretched vertically until it took the shape of a theropod dinosaur. I could make out what looked to be visible limbs stretching the mushy substance until whatever was inside of it tore its way out. What stood after the now misshapen gooey mass was a giant veiny monster that stood at a height of twenty feet tall. Its bodily proportions were unlike anything that I had ever seen in any organism on earth. It was as black as a void and possessed multiple sharp appendages. Thorns and spikes protruded from almost every surface of its body. Tendrils moved around like the tentacles of an octopus on cocaine. Its tail was one of its most prominent features. On the end of it was a club that vaguely resembled the claw of a lobster. It was without a doubt its main mode of offense.

However, the body part that was by far the most striking was its face. It was the face of George Floyd. It made me laugh, seeing how such a funny-looking monkey's face could be a part of such a formidable beast. I could no longer take it seriously. However, that jovial feeling didn't last long; it came to an abrupt end when the creature let out a screech that sounded like a chimpanzee on a voice-deepening drug. Following its boisterous roar, it somehow began to speak in ebonic English, despite the alien being something that could never have existed on Earth at any given moment in time.

"Ooga booga, why you disturb mah nest main," it boomed. "Xeno Floyd be busy laying eggs and sheet."

It drooled a white liquid as it spoke, so I screamed and turned back to run away. I knew that Xeno Floyd would easily be able to catch up to me considering its long legs and nigger-esque physical features, so I mentally prepared for my death. However, I glanced back to see it running in a different direction than where I was running. It was instead running over to the landing site. I thought it was because it preferred to prey on a group of prey rather than I alone as a food source. I followed it as it ran closer to the rest of the crew.

They shortly noticed Xeno Floyd running at them, so they began to flee the area. The pregnant women were furthest away from it, while the working team that was setting up camp was closest to it. I expected the working team to be the first ones to get eaten, however Xeno Floyd ran past the nonpregnant crewmembers, as if it didn't notice them at all. Xeno Floyd rather pursued the pregnant women. It extended its tail, and then one by one, used the tail's lobster claw-shaped end to perforate each of the five pregnant White women's stomachs. I could hear their blood curdling screams in pain.

After Xeno Floyd was finished, it said, "Hebeeneenee haha, y'all babies will now be us niggies," and then took off, running back to where I first found it. Interestingly, it only bothered to inject its tail into the stomachs of the pregnant White women, not the pregnant negresses.

Once Xeno Floyd was no longer in sight, the whole crew reunited.

Everyone began to chatter amongst themselves until one of the pregnant White women screamed in agony. We all looked at her, and I noticed that something inside her was digging its way out. It was a chestburster. I was expecting some infant creature with similar body proportions to Xeno Floyd to barrage out, but instead, a regular nigger baby was born.

Everybody groaned in disgust, as her internal organs were visible from her gaping wound that resulted from the niglet that ripped itself from her abdomen.

The first thing I did was curse that woman out for being a mud shark, because I thought that whatever the Xeno Floyd creature injected into her stomach was some hormone that speeds up pregnancy, so I thought she actually fucked a nigger back on earth. However, the other four pregnant White women suffered a similar sensation shortly after, and I watched as they each had chest-bursting niglets burroww their way out, then dropping to the ground. That was when everything started to make sense. The reason why Xeno Floyd specifically targeted the White pregnant women was to turn their babies into niglets. There was no point for it to inject the pregnant sheboons, since they would already give birth to niglets anyway. Essentially, Xeno Floyd's biological instinct is to convert already existing fetuses into niglets, which I consider to be even worse than abortion since I'd rather die than be a nigger.

The fact that Xeno Floyd destroyed the lives of the babies that could have been White boiled my blood.

"We need to kill that thing," I said. "Now."

"I agree, but how would we?" Dorian questioned me. "That creature is way too quick for us and I cannot imagine how fast it could kill us all."

"Nah don't kill it please," one of the sheboons said. "It be our kind."

"Shut up you ugly monkey!" I shouted.

"In addition," Dorian continued. "Its skin appears to be made of a protective armor, so I don't know if we could even shoot it down."

"You're right, that will mean we will have to battle it smartly."

Right then, I could see what looked like space junk in the sky above us. I soon realized it wasn't actually space junk – it was the medical supply rocket that we called for earlier to treat the wounds of the injured chef. We eagerly waited for it to land, as the women who just gave birth to chestbursters were also in desperate need of medical treatment.

Once it landed, just an inch away from the main rocket, we made use of what was in it: bandages, alcohol wipes, and of course, the tank of deoxygenated blood.

It was then, I got an idea. Given how it is highly likely that Xeno Floyd injects venom through a hole in its stinger, there could be some minor fluid backflow back into Xeno Floyd through the hole in its stinger where it injected venom.

Therefore, we could probably somehow trick it into injecting the tank of deoxygenated blood, causing it to ingest some of it. After some thought, I came up with a scheme where we could draw a picture of a pregnant lady on the oxygen tank, which would induce Xeno Floyd to inject it, thinking it was a real pregnant woman, since niggers and nigger creatures alike are dumb enough to fall for that kind of shit. I explained my plan to the rest of the crew, and they all agreed, at least except for the negresses. Despite the sheboons' resistance to my idea, even the unbased crewmembers shut them up.

For the rest of the evening, I used a sharp piece of flint that I found near the seashore thanks to my Minecraft knowledge, to scratch out a shape on the metal tank of deoxygenated blood that vaguely resembled a pregnant woman. Despite my best efforts, it looked fucking horrible, but I was still certain Xeno Floyd wouldn't be able to distinguish it from a real pregnant lady.

I told the crew that I was going to be right back, and then went over to where I found Xeno Floyd's nest. I again was met with the gooey mass. Seeing how dangerous Xeno Floyd was, I was a bit hesitant to poke it again. *What if it has some kind of infertility ability in its tail as well?* I thought. So many questions regarding the abilities of the creature flooded my mind. Another thing that I considered was the enormousness of the nest. How many others of its species live inside there? My hesitation was soon cut off when I remembered how much I wanted to slay the creature that produced those niglet babies, so I repeated what I did last time: throwing a rock at it. This time a greater distance away. Xeno Floyd quickly awakened and then snarled at me.

"Me be in mah beauty sleep, I better find moe of them pregnant White bitches like lass time," it said. "That shieet was mad good."

I pointed at the tank of deoxygenated blood that now had the hazy carving of the pregnant woman on it that looked like it was a crayon drawing made by a five-year-old.

"Oh yay, thanks mayne," Xeno Floyd said. "You help me locate yet anothah one."

It jogged toward the tank, looking like a dancing kangaroo, and made it there in a matter of seconds with its nigger speed. It used its sharp tail to stab through the metal casing of the tank with ease point-blank at the pregnant stomach carving, demonstrating how powerful and accurate its tail really is. Shortly after, I saw Xeno Floyd's black skin turn pale, now looking like one of those albino niggers in those YouTube documentaries, and then heard it howl, "Awe shieet, mah blood is becoming deoxygenized now, I can't breathe!"

Soon, Xeno Floyd dropped dead. Its armored shell turned as brittle as Beardson Beardly's soyboy personality and then shattered like thin ice. Its inner flesh started to emit some kind of smelly white gas from its pores, presumably vaporized fentanyl. Its odor drove the witnessing crew away from Xeno Floyd's corpse. We didn't think much of it, at least for now anyway.

It had been a rough day for all of us, so we decided it was time to rest. We went back inside the rocket to sleep in our corresponding areas of the ship. Despite the deafening chimp-snoring that came from the sheboons, I was able to fall asleep relatively quickly. I was in the midst of dreaming about cutting off food aid to the continent of Africa when we were awoken by the sound of loud footsteps coming from outside, accompanied by the feeling of the ground shaking.

I got up and peeked through the window next to me. What I saw outside extinguished my tiredness and filled me with horror. There was an army of Xeno Floyd's marching in our direction. Hundreds of them. They appeared to be hyper-focused on the corpse of the dead Xeno Floyd that we killed. However, they were not at all acknowledging the pregnant woman drawing on the deoxygenated blood tank. I also noticed that not a single one of them possessed that lobster claw tail. *Shit, those must be the queen's drones*, I thought. They were following the white pheromonal fentanyl gas which the queen's dead corpse released, similar to how bee colonies follow their queen.

I am now broadcasting this message through all radio channels to warn all of you on Earth. Do not come to Planet Tomasso. Moral of the story: do not associate with niggers and nigger creatures. Anyway, I gotta get going now, they are here.

**I Sent My George Floyd Toy to Visit a George Floyd Creepypasta Denier**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Tayoss Rittenger, and I was watching some videos on YouTube one summer night. It was chill as fuck, bringing me back memories when I would stay up until 2 AM playing Minecraft while my whole family was sleeping; the simpler times when I was never so busy with school and work. I watched some epic content such as Bodybuilders Walking Around in Public, Dorian Yates Full Day of Eating, and more ***based*** chad videos. My favorite bodybuilders were Rich Piana because he had called his cheating ex a 'nigger-loving whore' and Dorian Yates because he didn't believe that the Holocaust happened. Their videos mentally boosted my testosterone levels by 1000% and made me feel powerful. But that was until I stumbled upon a video in the recommended section titled "The Internet Has No Chill." I wouldn't have clicked on it if it weren't for its thumbnail, which displayed another YouTube video thumbnail: the "My George Floyd Toy Came to Life" Creepypasta. I instantly knew it was going to be about some shitlib talking shit about the legendary George Floyd Creepypastas series, so I clicked on it to begin watching.

Sure enough, it was exactly what I imagined. There on the facecam was the YouTuber who uploaded the video, named Rigozen. He was this chubby Chris Chan-looking kid who looked like he hadn't showered in a week. He also probably hadn't left his room, which was decorated with hundreds of shitty LED gaming light units, in months. His long, curly oily hair contained nasty-looking dandruff, and I would have hated for him to cook my food. He was wearing a pair of round shades to presumably hide his ugly goblin eyes. He was for sure one of those who needed to touch grass and hit the gym. Those were my first impressions of Rigozen. I played the video. The whole video was just poorly edited rant, with him being so triggered over every instance of the word 'nigger' that he had to censor it. He also mocked whoever is the creator of the George Floyd Creepypastas. I myself was triggered, because George Floyd Creepypastas are

actually true events that are documented by ***based*** racists who are willing to expose the wrongdoings of the criminal chimp, whether he is in the form of a mermaid, or even a cucumber.

Even though Rigozen is probably a nobody in society who was trying overly hard through clickbait to become a famous normie YouTuber, I was steaming with rage, because there was something about him that boils my blood. Whether it was his spic appearance or attitude towards Floyd lore. Me being a strong George Floyd Creepypasta advocate, I suddenly developed a strong desire to prove him wrong; to convert him from a George Floyd Creepypasta denier to a Floyd lore enthusiast. At first, I didn't know how exactly I would execute such a thing, so I brainstormed a bit to formulate a plan.

Initially, I thought of sending him the Mega archive folder that contains all of the existing George Floyd Creepypastas which was built together by a dedicated Floyd lore fan named BananaOfficial. All of those breathtaking tales are unified in a way where if you listened to them all, you cannot say George Floyd Creepypastas are just edgy memes written by attention-seeking teens.

I started with shooting Rigozen a link to the Mega folder via discord direct messages. His status happened to be online, so it didn't take long for him to reply. I was disappointed at his retort, which read, "Stop being a racist troll, get out of my DMs."

*Drats*, I thought. I needed to come up with a better strategy. Next, I thought of performing the George Floyd toy ritual, and perhaps send Rigozen video footage of a living breathing George Floyd toy. However, it is nowadays easy as fuck to do video CGI with the right software, so I decided not to bother. That left me with the sole option to show him a George Floyd Creepypasta anomaly in person. It seemed like a crazy scheme, since I have no idea how I would come in contact with Rigozen in real life. Maybe there is a way to solve this problem, I thought to myself. After all, there are certain George Floyd Creepypasta antagonists are able to traverse at godly speeds. The living George Floyd toy is one of them. Now, there are actually dozens of different George Floyd toy rituals, so I had to pick the one most appropriate for the situation.

I needed a living George Floyd toy that is able to listen to my commands under any circumstance. I went on the website NiggerRituals.com and browsed through all of the ***based*** paranormal threads, until I came across the Human size George Floyd toy slave summoning procedure. It piqued my interest, so I clicked on it to read the full description. It was essentially a ritual to bring your George Floyd human size plush to life, which then it will be exactly the ritual name suggests; a nigger slave in the form of the humpty dumpty-looking plush.

The steps were simple. The first was to obtain a dosage of nigger semen. However, the semen couldn't be from bug blacks; it had to be sperm originating from buck niggers. For those of you who don't know, bug blacks are niggers that are weak and effeminate; they are the niggers that become nigger trannies or watch shonen anime like Naruto. Buck niggers on the other hand are the niggers that like to work out a lot and are phyiscally powerful, examples include niggers in the NFL and of course the late George Floyd. Then, the sperm had to be injected into the human sized George Floyd Toy's stomach. After that, the human sized George Floyd toy should come to life and it would be the servant of anybody who it first sees.

The procedure was as straightforward as breathing, so I got to work.

The next day, I took a trip to the local sperm bank. It was my first time here, and I first noticed that the facility was divided according to the available in stock sperm characteristics. The least busy section was the nigger sperm donor section, which wasn't surprising because–let's face it–nobody would voluntarily choose to have monkeys as babies. The non existent lineup was a nice bonus though, since the nigger sperm donor section was where I needed to go for the human size George Floyd toy slave ritual.

I went over to the counter where sperm requests were taken.

"Hello sir, I am interested in a sample of any kind of sperm that isn't from one of those scrawny Soundcloud rappers," I requested.

"Very well," the receptionist said.

Fortunately, he knew exactly what I was talking about, and so he went through the full shelves of nigger semen vials, and then retrieved one to the front counter, along with a printed image of the nigger who it came from.

I took a look at the picture and sure enough, the nigger who was in the photo looked like the stereotypical six-foot-nine prison monkey named Tyrone. It was perfect for the ritual.

"Thanks, this is exactly what I want," I said. "How much would it be?"

"I will let you have it for free," the receptionist said. "We haven't had anyone pick up African male sperm in almost two years and our current stock is going to expire very soon, so we might as well hand them out free."

"Okay awesome, have a good day."

I took the vial of nigger sperm home, and then used a syringe to withdraw it until the needle was full. I tried my best not to have direct skin contact with the fluid because touching anything that comes from a nigger dick is nasty as fuck. I then proceeded to inject the nigger sperm into my human size George Floyd toy. I was glad that I finally had some practical use for the humongous toy, because all it did after I got bored of kneeling on it was sit around taking up otherwise useful space in the house, just like how niggers are a waste of space on the planet.

Once I emptied the syringe, the human size George Floyd toy's torso instantly began vibrating in a twerking motion, looking like the talking George Floyd toy. It then got up and said, "Ayo main, what shall I do for you?"

*Holy shit,* I thought. The ritual was working. Realizing how quickly the toy became submissive to me, I grabbed my phone and then scrolled through Rigozen's YouTube channel, until I found a video that clearly showed Rigozen's house from a clear outdoor view that revealed his home address. I then showed my now enslaved human size George Floyd toy the timestamp, and told him to pull up to the house.

"Okay main, you got it," it said in a robotic tone.

"Oh, before you go, I need to give you a little something," I said.

I remembered receiving a Go-Pro camera for my sixteenth birthday from my dad which I never used, and came up with a viable purpose for it. I quickly went to my room and unboxed it, then strapped it onto the human size George Floyd toy slave's head. I figured that hooking a live cam feed in the perspective of the slave toy would enable me to see Rigozen's reaction when he sees the giant George Floyd toy show up at his house.

"See ya laterz main," my human size George Floyd toy slave said, as I walked him out my house's front door.

Later, I ran up to the bedroom computer that I connected to the Go-Pro camera, in order to be able to watch the live feed. Once I opened the Go-Pro live program, I set the channel to the one and only camera I had connected, then began viewing the live feed. I first noticed the rapid pace at which the human sized George Floyd toy was running. It was already on the highway, easily surpassing every car scurrying in the road. It put the nigger sprinter, Usain Bolt, to shame. Amazed, I predicted that it would arrive at Rigozen's house in a matter of a few hours at most, wherever he lives.

The human-size George Floyd toy slave dashed through numerous states, propelling itself so fast that it was able to walk on water, which would have easily been able to drown the nigger toy slave since niggers can't swim.

It had only been around 45 minutes since I released it, when I saw this ordinary-looking bungalow through the Go-Pro. I was able to see gaming LED chroma lights through the windows even in the daylight, which immediately gave away that this house belonged to none other than Rigozen. The human-size George Floyd toy slave went up to the front door, and attempted to knock. However, because its stubby limbs are so soft, the knock produced little to no sound.

"Ah fuck, I can't knock main," the human-size George Floyd toy slave said in disappointment.

Eventually, the bug-brained toy found the doorbell and pressed it. Luckily, it wasn't one of those hard-to-press buttons that are designed only for racist chads who can bench press over 300 pounds, so an audible jingle was produced.

Shortly after, Rigozen answered the front door. Upon the interior of the bungalow coming to view, I saw the messy interior of the house that looked so putrid that I could smell the putrid odor through the computer screen.

"What in tarnation are you?" Rigozen said, shocked.

It was just the reaction I wanted from him, so I continued to watch, excitedly.

"Aye, I see anothah main, what shall I do foe you sir?" the human size George Floyd toy replied. "I be doin anythin foe you mastah."

I was dazed at what it said. Why was he all of a sudden submitting to Rigzozen? I questioned myself. It was then, I remembered one of the rules of the human size George Floyd toy slave ritual: the human size George Floyd toy should come to life and it will be the servant of anybody who it sees. Drats, I should have remembered that catch. There wasn't any rule that stated that it will view only a specific person as its sole slave owner.

"Hmm, I could use a nice foot rub," Rigozen said, although a bit nervously.

"Sure thing main, take off yo shoes and I will get right into it."

Through the live Go-Pro camera, I watched as Rigozen took off his sandals and socks, to reveal his bare feet, which were covered in dry fungus. I could see droplets of yellow pus leak from the undersides of his green-tinted toenails. I could not fathom the awful smell of Rigozen's hooves.

"Oh fuck, it be so hard to breathe in that stank feet air," the human size George Floyd toy said in a queasy voice. "But I shall listen to you mastah."

I looked away because I almost puked when the nigger slave toy landed its paws on Rigozen's feet. After about 5 minutes of the agonizing massage, Rigozen finally told the toy that he had enough.

"Okay then main," the human size George Floyd toy slave said. "What shall I do foe you next mastah?"

"Please tell me," Rigozen began. "Where the hell did you come from, and why did you come to me?"

"Oh that, I will tell you. Some racist cracka who was mah former slave owner sent me to your home to prove to you the existence of me, but I be the slave of anyone, so you mah niggie now."

"A racist you say?"

"Yes indeed."

"Oh you know what you should do next?" Rigozen grinned. "Bring me to that racist you speak of."

Rigozen's request made my heart skip a beat. Seeing how the human size George Floyd toy slave arrived to his house so fast, it will definitely not be impossible for it to come back.

"Okay main, as you wish," the nigger toy slave said. "Hop on mah back and I will take you."

I watched as Rigozen jumped onto the back of the human size George Floyd toy.

"Ah damn you be fat as fuck," the now struggling toy said. "But I should manage it don't worry main."

It then started to propel itself forward, but this time at a slightly slower pace due to the weight of Rigozen on its back. It wasn't a significant enough impediment for it to take only hours to arrive at my house though.

I prepared for what was to come. Foreseeing the possible home invasion, I barricaded every window and opening of my house with any furniture I could find. It took me around two hours to completely secure my perimeter.

I found myself in my upstairs washroom thinking it was going to be a foolproof defence, until I heard a loud crash from downstairs. Quickly, I ran to where I thought the noise came from, which was my living room, to meet eyes with Rigozen, who was mounted on the human size George Floyd toy slave's back. Behind them was the broken couch that I dragged by the now shattered living room window.

"What the fuck?" I said, puzzled. "How did you break in?"

"You see, all dat acceleration allowed me to impose all dat force n' shieet," the toy slave said.

"Destroy that racist," Rigozen commanded Floyd.

The gigantic plush rushed at me, committing to the failure of a Youtuber's direction. Because it wasn't able to build up sufficient acceleration in my confined living room, I was fast enough to dodge it. That isn't to say it was slow though; its charge didn't miss me by much. After it took half a second to regain its energy, it charged at me again, this time even closer to landing a hit on me. I knew that it could eventually tire me out, so I decided to attempt a counter-attack: enslave the toy once again to stop attacking me. After all, there wasn't any rule in the ritual that stated that it will willingly refuse to follow a specific person's commands.

"I command you to stop attacking me," I shouted at the plush.

As soon as I finished my sentence, it immediately stopped charging at me.

"What are you doing bro? Keep destroying that racist!" Rigozen yelled.

The confused toy then resumed charging at me. But right before it could arrive too close, I told it to stop. It listened to me again. Growing furious, Rigozen told it to follow his order, but I shortly countered his request. This process continued to repeat, at an increasing pace, until the human size George Floyd toy slave started to spin like a Beyblade as a result of overwhelming confusion.

Eventually, I saw the portion of the fabric that made up the nigger toy's face turn from poop-brown to jade-green, indicating it was starting to feel nauseous from the constant ballerina spinning. It didn't take long for the human-size George Floyd toy to begin puking out its stuffing. I could see the white beans being launched all over my living room, from its big-lipped mouth. In addition, I could see gobs of the nigger cum I injected into it earlier being released, some of it landing on Rigozen's glasses.

"I don't feel so good main, I can't breef from all dis puking, imma die!" the sick toy said.

As time passed, I noticed it shrinking in size, as its stuffing depleted. Eventually, it became nothing but a piece of blanket that resembled a nigger version of Flat Stanley.

With nothing to defend himself, Rigozen immediately begged me not to hurt him. I could tell he was intimidated by my racist chad physique, which his liberal Mexican build could never hope to stand a chance against in a hand-to-hand fight, so Rigozen fled, jumping out my living room through the broken window.

With that libtard gone, I was relieved. I looked down to the now completely sagged human-size George Floyd toy. It was lifeless–as if no ritual had ever been performed on it. To be safe, I took the massive piece of cloth and tossed it in the garbage bin. It was in case a human-size George Floyd homunculus eventually awakens with the leftover nigger semen in it.

I am now typing this, partially bummed out that I had to end up getting rid of that expensive $500 toy. The moral of the story, if you ever do the human-size George Floyd toy slave ritual, keep it away from anyone but yourself. It may turn on you at someone's command.

**Note:** The real-life Rigozen ended up reacting to this pasta on his YouTube channel. However, the retard forgot to bleep out 'nigger' when he posted the video, so it ended up getting him a community strike LOL. George Floyd Creepypastas remain undefeated.

**The Black Wizard: A D&D Adventure**

By KatBoxAssassin

Some people might say that Dungeons and Dragons is not a game for ***based*** racist gigachads, alphas, or even those with the enigmatic sigma male grindset. This is partially true. Many players of D&D are soyboys who buy jars with women's farts inside of them, and have never touched a lady before ever in their wasted lives. These are the wastes of sperm that the ***based*** nigger Jesse Lee Peterson would refer to as beta males, which is an accurate description of the average D&D enthusiast. But I am here to tell you that this is not always the case. I am a D&D player who also is a White nationalist chad of the highest Aryan order. I wake up in the morning already on my third set of bench presses while listening to the great composer and antisemite, Richard Wagner. I can bench a thousand now, but I digress.

I am here to tell you that dungeons and dragons is a ***based*** game that stimulates the mind and expands the imagination, which is something that all White people should do. You will never find a fithy kaballah reading, baby dick sucking kike at a D&D session because there is no money to be made, and you will most certainly never find a low IQ bootlipped nigger monkey either. A nigger does not have the capacity for

abstract thought, or any kind of thought other than finding new ways to ruin every aspect of the White man's culture. For any South Africans out there, feel free to use the word kaffer instead of nigger if that elevates your Vril, and raises your Hyperborean spirit.

Many people get stuck in the worlds they create while playing the game, but this is not a story about how losers retreat from their incel lives in the real world. Sometimes what happens in real life is stranger than fiction, as you well know, recently in 2022 a baboon bush boogy nigger is running for a U.S. senate seat while smoking nigger blunts in his campaign ad. My story begins here. I had some friends over at my house to play some D&D. I had homemade meade ready to drink, and some epic power metal on the stereo ready to go so I could get myself into the mood of my Viking warrior king character.

The doorbell rang, so I got up to open the door. Standing there was Varg Vikernes, Bill Bailey from the game show Cash Taxi, and Ronnie McNutt. I let them in and filled three meade horns because I knew that the real life blue haired wojak meme Ronnie McNutt was only going to have some sissy drink he brought with him. Varg burnt down a church in Norway, which I don't approve of, but his knowledge of D&D and fantasy lore, including George Floyd lore, is unmatched throughout the entire world, and he has experience with actually stabbing someone in the head to death. He is a wizard of the 1488th degree, and an expert on using this magic to kill orcs, or as we call them in the real world, violent nigger apes not worthy of a single breath of the White man's air. Bill Bailey is an assassin with amazing skills in camouflage, subtlety, and martial arts which give him the edge on ambush attacks. Sometimes killing the enemy with a single well placed blow to the vagus nerve. Ronnie McNutt, although a soyboy, is a masterful White wizard specializing in defense and healing magic, which is the only reason I play the game with this lowlife faggot retard. I am a Viking king warrior that cuts down my enemies in large numbers–almost as high as the number of people that Somali pirate niggers waving knives around have killed in shopping malls in Minneapolis, albeit they do it in real life while I only do it in the game because I am a law abiding White man.

So before we sat down to get the game started, we turned off the lights, and lit the giant candles in the four corners of my family room, with one regular candle in the center of the table. I pulled out the twelve sided die we use to conduct the game from my personally signed Mel Gibson leather satchel, but it didn't feel right. I placed it down on the table and noticed that something was very wrong. The twelve sided die I had custom made by Ian Stuart Donaldson was carved out of White stone and enchanted with Vril. This one felt chalky, and I noticed it left a white powder on the table. I looked at my companions in sheer disbelief and confusion. Bill Bailey quickly jumped up and tasted it. It was fentanyl.

"We have to get the fuck out of here now!" Bill yelled.

Then all the windows in my house shattered at once when a giant thunderclap sounded off (not to be confused with a booty clap or twerk which sheboon nigger bitches often do to attract male nigger monkey boys). Then the candles were blown out, and we were shrouded in darkness. It was too late to run, and I still didn't understand what was happening.

That's when a blue light filled the room. I turned to Varg Vikernes only to see him dressed in a pointy grey wizard hat and cloak pondering an orb from where the blue light was emanating. Ronnie McNutt was now dressed in a white wizard robe, and carrying a staff with a sealed jar attached to the top of it. I don't know what it was for, but I'm sure it was filled with a fart from his abomination of a girlfriend, or some OnlyFans whore that he simped for.

"We are going to have to fight. Are you ready?" said Bill Bailey, who was now dressed like an assassin from the video game Black Lives Splatter.

"What the fuck is going on?" I said as I realized I was holding a two handed broadsword, and wearing white enchanted plate armor that was pulsing with Vril.

Bill replied, "I am Bill Bailey of Cash Taxi as a disguise, and I pay my bills as Bill in this dimension. My real name is Derek Chauvin, and it has been my duty to kill the ape of all apes, the nigger George Floyd over and over and over. He has been brought back to life by the demon Remphan for thousands of years to destroy the Aryan spirit by ripping White babies out of White bellies, or by impregnating White women with his monkey ass watermelon seed which sucks the Vril out of the Aryan race. The three of us have chosen you because you have more Vril than any other, and are the most racist and ***based*** chad the world has ever known, quite possibly our last hope to destroy that black big nosed nigger for good. Are you

ready?"

Yes I am ready. I hate niggers. I mean I really fucking hate niggers, and the only good nigger is a dead nigger. So let's go kill this nigger."

It was at that moment the entire wall of my living room was sucked into the outside sky. The deep fentanyl breath of that big ugly nigger Floyd ruined the house I've worked so hard to pay off. Just like every other nigger destroying what the White man's industry created.

"It's on, you ghetto cricket shitskin groid," I thought, as I felt my Vril fill my veins with something a nigger could never have. A purpose.

The nigger George Floyd was not alone, and as you all know that's because niggers never fight alone. Along with him was Tyrone Woodley who Jake Paul dropped like a nigger's murder charge, Jussie Smollett who I have no idea why hat giant waste of oxygen George the nigger Floyd would bring a jewish nigger faggot to a fight, and that abominable tranny that has been fed the answers to the questions on that game show where you give the answers in a form of a question. I don't know the disgusting tranny's name, and I never will because I don't care.

"Aw sheeeit mayne. We gone fuck you up and sheeit. Me an ma nigguz don't be playin an sheeit mayne. By duh powuh of redfan black magic we gone kill you niggaz an sheeeit mayne," said the baboon big lipped George Floyd who had on a wizard hat and cloak that resembled the one that Varg Vikernes was wearing. I could tell that Varg was pissed the fuck off about this as he stopped pondering his orb, and began to cast a spell.

"I be dat black wizard and shit mayne," said George Floyd.

Varg replied, "You are no black wizard. Just a worthless black nigger!" It was then that lightning fell from the sky from Varg Vikernes's incantation, and struck Jussie Smollett right in the head. He finally got attacked by a White supremacist, but the nigger jew faggot died before he could tell the press.

"Oh fuck momma, you keeeled dat nigga, nigga. Take dis White boy!" George Floyd raised his big gorilla arms to the sky and chanted, "Sheeit mayne Sheeit!"

Suddenly what seemed to be snow began to fall, but it was no mere winter weather. It was fentanyl. We all could feel ourselves begin to overdose on the fentanyl snow, when Ronnie McNutt cast a powerful narcan shield spell that reversed the effect of the fentanyl on our whole party.

This enraged the BLM monkey shill Tyrone Woodley, and he began to attack Ronnie McNutt with his monkey fists screaming, "Black Lives Matter" over and over and over. Derek Chauvin, formerly known as Bill Bailey from Cash Taxi, then ambushed that nigger Tyrone Woodley with a stun chop to the neck, rendering him paralyzed. Varg Vikernes then summoned the power of Jake Paul and a giant fist appeared out of nowhere, knocking the nigger's head right off his disgusting monkey body into the air, never to be seen again.

However, it was too late for Ronnie McNutt. I could see the soyboy White wizard was dying. He looked at me and said, "I guess that's it."

The nigger tyrone Woodley had beat him to death before he could cast a forcefield spell to deflect the gorilla attack because the narcan shield spell had drained his magical powers. But before he died he opened the jar on the end of his staff, and what I thought was a thot fart was actually the Vril Ronnie had given up to enchant my two handed broad sword, giving me the power to save the Aryan race from niggers, jews, spics, chinks, faggots, and trannies.

"Your sacrifice will not be in vain," I said to Ronnie's corpse as his dead body forced out a shit (which happens because the muscles holding in feces relax upon death) and stained his white robe.

It was then that I saw that George Floyd's giant nostrils widened and that giant nigger nose got even bigger than a sheboon's swolen twerking monkey ass. "Ooga booga booga nigga he he he ha. I can't be dyin an sheeit. I gots ma nigga redfan gone fuck yall up n' sheeit mayne."

It was then I saw the darkness of the sky clear and the biggest nose I've ever seen in my life appeared.

"It's Remphan," both Derek Chauvin and Varg Vikernes said at the same time, and a look of pure terror came over their faces.

The giant hook nose of Remphan said, “Oy vey Goyim! I’m stealing your Vril, and making dollar bills.” The nigger wizard George Floyd popped and locked and turned Varg Vikernes into a piece of giant fried chicken, and then ate him. Remphan blew its giant kvetching nose all over Derek Chauvin, which after covering him began to squeeze the life out of him as gold coins began to come out of his mouth.

“I can’t breathe.” Derek gasped.

“How dat feel White boy. Cracka ass cracka knee me out but I be back fo good an sheeit now mayne.” said the gloating big lipped and nosed monkey nigger as he sucked in his breath and stole Derek Chauvin’s last bit of Vril.

I didn’t know if I could win this battle, but I wasn’t going down without a fight. The nigger George Floyd began to cast a spell in conjuction with the giant hook nose of Remphan. I suddenly remembered that Ronnie McNutt had enchanted my sword.

I held it with two hands to my chest, and I screamed, “There was never a holocaust!” to which Remphan recoiled in horror babbling in Yiddish about things that I don’t care about.

“Martin Luther King Jr’s name is Michael King, and he was a piece of shit commie nigger who laughed at women who were being raped by other niggers!” this did not effect the nigger George Floyd in the least because he is down to rape women, and it is because of the jewish communists that he ever got a stimmy check, or an EBT card. It was worth a try, and bought me some time.

It was then that I knew the purpose of my Vril, and all those that have it in them, my people the Aryans, would lend me their Vril in a time of great need, so I threw my sword to the sky. Much like that BLM shill Tyrone the nigger Woodley’s head I thought it would never be seen again. At that moment a great White light appeared in the sky and formed into what I thought was an angel, but it was the Queen of Vril, the angel of the Aryan race, Maria Orsic. I couldn't believe my eyes as she swooped down in glorious fashion with my sword and banished the jewish baby dick sucking demon with a stunning blow reminiscent of Michael the archangel slaying the dragon.

“Oh sheeit mayne. My nigga redfan dat nigga be in hell an sheeit mayne. Gonna kill you mayne,” said the beast of big lips. “Imma get dat White bitch get her wit a nigga baby in dat pregant belly an sheeeit mayne fo real nigga what.”

It was then Maria Orsic spoke to me inside my mind and said, “I’ve done my part in this and must return to Hyperborea to continue my work with the interdimensional Aryans to make sure that the Aryans of Earth have the Vril they need to overcome international jewry, niggers, and all the other degenerates of your world. You have been blessed with the ultimate sacrifice of Vril as Ronnie McNutt lived the life of a soyboy simp so that you could have the strength to do what you need to do. Now go kill that stupid greasy nigger monkey.”

Maria Orsic then flew off into the cosmos leaving me with a great responsibility. One of which I was up to taking on for my people. The killing of worthless wizard niggers propped up by demonic kikes.

I began to approach the big nose and lipped nigger George Floyd with confidence in my ability to destroy him once and for all. For the race. He was a big fucking nigger, but I am the most ***based*** most racist chad the world has ever known. The low IQ nigger was still perplexed by the Aryan beauty of Maria Orsic that I was able to take him by surprise, also because George Floyd, as big as he is, is just a stupid fucking nigger.

I slapped his wizard hat off of his stupid nigger head, and I yelled, “That’s for Varg Vikernes!”

The nigger George Floyd was taken aback, and he said to me, “Sheeit mayne where dat White woman go?”

I understood that he didn’t even realize that I was going to slay him, and send him to hell because he is preoccupied with the beauty of White women, and can only think with his nigger dick. I began to beat the living shit out of the big nose nigger.

“That's for Ronnie McNutt," I said. Then I punched him in his grotesque nigger nose and he fell to the ground.

“Oh fuck momma,” George Floyd cried, “Could dis really be duh end an sheeit mayne?”

I replied, "You better fucking believe it nigger. Give Remphan my regards in hell you stupid fucking worthless big lipped White women raping nigger."

It was then I focused my Vril, jumped into the air like some nigger basketball player, and I came down on the shitskin groid's neck with a devestating blow with my knee, and said while looking right into his soulless jigaboo eyes, "And that is for Derek Chauvin, formally known as Bill Bailey from the gameshow Cash Taxi. He's not around to kill you anymore, but I will be waiting. Stay the fuck in hell you nigger monkey bastard, or I will skin you alive and wear it as a trophy!"

"Sheeit mayne. I can't breaff an sheeit," said the nigger with the biggest nigger lips, and the nose designed to steal the air from all decent White people all over the Earth.

The nigger George Floyd was dead. Hopefully for good, but in the case that porch monkey boot lipped nigger comes back I'll be ready. It was then I realized that the degenerate tranny that was being fed answers to that game show where you put your answer in the form of a question was never defeated, but when I looked for the abomination of all that is holy I found the disgusting faggot ass tranny had killed itself. I was not surprised because it is a tranny's place to commit suicide because it has no purpose whatsoever, and suicide for a tranny is part of natural selection. Hopefully the rest of them will follow the lead of this worthless piece of subhuman garbage.

So next time you hear about some incel soyboys going to play some D&D, remember that they sacrificed their Aryan essence so you can be a mega ***based*** racist Aryan chad. Or if you are a mega ***based*** racist Aryan chad like myself they might be in need of your Vril to help exterminate those that would oppose our superiority, and you might have a chance to destroy niggerdom and jewry before it is too late.

**I Know the Real Reason the US Lost in Afghanistan**

By BuckFlackPeople

During the last days of August, 2021, the United States completed its withdrawal from Afghanistan. For 20 years, the United States remained in Afghanistan, despite having successfully assassinated Osama Bin Laden in 2011. Osama was the main reason we were deployed to Afghanistan in the first place, so many wonder why American troops were deployed to Afghanistan for so long. Some will tell you it was to train the Afghani Army to protect themselves. This is false, as the Afghani military was made up of cowards who had no will to fight for their own nation. They regularly molested children, and only ever cared about securing funds from America to serve their own corrupt and decadent lifestyles (think of an international equivalent of the gimme-dats that niggers recieve from the government). Those retarded shitskins you saw falling from C-130 aircraft at the Kabul Airport were not women and children. They were fighting age men who were perfectly capable of wielding a rifle, and thus them meeting their pathetic, retarded demise as a splatter of blood and shit on an airport runway is more than fitting for such cowards.

Another reason some say the United States stayed in Afghanistan so long is due to Jewish influence. Indeed, this is true. Jews, along with other scummy elites, stood to profit from the pointless sacrifice of troops in Afghanistan. Defense contractors, oil companies, and companies in many more industries all stood to profit from the war. Another Jewish profitter of the war was the nation of Israel. Israel has long since used the US military to destabilize and suppress countries in the Middle East, including but not limited to Syria, Afghanistan, Iraq, and Iran. Israel does this because it ensures its survival against its Arab neighbors, who rightfully want to **[redacted]** them as Jews are a plague on the entire planet, let alone any area of the Earth they inhabit. While this was a contributing factor to the start and failure of the War in Afghanistan, it was not the main factor behind both of those things. The main factor behind the cause of the War in Afghanistan was a terrorist so dangerous that he made Osama Bin Laden look tame. The terrorist's name was Mohammed George Floyd Al-Fentanyl, and I was the special forces commando sent to take him down.

Let me begin by introducing myself. My name is Jeff, and I was sent to Afghanistan in 2001 to search for a dangerous man who caused the deadliest attack on American soil in our history. Before I begin my story, I think it is important you know the context of why this man was so wanted by the government. It was a normal day on September 11th, 2001, but little did America know that Israel was plotting a catastrophic terrorist attack. They planned to destroy the World Trade Center. Many think that the terrorists hijacked planes and crashed them into the Twin Towers, however this is a lie. The planes were not hijacked,

but they were steered into the towers. Allow me to explain: five Mossad agents sent by the state of Israel convinced an ugly nigger with enormous nostrils, George Floyd, to go to the top of the Twin Towers.

He couldn't take simple directions as he was completely braindead, so they simply told him that there were pregnant belly pics at the top of the South Tower.

He said, "Oo la la, there be pregnant bitches up deh n' shiet?" before racing to the top floor within seconds. Once George Floyd reached the top of the South Tower, he took in the beautiful view. He said, "Ah shit mayne, the air up here be so good and sheet. I'm gonna take it all in mayne." He then started to breathe in through his enormous nostrils. The force from him inhaling was so strong, that the vacuum he created was able to pull in American Airlines Flight 11 into the North Tower, creating a massive explosion and dooming many to their death. George Floyd did not even notice the plane hit the first tower. As the smoke from the North Tower started to reach him, he thought that someone was making barbecue.

He said, "Ah shit mayne, is that barbecue?!" George Floyd then took another deep breath through his fatass nigga nostrils, this time creating another vacuum that sucked in United Airlines Flight 175, which crashed into the South Tower. As the smoke started to reach George Floyd, he said, "Ah shit mayne, there be too much smoke. I can't breathe, I can't fucking breathe mayne, I'm boutta sneeze mayne *sniff sniff*."

He then sneezed, causing a doomsday scale shockwave that began the collapse of both towers, whose structural integrity was damaged already by the planes. He then used a wingsuit the Israelis gave him to get off the roof, propelling himself through the air using his nostril air, and landed in the Hudson River and was taken via boat into New Jersey, where Israeli Mossad agents who helped plan the attack were waiting to assist George Floyd in leaving the country. The Israelis gave George Floyd a plane ticket so he could escape the country to Israel along with unmarked bills, cheap weed, and purple drank as payment for his participation. Once Floyd left, the Israelis began to celebrate by dancing wildly on top of a parking lot, where they were noticed by a woman and reported to the feds. They were eventually let go, most likely because America had prior knowledge the attack was going to happen and just wanted to use it as an excuse to expand its invasion of the Middle East. If you would like to read more on this, you can look up "The Dancing Israelis on 9/11," and try to find an article that doesn't call it a conspiracy.

Before George Floyd even touched down in Israel, the CIA had already identified him as the cause of the 9/11 attacks. However, they kept this info secret from the public, because if Whites found out a nigger had caused 9/11, it would certainly start a race war that Whites would 100% win. And while I'm ***based*** and want nothing else in the world but to see that happen, President Bush did not want this to happen as he thought it would jeopardize his re-election, as well as deprive America of a brainless consumer race. Soon after the attacks, a former Mujahideen leader and, at the time, current leader of Al-Qaeda, Osama Bin Laden, claimed responsibility for the 9/11 attacks to boost the profile of his group. Despite providing no evidence whatsoever, America convinced the public that it was Osama Bin Laden that committed the attack and not George Floyd. Upon Israel's request, America invaded Afghanistan to capture Osama.

While this was all happening, George Floyd touched down in Israel. He saw the way Palestinians were treated as second class citizens and soon felt sympathetic towards their cause and culture. This is of course despite the fact that blacks are not successful because they are barbaric ape-creatures which contribute nothing to society, and lack the ambition to create anything of value. This is in contrast to the Palestinians who are forced to live in subhuman conditions in their own homeland. It is similar to what is happening to modern day working class White people . When George Floyd tried to join the Palestinians in their struggle against Israel, they rejected him as although they need help against Israel, they did not want a filthy nigger among their ranks. So, George Floyd grew out a beard, studied the Quran, and changed his name to Mohammad George Floyd Al Fentanyl. Still, the Palestinians rejected him, as their problems with him lied in the fact that he was a nigger and not a non-Muslim. So Mohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl, fled to Afghanistan to link up with Osama Bin Laden and join Al Qaeda, who were all over the news.

Mohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl found Osama Bin Laden in his cave hideout. He felt right at home as niggers still dwell in ancient structures like caves and mud huts in Africa, and he was accepted into Al-Qaeda as they were recruiting fighters from all over the world. However, Osama took a unique liking to George Floyd. You see, Arabs regularly go out of their way to fuck anything that is not a woman. They fuck things like goats and little boys, and if they do fuck a woman it is their own first cousin. So, Osama wanted to take the next step by having sex with a nigger. George Floyd, meanwhile, was interested in

getting fucked in the ass as he had recently watched the movie *Buck Breaking* by Tariq Lasneed. For those of you who don't know, *Buck Breaking* is a two hour movie claiming black slaves got fucked in the ass by their White massah's. Obviously, this never happened, however Mohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl watched it and developed a humiliation fetish. From then on out, Bin Laden and Floyd were a gay secret couple within Al-Qaeda.

Ten years later, I walked into a briefing room for what would be one of the most important missions of my career as a Navy Seal. I would be leading the team that would kill George Floyd. I'm sure most of you know the story of how we assassinated Bin Laden. However, stories leave out one crucial detail, that the mission was not launched with the goal of assassinating Osama, but rather Mohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl. When I kicked down the door to Osama's room, I saw something that would haunt my dreams for the rest of my life. I saw Osama Bin Laden buck breaking Mohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl.

"Aw shit mayne, it be the infidels and sheet," said the nigger muslim Floyd. Floyd leaped off of Osama's cock and jumped through a window naked, leaving Osama to die. I mag dumped my M4 into Osama, as although he wasn't actually responsible for the 9/11 attacks, I just hate brown people and especially brown queers, so naturally I immediately wanted to kill him on sight. When we reported this story to the media, they either did not believe it, or wanted to cover it up, so they replaced the part where George Floyd was getting dogged by Osama with a part about him bodyshielding with a woman. In addition, the media claimed we gave Osama a traditional Muslim burial. This is not true, as we simply kicked his body over the side of a ship, where it was immediately ripped to pieces by sharks.

After the death of Osama Bin Laden,GMohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl became the leader of Al Qaeda. He was a beloved leader among the insurgents, as he showed even less mercy to his enemies than Osama. George Floyd was able to gain victory after victory over the Afghani military, who although were given countless resources for training and equipment by American taxpayers, lacked any will to fight, This is because the average Afghani soldier's only plan in life was to migrate to the West to rape White women and collect welfare. America did little to stop it, as attention on the region decreased significantly after Bin Laden's death. I recently learned that Mohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl was conquering all this territory not to spite America or take the country back, but because he wanted to consolidate control of the country's many hash farms, as niggers love cheap weed.

In 2020, a video went viral of a nigger getting kneeled on by a police officer, causing one of if not the biggest nigger chimpout in human history. This nigger was none other than George Floyd, which should have been impossible as he was in Afghanistan at the time. My theory was that one of the George Floyds, either the one that ate shit or the terrorist one, was from some sort of alternate dimension. Regardless, I really didn't even think too much about it, as any time I saw that video of that dumb nigger under the boot of a White chad, I would crack up laughing.

In 2021, the fall of the Afghani puppet state began. American ambassadors and remaining soldiers began to evacuate the country en masse. I was waiting for a plane while listening to a radio, when I came across a Taliban propaganda broadcast. The man talking was spouting the usual propaganda, "We will eliminate the Great Satan, death to America, blah blah blah."

However, he said something that caught my attention. He said the Taliban would be banning all fast food locations, including McDonalds, Burger King, and most importantly, KFC. I laughed to myself, thinking that George Floyd would never survive in this new Afghanistan. Little did I know how right I truly was. When I boarded my flight, I got the window seat, with a German Shepherd sitting next to me on my left. I was completely fine with this, as a dog deserved a flight out of Afghanistan far more than any Afghani. In front of me was a man with long hair, wearing a Burger King crown. As the plane started to take off, I looked to my right and noticed an odd shape on the landing gear of the plane. I then realized it was none other than George Floyd. He was trying to flee the country, as the Taliban which he had led for so many years were now banning KFC and hard drugs. My guess is that he wanted to go back to America to become a welfare dependent ape, similar to most niggers. However, this was not meant to be.

When I pointed him out, the man in front of me shouted, "Kick that nigger bitch off the plane!"

We started getting higher and higher. George Floyd said, "Ah shit mayne, the altitude is rising, which means the atmosphere is becoming less concentrated with oxygen and more with nitrogen, which is preventing me from breathing. I can't breathe."

George Floyd fell off the plane, plummeting to the ground where he almost certainly splattered into a gory mess reminiscent of Ronnie McNutt's exploded head.

I am writing this on the flight back to America. Unfortunately, the United States is taking in tons of refugees from Afghanistan, despite the fact that its collapse was completely the fault of the Afghani military. My advice to Americans is to not believe any stories the media touts. The media said George Floyd was a martyr, when in fact he was a dumb gorilla who overdosed on fentanyl. They also shifted the blame of 9/11 from Israel to the Arabs, who, although subhumans who contribute nothing to our society and follow a violent religion, were innocent of the 9/11 attacks. Finally, around blacks, never relax, as they pose a threat to our society that Arabs could never dream. The legacy of the black parasite on America and the destruction it has caused is the equivalent to hundred September 11th's.

**The George Floyd Anteater**

By Jordan Cleeman

I am an avid ant farm enthusiast. I own twelve of them, each containing different species. One contains the badass bullet ants, which possess a formidable bite that feels like a gun wound. They are my favorite because I would occasionally release them into the protesting faggots downtown. It is funny as fuck seeing them bite off the fake penises of """"trans men"""", who are of course women who are pretending to be men. The reason I keep so many ants is purely for personal satisfaction. Something about watching their lifecycle and day-to-day colony activities intrigue me almost as much as watching Ronnie McNutt's suicide. Maintaining them as pets is relatively low maintenance too. I only have to pour a few pints of food pellets in each ant farm, once a week. It is the polar opposite to having to keep a leashless nigger slave who constantly asks for banana sandwiches for its dinner.

Because of all that jazz, I never had to feel a bit of concern managing them all. However, that was until an absolutely terrifying event that still haunts me to this day. I will tell you about my encounter with the malevolent creature, the Floyd Anteater.

It was an ordinary day, soon after the beginning of spring; the start of the breeding season. I was preparing for the annual ritual of mating the ants with the queen for each of the ant farms. You see, I am a ***based*** racist, so I selected the lightest colored ant as the male; my goal is to eventually selectively breed them enough to create White ants for each species since black ants remind me of niggers. Anyway, back to the story.

For each of the twelve species, I had a separate terrarium, which was used for breeding rooms. I put the respective species' queen in each of them, and then add the genetically superior ants – the lightest color ones. The breeding process is very fast. The queen lays hundreds of eggs each day, which allows for extremely efficient selective breeding. Cherry picking the lightest exoskeleton offspring is done en masse. After all of the mating couples were finished doing their thing, I placed the male studs back to their respective terrariums, and watched as the bellies of all the pregnant queens began to expand, indicating the growth of their egg sacs.

Along with that ant breeding project, I also do a bit of experimenting on the critters. I would mostly feed them copious amounts of drugs, such as trenbolone. So far, my results suggest that anabolic steroids increase the size of ants. Too much steroids, however, can instantly kill ants given an excess dosage, so for the past couple of months, I've been increasing the trenbolone dosage for the experimented ant, who I named Ronnie McColeman, by miniscule increments. Originally, Ronnie McColeman was actually one of the smaller ants in his colony, originally named Ronnie McNutt. However, after all those weeks of injecting him trenbolone, he is now almost nine times the size of the average ant of his species, now named after an eight time Mr. Olympia, Ronnie Coleman (who, despite being a nigger, isn't that awful).

After I administered his daily injection, I set him beside a large pile of food pellets, because even with steroids, a good diet is still necessary to achieve huge gains. It boils my blood to hear shitlibs advocating for anabolic-androgenic drugs to turn people (and especially little girls) into trannies, yet are completely against steroids for bodybuilding purposes because they believe it is too cheaty and completely eliminates the need to train and eat to build muscle.

That was when I heard a knock on my front door. I quickly hid the vial of trenbolone in my fridge in case a group of officers were here to arrest me for suspected steroid possession, and then went to the door

to answer.

"Hello," I greeted the mysterious guest, as I swung the door open.

Because I am a lonely man whose only network is online racist friends, I was expecting the voice to come from a person of a professional job position, such as a mail man or a police officer, rather than an in-real-life friend. However, the voice I heard was the total opposite of my assumption.

"Ooga booga, I aim here-a becuss I can smell some tasty pregnant aunt queens!" the voice said, in an extremely nasal tone.

When I looked at the man who stood on my porch, I gasped in shock at the appearance of his face. His skeletal anatomy was that of a regular six foot five nigger.

However, judging by his face alone would've led me to think that he was an animal. Even though the super fat noses of niggers are already inhuman enough, the facial feature where the nigger nose would have been was something alien-like. It was a strikingly odd combination of a mouth and a jew nose. It was a lengthy mass that protruded from in between his eyes. The tip of it, where its circular mouth was, hung about five inches below the nigger's chin. The nose-mouth face appendage's color has a minor contrast from the nigger's default skin color; it was grey, like an elephant or seal, with bits of whisker hair sticking out.

It was the trunk of a giant anteater.

"Who the fuck are you?" I said.

"I be George the Anteater main," he said, as his anteater trunk began to rise, similar to a growing boner. "I need to come in, so I can consume mah favourite snack, dem pregnant queens."

"No nigger, I don't even know you. No way in hell I am going to let you in my home."

I slammed the door on him. Because of his pure ugliness and my duty to protect my ant colonies, letting him in would be a disaster. I made sure to seal all the curtains around the house shut, to ensure he can't peek in. Niggers are always so hyperfocused towards committing violent crimes such as home invasions, rather than making positive contributions to society, so I wouldn't be surprised if he were to make subsequent attempts to get in my home.

I wanted to relax my mind after seeing that extraordinarily ugly nigger, so I decided to go on my gaming PC to play a few ranked games of Black Lives Splatter: Online First Person Shooter Edition. You may be wondering why I would play such a sweaty game, when I was trying to relax. You see, I am actually one of the best players globally, so I clap the enemies in the nigger team without any noticeable effort. This game's ranked que to me is as relaxing as a fifty-year-old mom playing the fifth level of Wordscape.

My relaxation came to an end when I heard what sounded like nails scratching against blackboard. It seemed to be coming from the exterior wall of my house. It was so loud that it pierced my ears, even though I was wearing one of those heavy duty noise-canceling gaming headsets that plays surround sound. I quickly left the match to avoid messing up my 30 K/D, and then ran to the back side of the house. What I saw staring back at me sent shivers down my spine. There he was – George the Anteater – right in the middle of my hallway.

"H-how did you manage to get in my house you stupid nigga monkey anteater?" I asked, confused.

"Hehehe, you shouldn't have built your house with wood main," George the Anteater cackled. "It be so easy to break in with mah nice banana size claws."

I looked at the long nose nigger's hands, to see his extremely long and sharp nails. If you didn't know, anteaters have some of the most formidable claws in the animal kingdom, as surprising as it sounds.

I was then distracted by the massive hole that George the Anteater tore. It was massive and I could not even begin to imagine the pain if the nigger were to use his claws on me. George the Anteater used that diversion to sprint to the direction of the room where I store all my ants – the garage. I started running in his direction in an attempt to chase him. Even though his claws are more than powerful enough to tear me to pieces, my ants are like my babies. I would protect them even at the cost of my own life. However, the fucking nigger was too fast. As retarded as niggers are, their speed at least helps them when it comes to being chased by cops after committing hefty crimes.

Once George the Anteater inevitably entered my garage, he began rubbing his stomach, looking like a US ex-prisoner who is about to eat his favourite pizza after decades of eating shitty prison food.

"Yum yum!" he beamed. "It gonna be a lit meal. Let's get dis party started But before I eat them pregnant queen, I shall save them for dessert and start with the little ones!"

He skipped to the nearest ant farm, and then stuck his Anteater trunk into the container. Once the tip of it was in the perfect position; perpendicular to the top, George the Anteater began sucking in all the ants.

"Ahahahah, nice breathing in all of them ants!" he said. "Ah feels so good main!"

After he consumed all the leafcutter ants, he went off to the next ant farm, and sucked them all in with his trunk. Even though I'd have wanted to protect all the ants, what I mostly cared about were the pregnant queen ants, since they are the most important aspect of preserving my breeding project's bloodlines. I slowly went between George the Anteater and my terrariums of queen ants. I could never be a challenge against his wolverine-like claws, but my life revolves around my ants, and I would McNutt myself if I lost my entire breeding stock anyway.

Once George the Anteater was all done consuming all of my worker ant colonies, he turned to face my direction.

"Care to get outta mah way so I can finally breathe in mah dessert?" he said smuggly. "I am still hungry as fuck main!"

"No!" I said.

"Then so be it."

George the Anteater drew his right claw, and then pointed it to my neck, akin to when George Floyd pointed a gun to a pregnant woman's belly. His claws inched closer to my throat as seconds went by.

I suddenly came to the realization that George the Anteater only consumed the ants in the colony; he forgot to eat Ronnie McColeman the trenbolone ant. To buy myself time, I pointed it out to him.

"Hey George the Anteater, you forgot to eat that one," I said, as I pointed at Ronnie McColeman, who was alone in his enclosed terrarium.

George the Anteater immediately noticed the size of that ant and began drooling.

"Main, I love pregnant queen ants, but dayum, dat ant be thick as fuck, so I shall consume it before I begin the pregnant queen dessert," he said.

He rushed at the gigantic ant, and then used his circular lips to surround it, sucking it in like a bubble tea straw. However, because of Ronnie McColeman's size, George the Anteater struggled to breathe it in.

"Ah fuck this ant be too big to suck in. I can't breef!" he said.

George the Anteater's face turned from dark brown to a blue hue, and then he shortly dropped to the ground, dead.

I was relieved that he didn't get a chance to consume my queen ants. However, I wasn't sure about the welfare of Ronnie McColeman, since he was stuck in the middle of George the Anteater's trunk, so I fished him out. He was dead. Not going to lie, I had sentimental value for that particular ant even though I conducted dangerous experiments on him. I buried him under the sand of his respective colony container.

I knew that even though there is no way a sane human could ever consider George the Anteater a human being, as niggers are already not human, I decided to bury his body as well because if I get caught with that disgusting Anteater-nigger hybrid corpse in my house, I would most likely be accused of murdering the nigger by the nigger-loving authorities.

Moral of the story, if you own a home, make it as nigger proof as soon as possible. Niggers allocate all of their little brain power towards breaking into homes whether it is to steal, murder, rape, and even devour the household members.

**George Floyd Haunted My Clash Royale Game**

By Jordan Cleeman

Clash Royale. One of the most addicting mobile games in the market. It all begins from the satisfying moment you open your first chest or your first three crown game, even if it is in the first arena. I remember the very moment I first downloaded it on my phone. Almost all of my classmates at school and coworkers have played the game at one point and I could not resist jumping into the trend and giving it a try. I was able to reach three thousand trophies with ease before all the trophy inflation craze that happened after countless niggers joined the game. This happened because a fundraising charity company donated a fuck ton of mobile devices to the poorest areas in Africa. As I played more, my addiction towards Clash Royale grew; it became continuously more difficult to pry myself off the game. I went out less and less, and my social life got fucked over. This vicious cycle repeated over and over, until one day, something terrifying happened that frightened me out of the addiction.

I had just gotten home after a stressful day at work. It was exhausting dealing with shitlib customers and annoying coworkers who nag at me practically the whole time. I was eager to hop online to relieve my stress, so I finally powered on my phone for the first time since my lunch break, and opened Clash Royale. The familiar Supercell logo along with the *bling*! sound effect was music to my ears, and I had heard the game intro music for probably the millionth time. Following that was the screen which read my trophy count: 6969. I was only one or two matches away from breaking 7000 trophies, which marks the Champion League milestone. I was currently at my personal highest, so I was quite hesitant to play ranked matches for the past few days; I had been spending my game time on the casual 2v2 party modes.

I decided that today was the day I finally continue pushing trophies again. The season was ending in ten days, so I didn't have much more time. I slid the screen to the card panel to review my deck. My arsenal consisted of Executioner, Valkyrie, Tornado spell, Zap, Golem, Skeleton Army, Tombstone, and Mini Pekka. This has been my most successful deck in mid ladder because of how versatile it is. After I confirmed my equipped deck's contents, I slid the screen back to the battle menu, and then reluctantly tapped the battle button. Instantly, a match was found; it was a level eleven player. I was level fourteen, so I was quite confident that I was going to win.

Fast forward to the end of the match, I was disappointed to see that I lost the game. The player who was three levels below me three crowned me. I was dumbfounded and angry at my failure despite my glaring advantage. To put the cherry on the cake, he spammed the laugh emote like a faggot, so I rage quit.

To blow off some steam, I did this very ***based*** thing, where I joined random clans that are under names containing tag words such as "BLM" or "LGBTQ," and spammed the word "nigger" and the phrase "God hates fags" in the clan chats. Insulting niggers and faggots within Clash Royale is what keeps me away from throwing my phone across the room after a game loss. I joined clan after clan, bullying these subhumans to my heart's desire. Hell, I never had to bother leaving the clans manually. The snowflakes would kick me out themselves almost immediately.

After I was satisfied with my dose of cyberbullying, I decided that I was ready to play another ranked match. I was a lot more mentally stable ever since the embarrassing loss, so I was sure I wouldn't tilt. I again tapped the battle button.

I was matched with a level fifteen player named Floyd Royale. He was under a clan called "The Niggies." I was surprised to see that it was one of the clans that I trolled, and I never noticed a player named Floyd Royale in it. I thought the clan turned out to be a group of ***based*** racists who are making fun of black niggers, so I began the match by giving the thumbs-up emote to pay my respect. In response, he gave me the laughing taunt emote. After the ten elixir mark was reached for both of us, I made the first move: placing an executioner at the back on the right side. In response, Floyd Royale placed a Hog Rider on the same side as my executioner. However, the Hog Rider seemed a bit different than normal. For one, instead of the iconic "HOG RIDERRR!" voice you hear every time a hog rider is deployed, I heard "FLOYD RIDERRR!"

Upon a close look at its sprite, I noticed that the so-called Hog Rider had a much larger nose than normal and lips that were even thicker than its beard. In addition, the hog sprite itself had the face of a fat five hundred pound sheboon instead, resembling Breonna Taylor. The Floyd Rider troop skipped across the battle arena, until he reached my Executioner and decimated him in a matter of seconds. The Floyd Rider had a ridiculously fast hit speed, rivaling that of the Lumberjack. He then made his way to my right princess tower and began chipping away at it. Next, I quickly deployed a Valkyrie. The moment she

landed on the battlefield, Floyd Rider instantly turned his attention to her, despite already targeting my tower. It was strange because Clash Royale troops never change their target, unless they get stunned by a Zap or Electro Wizard.

"Oh la la! I better smash dat Valkyrie pussy and get that bitch pregnant!" I heard the Floyd Rider say aloud.

It unsettled me to the core. In my line of Clash Royale experience, I've never heard an in-game troop say such an inappropriate phrase. The Floyd Rider dismounted off his ride, and then raped the Valkyrie from the back until she turned into elixir completely. The Floyd Rider then inhaled all the purple fluid, giving my opponent the elixir in question.

"NICE BREATHING IN ALL THAT VALKYRIE ELIXIR!" he cried, then remounted the hog and continued charging at my princess tower.

With Big Floyd now easily having the elixir advantage because his Floyd Rider troop has an elixir-breathing ability, he initiated a large push. I watched as he deployed a Mega Knight along with a Furnace building on his side. As most of us experienced Clash Royale players know, both the Mega Knight and The Furnace are some of the lowest skill cards in the game which only the lowest IQ nigger players overuse. Because I am a veteran who is using a deck specialized to counter those. I placed a tombstone at the center of my side of the area, and a Mini Pekka beside the Floyd Rider right before he was about to finish chipping my tower, and shortly, it finished it off. The Mini Pekka then slaughtered the Mega Knight in only five hits, while he was distracted by my tombstone. I prepared a counterpush by placing a golem a few blocks ahead of the Mini Pekka, and then an executioner. Because Big Floyd overcommitted his last push, I easily eliminated all three of his towers, since he was unable to defend. I secured the three crown victory and spammed the *HEEHEEHEEHAW laughing king* emote. I could tell he was seething, because he spammed the *angry king emote* in response.

I left the match, happy that I beat an opponent who was using such an overpowered and low IQ deck. My celebration quickly turned into confusion when I realized how surreal it was to see the Floyd Rider card. I didn't remember that card being added, despite me having been playing the game since beta. *Maybe it was a card that was secretly added for the black history month update*, I thought. To test my hypothesis, I slid to the card menu and scrolled to the very bottom to view the list of cards I currently haven't obtained. Displayed were the three currently released champion cards: Golden Knight, Archer Queen, and Skeleton King. I didn't see the Floyd Rider card anywhere. Thereafter, my only rational explanation was that perhaps, the Floyd Rider was some ***based*** card that a George Floyd meming Supercell employee created, which was accidentally leaked to some users.

The intense match got me mentally exhausted, so I decided it was time to go to sleep. I tucked myself in my blanket then set my IPhone's alarm clock to seven AM tomorrow.

I was expecting to wake up to the super annoying default IOS alarm ring. However, I woke up to a sound that was completely different. I quickly checked my phone's time, which read 3:00 AM, so it couldn't be from my alarm clock. Instead, it was a loud shrill voice coming from outside my house, through my bedroom window. At first, I didn't discern what exactly the voice said, but then, it repeated itself.

"FLOYD RIDERRRR!" was what I heard.

I froze in place. My entire body began to sweat, soaking my bed sheets. *Why the fuck was I hearing the Floyd Rider in real life now?* I thought. Frankly, I had just woken up from a four-hour sleep episode, so I just shrugged it off to my imagination. However, when I jumped from my bed, and peeked out of my bedroom window, what I saw contradicted this. I observed my quiet neighborhood and saw that everyone else's lights were off, but I saw a peculiar silhouette scampering towards my home's direction on the sidewalk. Its shape wasn't like that of a standard human being; it was way too composite. I squinted to get a more focused look at it and analyze it beyond its contour. When I scanned its specific colors and details, I got a near heart attack. It was an actual Floyd Rider in real life. However, it no longer had a cartoon appearance. Instead, I saw a fat hideous nigger with the face of George Floyd holding a giant gun-shaped hammer, riding a giant ugly boar with Breonna Taylor's face. The duo was charging at my house as if it had one goal in mind: to destroy it.

Me being a hardcore Clash Royale fan, I grabbed my limited edition Princess bow and arrow and began shooting at the Breonna Taylor hog, since it was a much easier-to-hit target. However, even though I shot it twenty times, my metal arrows did nothing since the Breaonna Taylor Hog's extremely thick fat rolls absorbed them all. I ran out of arrows, so I could no longer attempt shooting.

The Floyd Rider eventually made it next to my home's front wall and began banging his hammer against it. Shortly, I could hear cracks forming in my cement walls. It was only a matter of time before my entire home could collapse. With no means of physical defense, I needed a crafty way to prevent myself from having to pay a $3 million dollar bill because I don't have home insurance. Call me dumb for not having insurance, but I live in a nigger-free part of town, so I never thought I would ever need a plan.

Although, what I do have is a gas chamber of my own in my basement, which I plan to eventually use as a jew trap in the near future, so I decided that it was now my only source of stopping that nigger pig rider. As fast as I could, I went downstairs to my basement and extracted a sample of the gas into a vial, and then went back to my bedroom. I walked to the window and looked down. My front wall was now full of dents and holes; the Floyd Rider was now seconds away from demolishing it.

*This better work*, I thought, as I poured the gas onto the ground which the Floyd Rider stood on, and I watched as it quickly diffused into the air. A lot of it moved into the Floyd Rider's nostrils, and he began coughing up a viscous purple liquid.

"OH FUCK POISON SPELL I CAN'T BREATHE!" he choked.

"HEE HEE HEE HAW, positive elixir trade nigger!" I said.

The Floyd Rider along with the Breonna Taylor Hog soon liquified into more of that purple liquid. After the gas, or should I call it, poison spell, diluted enough, I went downstairs and exited my house through the front door to inspect the strange purple fluid. I was too afraid to touch it with my bare hands, so I scooped up a sample with my vial. Upon a closer look, I came to the realization that it was dark elixir.

I am now typing this as a copypasta for the Clash Royale subreddit. /r/nosleep sadly won't accept this as it goes against their writing guidelines, however, /r/ClashRoyale allows posts that contain the word *nigger.* Please use this as a warning: If you ever match with George Floyd in a Clash Royale game, do not spam the laugh emote if you win, to avoid him sending a real Floyd Rider troop to destroy your house. Heck, just play it safe and let him win.

**Always Follow the Big Floyd Twitter Page**

By Jordan Cleeman

I was in my bedroom scrolling through Telegram one evening, chilling in a group chat called Fed Posting Crew, which was really just one of the Liberal Termination Crew's branch chats, which became more active after the Instagram ban wave. We were sending each other epic Ronnie McNutt edits and other gore memes when one of the members named Joshua Caviar sent a link to a Twitter page called "Big Floyd."

I clicked on it and was directed to the page through Telegram's shitty browser. It was essentially a person who was trying to pretend to be the infamous criminal monkey, George Floyd. Everything about it was hilarious, from the zoomed-in George Floyd face profile avatar; the bio which mimicked his nigger ebonic voice; and tweets recited from his well-known quotes, such as "Our young generation is clearly lost, mayne."

Now, I am one of those chads who loves pissing off shi libs all the time even on mainstream social media sites, so I was on my last Twitter account for my IP address. That meant that if this one got banned, I would never be able to use Twitter again. Therefore, it was my personal that I didn't plan on using for anything related to racism or fag-hating. Mainly, I use it for business school purposes, since we frequently have to use it for group assignments, as required by the faculty of my college. Stupid rule, I know.

I closed the Telegram browser to return to the Fed Posting Crew group chat. A new message popped up from Joshua Caviar.

"Follow this page," he joked.

I laughed a bit. It was like a void's call type scenario; part of me was tempted to go back to the Big Floyd profile and click follow for giggles, but at the same time, I was aware that it could put my personal life in jeopardy. A lot of my classmates are liberals and I've always had to mask my racism in all class interactions, so I feared that some of them could stalk my following list and then report it to the dean. After some thinking, I decided to just save the Big Floyd Twitter page as a bookmark on my laptop so that I could easily access it as if I were following it.

I shut off my phone and spent the rest of the night doing homework that was due in a few hours, which I was forced to leave till the last second since I was just recently able to afford the retarded $200 online textbook access code, which is required to turn in assignments. It is a greedy kike system that colleges implement; it's as if I never paid the five-figure tuition amount. The assignment that I had to complete was for my human resource management class; a set of questions regarding workplace diversity. Me being racist, I was tempted as fuck to answer the questions in a fashion which favors organizations that reject minority applicants, but I knew that it would result in a low mark, so I had to answer it according to what the jew curriculum wants. I know for myself all of the assignment's correct answers are not true, given how rare it is for niggers to take on high-caliber job positions that require any sort of intellectual skill.

After I turned in my assignment, my brain was all foggy from being forced to be a retard for the few hours to answer all those factually incorrect questions, so I decided to take a break and browse memes. As I scrolled through iFunny, I received a Windows notification at the bottom right corner of my screen. It read "Twitter: Big Floyd posted a new tweet."

After reading it about five times, I was shocked. *I never followed the account, why did I get a notification for it?* I thought.

I chalked it off to a new, yet somewhat creepy, Twitter feature that can detect all the Twitter pages you bookmarked. I clicked on the notification, no longer thinking much of it. The new tweet that was posted on the Big Floyd profile was a couple of sentences: "Give me a follow please, I need some follow action."

Even though it was such a plain post, it made me laugh nonetheless because it sounded like something that the real George Floyd would say.

During my laughter, I swore I noticed the sound of swooping coming from outside through my slightly open window. It wasn't the kind of swooping noise that would come from a strong wind. Instead, it was more like a set of paired flaps that occurred every half second. It could have been a kind of bird, but judging by its volume and heaviness, it sounded like it would come from the world's largest bird. My brain was still foggy at this point, so I just shrugged it off to my mind playing tricks on me. Once I was finished looking at Big Floyd's new tweet, I yawned, tired. It was 11:55 PM, which meant I had to go to bed in five minutes. I have to wake up at seven o'clock, so staying up any longer would mean a morning as exhausting as being around black people.

I jumped into bed and slept beside my teddy bear which I made from fried chicken. Yeah, you heard me right, chicken. Call me weird, but it was some fun project I had to do in foods class back in my high school senior year. All the students were supposed to eat the chicken teddy bear after it was marked by the teacher, Mrs. (((Ellenberg))), but I found it to have sentimental value for whatever reason, so I have slept with it every night since. It is around twelve inches tall and eight inches wide, so it is larger than most ordinary teddy bears. As you've probably guessed, the chicken which the teddy bear was made out of had been long spoiled, with green mold all over it, but I had gotten used to the putrid smell by now from being around it so much. It tremendously helps me fall asleep since I am one who has an overactive imagination in the dark and the fried chicken teddy bear gives me the peace of mind that I am safe. Now, I am not some autist who thinks some stuffed animal made out of rotten food is alive, so it's not like I have this imaginary friend. It is just nice to cuddle with.

Shortly, I dozed off.

I woke up, finding myself in a completely different room. Hell, it was definitely not my house, because it was a room completely made out of what looked like tree twigs, with a seemingly endless pile of said twigs on the ground. Goosebumps began to pop in my skin due to the cool air; it was not an insulated space at all. I was lying down on my back, so I immediately saw that the room was ceilingless. From my perspective, all there was is the blue sky, surrounded by a circle of twigs. I noticed that I awakened laying

on not a bed nor mattress, but right on the pile of twigs. I looked at both my sides and found my fried chicken teddy bear, laying cozy on my extended right arm. I was relieved that it was still here with me, in the mysterious place that I woke up to. I got up, with the meat bear still hugged in between my forearm and upper arm. I hesitantly walked around, having a subtle feeling that danger was near. Obviously, I would have to. Why am I not in my bedroom? Who brought me here?

The walls of twigs were around twenty feet tall, with not a single sign of a door, so I wondered how it would be possible to leave. Climbing the walls was a plausible option, since the twigs were assembled together in a way where there were graspable ridges every few inches. However, I pondered the risk that I could fall to my death if I reach the other side. That left me with the choice of breaking out. It didn't seem like a super-strong structure, with all the twigs bundled up like they were. The slivers of visible space made it obvious it had to be much easier to break through than, for example, a solid block of wood.

I started at it by giving a casual kick at it once, just to test the waters. The group of twigs that the front of my foot struck vibrated, causing the rest of the neighboring twigs to do the same, like a set of dominoes. Because of my intentionally light attack, the twigs all eventually returned stationary, at the exact same position they were in as before, with no noticeable dent made. I tried again, this time as hard as I could. To my disappointment, it just caused the direct twigs to vibrate at a higher amplification, repeating the same domino effect, breaking nothing. However, I noticed that because I put in more force, the entire wall of twigs vibrated. Though it took much longer this time, the twigs again went still in their initial position. That was when I heard the swooping noise that I remembered hearing last night. Accompanying it were gusts of wind coming from above, in the same pattern as the swooping sound's melody. I looked up to what would otherwise be a ceiling, to see a large airborne blue article just hovering above the highest point of the twig walls. The intense glare of the sun made it a bit hard to see, so I squinted. What was above me was a giant bird that had a wingspan of about twenty-five feet. Its color was a pure ocean blue, making it one of the prettiest birds that I have ever seen. I realized that the giant structure I was in was essentially its nest. The bird's immense beauty distracted me from its abnormal size. The reflection of the sunlight enhanced its delicacy. It was almost hypnotizing. The giant blue bird soon started to descend towards the ground that I was standing on. As it did, the walls of twigs began to block the sunlight, allowing me to have a more accurate depiction of it. The well-known quote, "Sometimes looks can kill" is something I learned the hard way that day.

Once the super bright sunlight no longer shone on its face, I discovered that the giant blue bird was no longer the beauty that I thought it was. Its face was hideous. I was expecting a set of round, golden elegant eyes, but instead saw soulless primate-like ones that lacked any semblance of intelligence. I was expecting the bright yellow beak of an eagle, but what reinstated my extrapolation was a brown mushroom-shaped bill that had overgrown nostril flaps on each side.

The enhanced view of it also enabled me to see its long crooked neck, indicating it was some kind of vulture, the ugliest bird species in existence. It was the animal equivalent of whenever a big booty bitch turns around to look at you with her ugly ogre face.

"Oh oh chirp chirp ah ah," the giant blue bird chirped. "I see you have finally woken up main."

It was a talking bird for crying out loud. I was so confused, that I could not articulate a response to it.

"Chirp, I am Big Floyd the Twitter bird and I captured you coz you did not follow mah page, chirp," it said angrily. "You know what I said main, I needed some follow action."

Again, I remained silent.

Big Floyd the Twitter bird grew mad at my lack of responses, so it started to fly at me, with its claws positioned at the front, ready to attack me. I ducked, leading to its sharp talons missing me by a hair. I needed to defend myself, so the first thing I thought of was to throw anything in hand at it; my fried chicken teddy bear. I took it out of my elbow and took aim, then threw it at Big Floyd the Twitter bird. However, my blood ran cold as I watched the nigga vulture catch it with its mouth with ease, then started to swallow it. I could see the shape of the fried chicken teddy bear protrude through its neck, as it traversed through its esophagus. After it made it through, Big Floyd the Twitter bird spoke again.

"Ah phew, I couldn't breathe for a moment from swallowing that," it said. "Thank you for that big chunk of rotten fried chicken main, it finna be a good meal for mah babies."

*I am so stupid*, I thought. I thought back to this one class in biology when we learned about scavengers. Vultures are scavengers, meaning they are able to safely eat rotten meat, so of course, the overgrown blue nigga vulture in front of me would see my intentional weapon as food.

"I shall now feed the little ones," Big Floyd the Twitter bird said.

It landed with its calfless stubby legs onto the ground and then started digging at the pile of twigs like sand. After going through a sufficient depth, I saw a group of colorful oval-shaped objects lying in the dug pit, along with a group of baby blue vultures that each exhibited the same ugly faces as their parent. They were its babies. Big Floyd the Twitter bird teased its face close to them and then began to do this weird heaving motion. It was then, I knew exactly what it was trying to do. If you didn't know, mother birds would feed their babies by first eating first-hand food, and then regurgitating it into each of their baby's mouths. Gross, isn't it? However, as unpleasant as it was to see, it was what saved my life.

Big Floyd the Twitter bird seemed to have a very hard time getting the regurgitated meal out to its offspring. I could see the lump of retch, stuck in the middle of its esophagus.

"Ah fuck, I can't completely regurgitate all that food, I can't breathe!" Big Floyd the Twitter bird choked.

After two minutes of failing to let it all out, the giant nigger bird dropped dead.

I was curious about how it was successfully able to swallow my chicken bear, yet could not regurgitate it back out. With my strength, I ripped its candace-like neck in half to find out why that nigga bird couldn't breathe. There I saw, a mushy version of my chicken meat bear, in its throat, except it was sitting inside Big Floyd the Twitter bird's throat in a vertical position, instead of horizontal. That was why. The dumb bird couldn't control the way in which it puked out its food. Though my lifeless meat teddy bear was seemingly nothing but a false sense of security, it saved my life in this situation.

After that, I stomped on the baby niglet baby birds because of how ugly they were and then used one of their corpses as a tool to break out of the giant nest with its beak. I found myself on top of a medium-sized brick building in the middle of a familiar-looking street. There was a Speedway station across the street. The nest was resting on the roof of Cup Foods, I figured.

I am now typing this on my phone, while the firefighters are on their way to help me down. Please use this as a warning to follow the Big Floyd Twitter page as soon as you stumble upon it, or else the George Floyd Twitter bird will feed you to its babies.

**Beware of the George Floyd Volatile**

By Fentanyl Man

My name is Nilly Kiggerson. It is 2023 and I am currently 18 years old. For most of my life, I was addicted to video games. Every morning or rather, afternoon, I would wake up to a routine that went something like this: get out of bed, pull out my chair, turn on my computer, and game until the sun rose the next morning. Occasionally, I would pause my gaming to go to the bathroom or heat up some frozen junk from the freezer to eat. After this, I would rush back to my computer, not wanting to let a single minute of my gaming go to waste. My bedtime would typically range anywhere from 6 to 8 A.M.

Although my lifestyle was similar to the life of the average soy boy, I was by no means a cuck soy faggot. You see, I have a seething hatred for niggers and jews. I hated jews because of their tendency to flood White nations with non-whites and their promotion of degeneracy such as porn and faggotry. I hated niggers because, well...that should be self explanitory.

Deep down, I hated living this way. I hated living a life devoid of meaning. A life that left me feeling empty and sick all the time. A life that only a soulless soy loser could only enjoy. I tried everything to stop gaming. I tried going to the gym, eating healthier, and going to bed at a reasonable hour. But no matter how hard I struggled against this disease, I just couldn't stop. Like an addict drawn to a dirty heroin needle, I would always end up crawling back to my computer for that quick rush of instant gratification.

I justified my addiction, telling myself that "I needed video games, that playing for an hour a day would not hurt." But that hour always turned to hours, then days, then weeks, and then months. On some of my games, I had over two thousand hours on record. To put that into perspective, that is the average amount of time it takes to become proficient in a new language.

I felt hopeless in my endeavor. I thought that I would never break free from the bondage of my addiction. I truly believed that. Of course, that was until I encountered "it".

What I experienced was so horrifying, so frightening, so sickening, so atrocious, that I vowed never again to play another video game. What I am about to reveal to you is one hundred percent truth. Let anyone reading this heed the warning about playing video games. As if you do, you may just encounter the George Floyd Volatile.

February 4th, 2022. I was extremely excited to hop onto my computer as the heavily anticipated video game, Dying Light 2 had just been released. I was a fan of the original and looked forward to playing the sequel. If you are unaware of what Dying Light is, it is a zombie game where you travel mainly using parkour. Think of it as Assassin's Creed mixed with Resident Evil. The main catch of the game is that the zombies only come out at night, as they are vulnerable to ultraviolet light.

One of these zombies, the volatile, was basically a super zombie who could do everything. It was extremely fast, strong, and durable. It had a very grotesque appearance. Its skin was a pale gray, devoid of any pigmentation. Its ribs protrude from its abdomen and its lower jaw was bisected, giving it the appearance of the vampires from the movie Blade. The only thing that could save a player caught in its grasp was ultraviolet light.

Upon starting the game, I was immedietly disapointed to see that the main character was friends with a nigger. This really upset me as the setting of this game was supposed to be in central Europe, a place that is overwhelmingly White. Now the last game had niggers in it, but there it actually made sense as it took place in a third world shithole country. I tried to ignore it and continued playing. The prologue was literally two hours long and it was filled with some of the worst voice acting and writing ever in a game of this size. The only thing I could praise was the voice acting of Jonah Scott, the man who plays the main character. He did a very good job at making his lines believable. That is the only good thing I can say about Jonah Scott as he is a cuck, soy boy, furry faggot loser who supports BLM.

After sitting through hours of shit, I was finally able to experience the open world of the game. Since I was playing on the hardest difficulty, I decided that I needed to upgrade my character. To get more health and stamina in this game, you need to find inhibitors which are special drugs that strengthen your character. The best place to find inhibitors is in hospitals. Unfortunately, hospitals are filled with zombies during the day, especially volatiles. So that meant that I would have to go to a hospital at night. As I set out to find the nearest bed to sleep in to fast forward to night, I noticed a nigger NPC out of the corner of my eye. I, of course, walked over to him and promptly chopped his head off with a machete I had picked up earlier. I then continued on my journey to find a bed.

Once my character awoke from the slumber, I began to make my way to the nearest hospital. Since it was now night time, I had to stick to the rooftops as the streets were flooded with zombies. After I arrived at the hospital, I made my way inside through the roof. Although the zombies come out of their hiding spots at night, there are still a considerable amount of zombies that remain indoors. This meant I had to sneak through the hospital without alerting any zombies. I carefully crawled around several sleeping zombies and made my way into the room containing the first inhibitor. I opened the box containing the drug and then injected it into my character's body. I upgraded my strength and continued on to the next inhibitor. As I left the room I was spotted by a zombie. Thinking quickly, I dispatched him by snapping his neck. Unfortunately, I wasn't fast enough as the rest of the zombies soon noticed me and began to attack. I had to fight my way through the horde, slicing their limbs off and bashing their skulls in.

After the intense struggle, I emerged victorious. I felt a rush of satisfaction flow through my body. The second inhibitor container was left unopposed and I walked over to it, ready to claim my prize. Opening the container, I was confused to see that there was no inhibitor, but rather an object that I had never seen before in game. I crouched closer to examine it. It was a rusty hypodermic needle filled with a strange white substance. I then saw that I could pick up the item. In the game, when you are able to pick up an item, there is text that will inform you what it is. When I saw the text for the object, I was intrigued to see

that it read "Fentanyl".

*Fentanyl?* I thought. *Why would fentanyl be an item in the game?* Curious as to what effects it would have, I picked up the fentanyl. The second my character's fingers touched the syringe, I knew I had made a grievous mistake. Suddenly, an emphatic roar pierced my eardrums, causing me to jump. I almost fell out of my chair as I had to quickly throw my headphones off. The scream was a sound that was completely alien to my ears. Nowhere had I ever before heard a more vexatious noise. The screech sounded almost as if it had come from a creature that was half human and half chimpanzee. Reclaiming my composure, I put my headphones back on just in time to hear the voice shriek again.

"OOGA BOOGA MAYNE WHO BE TOUCHIN MA FENTANYL AND SHIET!"

I was shocked to hear such words. Hospitals only ever contain zombies, not humans. And as far as I was aware, the zombies in the Dying Light universe were not able to speak. So how was it that I was able to hear one of them vocalize in English, albeit rather broken english?

I peaked my character's head out into the main hall of the hospital and that was when I saw "it". In the main hall stood a massive figure. It had the physical appearance of a volatile except it was even more monstrous. Its' skin was dark brown with a similar color to that of fecal matter. It stood at the very least six feet tall, with enormous muscles that bulged from its leathery, dark skin. Worst of all were its facial features. Volatiles are already ugly creatures but this being was on an entirely different level of hideous. It had an enormous upper lip that bulged out in inhuman proportions. It reminded me of what a fat maggot wriggling around would like if maggots came in nigger variants. The upper lip was so fat and swollen, that if the creature's nostrils were human sized, it would certainly be blocked by it. The key word being "if" because the creature's nose fared no better. The nostrils were enormous, almost pizza-like in diameter. They were so big that one could fit their entire hand into it and still have room for the other. Worst of all were the beast's eyes. While regular volatiles have orange eyes that glow in the dark, this thing's beady eyes were as black as its skin. Despite this, I could still see the hateful and animalistic desires that shone within them, lusting for the slaughter of innocent beings. The strangest part of its face though, was the fact that I could faintly recognize it from somewhere. I just couldn't put my finger on whose it was.

The creature noticed me. It glared its soulless eyes directly toward the screen. It then spoke. "So you be da cracka dat be takin ma fetanyl and sheeit? Damn nigga now Imma have to steal all yo air mayne."

The creature bolted towards my character at an inhuman speed. I had no time to react as the creature caught me within less than a second. He picked up my character by the throat using one hand. I could hear him struggling to breathe. The creature then opened his bisected lower jaw and clamped it onto my character's face. I heard the cracking of my character's ribs as the creature began sucking. I watched helplessly as my character's health drained. Once it hit zero, my character's body fell lifelessly to the ground. The last thing I heard as the screen faded to black was the creature say, "Dayum mayne, dat oxygen be sum good shiet."

I stared at the black screen, completely flabbergasted at what had just occurred. I sat there for a good ten, fifteen minutes, trying to comprehend what I had just experienced. After coming back to reality, I tried to respawn but found that I was not allowed to. I then attempted to go back to the main menu but discovered that I was unable to pause the game. I then tried pressing Alt and F4 in an attempt to close the game entirely. Nothing. Sick of it all, I unplugged my computer from the wall and watched as the screen shut off completely.

I was shaken up over what had happened. I knew that it was just a videogame and that I shouldn't get so worked up over it but I couldn't shake the feeling of dread and the idea that what I had gone through was just the beginning.

Trying to take my mind off the game, I gazed out my window and observed as the sun set below the horizon. I decided that now would be a good time to get some rest and that I would try playing the game tomorrow. I crawled into my bed and laid my head upon my pillow. As I slowly drifted off, I rationed that maybe what I had experienced was simply a dream, a figment of my imagination. I fell asleep, just a little more at ease.

I jolted awake to the sound of a glass window shattering. Startled, I jumped out of bed and ran into my closet to hide. I was home alone that night as my parents had gone out of town for the weekend so I knew that someone had broken into the house. I knew that if I didn't act soon, the intruder would make their way into my room. It was then that I realized that I needed to call the police. Quietly leaving my closet, I crept over to my desk to grab my phone. I searched over the entire thing as quickly and discreetly as possible. I opened my drawers looking for my phone. I found nothing. It was at that moment that I realized that I had left my phone in the kitchen as I brought it with me earlier to get food. A wave of dread flushed over me as I came to the realization that if I wanted to live, I would have to fight my way out of the house. I glanced back into my drawer and noticed a shiny metal object laying there. It was a pair of knuckle dusters my father had gifted to me on my sixteenth birthday. I put them on and then made my way over to my bedroom door.

I placed my hand upon the door handle and then slowly creaked it open. The second I did, my nostrils were assaulted by an order so putrid, so rancid, so vile, that I immediately vomited on the floor. No amount of words could ever be sufficient to accurately describe the foul stench of what wafted through my respiratory system. Imagine mixing feces, banana mayonnaise sandwiches, and the bodily discharges of a tranny's neo-vagina into a plastic container and then leaving that container to ferment in a hot car for a week. That is the best analogy I can think of to describe the smell.

Bearing through the stench, I snuck out into the hallway and began approaching the living room. All of the lights were off, so it was pitch black. I anxiously crept along, moving little by little in an effort to avoid being heard. At about the hallway mark through the hallway, I noticed a strange sound coming from the living room. As I approached, it became louder and louder. As I reached the end of the corridor and peered into the living room, I could make out what the noise was. It was someone or something breathing heavily. The inhaling sounded human but the exhaling sounded like that of a fat hog. At this point, I was shitting myself in fear over what was in the living room. Readying my knuckle dusters, I carefully slid my hand along the wall to my left until I felt the light switch. I then flipped it.

When I saw exactly what stood before me, my heart sank into my stomach. It was the creature from the game. This time I could see every detail in person. And boy, my original observation of the creature in the game doesn't compare to the sight of it before one's own eyes. As it stood tall in the light, I managed to get a good look at its face. It was then that I realized why I felt that I saw the creature's face before somewhere. The volatile creature had the face of the criminal nigger George Floyd.

I stood frozen in fright over the creature's fetid appearance. It stared right at me with its soulless eyes. I noticed its fat lip contort at multiple angles. It was grinning at me.

"Little cracka you really dought dat I wood be satisfied takin a little air. Mayne, you took ma dayum fentanyl. I needs all yo air now so gibs me dat nigga."

The George Floyd Volatile then rushed towards me. I wish this was the part of the story that I could say that I was a 300 pound chad and that I beat the shit out of the nigger monster but remember that I was addicted to video games, and thus, and the physcial ability of a 97 year old man. I cowered back, accepting the fact that I was about to have the air sucked from my lungs by the George Floyd Volatile.

That's when I noticed that the George Floyd Volatile ran past me and began staring at a wall of mounted picture frames. Confused, I got up and peaked at what the creature was looking at. It was pictures of me and my family as I grew up. I wondered why the creature was distracted by the photos.

"OOH LA LA mayne, dat pregnant bitch be so fine and shieeet," the creature moaned.

It hit me. On that wall were a few pictures of my mom when she was pregnant with me. The George Floyd Volatile was sexually aroused by pregnant bellies. This made sense as the real criminal ape did rob a pregnant woman at gunpoint.

Taking a hold of the opportunity, I ran out of the house while Floyd was distracted. I decided to go to my neighbor's house. As I rushed across the street, I heard the George Floyd Volatile screech,"NIGGA, I NEED ALL DAT AIR MAYNE."

I ran up my neighbor's porch and began pounding my fists on his door. A few seconds later, the door opened and I was greeted by a cucky looking man with a bushy beard and glasses. He wore a black leather jacket and blue jeans. It was my neighbor, Ronnie McNutt. I explained everything to him, begging him to

let me in and for him to get his shotgun. He looked at me like I was fucking with him and told me to "fuck off." He tried to close the door on me when the George Floyd Volatile began sprinting across the street.

"HAY MAYNE. YOU LITTLE CRACKAS ARE PISSIN BIG FLOYD OFF. NOW INSTEAD OF JUST TAKIN YO AIR, IM UH RAPE YO ASSES TOO," the George Floyd Volatile screamed out.

Getting raped by a George Floyd monster was not something I would have liked to have gone through so I shoved Ronnie out of the way and slammed his door shut. Since Ronnie was a weak, soy, faggot, he crumpled to the ground. I held my body against the door as the George Floyd Volatile leapt into the door. It shook violently, nearly popping off the hinges. I held on for dear life as I heard chimpanzee noises come from behind the door. After a while it went silent.

"What wha wha.....what was that thing?" Ronnie said in his soy boy voice.

"Shut up faggot," I responded, "Just go and get your shotgun."

Ronnie scurried away to his room upstairs and then came back with a shotgun. Him and I then devised a plan to survive the George Floyd Volatile's assault as we both knew he wouldn't give up that easily.

"Okay , here is the plan. You stay here with your shotgun while I phone the police," I told Ronnie.

Ronnie reluctantly agreed. Although I was scared shitless, Ronnie seemed like he was on the verge of fainting. I found this especially strange as Ronnie was a veteran of the Iraq War. You would think an ex soldier like that would man up and fight. I ran to Ronnie's phone and called nine one one.

"9-1-1, what is your emergency?" the operator asked.

"Help please, we are being attacked by a nigger beast!" I responded.

"Alright sir please tell me the ad-"

Just then, the power went out, causing the lights and the phone to turn off. I swore out loud as I slammed the phone down.

"Why did it go dark?" Ronnie yelped out like a little bitch.

"That fucking nigger must have cut the power," I responded.

"I know we are in a bad situation but could you please not use hateful words like that."

"Shut the fuck up Ronnie you nigger loving faggot."

I have to admit, I was actually impressed by the George Floyd Volatile's plan to cut the power. After all, you would think a dumb nigger ape like George Floyd wouldn't have the intellectual capacity to think of a plan like that.

"Hey uuhh I got.. I gotta flashlight on the kitchen counter," Ronnie stammered.

Knowing that Ronnie was too much of a scared pussy to move in the dark, I went into the kitchen and found the flashlight. Turning on the flashlight, I shone the light on Ronnie to see that Ronnie had actually pissed himself in fear. Unfortunately, the light also revealed that the George Floyd Volatile was in the house and was standing behind Ronnie McNutt.

"Ronnie behind yo**u!**" I yelled but it was too late.

Ronnie turned around and then screamed like a little girl, dropping the shotgun to the ground.

"Hee hee heee nigga, I snuck up on yall crackas," the George Floyd Volatile cackled. It grabbed Ronnie McNutt's throat with its left hand and lifted him into the air. It then began to wind its right hand as if it was preparing to punch.

Ronnie began crying like a baby that didn't get its candy.

"Please oh God man please this can't be it this can't be it please please don't do it." Ronnie cried out.

Ronnie's whining was cut short when the George Floyd Volatile punched a hole through Ronnie's head. Blood, skull fragments, and brain matter showered the room, with some getting on my clothes. I guess you could say that was it for Ronnie.

"Oh fuck!" I screamed out

Ronnie's head was completely destroyed. What was left of it was just a bloody mess of skull and brain. The stump where Ronnie's head was began to gurgle, with blood bubbles foaming up through his

throat.

The George Floyd Volatile noticed this and said,"Dayum mayne dat be sum good air right dere. Imma suck all dis air up. After dat, imma steal all yo air cracka."

The George Floyd Volatile began to suck on the bloody stump, slurping up blood and oxygen bubbles.

I ran as fast as I could up the stairs as fast as I could and made a beeline for Ronnie's bedroom. I rushed in and slammed the door behind me. I could hear the heavy footsteps of the monster approaching. I was almost out of ideas at this point when I remembered I still had my knuckle dusters with me. I prepared to fight the George Floyd Volatile and emerge victorious. As the footsteps approaching the door became louder, I began preparing to throw a punch at the nigger creature. The George Floyd Volatile burst through the door, beating its chest like a silverback gorilla.

I took my swing without hesitation. It landed square in the middle of the nigger monsters nose. I returned to my starting position to see the effects of my attack but I was horrified when I saw that the George Floyd Volatile remained standing. It stared into my eyes with its beady orbs. It grinned yet again at me as it swung its right arm back and swatted me across the room. I flew over the bed and smashed into several shelves, causing their contents to fall to the floor.

As I lay there, the wind knocked from my lungs, the George Floyd Volatile menacingly approached. "Hee hee heee mayne, I got yo cracka ass. Now it be rapin time and den it be air stealin time.Aany last words nigga?" the George Floyd creature asked.

At this point, I was ready to give up. Tears welled in my eyes as I tried to mentally prepare myself for the agony I was about to experience. Still holding onto some glimmer of hope, I craned my head to the left and saw my last chance for salvation. Laying next to a giant black dildo which presumably belonged to Ronnie McNutt was an ultraviolet flashlight. Without hesitation, I grabbed the light and shined it right into the George Floyd Volatile's face.

It shrieked in pain and jumped back, covering its face with its hands. "Aww shit, these ultraviolet rays be burnin' ma skin and shiet," it cried out.

The George Floyd Volatile crumpled to its knees in pain. Seeing the opportunity, I swung my foot back as far as I could, and with all my might, sent it flying back at nigger's skull.

"Ouchie Mayne!" the George Floyd Volatile yelped as my foot collided with its head, sending it tumbling onto its stomach. While keeping the flashlight shined on the creature, I ran up to it and dropped my knee onto its neck.

"Ahhh shit, that knee on my neck be crushin ma windpipe and shit stoppin me from inhaling, please mayne please momma momma please," the creature cried out.

Ignoring its pleas, I continued holding my knee on its neck. The George Floyd Volatile began violently thrashing around and screaming like a rabid chimpanzee.

I began to lose control of it, so I took my knuckle dusters and began beating on the back of its skull. I pummeled it over and over and over. With every punch, I felt more adrenaline rush through my veins. I began to scream obsenities at the nigger creature.

"Fuck you Nigger**!"** I screamed out, over and over and over.

Suddenly, I was pulled away from the creature. It was then that I realized that I could see flashing lights from outside and I could hear police sirens as well. I looked back to see a middle aged police officer with a shaved head holding my arms. I looked down at myself to see that I was covered in blood. The officer pulled me up and made sure that I wasn't hurt. After handing me a blanket, the officer introduced himself as Derek Chauvin.

As I was escorted out of the house, the realization came over me that it was all over. I collapsed in Ronnie's yard, crying over everything that had happened. Derek Chauvin comforted me, telling me that I was one brave individual for bearing what I did. I saw the bodies of Ronnie McNutt and the George Floyd Volatile being taken away in body bags.

I was a complete wreck for weeks after the incident. I couldn't sleep at all. I barely had an appetite, and I couldn't find enjoyment in the things that I once did. I tried my hardest to comprehend why I went

through what I did. So many questions ran through my mind like *How was George Floyd in the game* and *How did he escape the game*. My only guess as to the origins of the George Floyd Volatile is that the spirit of George Floyd possessed my copy Dying Light 2. Then, after I unplugged my computer, the George Floyd Volatile manifested itself in real life. After all, I did hate niggers.

As months went on, I began to heal from the experience but I also noticed significant changes. I no longer felt the need to play video games and I quit them entirely. I stopped eating junk food and began going to the gym regularly. I started to focus on the things that truly mattered in life such as art and my passions. I stopped caring about carnal desires and began to live a disciplined life.

A year has passed since the incident and my life has been completely transformed. Because of my dedication to improving my body, mind, and spirit, I now have the body of a built, 300-pound, racist chad. In addition I am now free from all addictions and I now have a purpose in life other than just consuming media. I can't pinpoint exactly why my encounter with George Floyd Volatile caused these changes but I suppose one reason was how much easier it would have been to kick that nigger's ass if I had been a built chad.

Still though, not everything is sunshine and rainbows. I still often have nightmares about the George Floyd Volatile. Nightmares where I am back in my helpless body, fleeing from the monster. I am powerless against it. Sometimes, when I exit a door, for a brief second I swear I can smell rotten banana sandwiches. The thing that troubles me most, however, are the whispers. Every night I lay my head upon my pillow, I hear a faint whisper. I can't tell if it comes from inside my head, or flows in from the wind down the street. All I know is that it says the same thing every time.

"Ooga booga mayne, ooga booga."

**Do Not Touch the George Floyd Fly**

By Fortnite Balls

This is my encounter with the scary George Floyd fly, but first I need to provide some context. My name is Truck Frannies, and if you did not know, I have a powerful hatred towards niggers. This will be important later in the story. Anyways there is this shithole country named Haiti, this place is literally the cumdump of all the nations, but it is not only the cumdump of all developed nations, it is also the cumdump of evolution. This is obvious because of the massive number of niggers and parasitic animals. Anyways this country has a legend of a horrified parasite known as the nigger fly, or the George Floyd fly. It is described to have a giant nigger nose and lips, but the scariest part about the George Floyd fly is its similarly to the botfly, a fly that lays its larvae inside a living host. However, the parasite that the George Floyd injects into its host is different in the way that it steals your air, causing asphyxiation and infertility. The parasite is also said to eat the stem cells of fetuses. Anyways to the story.

I was part of a scientific team trying to prove the existence of the nigger fly. We as scientists have lots of experience in documenting new Floyd hybrids such as the nigger whale and the nigger cucumber but something so small and similar to another animal would be a challenge. We had to take a airplane to the shithole Haiti and since nobody wants to go to nigger land, we had to take a shitty pajeet airline. Everything about the plane sucked, the plane for one thing reeked of cheap chicken curry and it looked like the plane couldn’t even fly.

The retard curry pilot said, “Hello we welcome to my humble plane, wow you like to try some of my chicken curry?”

This fucking pajeeb had such a distinct Indian accent, it was so hard listening to him that I screamed “Shut the fuck up Hindu fag , you are no worse than a dirty nigger,” even though I know this is not true because niggers are the lowest species on Earth, even algae contribute more to society than niggers.

When we got to Haiti we saw a bunch of niggers waiting for us outside the plane.

“Who the fuck are these nigger retards, and why would niggers be able to help us on our trip? Are you aware that niggers have an average IQ of five?” I asked my fellow scientists angrily.

I did not want any niggers helping us on our research trip, as it is objective fact that niggers are the dumbest beings on our planet.

“Dr. Kigger said that they are helping us navigate,” one of my coworkers said.

I replied saying that niggers shouldn’t help us because all they will do is chimp out and eat cookies made of literal mud.

“Stop being racist mayne,” one of the niggers who could speak English said, then he proceeded to take a bite out of a mud cookie.

“That shit is fucking disgusting, you chimpanzees should have stayed in Africa,” I exclaimed, “We all know that niggers contribute nothing to society and are actually 99 percent chimpanzee, therefore they should be treated as such.”

Anyways we got on a boat and headed down the main river to one of the smaller nigger villages. But while we were going to the village, a small black cloud emerged from the trees and a low buzzing sound could be heard.

“Ooga Booga give us your air,” an ominous voice droned. “OOGA BOOGA give us Your air, or we ‘bout to put a fat cap in your ass cracka!”

Our crew had a horrifying realization. It was the cloud, yet it was not a cloud; it was a swarm of the George Floyd fly.

”Ooga Booga we want pregnant belly pics and fentanyl or we will steal your air,” the George Floyd flies all said in unison.

“No, we will not give you belly pics you fat niggers,” I replied angrily.

“Ooga booga we will lay eggs in you so we can feed on your White women’s pregnant bellies yo,” the George Floyd flies said.

The George Floyd flies swooped down towards our boat, then I could feel little pricks on my arms and legs as the George Floyd flies bit me, then a white substance started to fog up the boat. It was fentanyl, I got knocked unconscious by the fentanyl gas.

When I woke up all the crew was dead with giant gaping holes inside their bellies, maggots were eating their insides, but these were not any usual maggots, they were George Floyd maggots complete with fat nigger noses very disproportionately large. I saw a little movement in my stomach and heard a very muffled voice.

“Ah man, mama mama, I can’t breathe inside of an Aryan chad’s super, nigger killing physique,” one of the voices said,

I then realized that it was the George Floyd larvae dying because I was an Aryan racist chad whose immune system is designed to fight off nigger diseases. I punched myself in the belly which hurt a lot, but it was worth it to get rid of those George Floyd worms.

When I reached the town there were lots of niggers there, but there were no pregnant women. This is strange because niggers are known to reproduce faster than rabbits, that is why the ***based*** business Golden Nigger Corp calls them the worst invasive species. Anyways I had a brilliant idea, I would go to the town and conduct the Derek Chauvin toy ritual which I saw in a George Floyd creepypasta once. It must work since all George Floyd creepypastas are true. The ritual involved me putting the Derek Chauvin toy on a cross, lighting it on fire, and putting the blood of niggers on the cross. So, I made a cross and I put the Derek Chauvin toy that I always have with me on the cross, then I threw the corpses of a couple of niglets who had died of AIDS into the fire. The Derek Chauvin toy sprang to life due to my racist-ness and my epic 100% Aryan build.

“Hello Master, how may I serve you,” the Derek Chauvin toy said.

“I want you to defend me against any George Floyd flies,” I said, then I waited for the George Floyd flies to come back.

After a couple of hours, I got tired of waiting, so I took a fly zapper from a nearby nigger shop and I put a picture of KFC on it. Immediately the black swarm of nigger flies appeared.

“Ooga booga, is that KFC we see?” the George Floyd flies all said in a loud voice.

But the plan was shortly ruined by a niglet who ran to the KFC picture and electrocuted himself, thus burning the picture. The George Floyd flies then began to attack, but I was immune to their attacks because

I am a ***based*** racist Chad. The Derek Chauvin toy then used its laser eyes to kill off lots of the flies.

"Oh shieet mayne, laser produces smoke therefore I am unable to breathe in smoke," the George Floyd flies said.

The George Floyd flies then retreated into the forest. I knew what I had to do, since I knew that my blood was toxic to the George Floyd flies. I could devise a plan to reproduce my blood, then I would burn it, making the fumes go up into the air and kill all the George Floyd flies. Since Monster Energy and raw egg yolks stimulate the growth of Aryan cells I cut a little piece of my skin and put it in a vial. Then I poured the drink inside of the vials and sure enough my blood cells inside the vile were multiplying. I then poured the substance in a fire, the George Floyd flies immediately started to scream along with some of the nigga monkeys in the tribe.

"Ooga booga, we can't breathe mayne, mama, mama, I can't breathe."

The plan had worked and the nigga flies were retreating back into the tree line.

I am writing this on my phone on my way back to America. I am now celebrated as a hero and I even got a job offer from Golden Nigger Corp after this. In the aftermath, of this incident, we have discovered hundreds of nigger George Floyd species in the jungles of Haiti. This proves my point that niggers are the lowest species on the planet, even lower than amoeba, and that George Floyd's death was righteous and that all niggers deserve to die **[in Animal Crossing]**. I recommend to the person reading this to go outside and watch for anything with a large nigger nose and fat lips, because it could be a George Floyd species, and if you do see one, call Golden Nigger Corp at 776-fuck-niggers.

The moral of this story is fuck trannies, niggers, spics, jews, pajeebs, towel heads, and niggers. And if you see a George Floyd fly, run immediately for your life. Also, if you ever come across a nigger that is 6 feet 7 inches tall, you should also run because the nigger could be the reincarnation of George Floyd, or it could just be a stupid nigger who wants to steal your stuff.

Anyways I am ready now to be celebrated as the most ***based*** racist Aryan chad in the world, so remember guys, always kill niggers **[in Grand Theft Auto]** and hit the gym, because if you grind enough you can achieve chad-like nigger killing **[in Among Us]** status. This is Truck Frannies, signing off.

**Doctor Floyd in the Monkeyverse of Fentanyl**

By Gorg Floydson

My name is Sneed Feed and I am a world renowned neurosurgeon. I am renowned as the only ***based*** racist neurosurgeon currently living. I only treat ***based*** White people. If a nigger, tranny or spic shows up to my hospital, I chase them out with my Ronnie McNutt replica shotgun. Anyways, enough of my hatred of useless subhumans and onto the story.

One day, I was driving home from work in my lamborghini. I stopped by a Burger King and bought out their entire stock of Burger King crowns as well as the Floyd Burger meal. Before I could head home, I drove to the projects to flex my lamborghini to those poor homeless niggers. Its always funny as fuck when those drug monkeys chimp out. I was on my way to the projects, driving while drinking the fentanyl simulating soda that came with the Floyd meal. After taking a few sips, my throat felt very hoarse and heavy.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!"

I began coughing which made me take my eyes off the road. I noticed a Dodge Charger with big chrome wheels up ahead blasting music from that deceased monkey Juice WRLD which made my ears bleed. The Dodge Charger bumped into my lambo knocking it off the road causing the windows to shatter. My lambo fell into a ditch which caused the glass shards to impale my hands. I somehow managed to stay conscious, just barely hanging on to dear life. I looked down at my hands to only see a bloody mess. The rest was a blur, but when I woke up, I was in the hospital.

"Where, where am I?" I mumbled.

"You got into an accident, but the doctor did what he could to help you," the hot nurse who I had a crush on, Brenda said. I looked down to see my hands wrapped up in bandages.

"What happened to my hands?"

“I’m sorry but they were crushed and this was all the doctor was able to do to save them,” Brenda said.

“What?”

“Who was the doctor that operated on my hands?” I asked.

“It was Doctor Floyd,” Brenda said.

“Why, how, why’d you let that dumb ape operate on me?!” I yelled.

“He’s a fucking nigger who doesn’t even know the first thing when it comes to surgery and despite knowing that, you let that bonobo operate on me, on my hands?! My hands are what got me to where I am today, I wouldn’t be the renowned surgeon that I am today without my hands, how the fuck am I supposed to do anything now?!”

I looked over at Brenda and noticed that she was crying.

“Oh shit, I didn’t mean to chimp out at you, Brenda,” I said trying to comfort her.

But it was too late as Brenda walked out of the room without saying a word to me. Fuck, my life is completely ruined, I thought. There was nothing I could do but yell ‘nigger’ at the top of my lungs to vent. After I was done letting off steam, I decided to get some rest. I was discharged from the hospital three weeks later. I had a renowned French surgeon named PeePee Farts operate on my hands to fix the damage that Doctor Floyd had done, however there wasn’t much he could do–my hands were permanently crippled for the rest of my life. I spent the next few years spending all of my millions on experimental treatment, trying to find a cure for myself. However, each new attempt proved more unsuccessful than the last. I had no more money afterwards. Now I had no money, no home, no girlfriend and no ability to use my hands which once helped me beat the shit out of niggers. I couldn’t even type on instagram and Jewtube to troll niggers and trannies. The only things of value that I had now were my Ronnie McNutt replica shotgun and a bus ticket to Minneapolis.

I was contemplating McNutting myself as I thought there was nothing worse that could happen to me now as I was at the absolute rock bottom of my life. However, I thought to myself that I must get revenge before I kill myself. I had to find the man who was responsible for the way things turned out. I had to kill Doctor Floyd. I packed my Ronnie McNutt replica shotgun and boarded a bus to Minneapolis to find Doctor Floyd. I arrived at Cup Foods, Minneapolis, a little corner store which was where Doctor Floyd worked. I grabbed my shotgun firmly and walked in.

“Where’s Doctor Floyd?!” I demanded, pointing my shotgun at the one nigger employee.

“Shiet mayne, don’t do me like dat n’ shit,” the nigger employee cried.

I noticed that the chimp had peed his pants while crying like a baby.

“Doctor Floyd be in the basement n’ shit just don’t kill me mayne, I ain’t dat typa guy mayne.”

I ignored the nigger and headed down the basement. It was dimly lit, there were multiple large rooms which looked like they once held something in them. I walked over to a third room that had its door closed and opened it. I found Doctor George Floyd naked while jacking off to pregnant porn.

“Ah shit mayne, what the fuck you be doing here?” Doctor Floyd said angrily.

“You fucking nigger, you destroyed my hands, you destroyed my career!” I yelled, gun drawn.

“Ah shit, don’t be doing dat shit mayne, I’m not dat typa guy mayne, in fact you should be thanking me n' shit,” Doctor Floyd said.

“What?”

“I fixed your hands n' shit, I made them able to perform the fentanyl arts, watch n' see.”

I watched as Doctor Floyd was instantly clothed in a robe and cape despite being buck naked just seconds ago. Doctor Floyd twirled his hands which formed these white circles that had ruins inscribed on them as well as blm fists in the centre.

“See mayne, dat be the fentanyl arts and I be the master of dem, I protect our reality n' shit from dangerous invaders,” Doctor Floyd said.

“Nigger, you think those special effects will save you from being McNutted?” I said pointing the shotgun at Doctor Floyd.

“Das how it always be n' shit, no one believe me at first until dis,” Doctor Floyd said while walking towards me. He placed his ape like hand on my forehead which caused me to fly into the air at supersonic speeds. I looked down to see the Earth. That meant I was somehow in space, which was strange because I could still breathe.

“You see mayne, dis universe just one of many n' shit, there be an infinite number of dem,” a voice said in my head.

“How the fuck are you doing this, what kind of drug did you slip me?!”

My body once again began to move as I was teleported through time and space until I landed on a familiar street. I looked around to see I was outside of Cup Foods. I noticed a police car by the sidewalk as well as a group of niggers and nigger lovers shouting.

“Momma, I love you, tell ma kids I love dem, I’m dead!” An ape-like voice yelled.

I walked over to the front of the vehicle to see a police officer kneeling on the neck of a nigger. The nigger bore many resemblances to Doctor Floyd from the nose and lips.

“Ah I can’t breathe, please officer, please somebody help me!” The nigger yelled once more.

“Dat be George Floyd,” the voice of Doctor Floyd said in my head.

“Dat be a variant of me who were killed by dat racist cracka.”

“Dat be why all dis be happenin, the death of George Floyd became a nexus point that shattered reality causing all other universes with some exceptions to all have their variants of George Floyd die of asphyxiation!”

“Ok so why are you showing me all this?” I asked.

“Cuz mayne I want you to help me n' shit and reverse all dis, so dat all George Floyd variants never needed to die,” Doctor Floyd said.

My body moved again, this time taking me to different realities that had George Floyd variants. I saw a George Floyd twitter bird, a George Floyd anteater, George Floyd getting buck broken by Osama Bin Laden as well as a giant lizard with the face of Ronnie McNutt kneeling on the neck of a giant ape with the face of George Floyd.

“Is this enough now?” Doctor Floyd asked.

My body was now in the basement of Cup Foods like nothing had happened.

“Alright nigger, I’ve seen enough but how will I learn the fentanyl arts?” I asked.

Doctor Floyd tossed me a plastic bag that had white powder inside.

“What’s this?”

“Fentanyl, you gotta take da good shit to learn n' shit,” Doctor Floyd said.

“Fuck no nigga, the last time I took fentanyl, it almost cost me my life.”

“Ah shiet, alright mayne, den you will help me with ma work n' shit,” Doctor Floyd said.

“I need you to retrieve da inter-dimensional teleporter currently kept by a company called Golden Nigger Corp,” Doctor Floyd said.

“Golden Nigger Corp?”

“I’ve never heard of a company by that name,” I said.

“That’s because it’s not in this reality,” Doctor Floyd said. Doctor Floyd put on a ring and opened a golden portal by spinning his hand.

“Walk on through it mayne.”

Doctor Floyd and I walked through the portal and walked into a highly secure facility. I noticed a lot of advanced weaponry that I had never seen before. One was labelled the “Nigger Destroyer 3000.”

“There it be!” Doctor Floyd exclaimed.

Upfront I saw a device that was incomprehensible to the human mind. Doctor Floyd and I ran up to the device. Floyd opened another golden portal back to the basement of Cup Foods and we pushed the device in.

“By the way, what do you need this inter-dimensional teleporter anyways if you can just teleport to different realities at will with that ring?!” I asked.

“Dis device be the reason why the Monkeyverse is in madness,” Doctor Floyd said.

“Monkeyverse be ma name for da multiverse n' shit, you know what I’m saying but anyways, all I know about the device is dat it were built by a man named Darius who built it from the blueprint of Die Glocke. Darius then separated the realities of the Monkeyverse from other realities that don’t contain a George Floyd variant.

“In cracka layman’s terms, it mean dat the multiverse is a lot smaller den we think since we are separated off from all the other realities that don’t contain a Floyd variant,” Doctor Floyd said.

“Ok so how can we fix that?” I asked.

“Mayne we gots to travel the Monkeyverse and find Darius, only his pale ass know how to reverse da effect n' shiet.”

“So where is Darius?”

“Don’t know mayne, I’ve spent most of ma short life looking for that cracka in different realities but I haven’t found a trace of him,” Doctor Floyd said.

“Wait you dumb nigger, if Darius was the one who built the inter-dimensional teleporter then that means he’d be in the reality that housed the device and we were just there,” I said.

“Shit you be right n' shit mayne, this racist ass education system don’t be teaching black folk this shit mayne, gotta be kidding me mayne.”

Doctor Floyd opened another portal and we were once again back in the same reality but this time we were outside of Cup Foods. I noticed the TV inside Cup Foods, it was broadcasting something that caught my interest. When I got a closer look at the headline, my eyes widened.

*Breaking News: Golden Nigger Corp robbed, suspects still at large, please call the authorities if you see these two individuals.*

Below was footage of Doctor Floyd and I stealing the teleporter from the Golden Nigger Corp facility.

“Oh fuck mayne they be here!” Doctor Floyd yelled.

I turned around to see a group of armed men pointing nigger destroyer 3000s at the two of us. Two well dressed men walked up to us. One of them, I immediately recognized to be Ronnie McNutt.

“I’m Agent Nate Higgers and this is my partner Agent Ronnie McNutt,” the man standing next to Ronnie said.

“You and your nigger partner stole some valuable technology from our warehouse,” Ronnie McNutt said in his southern accent.

I giggled a bit hearing Ronnie open his mouth, his voice was even funnier sounding in person.

“Look mayne you got da wrong guys n' shit,” Doctor Floyd said.

I noticed Nate Higgers eyes become bloodshot at the sight of Doctor Floyd.

“Nigger, I thought I killed you ages ago, how the fuck are you still alive, George Floyd?!” Nate Higgers yelled.

“See mayne dat be why you mistaken n' shit, I’m not this reality’s George Floyd cmon mayne.”

Nate Higgers grabbed a nigger destroyer 3000 and aimed it at us but I was the quicker drawer having shot Nate Higgers in the face with my replica Ronnie McNutt shotgun before he could even react despite having crippled hands. Doctor Floyd then conjured a fentanyl lasso and choked all the other Golden Nigger Corp officers to death. The only person left alive was Ronnie McNutt who ran away crying like a baby.

“We gotta find Darius now or else more of these guys will show up,” I said to Doctor Floyd.

“Find Darius,” Doctor Floyd said as he conjured a portal.

“He be there!”

The two of us were teleported to a strange looking room.

“Where are we?” I asked.

“This was where Die Glocke was constructed all those years ago,” a voice said.

“Who’s there?!” I yelled drawing my shotgun.

A man in a lab coat came into view.

“Sneed Feed, why’d you betray your own kin?” The man said.

“What?” I said.

But before the man could say another word, he dropped to the floor dead.

“Hehehe mayne, it worked n' shit!” Doctor Floyd said.

“What, what did you do Floyd?!”

“I killed that ma fuggin cracka who tried to interfere with ma plans!”

“What plans, I thought we needed him to merge the Monkeyverse with the rest of the multiverse, why kill him?!” I said.

“Shiet cracka I don’t gotta listen to yo unbearable voice any longer mayne!” Doctor Floyd laughed.

“You fucking ape, tell me what’s going on!”

“You see mayne, that man Darius interfered with my plan. “He be the one who separated the Monkeyverse from all other realities.”

“He be the one stopping me from getting the infinite belly pics mayne, gotta be kidding me mayne, ruining ma day mayne,” Doctor Floyd chimped.

My blood boiled with anger and hatred towards niggers and specifically the nigger George Floyd. Enough anger and hatred boiled my blood to the point where it could cremate 6 million bodies.

“You fucking nigger, you made me betray my own kind, I will fucking kill you!” I yelled.

“You were fated to do so mayne, you don’t know how long I spent trying to reverse what Darius had done, I came into possession of a powerful object known as the Breonna Taylor stone which controls all aspects of time through Breonna Taylor’s fat rolls because that bitch too thick mayne, anyways I used the stone to see into countless future timelines where I reversed Darius’s effect.” Doctor Floyd said while pointing to a necklace around his neck.

“Everything I did failed cuz yo racist ass education system never taught a nigga how to read and write, the only timeline where I won was because of you mayne, I needed you to lead me to Darius so I called up my nigga Tyrone to run you off the road with his Dodge Charger, I’d then operated on yo hands fucking them up like Equinox Autumn’s face which then led you to finding me in the basement of Cup Foods!” Doctor Floyd said.

I pointed my shotgun at Doctor Floyd, hands trembling with hatred and fear. Hatred being directed towards him and all niggers for being useless subhumans who contribute nothing to society, fear for now knowing that Doctor Floyd had planned this all out from the start meaning that he cleary knew the endgame and outcome of this.

“Yo hands be trembling mayne, you know you can’t stop me n' shit, I be too powerful for you mayne,” the nigger said.

“I don’t care, I’ll die stopping you then, it is the Aryan spirit to never back down from a challenge,” I said.

Doctor Floyd conjured a gun out of thin air and pointed it at my belly.

“You sure ‘bout dat mayne?”

But before the nigger could do anything, I jumped and pulled at the necklace that contained the Breonna Taylor stone.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe with the necklace chain constricting ma neck mama!"

The chain broke and the necklace fell into my hand. I then shot Doctor Floyd's hand with my shotgun causing the ring that could open portals to different realities to fall from his monkey like hand. I used the ring to open a portal and got away. The portal opened to a strange place, the air was much denser and I noticed plants that I had never seen before. I appeared to be in some kind of rainforest. Looking up ahead, my eyes widened. There were dinosaurs, Edomontosaurus to be exact. I was somehow teleported back 70 million years in the past.

"OOGA BOOGA!"

A bloodcurdling shout came from behind me. I turned around to see these Homo Erectus looking creatures however their noses were even bigger than Homo Erectus. The ape-like creatures charged at a pregnant Edmontosaurus, throwing rocks at its belly until it died. I knew that I had to get the fuck out of here so I opened another portal. I needed to return back to my original reality far far away from Doctor Floyd. I knew that I had gotten some distance and time from Doctor Floyd since the nigger had nothing to open portals with. I travelled to hundreds of different realities all of which weren't mine. I saw George Floyd 123 times, Derek Chauvin 93 times, Ronnie McNutt 76 times, Arianna Delane 69 times, Barack Obama 51 times, Heather Wilcock 43 times, Equinox Autumn 20 times, Dakota Xenia 12 times and even the nigger Jessie Lloyd 4 times. By now I was going insane and thought all hope was lost and I desperately wanted to use the shotgun on myself. I came to what I wished was my last reality so I could finally McNutt myself but before I did, I needed to hide the Breonna Taylor stone somewhere where Doctor Floyd won't find it. I came to a facility called the Tomasso Institute of Planetary Defence.

"Hey what are you doing here, this is a government facility," a voice said.

I looked up and sighed, the man standing in front of me was a face now very familiar, the man wore stupidly big glasses, with a beard and had a streak of purple hair on his head which made him look like a tranny or at the very least, a soy boy. It was Ronnie McNutt.

"Hey um, you might not understand what's going on but I want you to protect this item that's currently in my possession-."

But I was quickly cut off by the arrival of a golden portal that opened just a few feet away from Ronnie and I.

"I finally found you cracka!"

It was Doctor Floyd and he wasn't alone.

"I've gathered ma homies from different realities while looking fo you, nigga meet Doctor Floydopus, Electro Floyd, Black Goblin, Rhino Floyd, Nigga Venom and Mysterio Floyd."

"They call themselves the Fentanyl Six!"

**The Origin of Fentanyl**

By BuckFlackPeople

Niggers have an inseperable relationship with drugs in our modern world, whether it be the smell of cheap shitty weed emanating from the projects, the numerous gang wars raging over who gets to sell heroin on a run down street corner, or the massive amount of hard drugs that pour into America from East Africa, like a tidal wave of filth. One drug in particular has been very popular among blacks. The drug is called fentanyl, and it is arguably one of the most dangerous drugs ever made. According to the DEA, a measly 2 milligrams of pure fentanyl is enough to kill someone. It is used orally, smoked, snorted, or injected. It can also be used as a component of other hard drugs, such as cocaine. On fentanyl's wikipedia page, there is a list of notable deaths as a result of fentanyl overdose. Among the names are Prince, Lil Peep, and Mac Miller. However, there is one name that is omitted from the list.

It is the name of a man who had one of, if not the most influential drug overdose of all time. His name was George Floyd, and he, according to Joe Biden at least, is the most important nigger in the history of the United States, even moreso than Martin Looter Coon Jr.

My name is Nixplode Eggers. There is a misconception in the academic circle that claims fentanyl was invented in 1960, aka 8 B.F., or “Before Fentanyl", by Paul Janssen as a pain medication and anesthetic. I am here to tell the true story of how fentanyl was invented. In late 1960, I was one of the leading professors at Harvard’s School of Science, having doctorates in both chemistry and biology.

I was giving a lecture to one of my classes about how niggers have a lower intelligence overall due to their smaller cranial capacity on average compared to other races. This was before the widespread adoption of affirmative action, so my class was almost exclusively White. However, there was one bad apple in the class.

A jewess named (((Kate Blumenstein))) raised her hand and said, “Mr Eggers, didn’t God create all men equal though? This seems very racist.”

I told her “No, niggers are God’s clowns. They have a lower overall intelligence due to a smaller cranial capacity, which is restricted by their skull shape. If you interrupt me again, I will give you a grade so bad in this class the only way you will be able to pass it is if you suck my cock.”

Suddenly, a group of men in suits walked into the classroom. They whispered into my ear that my presence was being requested by the government immediately. Not wanting to get mag dumped by feds in front of my class, I told them what the homework was and dismissed them early.

I was escorted via a limo to a secret research facility a few hours away from Harvard, where I was briefed on the current situation. A new element had been found at the site of an African temple, which was designated as “Element 115”. I was shown the element, which was present in the form of a powdery substance within a case with two glove ports on it. It just looked like salt or baby powder. The scientists told me it had a profound effect on each of the human test subjects they tried it on, forcing them into a violent rage as well a hallucinogenic trance. Upon glancing at the test subjects, I saw they were all niggers handcuffed to beds. When I asked why all the test subjects were black, I was told that the government couldn’t convince many White people to be experimented on, so they promised some blacks malt liquor and today’s equivalent to about a hundred dollars.

I could hear them screaming from inside their chambers, “GIMMIE STIMMY CHECKS, GIMMIE DEM WHITE WOMEN NIGGA!” I asked the scientists where the blacks that were exposed to the element were, as the blacks I was observing were acting no differently than how I regularly observed niggers during the day.

“Keep watching,” said one of the scientists. Suddenly, the blacks broke out of their chains and started brutally beating the shit out of each other. They bashed each other's heads in with superhuman-like strength, until only one was left standing. The last one turned towards us and started running at the glass, when a scientist thought quickly and pressed a button on the side of the door, gassing the last one.

“Ah shit nigga, I can’t breathe,” said the last nigger. I was then escorted to a room, labeled “Patient Zero”. I looked through the glass, which revealed quite possibly the ugliest nigger I had ever had the displeasure of seeing. He was tweaking out, although he was restrained to the wall by numerous chains on each limb.

“Please man, lemme outta hea!! I can’t breef mayne!” he said.

“What the fuck happened to this guy?” I asked, completely shocked.

One of the scientists stated, “That’s George Floyd. He was the first negro exposed to fentanyl. He has reverted to the most primitive state out of all the test subjects, and it doesn’t seem he responds to any stimuli anymore.”

“Okay, but that wasn’t what I meant. I meant why the fuck is he so ugly. His nose looks like an autistic mushroom, for Christ’s sake,” I said.

“Oh, I don’t know, I think he's just black,” said the scientist. “Allow us to show you the White test subjects.”

When we walked a room over to the test chamber of White test subjects, they were simply a few people sitting down and engaging in casual small talk. They showed no signs the niggers were exhibiting.

I said, “Interesting, it seems Whites aren’t affected by it. Where was this stuff found, Mister...I’m sorry, what is your name sir?”

"Paul. Paul Janssen. I'm the lead scientist here," he said. "And as for the place where we found this substance, we found it in a cave in Africa. The temple had drawing on the walls of what looked to be a negro with a large and misshaped head, however none of us could identify this figure, and since the negro peoples of Africa never developed a written language, it is almost impossible to identify it."

Suddenly, George Floyd began to call out to us, despite the fact that the chamber should have been preventing him from hearing us.

He said, "Shiet mayne, the fentanyl, it be the work of ancient one, Yakub. It's his essence nigga, I can feel it. He the one with that big ass head mayne."

I got on the intercom and said, "Who the fuck is Yakub, you dumb nigger I mean fine gentleman."

George Floyd said, "Yakub be the creator of whypipo nigga. The nigga Nation of Islam believe dat Yakub wanted to punish the world because niggas made fun of his bean ass head, so he make da whypipo to punish all the niggies despite the fact he was a niggy himself. This white stuff be his essence, and it be giving me da power nigga."

"Wow, what a stupid fucking story," I said. "Do people actually believe that?"

"Yes," said Paul Janssen. "The Nation of Islam, a Muslim-negro organization, unironically believes that."

Suddenly a large band of armed Secret Service agents bursted through the main door of the facility. They fanned out, and from among the middle of them came an ugly, scrawny old man. He had a jewish nose, almost like one of those "Squidward in real life" pictures. I recognized him to be Lyndon B. Johnson, the newly elected Vice President of the United States. For those who don't know, Lyndon B. Johnson would go on to be one of the worst presidents in the history of the US, as he would go on to end segregation as well as heavily push the war in Vietnam, where many good White men died for nothing. His economic policies also boiled down to "gimmie dats" for niggers. It is beyond safe to say he was a Jew in all but birthright, as he was a White man from the great state of Texas who betrayed his home.

"Hello everyone, my name is Lyndon Johnson, and I am the future pres- I mean current Vice President of the United States. I am here on behalf of the department of defense. We would like to oversee this operation, as the United States would like to look into the applications of this weapon," he said. "We are prepared to pay handsomely for the transfer of the project."

"Cool, but why the fuck would a bunch of rampaging niggers be useful for the military?" I asked, displaying my ***based*** chad energy right in front of the faggot Vice President.

"No, not for the military, for the CIA," said LBJ. "We are going to use it as a weapon to empower blacks against the shackles of racism and White people, so they may rise up and claim their true place in society. Hand over the project and we shall award you each 20 million dollars. Mr Paul Janssen, you can take credit for the project as well."

I felt my heart stop for a second and a burst of uncontrolled rage shoot through my spine as Paul Jansen said, "Deal."

"You son of a bitch!" I shouted as I went to punch Doctor Janssen in the face. Before I could even land the punch, one of the Secret Service agents shot me, knocking me to the ground. The last thing I saw before I blacked out was LBJ looking at George Floyd's chamber, rubbing his hands like a Jew.

I woke up on the bottom bunk of a bed in a prison cell. I got up and started pulling at the bars, yelling for someone to help me.

"Bruh, deadass shut the fuck up bruh. I be trying to sleep." I turned around to see there was a small Puerto Rican man on the top bunk. "My name's Beano, what're you in for bruh."

Although I could barely understand him, I responded, "The feds threw me in here because I knew a secret I wasn't supposed to. You?"

Beano said, "This dude was talking shit on me so I fucked his father. It wasn't consensual though so they threw me in here. I don't know why they put me in here, I deadass said "No homo" after I did it."

"Dude, you're a fucking weirdo, as well as a complete retard," I said. "But, fuck it, we're gonna have to get along to get by in here. Where are we by the way?"

"Minnesota State Penitentiary bruh," said Beano.

Almost eight long years passed. Over the years, I grew to be on decent terms with Beano, mainly because I did not want this dude fucking me in the ass while I slept. I would protect him from getting raped by niggers in the showers, and in return he would use his connections with the other Hispanics in prison to get me books I wanted, particularly *Mein Kampf* and *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. It was in the early summer of 1968 when I was able to finally make my escape. I was getting ready for bed one evening when suddenly the prison alarm started to blare. I thought it was some kind of drill so I simply got in my bed and sat there, waiting for a guard to show up. That's when I saw a white gas start slowly building up near the floor. I got scared thinking I was going to die like one of those fictional Holocaust stories, until I realized the gas wasn't affecting me whatsoever. A guard soon came over, and I was relieved until I realized the guard was a nigger. He started chimping out in a rage trying to frantically reach through the cell bars.

He screamed, "OOGA BOOGA, IM BOUTTA KILL WHITEY NIGGA." Suddenly, he got hit in the head with a trash can lid, knocking him out. It was Beano, who reached into the guard's pockets and pulled out the keys. He let me out of my cell and said, "Bruh, we out bruh!" We ran to the parking lot and managed to hijack a police car, unseen throughout all the chaos.

"Bruh, what the fuck was that shit bruh," asked Beano.

"Years ago, I was thrown in jail for having knowledge of a potent drug that could make any negro chimp out on contact. I think that was some form of gaseous form of the drug," I said. As we drove into the nearest city, I realized we were in Minneapolis, Minnesota. We drove through the streets, burning buildings flanking both sides of the street. The fentanyl gas was everywhere in the city, which looked like a salvo of inter-continental ballistic missiles had hit it. It was clearly the doing of LBJ. A group of nigs noticed us in an intersection, and immediately rushed our car from the right since they thought we were police. They started smashing in the windows, and I thought for sure we were done for. Suddenly, a powerful stream of water knocked all the niggers down the street, away from the car. I looked to my left and saw a fireman holding a hose, screaming "Come with me if you want to live!" We followed him into a nearby firehouse, which was heavily fortified.

I thanked the fireman for taking us in, as I knew he risked a lot by taking in two escaped convicts. He said, "No problem, at least you're still White. My name is Boon Goon, and my troop and I are trying to save what's left of the city, but it's looking pretty grim for us. The blacks started rioting right after this new drug called fentanyl got legalized. These niggers are led by some sort of supernigger with a giant ass head. He seems to be controlling all of the niggers somehow. He's been calling himself Big Floyd the Landlord."

"Don't worry Mr. Goon, I fucking despise niggers, so if we combine our racism we can stop this madness, right Beano?" I said, turning around to realize Beano was no longer there. He had run away because he was a pussy bitch.

"Oh well, just you and me I guess," said Boon Goon. We went out looking for George Floyd in one of the fire trucks. We found a pack of niggers, who immediately began throwing bricks at us even though we had not done anything yet. Since the truck had an open cab, we had to jump and take cover as the bricks could cause some serious damage. Fun fact, this is actually why fire trucks have closed off cabs to this day, because niggers, during the 1968 riots, would throw bricks at firemen just doing their job. Boon Goon grabbed the fire hose and started washing all the groids down the road with it. As this was all happening, heavyweight champion boxer Cassius Clay, better known as Muhammad Ali, came out of the crowd to confront Boon Goon.

He said, "You honkey son of a bitch! Yakub tryna lead us to greatness, why you be doing this to our peaceful protest?!"

Boon Goon said, "Your race's state of "peace" is incessant, violent, and destructive unrest. Oh, and since you're such a good boxer, block this, asshole." Boon Goon let the hose rip at full strength on Muhammad Ali, who like a complete retard actually went into a blocking stance in an attempt to withstand it. The stream knocked him down the street until he faded into the horizon.

Suddenly, we heard a voice from nearby. It sounded like the horrid offspring of a demon and a niggers, AKA two demons. "Ooga Booga! You bitch ass snow monkey! Gimmie White women right fucking

now mayne!" George Floyd emerged from around a corner, who now resembled some kind of horrid cross between himself and Yakub. Boon Goon started shooting George Floyd with the hose, who stood in place, saying "A shit mayne, stop that, it be making it hard for me to breathe."

I noticed a burning pharmacy down the street. I called to Boon Goon, "You said that fentanyl stuff was approved for sale right?"

"Yeah," he said while keeping the hose steady. "But what good is that gonna do now?"

"Just hold him off, I got this," I said. With little regard for my own safety, I ran into the flaming pharmacy, and found a bottle of fentanyl based opioids on the shelf. I quickly ran out of the building unscathed, just as the hose was beginning to lose pressure. I whipped the bottle as hard as I could right at George Floyd's face, who swallowed the entire bottle in one gulp, smacking his fat, whale-like nigga lips after he did so.

George Floyd said, "Yum yum mayne, thanks for the fentanyl. No I'm finna do a lil sumn and- ah shit mayne, my chest hurting mayne, fuck mayne, too much fentanyl, I can't breathe! I can't fucking breathe..."

George Floyd died and collapsed, landing in the Family Guy death pose. Immediately, all the niggers in the city collapsed and died. I was able to escape the city without getting detected by the police, and afterwards I fled to an undisclosed South American country to live out the rest of my days away from the shitty and corrupt American judicial system. In 2020, or to me, 52 AF (After Fentanyl), George Floyd's reincarnation overdosed on fentanyl a second time, so I thought I should share my experience with him with the world. Moral of the story is, niggers operate on a connected hive mind controlled by the ancient Yakub, and can burst into violence with little to no provocation. If you are White, always roll with a group to avoid and/or win physical confrontations with niggers.

**The Ancient World of Floyd**

By Gorg Floydson

Hey guys, it's Pussy farts back again with another bone chilling story. For those who don't remember, I was drugged by George Floyd at Ronnie McNutt's thanksgiving dinner. Luckily, Ronnie's dad kneed that criminal monkey to death. He is quite a ***based*** man even though he has such a cucked son. Anyways, I was able to be treated at the hospital and recovered quickly thanks to my chad build. After the breathtaking Thanksgiving event, I have since been back working as a historian at the Smithsonian Institution. I've recently come into possession of an ancient tablet that could change the course of history as we know it but before I begin, I must provide some context.

I had recently become interested in Ancient Mesopotamia and Sumer to be exact. For those who don't know, Sumer is the oldest civilization in the world, predating Egypt, Indus and China. It is located in what is now south-central Iraq. Despite being a historian, I had not made any groundbreaking discoveries. I was super jealous of a journalist who worked for the Daily Crusade named Geminiah who made a groundbreaking revelation of an ancient civilization in Niger dubbed Ancient Floydgypt. At the time, I was only known for my papers published on famous nigger cryptids such as Gorilla Floyd and the Jewish Moth Man but I digress. I decided to go on a trip to Iraq to make my own revelation. Accompanying me on this trip was Ronnie McNutt along with an Iraqi guide named Ramzi. We boarded my private jet which I only managed to get from writing the world renowned book on the Wilcock Ness monster.

The flight was about 10 hours long so I kept myself entertained by playing some Black Lives Splatter: Fortnite Edition. It was a very laggy session as Ronnie and Ramzi were both watching BLACKED.com porn throughout the entire flight which slowed the wi-fi down significantly because they are beta cucks. Once we landed in Iraq, I caught a whiff of a putrid stench, I looked around to see muslims raping goats and children just like their prophet before them. We had to rent some land cruisers to traverse the desert which contained an ancient Sumerian tomb that was half buried beneath the sand which meant whatever was below couldn't breathe. When we arrived at the site, I noticed some people digging up the tomb.

They were grave robbers who were trying to sell whatever was underneath instead of using it to further expand the knowledge of the ancient world, goes to show how retarded muslims really are. I grabbed

Ronnie's shotgun and jumped off the cruiser which scared off the grave robbers. I fired a warning shot just to get those sand niggers to never return to the site. The grave robbers had done us a favour as they had nearly unearthed the entire tomb before I scared them away. I grabbed a shovel each for Ramzi and Ronnie and we began to dig the rest. Since I am a 300 pound shredded chad, I single handedly unearthed the tomb as well as finding the entrance. We each grabbed a flashlight and headed into the tomb. I was taken aback at the images all around the walls of the tomb. They looked identical to the famous Standard of Ur wall art, however the main figure seated at the end who is meant to be the King was changed. Inside of looking like the other figures, the king's head looked like what I could only describe as a nigger head. The massive nose and lips on the figure were undoubtedly the features of a nigger and I might even go as far as to say the nose and lips were even big among nigger standards. The nose itself took up the majority of the wall art.

Underneath the artwork was a scribble of text which Ramzi translated to be "Tomb of King Floyd." However this didn't add up as Sumerians were not black and instead looked like modern day Iranians. Adding on to that, Sumerians would never have allowed niggers into their civilization let alone letting one become king. Ronnie snapped some photos and we continued our way deeper into the tomb. We walked into what appeared to be the main chamber of the tomb which housed a golden tablet along with a golden gorilla toy. I carefully made my way to the tablet and toy avoiding the booby traps which only a dumb nigger would fall for.

"Alright let's make our way out of here," I said pointing to the exit.

However Ronnie being the beta that he was tripped over a wire causing the door to shut. I chastised Ronnie for being such a waste of space just like trannies and niggers. Knowing that I could easily dig my way out of here with my bare hands, I decided we could just set up camp inside the tomb. I handed the golden tablet to Ramzi so he could translate it. Unfortunately, Ramzi could not translate the tablet, stating it was in a language he didn't understand in his unbearable towel head accent.

"Wait then how were you able to translate what was written below the wall art?" I asked.

"Those specific characters were modern Arabic letters," Ramzi said.

"But I thought we were the first ones in this tomb since it was buried under the sand until now," Ronnie chimed in.

My blood ran cold and my heart began to beat rapidly as if it was going to pop out. This meant that we were not the first people in the tomb. My head was spinning trying to figure this out. There's no way someone else could have entered the tomb without taking the valuables within it or setting off the booby traps and then burying the entrance sealing themselves in the tomb. I looked down at my right hand which was still holding the golden gorilla toy which I now knew was in fact a golden George Floyd toy.

"We need to get the fuck out of." But before I could finish, I was caught off by a blood curdling scream.

"OOGA BOOGA, who be disrupting ma beauty sleep n' shit?!" A voice said.

The voice had no semblance of intelligence as it spoke Ebonics. Suddenly, our flashlights died which shouldn't have been possible as they were brand new. I couldn't see anything in the pitch darkness but I did hear Ronnie who grabbed his shotgun.

"Hey guys, I guess that's it!" Ronnie said before the deafening sound of a shotgun blast rang out followed by what sounded like blood splattering to the ground.

I knew it was time to get the fuck out of the tomb so I grabbed my shovel and began to dig out of the tomb like a mole. In a matter of seconds, I was hit by sunlight which meant that I was close to freeing myself from whatever was in the tomb. Once I had dug out the entrance, I turned around to see Ramzi a few feet behind me covered in blood and holding the golden tablet and behind him was Ronnie McNutt or at least what was left of him. He had blown off most of his face with his shotgun. I noticed there was blood on my boots which must have been Ronnie's. Just when I thought it was all fine, a massive hand grabbed Ronnie's corpse. The creature revealed itself, it had dark poop skin and stood at 10 feet with freakishly long arms which drooped to the ground.

"I be King Floyd n' shit and y'all motherfuckers be interrupting ma slumber n' shiet!" The creature roared like a chimp.

I told Ramzi to hurry the fuck up as King Floyd began to charge at us. Once Ramzi and I were fully out of the tomb, I used by shovel to strike the top of the entrance which crumbled when King Floyd made his way to the entrance. The entrance to the tomb collapsed which trapped the creature however its large fat mushroom shaped nose protruded out from the wall of sand.

"Ah fuck, I can't ma fuggin breathe with sand in ma nose mama!" King Floyd cried like a baby gorilla.

Just to be sure we were safe, I used my shovel and smacked King Floyd's nose flattening it like a pancake.

"Shiet mayne, why you gotta do me like dat, I wuz a kang n' shiet mayne," King Floyd said.

Ramzi and I ran out of the desert shortly afterward. We boarded my private jet back to America, however that's not where this breathtaking story ends. I sent the golden tablet off to Oxford University as they had a department able to translate ancient Sumerian. Fast forward a month, I received a fully translated transcript of the tablet, what was written on it shook me to my core.

*My name is Gilgamesh the King of Uruk! During my rule as king, my people prospered, we were blessed with fertile land by the gods and our city state saw massive growth. However this all changed one day when a dark figure came from the desert. My patrolmen informed me of the figure. As King and protector of my kingdom, I took action immediately to face this stranger who could potentially pose a threat to my great kingdom. I came face to face with the figure. He stood about a head taller than me but what shocked me the most was the colour of his skin. It was as black as the feces of our cattle. The figure also had a monstrously large nose as big as the wall of Babylon itself.*

*"Wassup mayne, I be George Floyd n' shiet and I'm here to take over yo kingdom n' shit, you know what I'm saying?"*

*The words that came out of his large lips were incomprehensible. I had never heard such a strange language nor have I ever seen a man with skin as black as night. As the protector of my great kingdom, I couldn't back down from any threat so I charged at the poop golem of a man only to be pushed back by the force of 100 bulls.*

*"Hehehe mayne, you be weak n' shit!" The giant poop golem said.*

*There was no way this mere dark man could pose such a threat, I am Gilgamesh who led a revolt against the Aga of Kish, the man who defeated the giant Huwawa and the man who killed the Bull of Heaven and yet this nigga monkey outclassed them all!*

*"You better surrender while you can mayne or else yo kingdom be burned to the ground n' shit," the nigger man said while pointing up.*

*I turned around to see smoke rising from the south end. How could my great kingdom be attacked like this? I thought. I then realized that this nigger man was simply a distraction while his army snuck pass the fortress and entered my great kingdom. I immediately returned to my kingdom only to see death everywhere. There were these scrawny little men with long noses who entered from the south wall. My soldiers were fending them off quite well until these hulking niggers who towered over both the long nose men and my soldiers entered. They looked identical to the same nigger I faced. In a matter of seconds, the giant niggers wiped out my entire army and then proceeded to rape the women. My heart sank seeing my great kingdom being destroyed. I couldn't do anything but watch. My sadness soon turned to anger. I screamed at the top of my lungs, "FUCK NIGGERS!" Which caused a shockwave. The Gods answered my cry for help as a massive sandstorm formed over the centre of the city burying it under sand. I watched as the large nigger George Floyd was lifted up into the air.*

*"Ah shit mayne, the air be thin up here and shit, I can't breathe!" The nigger yelped before being buried by the sandstorm.*

*There was no trace of my great kingdom afterwards, all that remained was a cage, a tomb of sand which now housed the Devil of all Earth, George Floyd. The only thing I had to remind me of my once great kingdom was my golden chainmail armour. I traversed the sands to a smelter, asking him to smelt the armour into a golden tablet as well as a toy of the nigger George Floyd. I began recording my thoughts and the events that transpired that fateful day on the tablet.*

That was the end of the transcript, I read over the contents at least three times just to make sense of what I had read. This was world changing, not only does this prove that the translated Epic of Gilgamesh by George Smith was just made up bullshit possibly by the Jews. I am now typing this on my computer. It was a mistake sending the tablet to Oxford as the university was mysteriously bombed the following day. And now I believe the Smithsonian institution is next. I am certain these are the works of the Zionist Jews trying to cover up their evil deeds committed against the Sumerians. Please spread the word, below is a word document of the translated golden tablet. You must expose the evil of the Jews. White power!

**George Floyd Caused the Sinking of the Titanic**

By Jordan Cleeman

The Sinking of the Titanic is one of the most tragic moments in history; a major event that sparked some controversy on how exactly it happened. It is also the cause of many deaths of family and loved ones. I am writing this because I know the true cause of the Sinking of the Titanic. There are many movies, books, and plays out there depicting the incident, presenting various different perspectives and fictional scenarios regarding the sunken behemoth. This piece of writing, however, is different from those bogus interpretations. I am bold enough to say that even all the so-called credible sources out there are inaccurate. Contrary to the popular belief that inadequate communication signals were the main reason the Titanic hit the iceberg, that wasn't the case at all. To this day, I am extremely hazy about what it was due to my old age, but I will do my best to tell my account of the sad–yet absolutely terrifying–event.

My name is Toad Lilliebridge, and I was the communications manager of the Titanic voyage in question. My job was to sit in the radio room all day to listen in for telecommunicated signals. It was a very simple responsibility, the majority of the day consisted of me talking to fellow crewmates since our received messages are usually straightforward if we do get any.

On a voyage from New York City in the Atlantic ocean, I was chatting with one of my mates, Captain Crawford. It is not uncommon for boat trips to last for weeks, and Captain Crawford was the one who helped me maintain my sanity while I am out and away from family and friends at home.

"So Captain Crawford," I said. "How has your day been going? Did you remember to take a poop this morning?"

"Haha, yeah I did," Captain Crawford chuckled. "I will not let that shit happen again."

I laughed at his pun.

Captain Crawford has a weird African bowel disease that causes him to have random uncontrollable diarrhea if he doesn't let out his shit early in the day. The day before, he forgot to take his morning poop, so he accidentally sharted in front of his date at last night's banquet. It stank up the entire room, and he had to rush to the washroom. I felt a shit ton of second-hand embarrassment for him, and I cursed out the fucking disease-ridden niggers who passed the bowel disease to him.

Whenever Captain Crawford would take his morning diarrhea, they were no smaller than his otherwise diarrhea episodes. When discussing the size of his feces, he said they looked like they came out of a 300-pound racist chad who had just eaten ten thousand calories in one day. We have been on the voyage for a couple of weeks, so I could imagine the insane amounts of diarrhea stored in the ship's internal excrement container.

"I hope she didn't leave you after the date," I said.

"She is well aware of my illness, so she didn't seem too concerned," Captain Crawford said.

Even though we both felt our share of embarrassment, it shortly became one of those experiences in life that you can look back to and laugh at. We both laughed amongst each other when I heard a sudden alarm coming from the speakers. It was a notification that we received a telecommunicated message from another ship, the HMS Wilcock.

"Attention, there is a cluster of icebergs headed your way. Let Captain Smith know immediately."

It wasn't a big deal. Icebergs are very common and almost never damage ships. We received six warnings earlier of drifting ice that day, which we put in the backburner, but not completely out of the radar. I ran to the office of Captain Smith and notified him of the icebergs. Immediately, we went to the

front of the boat and foresaw groups of the cold frosted masses floating in the icy water. They were a bit hard to see though since it was foggy. They were in a direction slightly favoring the right, which meant we would have to steer the tiller to port–meaning to the left. On the other hand, starboard refers to the right, which was what we had to avoid. Quartermaster Robert Hichens was ordered to change the ship's route. Shortly, the Titanic began to stride away from the direction of the icebergs.

After we successfully passed the obstacles, I returned to the telecommunications room to meet with Captain Crawford again. For the rest of the day, we rambled about our similar hatred towards dirty niggers.

When night hit, it was only an hour before somebody else would take over my job so that I could finally rest. Captain Crawford was already sound asleep in his room, probably having nightmares about last night's incident, replaying it in more horrifying versions. Looking out the window, the night sky was already as dark as a nigger whose entire body got a second-degree burn, not that it would make their skin much darker. The darkness along with the fog increasingly made it difficult to foresee what was ahead of the Titanic, but it wasn't too big of a deal since we could still see five-hundred feet ahead of us. It is more than enough time for us to react to incoming icebergs or landmasses unless a nigger is the one commanding the boat. Just when I thought there were not going to be any more calls for the shift, I heard the familiar alarm a second time. It was once again a message from another ship. Not one different from HMS Wilcock.

"Extremely large iceberg up ahead within an hour."

Yawning, I went upstairs to notify Captain Smith of this.

"We are going to have to move close enough to see it," Captain Smith said. "We won't know which way to mayneuver the ship until we see the iceberg ourselves."

Little did we know, doing that was a huge mistake.

Around fifteen minutes passed when I noticed something particularly strange about the Titanic's direction. Normally, the boat moves directly forward, with its length parallel to its direction. However, from all my years of experience riding ships, it came to my attention that the Titanic was moving slightly diagonally. At first, I thought it was due to slow turning. However, after waiting a few minutes, it persisted. It was as if something external was moving the Titanic. Just then, an announcement played.

"Attention, do not go to the deck. There is colossal wind outdoors, and it is unsafe to stay outside."

That was why. The strong wind must be pulling the Titanic in some unintentional direction. I quickly went to Captain Smith's office to talk to him about it.

"Is there a way we can counteract the wind blowing us?" I asked.

"We've already tried everything," Captain Smith said. "No matter how much we pulled the tiller in either direction, we were still unable to steer."

"Hopefully it doesn't cause us to directly slam into the large iceberg we were warned about."

I then returned to the communications room. But when I looked through the window, I got a near heart attack. There I saw one of the largest icebergs I've ever seen. The thing that shocked me though was our direction. The Titanic was being pulled in the exact direction as the iceberg's center of mass. What are the odds? I thought to myself.

That was when one of the lookouts, Frederick Fleet, barged into the room and took over the microphone.

"Attention everyone," he began. "The wind is taking us to the iceberg right ahead! We need to do whatever it takes to avoid it!"

The message was primarily directed to Robert, the only quartermaster on duty at the time. Quickly, all the crewmates gathered around the tiller and we began working it in an attempt to steer away from the iceberg, trying both directions port and starboard. However, no amount of our exertion impacted the Titanic's direction. I turned to face the iceberg to grasp how near it was. We were now only about 5 minutes away from physical contact with it. Looking closely at the specific characteristics of the iceberg, I noticed a very peculiar-looking snow structure at the peak of it. I put on my monocle and came to the realization that there was a giant crater-like hole dead in the center of the peak of the iceberg. The thing as a whole

looked like a miniature volcano but made out of ice. The interesting thing about the crater, however, was the way the snow was being flown into it by the wind. The velocity was absurd; it looked like the particles of snow were being sucked into a giant vacuum. *Why the hell was there so much wind going into the hole of that iceberg?* I questioned myself. My wonders went away when I started to feel an upward force.

My hair completely stood up, as a result, looking like Ninjago Zane's hairstyle. The wind was now moving up, still at the unrealistically incredible force. It slammed one of the crewmates into the railing, breaking a few of his bones, so we got the queue that we needed to evacuate the boat. Either way, remaining in the ship while it inevitably crashes into the iceberg is equally as dangerous, since the flooding will likely drown us. We quickly prepared lifeboats for us all, and I got ready to jump off the Titanic. The water was obviously going to be as cold as the nigger with the least developed frontal lobe. I dove into the ocean, anticipating the most uncomfortable experience in my life.

The shock of the freezing water stunned me momentarily, and I lost the ability to swim. As a result, I sank underwater. I opened my eyes, which stunk a bit from the saltwater. Eventually, they adjusted and I took a good look at what was the underwater portion of the iceberg. It looked nothing like how I would expect it. I thought I was going to see a generic spiky bottom, like for all icebergs. However, I was instead met with a giant upside-down face. I call it a face, and not just a large piece of ice resembling one, because I swear I saw its eyes blinking. Not only that, but it resembled precisely what the ugliest possible nigger could look like. To put into perspective, the iceberg was about three hundred feet in length. The nose that was planted right smack in the middle of the face was so fucking big, that its width took up half of the length of the entire iceberg. I was able to visualize a dozen blue whales fitting inside the nostrils right in that instant.

Let's not ignore the lips–underwater, they perfectly resembled two Kraken tentacles rested upon each other. Even though this was all made out of ice, the niggeresque facial silhouette was enough to make me vomit a bit into the water. It was that ugly. My suspicion that it was a real living face was confirmed, when it began to speak.

"Heyo main, I can breathe underwater with mah big ole tunnel out of the water up there."

Its ebonics combined with the effects that water has on sound travel made it almost impossible to hear, but I am pretty sure that was what it said.

I was not able to respond to it, since I was too busy holding my breath.

"Hehehe, you cracka has to hold yo breath underwater," the nigger iceberg laughed. "Look at me niggie, yo cracka ass should be jealous n' shieet!"

That was when everything made sense. The wind that forced the Titanic into the nigger iceberg was due to the nigger iceberg breathing it in through its gargantuan crater.

I had been holding my breath for almost two minutes at this point, so I decided to resurface. I swam up to see lifeboats being set up already. Behind them was the sinking Titanic. I swam over, and boarded onto the lifeboat that was closest. As the Titanic continued to sink, I saw a peculiar-looking brown fluid leak out of its side. It was in an extremely large quantity, dispersing into the ocean in all directions. Once some of it got near our lifeboat, I dipped my finger into the water to try to identify it. It was slightly viscous and extremely warm, considering how cold the ocean is here. I sniffed the bit that stuck to my fingertip and immediately recoiled. It was diarrhea. Specifically, it was the feces of Captain Crawford.

Eventually, floating diarrhea went in contact with the nigger iceberg, and I could hear a loud booming voice from under the water.

"Awe fuck! It be dat hot ass diarrhea!" the nigger iceberg said. "George Floyd be melting n' shieet!"

Suddenly, there was no longer any wind flowing into the nigger iceberg's crater. It stopped all at once, and I felt a refreshing sense of relief. However, it was too late. Half of the Titanic was submerged and there was no way of bringing it back.

We managed to get 20 lifeboats out before that all became impossible.

A couple of hours later, we were at last rescued and eventually made it back to the mainland. As expected, there was a lot of outrage towards the operators of the Titanic, blaming them for the lack of care for the incoming icebergs. Nobody but me knows that it wasn't at all their fault. The iceberg itself was what

forced us to crash into it. So far, I have always kept my mouth shut about it and will probably always will (except for this written document) because I am sure nobody would believe me. The backlash I would receive would end up with me being worse off, as I was technically responsible for the ship's control to a degree.

It's been twenty years since that all happened and I am now typing this. The main purpose of this document is to inform you of the real reason why the Sinking of the Titanic happened. However, there is another reason why I plan to distribute this. I recalled the moment the nigger iceberg revealed its name: George Floyd. I heard that name numerous times in legends, depicting some eternal nigger who takes the form of a variety of different lifeforms. Could the Sinking of the Titanic be one of those?

**The Reason Why There Is No Air in Space**

By Gorg Floydson and Thomas Manwise

I handle extra-terrestrial objects at NASA. Up until now I've been analyzing various rocks and materials from space with my next big project being analyzing soil samples from Mars. Over the years, the excitement of handling items from space had worn off due to how boring examining space rocks really is and my job was simply reduced to a simple routine of studying, examining space dirt, chilling, and bullying faggots and fatherless women online.

Recently I was given a smooth piece of metal that had apparently been found floating in orbit by the folks over at the International Space Station. When I first examined this hunk of metal, I was intrigued by its seemingly man-made shape, as if it were deliberately created by someone and launched into space. It was no bigger than a small, sleek iPhone charging brick, which is about the same size as a nigger's brain. The object was also about as smooth as the brain of a nigger, too.

It was an interesting find and I was excited for the first time in a while to examine an object from space since this piece of metal was something different and not just the usual space rocks. I was surprised that no one had considered this was probably launched into space by someone, because there's a very low chance that the hunk of metal was naturally created.

I was turning it over in my gloved hands when I first realized that it had a small slit on the left side. My heart rate began to quicken as I found it. The location and size of the slit was too unnatural to have been created through a natural process. Gently, I slipped a piece of paper into the slit to probe further. Suddenly, the entire hunk of metal started morphing before my very eyes. The metal began to melt away like chocolate and moulded into a different shape entirely. Now there was a simple circular hole on the side that upon inspection seemed to be as long and endless as a nigger's criminal record. I only saw a dark pit no matter how hard I looked inside. I backed away from the device as I realized that I was working with technology so advanced, it was way beyond our understanding of physics and chemistry itself.

Somehow through the whole process of getting this out of space and onto my desk, no one had realized that this metal exterior hid technological components inside. It also explained why this hadn't yet been taken away by shadowy jew government organizations like the CIA and FBI.

After a few minutes, the device stopped moving and lay still on my table. It now resembled a standard USB drive albeit fancier and more advanced. On one hand, I knew this was well beyond what I could deal with. On the other, a strange, deadly curiosity urged me to investigate it just a little further. Perhaps I could find out what it did.

It took me hours to get beyond that development. Every time I pushed something through that slit in the side of the device, it would whirr for a few moments, taking on the shape of the USB, and then spit it out completely with the metal reshaping into the same original brick-shape. I was getting more and more worried as the clock ticked. My face felt hot and my hands clammy.

I was about to call my boss Wernher von Braun to hand this over to the higher ups before I got in trouble when I got a crazy idea. After pushing everything from pens to gorilla dildos (don't ask me how I had those) into that hole, I decided to just plug the device when it was in USB form into my computer to see what would happen, which was a stupid idea in hindsight as it was a foreign object and I had no idea what it would do.

The device began to contort its shape and whirr once more. A loud beep filled my entire office. The USB stick didn't reject the computer and instead kept its place. My heart began to beat in anticipation as I turned on my computer. I jumped when the computer identified the device as a hard-drive.

I opened the drive and inside I found one file and a folder. The file was a simple PNG image which depicted the logo of GNC and under it revealed what that acronym stood for. Golden Nigger Corp.

I didn't have time to ponder over the existence of this organization and instead backed out of the image to click into the other folder, fuelled by curiosity. It took me a moment to register the size of that folder.

The entire folder was 6000 petabytes. Chills ran down my spine. I quickly called Wernher von Brauh and explained what I had on me. He didn't seem to buy it but promised he'd come as soon as possible and take the device off me. Somehow the fact that I was about to lose this device made me want to dig in just a little further before I gave it back. I knew I was digging my grave but an urge to know what was inside had overtaken me.

I clicked back and quickly checked the hard drive's capacity: 10000 petabytes. My stomach twisted into knots as I realized that this small hard-drive had a capacity greater than the entire modern internet. Only curiosity lured me in and enticed me. My desire to explore this device overtook the growing fear and anxiety that was building up in the back of my mind. I should've handed the drive to the higher ups and let them deal with it.

Much of the folders inside the main folder contained thousands and thousands of files that were all unrecognizable file types. My computer was unable to open or process any of them and as far as I knew these file formats did not exist. I found more images of various devices, vehicles and weapons that seemed impossible to build and defied the laws of matter.

Inside I found a document that details a disturbing and horrific notion. It explains the existence of the drive and why it's here. I'll transcribe it here for you to read yourself.

*FILE NAME: Message*

*Origin: Nigga Galaxy*

*Year: 2283*

I don't know who you are, or which timeline you exist in. I don't know what date it is for you and I don't even know if you are of my skin complexion. I only hope that you are a ***based*** racist White chad!

As you can see, this is a desperate attempt at making contact. The past needs to know of our mistakes so they can be avoided. Throughout time, we have learnt from the past, but never from the future. This is, I guess, a learning opportunity to not go down the same path we went. There was a second leap in technology that you could call an industrial revolution in the year 2050. I'm assuming you know of the first industrial revolution since you have the technology to open this file and read it. This 'industrial revolution' was a revolution of technology on a scale that was unprecedented up until this point, which was brought about by Aryan Man reclaiming his ancestral homelands and creating White ethnostates. Without the burden of having to pay for social services to support parasitic populations of jews, wetbacks, and worst of all niggers, we were able to rededicate our civilizational energies towards technological innovation as we once did in the 17th to 19th centuries. This resulted in a massive technological 'boom'. It was a time in which different discoveries from the previous decades came together in technology and allowed us to redefine our computational devices forever.

Soon enough, self-driving cars were replaced by a network of teleportation hubs that broke you down to the very atoms and rebuilt you on the other side. Not to say there weren't accidents, but medicine had advanced to such a degree that death had become a concept of the past. Several thousands of people began to live as minds on humanoid robots in the first few years of this technology's development. Quantum supercomputers were replaced by cybernetic chips that could fit on the tip of a needle. Our own buildings evolved into smart skyscrapers that extended to the brink of the atmosphere. We even built the city of Columbia from Bioshock: Infinite just to meme on Ken Levine, the jew writer behind that video game series. Unlike in that game, the actual city of Columbia is an actual paradise for White people because we didn't import nigger slaves for no reason since we have robots do all the manual labor, but I digress.

Eventually, Aryan man took to the stars, seizing his birthright as a real-world manifestation of the Faustian conceptualization of Being.

In the short span of 100 years, all the planets in the solar system had been terraformed. From the hot deserts of Mercury to the icy oceans of Jupiter's moons, people had found a way to live there. The population of Whites continued to expand throughout those years and somehow began to exceed the capacity of the entire universe.

However, I am writing this report because, as the great thinker Theodore Kaczynski once wrote, "The industrial revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race," and to have what amounts to a second industrial revolution may have resulted in us discovering horrors beyond your comprehension. What I have recently discovered is so vile, so evil that I will off myself with a rifle just like Ronnie McNutt did over 200 years ago once I am finished relaying my experience to you. As I think back to what I have witnessed, I am reminded of how while the Faustian nature of Aryan man, his desire to conquer, his will to knowledge, to explore and discover, is his greatest strength, it may also be the cause of his ultimate demise–as it shall be with me.

I am a scientist and engineer for a company called Golden Nigger Corp. I had recently developed a time machine capable of travelling back as far as the creation of the universe. We planned to use the machine because it was in our nature as White men to seek new knowledge, and what greater mysteries are there than creation of the universe itself? My crew, which included space officer Kyle Rittenhouse, Ronald McNutt the Fourth, a descendant of the aforementioned Ronnie McNutt and myself. We suited up in our space suits which would protect us from the heat and radiation of the newly formed universe. There was enough oxygen in our oxygen tanks to last an entire year. I plugged the date into the time machine and just like that, we left off to see the creation of the universe with our own eyes. We arrived in the blink of an eye. Before opening the door, I attached a jetpack just so I didn't float away from the time machine in the vacuum of space. I opened the door and saw what I could only describe as a pitch black wall of darkness that surrounded every side and corner.

The following is a description of the encounter:

*"Oh shit!" Ronnie said.*

*I turned back and to my horror, Ronnie was not wearing his suit.*

*"What the fuck are you doing?!" I yelled.*

*I expected to see Ronnie's face explode like a watermelon just like his ancestor before him due to the lack of air causing him to depressurize, but to my surprise, he was fine!*

*"I'm detecting oxygen molecules, somehow there's oxygen all around us!" Officer Kyle Rittenhouse exclaimed.*

*If you're a retard and didn't know, space is a perfect vacuum, its pressure being nearly zero and has extremely little matter. Oxygen atoms cling very tightly to stardust which prevents them from joining together to form oxygen molecules which is why there is no oxygen in space.*

*Suddenly, the black wall began to expand causing a deafening sound. I watched as a surge of energy pulled the black wall outward.*

*"What's the reading now, Rittenhouse?" I asked.*

*"There's even more oxygen molecules now than before, it should be completely fine to remove our helmets," Rittenhouse said.*

*"Wait a minute Kyle, if oxygen levels are above 110 millimetres of mercury then it could damage your lungs," I warned.*

*Just then, a bright light blinded my eyes. To my surprise, it was the first star. However, that sudden excitement quickly faded away when I heard a voice.*

*"OOGA BOOGA mayne, I be sensing so much air in dis universe n' shiet Mayne! Youhoohoo, ma lungs be breathing like never before niggie!" The voice boomed.*

*"God?!" I asked. "God, is that you?"*

*"Is that God?!" Ronnie said.*

*"No fucking way, there's no way God talks like a nigger. Even suggesting that is blasphemy!" Rittenhouse said angrily.*

*The three of us turned to the direction where we had heard the booming voice.*

*"Where da pregnant bellies at?"*

*"Where da fentanyl at, nigga?" The voice said.*

*A large dark void covered the three of us in complete darkness.*

*"What the fuck?!" I yelled.*

*A face formed at the top of the black void, it was the face of a nigger. However it wasn't any ordinary nigger, no, it was far more disgusting and horrifying than that. It was George Floyd. His nose was as big as the Milky Way, along with lips the size of the largest gas giants. His eyes were like two black holes, their abyssal darkness showing how they lacked any semblance of intelligent thought. They were undoubtedly the features of George Floyd.*

*"Hehehe crackas, I be da entity dat dey call George Floyd! I came ta yo universe after sensing the air it possesses 'n shit."*

*"I will steal all yo air to satiate ma lungs nigga!" Floyd said as he opened his mouth and began to suck in all the air. I noticed that inside of George Floyd's mouth was the largest blackhole I had ever seen."*

*"Ah shit, I can't breathe! I guess that's it!" Ronnie said as his head began to expand, eventually popping into blood and gore like what you'd see in the movie Scanners.*

*Fearing for our lives, Rittenhouse and I tried to make our way to the time machine. However, it was too late. Both Kyle Rittenhouse and I were caught by the powerful force of George Floyd breathing in all the oxygen. I screamed in horror as Floyd swallowed me, leaving me in a darkness that was almost as black, deep and horrifying as I imagined being stuck between Breonna Taylor's fat rolls would be like.*

*In that abyss, my sense of time was distorted. I couldn't tell if minutes or hours or decades passed; space and time oozed together, becoming indistinguishable. It was as if I were floating in this murky, oily goo, something akin to KFC frying oil that hadn't been changed for a week.*

*Then, there was a burning flash of light and a chaotic storm of noises all around me. I was breathing, I was crying, my heart was beating, and I existed. However, and I can say this as I think back to that experience, I had no idea that I existed. I existed as a consciousness, as a living being, but I could not recall the past nor plan for the future. All there was was the present, trapping me and shackling me.*

*That was when I felt something soft and wet at my fingertips, a clump of mud at a riverbed. My gaze fixed on the murky, dung-tainted water that I realized I was drinking from. The face that was staring back at me was that of a niglet, about five years old by the looks of it. It took me a moment to realize that I was the niglet, that I was now in the body of a nigger. That explained why I had no idea that I existed even though I was conscious. Mirror tests, which are used to test visual self-recognition in animals and humans, are passed by 65% of White babies but only 3% of niglets, which explains why I lacked self-awareness of my own existence.*

*Yet I can only say this all in hindsight, for since my soul (or if you are experienced with continental philosophy, my mind) was trapped in the body of a nigger, I was not horrified or disgusted by my chimp-like appearance. Think of it this way. My Aryan soul (or mind) is like a piece of code or a program that was specifically created to operate the body of a White man. But if that soul is placed in the body of the nigger, it is like trying to run the PC version of Elden Ring (which is still recognized as the greatest video game of all time in the year 2283) on a Macbook Air from 2002. The hardware simply cannot run the software; the body is not a worthy vessel for the soul.*

*And so, I did what any 70 IQ Sub-Saharan simian would do, and began drinking from the river, which was just as much fecal matter as it was water. But even though it was so disgusting, I drank and drank and drank because it was my nigger instinct to fill up on tainted water.*

*The next few days were filled with excruciating pain as I writhed in agony inside my mother's mud-hut, slowly dying of a parasite that I had contracted through the water. In my final moments, as I felt the*

*strength leave my body, I felt something besides diarrhea leave my bowels. As the world darkened around me, I saw a small, fleshy parasite with a massive nose and lips crawl over my cold body and begin feasting upon it.*

*Once again, I was floating in the goo that smelled like week-old KFC grease, which I now realized was the amniotic fluid of a negress' womb. The next time I was conscious of where I was I saw that I was yet again a nigger, this time in another African village, only this time I was ten instead of five. There were drums beating and niggers dancing and hollering all around me. Due to being niggers, the men were revolting enough, but I recall that the women were particularly revolting. They had their sagging, droopy breasts out that flopped around like Nikocado Avocado's belly and these massive, grotesque plates in their lips that they clinked against their teeth.*

*I tried to move, but I realized that my hands and feet were bound with rope. I then saw an eldery nigger medicine man step out from the crowd with a knife in his hand. He began chanting the following in his primitive click-tongue:*

*"Aw great Flonig'anylgiorga, grant us da rain an' da good harbests an' da good baybays from dey baby mamas. Gib aw warriahs da strength ah da gorillas an' da speed ah da hyenas please. Gib us de gud fufu and shieet in exchange fo' da blood ah dis here bitch-ass keed!"*

*As he finished his chant, the elder plunged the knife into my stomach, tearing it open, and began to eat my organs. I shrieked at the top of my lungs as the entire village joined in on the feast, devouring me in an act of ritual cannibalism. I struggled and writhed but it was no use, and soon I was dead once more.*

*When I was next conscious, I was lying there face down on a ship. Yet again my hands shackled behind my back. I then recalled what had happened to me. I had been captured by a rival African tribe and then sold into slavery. Then while I was being transported by a crew of White sailors, they were attacked by pirates.*

*A dark figure stepped forward, looming over me. "Youhoohoo, dis heah be lookin' like a good nigga fo' sure."*

*"Dats rite Captain Big Lips, but do ya tink dat we should sell him ta da crackas or de sand peepo? If we gonna sell 'im to da sand peepo you know what's we gots ta do rite?"*

*The Captain pulled out a serrated knife and began to cackle. "Da sand niggas fo' sure mayne, dem turk sultans like dese sorts ah young bucks dat dey can stick dey dicks inta eben dough da Quran says dat being a gay-ass nigga is wrong. And as fo' what I gotta do, Imma love doing it mayne."*

*The Captain, who I now saw was a nigger like myself, stooped over me and tore off my pants. I flinched back as he brought his knife over my cock and balls–then plunged the knife in. For your sake I will spare you the details of the experience except the fact that the Captain enjoyed every moment of the process, feeding off of my suffering like the sadist he was.*

*This is what niggers would do to each other when selling each other into slavery with the Muslims. They would cut each other's genitals off because the Muslims wanted their slaves castrated so as to prevent the slaves from raping or impregnanting Arab women, which is why there were no large nigger populations in the Middle East like there were in America and the Carribean. While doing that is kinda* ***based*** *since it stops niggers from multiplying like bacteria in your average pajeet city where the streets are flooded with literal shit, it is also an act of cruelty that can only be performed by soulless "people" like other niggers and sand monkeys.*

*The pain was so unbearable that I passed out. After that, I lived out the rest of "that" life as the gay sex slave of a gross, half-retarded Turk named Hasan Piker. Both of us were eventually killed when Hasan's uncle, a fat ass named Cenk Uygur, stayed the night over on the floor above us. Cenk was such a disgusting fatso that he caused the ceiling to cave in, crushing both me and Hasan.*

*And so, I kept on living life after life as different niggers. In one life I was a starving, malnourished nigger boy with a swollen stomach in Haiti who, to my horror, enjoyed eating mud cookies, and I was eventually murdered by a thug who thought that my belly was like that of a pregnant woman. In another I was a negro in the American South working on a plantation that did not produce cotton nor tobacco, but fentanyl.*

*Every life I lived as a nigger ended due to one of two reasons. The first was that I did something utterly retarded and niggerish; examples include eating obviously rotten food, overdosing on drugs, or*

*getting shot by the police for a crime that I committed. The other was because other niggers victimized me in violent and horrific ways like necklacing or raping me in prison and giving me AIDS.*

*Yet out of all of those horrific experiences, the worst by far was the very last one that I experienced.*

*After having had a gasoline-filled tire put around my neck and burned alive by Nelson Mandela's wife Winnie Mandela, a particularly cruel method of torture-execution known as necklacing, I next awoke as another negro child. This time I recognized that I was in a majority black middle school in the early 2020's. I had been told by my obese single mom that I had to attend school for the free breakfast and lunch, all while she used all of the food stamps on Little Debbie cakes and frozen dinners.*

*Even if it meant going hungry, I attended school reluctantly. The reason why? It was because as a nigger, I was afraid of school. Every class, from Language Arts to History to Art, all of it was a confusing blur that went through one ear and out the other. Nothing made sense to me even though I was in the least advanced classes, with the teachers deliberately guiding me to every answer. Every science experiment came back with an "F" stamped on it, and from my perspective as a nigger, the addition and division symbols were as strange and incomprehensible as the utterings of a Lovecraftian deity.*

*All I knew was that in school, I was a failure, and that continued throughout all of middle school and into high school. I wasn't even that good at sports, and I eventually dropped out of school and began to collect welfare while living inside my mother's Section 8 apartment. I spent all day on my couch, playing on Playstation or watching Dragon Ball Z while growing fat on Popeye's chicken sandwiches and pepperoni pizza that I had delivered through Uber Eats.*

*For the next fifty years, I lived, no, existed like that, because to live means to aspire to greater goals, to try your damndest to achieve a greater life for yourself. But I took no such action. Any White person not named Vaush in similar circumstances would, at the very least, feel some form of guilt about being a fat, slobbering sack of living waste. They would ask themselves: "Can I keep on living like this?" Yet I felt no calling to do that because I lacked the voice in my head, that thing you might call either conscience or an internal monologue, that would make me reflect.*

*Instead, I obeyed my basest instincts with no consideration for whether what I was doing was good or noble or even healthy. I ate junk, smoked weed, and did nothing until I expired gracelessly of heart disease at age 63. Not only did I not accomplish anything in my life as that obese bug nigger, I didn't even try in the first place. My entire existence ended with no contemplation, no striving towards greatness. Nothing but consumption: of food, of entertainment, of drugs.*

*The experience of being something that contributes nothing to the world while leeching off of society like some sort of obese, shit-colored leech has filled me with a hollowness and sense of worthlessness that is worse than any form of fear or pain or horror. Being a nigger is like being a black hole, everything goes in and nothing comes out.*

*Then, suddenly, I was floating in space again. I looked behind me to see George Floyd with a revolted expression on his monkey face.*

*"Aw shieet, you be 100% cracka and shieet," he said, cradling his stomach in pain. "I can't absorb ya like I did dat quarter-spic Rittenhouse. Fuck man, why you hurt me mayne? I'm not dat kinda guy mayne. Please, I'm not dat kinda a guy."*

*Even though my mind was scrambled and my body was quivering due to the mental damage caused by my experiences within the darkest abysses of Floyd, I was able to use the momentum of him spitting me out to my advantage. Since space was now a vacuum due to him stealing all of the oxygen, there was no air resistance that would decelerate me as I traveled back to my ship.*

*After barely escaping with my life, I plugged in the current date and returned home. This is why I have sent this message to the past. Please, to whoever is listening to this, do not invent the time machine or any other device capable of witnessing the birth of our universe. There are horrors in our universe that the human soul cannot withstand. After recording this and sending the drive to the past via the time machine, I will kill myself with a replica Ronnie McNutt shotgun.*

*"So yeah, hey guys, I guess that's it!"*

There was the sound of a shotgun going off, followed by intense blood dripping noises and then static. That was the end of the recording. After some careful consideration, I decided to inform my boss

that it was just a false alarm. I cannot let this valuable information fall into the hands of the jewish higher ups as they are the Devil's servants and will surely use the info to their advantage. The reason why there is no air in space is because George Floyd stole it all because he is a criminal chimp. Also, if you travel back in time to the start of the universe out of a genuine sense of scientific curiosity, he will torture your soul by making you live out lives as blacks, which is perhaps the most horrific fate a White man can ever experience. This is because you will have to experience years of life without an internal monologue, any semblance of knowledge, and as a barbaric criminal monkey. But worst of all, just like how George Floyd sucked in all of the air in space for himself, you will experience existence as a living black hole that sucks in everything valuable from society while giving nothing back.

After reading and listening to this tale, I am going to be forming a group of covert White scientists to help investigate this incident. That is because, as ***based*** White chads, we are both the stewards of nature and the enforcers of the natural order, which is why we must stop the black menace from destroying not only this universe I am currently residing in, but all realities and timelines. For that is our God-given duty as upholders of all that is Good, True, and Beautiful.

**Ho Chi Floyd**

By Pepe McNutt

My name is Nate Higgers. I was deployed for the United States Army investigations branch in 1968 to Vietnam to investigate nigger and Soviet involvement in the Vietnam war, as we had received reports of relatively new Soviet made AK-47 and SKS weapons systems.

When I first landed in Vietnam, I could see the destruction that had been broadcast on the television in the United States. There were burned skeletons of trees everywhere around the landing site, with deep trenches dug around the helicopter pad and long stretches of bombed out and burned huts.

The main structure of the base was a string of low, concrete buildings connected by hallways with gun pits on the top of the largest four buildings at the corners of the base. Many niggers and gooks ran in and out of the buildings, carrying mortars and ammo cans for the White soldiers in the gun pits and trenches.

I was hustled off of the huey chopper, which immediately took off. As I watched the helicopter fly out of view, I realized why they had left in such a hurry. The helicopter was taking heavy ground fire, and I even thought I saw someone fall to the ground out of the helicopter.

I ran into one of the corner buildings when some gunshots rattled off from the forest just outside of the base which the gunners returned. I wasn't issued a rifle so I went to supplies to get one, then I went to command.

When I walked into the command office, I saw the CO sitting at his desk and stood at attention. "State your purpose," the officer said.

"I was sent here to investigate Soviet involvement in this war." I said, "Command has received reports of relatively new Soviet weapons systems recovered on patrols from here."

"Yes, those reports are correct. We have gathered almost 500 AK-47s, Tokarev pistols, and soviet rockets." the CO replied.

The Commanding Officer led me to the armory where they kept the seized weapons from the base's patrols. I saw a massive pile of AK47s, SVD Dragunov sniper rifles, and SKS

semi-automatic weapons. I saw a strange white powdery substance all over the weapons that had been brought in recently, which the CO told me not to touch as they had identified the substance as a fatal drug known as fentanyl.

I chose an AK-47 assault rifle and a Colt 1911 pistol as my weapons which I would be leaving the base with. I also chose 2 flashbang grenades and 4 fragmentation grenades, a flak jacket and a new helmet.

After this I left the weaponry to catch a chopper to Da Nang.

I didn't have to wait long, as choppers would come through this base regularly every 15 minutes or so to fuel their 240 gallon tanks or to deliver ammunition, weapons and troops.

When I got into the chopper, I saw that my three investigations partners had already been picked up and were all there. I also saw that the forest around the base was infested with NVA troops, except they didn't look like Vietnamese people. They looked almost like gorillas for the 2 seconds I could see them before I had to duck to keep my head attached to my body.

I looked to one of my new partners and said, "Those people looked almost like niggers. Nothing like Vietnamese soldiers," to which he replied, "I would appreciate it if you didn't use that type of language, please."

"What are you, gay?" I asked.

At this he faced away from me, looking out the chopper's massive window. I took a quick look and saw that the nametag on his battle dress shirt said "R. McNutt".

I could tell that McNutt was going to be useless on this mission, as he was a manlet retard. My other two partners were two CIA guys named Woods and Mason.

"What do you two think about niggers?" I asked the two CIA guys. "We aren't at liberty to say," said Mason, winking.

"Aw, screw those rules," said Woods "We both hate niggers, why are we afraid to say that?" "Unlike you, I give a fuck about my job." Mason said.

"Yeah, well in a year we'll both be on a beach in Mexico with enough money to do whatever we want." Woods said.

The pilot came through on the intercom to tell us that we were nearing the Da Nang US army base's landing pad. We tied all of our gear to our uniforms and tightened the straps on our bags and rifles.

3 minutes later, the chopper landed and we all jumped down out of the chopper, running to the trenches around the landing pad to avoid the incoming enemy fire. McNutt wasn't fast enough to avoid getting hit, and both of his legs were sheared off by a machine gun, leaving him on the pad. Our chopper left and a new one arrived just after it, crushing McNutt under one of its wheels. "I guess that's it." McNutt said before dying.

I found my two remaining partners and we moved into the main base by means of a wide trench that was built to move heavy guns and even tanks into the base. We had no problem finding the command post, and there we picked up our escort into the jungle. A six man SPF team who were left over from the Waffen SS and ran their own country in Antarctica.

We left the base the next day, headed to La Trang, a city on the front line, where we would leave on foot, take the Ho Chi Mihn trail all the way to Hanoi, North Vietnam, documenting any clues of Soviet involvement and ultimately infiltrating Hanoi to document the moral of the people there to find any weakness in their defense.

I saw one of the SS operator's tags said "N. Higgers" and the other said "G. Rockwell".

I had heard about a guy back in the US named George Lincoln Rockwell preaching National Socialism and advocating to send niggers back to Africa, but I had thought he had been shot. He looked almost exactly like the man in the newspapers that had been sent to Japan to the US Army investigations headquarters was located, with the same corncob pipe stuck between his lips and the same strong voice which I had heard when he was having a group of nigger marines load the chopper with our gear and they had spilled some of the ration cans on the tarmac.

The third and fourth operators said "F. Kjelleberg" and "W. Pierce." I recognized William Pierce's face as he had been my Professor of Nigger Studies at the University of Minneapolis, but he didn't recognize me, as every student of his class passes with honors and he had been teaching for more than 20 years and had taught hundreds of students about nigger-like behavior and nigger evasion maneuvers.

"How have you been, Dr. Pierce?" I asked. "Do I know you?" he asked.

"You may not remember me, but I attended your nigger studies for three years at Minneapolis University," I said.

"Were you the student that was stalked by George Floyd?" he asked. "Yep, that was me." I said.

"Glad to see you are putting that education to good use," he said.

As we approached La Trang, Rockwell got the attention of his two SS special forces officers, who had sat in the rear of the chopper, had no nametags, and had gas-masks on their faces, to begin the first stages necessary to unloading the gear we had stowed on the chopper.

As we approached the landing tarmac, the pilot came over the intercom.

"Boys, it looks like your destination is deserted. Everything is burnt and there isn't a radio presence out here." the pilot said.

"Did you try the secondary channels?" Rockwell asked.

"There is a message repeating on channel 38, 2 cm band." the pilot replied.

"Loop around the base and then go over the tarmac at 4 feet for a jump." Rockwell said.

We all prepared to jump out of the chopper and when the time came, Pierce, Kjellborg and I jumped out of the right side, while Rockwell and his special forces officers jumped from the left. Unfortunately the rations and extra ammo had been left on the chopper, but we each had eight extra magazines of each of our weapons.

Immediately after touching the ground, we all dove for the tarmac, anticipating enemy fire from any direction, but were faced with absolute silence. Finally, Kjellborg stood up, and seeing that nothing happened to him, the rest of us followed suit. Soon, we were walking through the barracks of the base, which consisted of five dirt roads with tents bordering each side, most of which were torn or burning. We found white powder all over everything, and the base smelled like cheap weed, fried chicken, and cheap body odor. This was unexpected in Vietnam as these are trademark characteristics of places niggers have recently been in large numbers.

As we walked through the deserted base, we saw that all of the military equipment had been stolen, along with jeeps, trucks, and other vehicles. The tanks, however, were left behind as niggers are too stupid to drive them.

All of a sudden we heard some kind of nigger rap version of the Soviet anthem over 30 dollar bass boosted speakers. Kjellberg immediately fell to the ground, bleeding from his ears and convulsing violently and died within 10 seconds. Rockwell told us to put on our ear protection and move toward the coastline, where the noise was coming from. I checked the magazine in my rifle, made sure a round was chambered, and did the same with my pistol. I then unzipped one of my grenade pouches but left it buttoned so the grenade wouldn't fall out.

As we approached the coastline, we smelled the odor of cheap cologne and cognac emanating from a group of almost 200 of the blackest niggers we had ever seen. They were trying to start a fire by shooting at a pile of wood. We could hear the niggers, confused as to why their fire starting method wasn't working, starting to argue with each other.

"Ayo mayne why ain't this fiah started an sheeit?" one of them chimped.

"It bes he fault nigga." another said, pointing to a young niglet with a chinese AK who had been standing guard at a palm tree, secretly eating some chitterlings he had taken from the trash.

We were all itching to attack, but we waited for the inevitable fist fight to break out between the niggers. When it did, Rockwell yelled to attack and we opened fire on the niggers. All of us hit the niglet first, turning him into a pool of blood, and then turned our attention to the niggers on the beach, still fighting each other, and opened fire again. One of the masked officers racked our Squad Automatic Weapon, a new copy of the MG42 and opened up on the crowd, sawing through 40 or more of them. At this, the rest of us charged down to the beach, the two masked officers going into the command post 50 yards to the right of the fire pit.

We easily massacred the rest of the monkeys, whose 9mm high point pistols, and stockless Chinese AKs were jamming at the first round.

I saw 4 or 5 of those first rounds go into the foot of the shooter, who had an automatic AK and who was immediately shot in the face by Rockwell.

After the beach was cleared, we went to the command post to see what the officers were up to. Upon coming inside, I felt a blow to the back of my head and everything went black. The last thing I heard was Rockwell yelling into his radio that we would be needing a chopper, and then I felt the sensation of being dragged. I blacked out and woke up in a bamboo cage being carried by four buck negros.

One of the buck negros looked at me and said, “Big Floyd gon’ be happy to see you White nigga.” I couldn’t tell what his ebonics meant, but I knew the name Big Floyd from the time travel missions the Army had sent me on. I had never been able to do something as drastic as killing someone in a time other than my own, because it might have affected my time zone drastically. When we had been moving for 3 or more hours, the buck negros stopped and put the cage down. They then clubbed me in the head again, knocking me unconscious.

When I woke for the second time, I was in a room tied up with weak ropes that felt like they had been made by a bunch of retarded kindergartners from Detroit. I easily broke the ropes and walked through the wooden door that had no lock and had a window cut into it.

The door led to a tall, long hall. At the end of the hall was a plastic throne, on which a nigger sat. As I walked closer to the nigger, I could tell he was in disguise as the chink that was running north Vietnam, Ho Chi Mihn, although so little effort was put into the disguise that it almost looked like a halloween costume he had bought from a dollar store.

The nigger had a massive nose that took up half his face and looked like someone had taken a shit on his face and he had just left it there, and his lips looked like rotting ground liver. It was George Floyd. The nigger that would be knelt on in the future. I already knew that he transcended space and time, but I had never expected him to show up here.

“Ayo mayne what’s this cracka doin out his cell niggas,” he asked in a voice I barely understood. The four buck negros walked up and surrounded me, chimping about White supremacy and reparations.

That’s when I remembered the 9mm tactical pistol I had hidden in the seam of my waistband. The niggers hadn’t even bothered to search me thoroughly.

I quickly pulled it out and shot the nigger to my right in his fat nose, killing him and scaring the others away. I was so busy firing after them that I didn’t notice that Floyd was beginning to hover over his throne and his eyes had turned red.

“YOU GON DIE NOW WYBOY” he said in a voice that sounded almost inhuman. Like 40 voices saying the same thing at once in a low voice.

I pointed my pistol at him, but it simply melted in my hand. I was waiting for the end as he approached nearer when I heard a voice I recognized.

“LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS NOW, SHOW ME YOUR HANDS NIGGER!”

I turned to see Derek Chauvin pointing some kind of glowing shotgun at Floyd.

Chauvin pulled the trigger and Floyd began screaming saying “I only wanted those pregnant Asian bitches.” A brown stream began to flow from Floyd to Chauvin’s gun, seemingly being pulled to the gun by an unseen force.

Finally, Floyd’s lifeless body sank to the ground and shapeshifted into an old chink who I immediately recognized as Ho Chi Mihn. He was shriveled up as if his air had been stolen.

I got on my feet and looked around to thank Chauvin, but he was nowhere to be found. I was rescued by invading forces two hours later and shipped to Japan, where I have continued my work. Never believe the narrative that the media feeds you about history. It is never correct.

**Ukraine Is George Floyd**

By Pepe McNutt

You may have heard that Russia invaded Ukraine after hostilities in Europe had been on the rise. The Russian army threw everything at Ukraine, trying to emulate the "Blitzkrieg” tactics of WW2 Germany. However, as the invasion started, a peculiar tweet was posted by a user with the handle @lilycatsmeow.

The tweet read as follows: *"I feel like I am watching George Floyd die again, only the country version. We all stand around knowing this is wrong, but helpless to stop it. What can we do?! #UkraineisGeorgeFloyd"*

Now you may think that that is just a harmless troll tweet. However, you couldn't be any further from the truth.

I am a Russian army officer. I commanded a tank column during the invasion of Odessa in south Ukraine. Directly after hitting the beach at Odessa, myself and all of my men realized something was very off.

The moment we entered Ukrainian territory, the air became thick and it was hard to breathe. Many of my men dropped dead immediately and some of them started screaming "Ah mayne I caint breathe an sheeit."

A thick, farm smell hung thick over the whole area from huge fields of stinking pigs.

I noticed as we progressed that the ground was a strange brown color and seemed to have dark green writing and markings all over it, and I thought I heard a faint voice saying "This generation clearly lost mayne, clearly lost."

All over the ground was something that almost looked like snow except it burned when the tanks rolled over it and smelled like burning tires. We came to the Odessa square, already having lost almost half of our men with the rest of them already starting to feel the effects of the decreased air intake. Most of our tanks had clogged intakes from the snow-like substance all over the ground and we didn't have the manpower to run the tanks anymore.

I ordered my men to leave their tanks and equip their rifles. We started to walk towards the other end of Odessa ready to fight on foot, but there were no Ukrainian soldiers to be seen.

I decided to radio to supreme command when one of my lieutenants dropped dead, purple in the face from asphyxiation. The only response was to tell me to keep going.

"Our great leader cannot afford defeat, commander," the command officer said.

We kept on, toward the other end of the city, checking houses and shops as we went along. The streets were dead silent except for the unusual amount of pigs, presumably having been let free from their pens by fleeing farmers, who were beginning to crowd the streets making a horrible cacophony of squeals and snorts.

After almost an hour of trudging through the city streets, I realized something about the pigs. Something about their color in particular. I found a rather large hog walking down a side street and confirmed what I had realized. Half of the hog's body was blue and the other side was yellow. The pigs were colored like the Ukrainian flag.

"Hey," I said to my staff sergeant, "Are you seeing this? These pigs are sick or something."

"Were they like that before?" the staff sergeant asked.

"I don't know," I said and shook my head in disbelief.

"First the thin air, now strangely colored pigs," the sergeant said, sounding confused.

We reached the other side of Odessa three hours behind schedule and radioed to command again. "We've reached the northern limit of Odessa and are awaiting orders from high command," I said.

"We have received reports of asphyxiation casualties in Kharkiv and Crimea. Anything like this in your area?" the command officer asked.

"We have had more than half of our personnel go down from this cause," I said, "We've had to desert our tanks. There are also an unusual amount of pigs in the area with a strange yellow and blue coloration.

"This has also been a theme with army group Kharkiv," the officer said, "We believe these may have been pigs from the nuclear meltdown site at Chernobyl. Your orders are to rendezvous with choppers and retrieve your tanks. The choppers will be looking for your tanks."

We began to move back south, towards where the tanks had been left, and that's when we realized that the pigs were nowhere to be seen. Due to the clear streets we reached the tanks relatively fast and the

choppers landed just as we arrived. The choppers dropped reinforcements and we got the tanks ready to go. As we left the town, thousands of pigs came running down all of the side streets, converging on our column of tanks. As the pigs approached the tanks, they turned into human beings in a cloud of glittery dust.

"Oh shit," my tank gunner yelled, "How in hell is that happening."

All of the pig-people somehow had guns, which they promptly began firing at the tank column. We returned fire and the people retreated into buildings for better shooting cover.

My tank gunner lined up a shot on a building with a very active anti-tank gun firing at our armor. With one high explosive round, the building caved on itself, silencing the anti-tank gun.

As my gunner loaded a new round into his gun, I could see tears in his eyes from the weight of having to fight civilians. I felt very badly about it myself, but I didn't show it. I was in command here and if I showed any weakness, it would come back to make me regret it later.

We finally reached the north side of Odessa and began the drive to Kyiv at 2330, and my crew was beginning to feel the effect of the first day of campaigning.

I ordered the tank column to halt in a deserted stretch of street at 0200 and assigned sleep guard shifts to a quarter of my men.

During the night, many of the men died of asphyxiation because they had failed to keep up manual breathing, taking out 3 tank crews. We moved out at 0700 and reached the outside of Kyiv at 0845. We were immediately met with fanatical resistance. The Ukrainian government had decided to start passing out weapons to civilians in Kyiv specifically to defend the city.

We were hit by multiple small arms fairly quickly, and we were soon being hit by heavy machine guns and even anti-tank rifles. One of the large 60MM anti-tank rounds glanced off of our armor on the right side.

My driver suddenly came up on the tank's intercom system. "Chief, are you seeing this?" he asked.

I looked through my periscope and saw what he was referencing immediately. There was a massive hill with two huge holes in it. The holes were sucking in our tanks and men with an inexplicable vacuum-like suction.

All of a sudden the hill moved up. A massive black head emerged from the ground, throwing entire houses, shops and buildings. Two eyes opened on the face and peered out. The face had massive lips which looked like two brown Boeing 747s crushed together.

From the lips came a grunting sound as shoulders and then arms became visible from underground.

I recognized the massive man as the american nigger named George Floyd. I instructed my gunner to fire at him, but he ignored the gunfire. It was at that moment that I realized that Ukraine was George Floyd.

All of a sudden, I heard a great booming from the east. A 700-foot figure in a police uniform was walking towards the giant Floyd whose body was still mostly underground. As the police officer knelt down onto Floyd's neck, I recognized Vladimir Putin's face. All Russian personnel saluted as he knelt on Ukraine Floyd's neck.

"I can't breathe nigga," Ukraine Floyd said, "I needs air an shieet."

Putin ignored Floyd's chimping, punching his fist into the side of Floyd's head.

I ordered all of my tanks for fire on Floyd, and a massive barrage of fire began. All we succeeded in doing was burning his hair off.

Somehow, Floyd got out from under Putin's knee, pulling himself out of the ground completely and saying things like "I ain't that type of guy mayne" and "Please mayne please I gots a family an sheeit."

When the Ukrainians saw what had been commanding them, they started firing at him too. The air got easier to breathe almost immediately, and Floyd became weak.

"Ah shit mayne, my powers only work when people be believing in me an sheeit." he chimped. Although he was powerful, Putin wasn't strong enough to kill Floyd by himself.

Floyd got Putin into a choke lock and started to brag in ebonics about how he was going to rape all the White women and kill wypipos.

“I is gon be able to get all dat fentanyl and dem pregnant belly pics.” he said.

Putin grunted in a great effort to get Floyd’s arm off of his neck, but he wasn’t strong enough, and the situation began to take on a more grave tone.

“Hehehe mayne. Yall stupid wypipos think a half jew nigga can defeat me?” Floyd bellowed. “No, but he can.” Putin said, pointing back east.

We all looked to the east to see a man who was even taller than Putin trudging towards Floyd. He had a beard and plastic framed glasses, and really bad posture.

He grabbed Floyd’s neck and dragged him off of Putin, giving him time to draw his oversized pistol.

“Ah sheit mayne, who bes this cracka that has he hands on me” Floyd said, grabbing the man’s face.

“Well guys, I guess that’s it,” the giant man said, before Floyd crushed his airway. “Hehehehehe mayne I'll take his breath once I’m done with you,” he said, turning to Putin.

“You won’t be stealing anyone's air,” Putin said.

WHOOM. A massive explosion pierced the air as Putin fired his pistol into Floyd’s neck. “Ah shit, I can't breathe,” Floyd said before falling unconscious.

All of us were rendered blind and deaf momentarily by the gunshot, and I still haven’t fully regained my hearing.

I was sent home the day after this, as Russia-Ukraine peace talks proceeded in the aftermath of the Kyiv event.

I am writing this as a warning that Floyd not only transcends time and space, he also controls media, militaries, and has magical powers that can steal your breath from miles away.

**The Real Reason Why They Call Him Big Floyd**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Bahamui, and I used to be a weight loss coach as a side hustle. By that, I mean I would get obese clients who weigh something like 500 pounds, motivate them and design their workout plans. As a chad who maintains sub 10 percent body fat year-round at 300 pounds, I know the best way to help people lose weight: bully them until they begin working hard and getting excellent results. I am sick of constantly seeing all these blue-haired girls on the comment sections of land whales say shit like “#BODY-POSITIVITY,” or “You are just big-boned.” The fact that they are promoting and encouraging obesity just worsens the obesity pandemic and breeds more and more people who are too physically unfit to be productive members of society. This boils my blood a lot, so I try my best to do the complete opposite in order to reduce the number of fat fucks on the planet.

Not only do I help my clients physically become better versions of themselves, but I also better them in terms of ideology. Most of my previous clients when they were overweight were libtards who support faggotry and BLM. However, during the course of their weight loss transformations, I notice a pattern where a lot of them shift to becoming nigger haters and actively hate LGBTQ members. This goes to show that the average racist tends to be built like chads compared to libtards.

This was something I’ve been doing for over a decade. However, I called it quits recently when I came across this one particular client. Now, I consider myself a pretty chill guy who doesn’t easily get frustrated or quit–but this client, holy shit. If you have ever seen a Youtube documentary about this fat land whale who refused to lose weight no matter what her doctor suggested, you get the picture. It was a client who was not only frustrating when it came to his lack of motivation, but his race; he was a nigger. Those two combined traits that make up an unbearable client lead me to quit my job as a weight loss coach.

It all started when I was in the middle of a one-thousand-pound bench, which was just a warm-up by the way, when I was interrupted by a phone call. I knew it was a client request because I set a different ringtone for clients than ringtones when a person who isn’t calling through my business phone number is calling. I try to answer client calls as soon as possible, even though I am in the middle of something since I took my hustle very seriously. I hooked the bar, sat up, and then answered the phone.

“Ayo main, are you Bahamui the weight loss coach n' shieet?” the caller began.

“Yes I am, what can I do for you?” I responded.

“I, Big Floyd, need to lose weight so I can breathe!”

“Ahaha, alrighty then, when would you like to book our first session then?” I asked.

“Tomorrow mornin at nine o’ clock when I am all wakey wakey main,” Big Floyd said. “Please pull up at my house at the address [REDACTED]. Do dat sound good main?”

“Okay sounds good, I will schedule that right now,” I said as I quickly went to the whiteboard I use as a planner and marked the next day.

“Anything else?”

“That be it main, yoohoohoo I can’t wait to finally lose weight so I can breathe!”

I hung up the phone and wondered for a moment why the Big Floyd talked about his breathing so much. It worried me a lot, as it could imply that he is likely extremely obese to the point where it makes it a lot harder for him to breathe since his excess neck fat presses against his airways.

That night, I thought about what my would-be client was going to look like size-wise. I predicted he was going to look like one of those walrus niggers who take up 25% of every room he walks in, being even more of a waste of space than a normal size nigger. I knew he was a nigger because of the hard-to-understand ebonics he spoke in.

The following morning, I got dressed in my workout clothes, had my daily morning protein breakfast, and then drove over to Big Floyd’s house. Once I pulled up there, I got out of my car and then rang Big Floyd’s doorbell. I immediately could hear the sound of wheels rolling, getting louder as whoever was behind the door got closer until he opened the door. I was greeted by a fat-ass nigger sitting in a wheelchair. It was definitely my client Big Floyd, given how much of a fucking fat piece of shit of a nigger he is, having to be on a wheelchair to get around. Not only was his body silhouette chunky, but so was his nose and lips. Funnily, the size of his nose and lips were proportionate to the size of his extremely chubby face.

Picture taking the biggest dump in your life after holding it for so long, and staring back at it, feeling like what you shat out is world record-worthy. That was what Big Floyd looked like–his size coupled with his nigger skin color simply made him look like a giant piece of shit.
“Hello Big Floyd, I am here to help you in your weight loss goal,” I said.

“Ooga booga let’s get started," Big Floyd responded enthusiastically, struggling to get his words out due to his neck flaps. “Now help me back in by pushing my wheelchair foe me main.”

I grabbed the handles of Big Floyd’s wheelchair, and then pushed him in.

“To mah living room main,” he ordered.

I brought him to a room which was filled with a shit ton of KFC chicken buckets and soda cans, and even residue of this strange white substance that I couldn’t identify.

“Alright Big Floyd, for our first session, it will just be orientation,” I said. “For now, I will just ask you to tell me about yourself so I can get a grasp on how we should plan your workouts. If you don’t mind me asking, how did you end up this way?”

“You see mayne, I used to be a nice fit mayne back the,” Big Floyd began. “Howevah, I developed this kink foe pregnant women, and I kept getting rejected by them when I ask them for some good unga bunga time, so I decided to take mattahs into mah own hands. I eventually became way too desensitized to pregnant woman porn, so I decided to purposefully gain some weight in order to make mah belly big to make myself look pregnant so that I could masturbate to myself. Oh la la I am sexy, am I right?”

I almost puked after what I just heard him say. That nigger really just said he intentionally made himself look like what his fucked up fetish is.

“Okay then Big Floyd, looks like we have a lot of work to do,” I said, trying very hard to maintain my composure. “How long have you been like this?”

“Main, I been dis size for ovah a year and I now came to the realization that my impeded ability to breathe being this fat is not worth it anymoe,” Big Floyd replied. “Please main, I don’t think I have much

moe to live, lemme lose some fat fast!"

"Okay calm down, we will get this sorted," I said. Now one more question, what have you been eating that got you to this size?"

"I used a fuck ton of counterfeit, I mean, real dollah bills to purchase all dah KFC chicken to mah hearts desire, and I be eating so much fentanyl."

"I see you got a drug problem as well," I said. "So much we have to do to improve you."

I knew deep down that it is impossible to improve niggers to a material extent, but I tried to remain positive.

"Okie dokie, that is all I need from you for today, when should we meet next?" I asked. "And what gym?"

"Let's meet next week monday eight o' clock PM at the Planet Fitness near Cupfoods," Big Floyd said.

A week passed, and the time came, when I was to meet Big Floyd at Planet Fitness. I drove and made it there at the exact designated time, to see Big Floyd wasn't there yet. *Maybe he is taking a while to push himself with his wheelchair*, I thought. However, I realized I was wrong when I glanced at the back end of the Planet Fitness facility–I saw Big Floyd at the free pizza counter stealing all the freshly cooked pizza which were supposed to be given to each member on the first Monday of every month, which was today.

"Yum yum, dis pizza be almost as good as fried chicken!" Big Floyd said.

"Hey! Stop eating those you fucking nigger!" I yelled out.

Just then, one of the Planet Fitness supervisors came into my view and scolded me.

"Say the N-word one more time and we will kick you out," the scrawny supervisor in the purple uniform said.

"But look at him," I said, as I pointed at Big Floyd who was still stuffing himself with the pizza. "Isn't he not supposed to hoard all that?"

"Take it easy on him, he's black!" The supervisor said.

I rolled my eyes. *So much for this nigger loving gym*, I thought. Once Big Floyd finished eating the dozens of pizza slices, I went towards him and initiated contact.

"Let's begin working out," I said. "First things first, I will get you on the treadmill. Because it is our first training session, I will let you go at your own pace."

"Okay main, can't wait to get fit again!" Big Floyd said.

I pushed Big Floyd's wheelchair until we made it to one of the treadmills.

"Okay, buddy, this may be a bit difficult, so I am going to help you on one of these," I said, as I offered my hand to Big Floyd. He accepted my hand, and so I brought him up, into the base of the treadmill.

As I slowly began to increase the speed setting of the treadmill, I told Big Floyd, "Let me know when to stop."

"FUCK STOP THE MACHINE MAIN!" Big Floyd yelled, panicking. "I CAN'T KEEP UP!"

He couldn't handle the minimum speed setting, which is very unimpressive even for his weight, so I decided to begin using my main motivation tactic: insult his obesity.

"No, you have to start you fat sack of shit," I said. "You are going to stay a walrus of a nigger if you don't cooperate."

"What did you say about me main!?" Big Floyd said, offended by what I said.

"Yeah, you heard me. You look like a super big piece of poop that somebody shat out after holding it in for two weeks."

"GRR, nigga mad," Big Floyd let out angrily, and then lashed at me.

He landed on me and shifted all his weight to my neck, asphyxiating me. It was at that moment, I realized I took things too far.

"Get off me for fucks sake," I said.

"Hehehe, now you know how it feels to have a hard time breathing!" Big Floyd cackled. "You better apologize mayne!"

"Okay I'm sorry!" I said, pleading for my life. "Now let's get up and restart."

"Hehehe main, I am not gonna stop because you hurt mah feelings too badly."

Drats, I should have known the nigger wouldn't stop sitting on my neck. Niggers are known to never fulfill deals.

My vision soon began to blur, due to my brain's lack of oxygen supply.

It was then, I got a light bulb moment. I knew that because I have the ability to bench 1,000 pounds raw as my warm-up, I perhaps possess sufficient chad strength to squeeze the fat out of people, similar to liposuction. Using all my effort, I reached my hand to Big Floyd's torso, and started to crush as hard as I could.

"Ouch main, dafuq you doing!?" Big Floyd asked.

I was too focused to answer his question. I continued to apply tremendous pressure into his torso until I heard a super loud pop, which almost made my ears bleed. When I opened my eyes, I was met with seeing a shit ton of yellow fluid coming out of Big Floyd's body. It worked. Now that he was lighter, I could more easily escape. I threw him off my neck, and then stood up at last.

"Yippee, I can finally breathe now that I lost all dat weight," Big Floyd exclaimed. "That you for helping me on dat fitness journey main!"

I by no means meant to let him through that so-called fitness journey, so I just glared at him, and then left the gym.

I am now typing this, not only to tell you about why I quit my job as a weight loss coach, but to also say that I completely regret "helping" Big Floyd lose all his weight. Lately, I have been seeing countless reports on a man named George Floyd who has been going around town, threatening all the pregnant women he finds to let him rape them at gunpoint. I should have just let him remain an obese piece of shit to keep him jerking off to his own fat belly instead, because here he is now, committing rapes as a means of fulfilling his pregnant woman kink.

**Do Not Download the George Floyd Mod for Civ VI**

By BuckFlackPeople

My name is Jimmy Bigshlong, and I am a gamer. My favorite video games are strategy games that challenge me to think and plan, keeping my mind active as opposed to other games that revolve around a brainless dopamine cycle. My favorite game is Civilization 6. The premise of the game is very simple: pick a real-world civilization (or one created by the community), and try to lead it to victory starting all the way from the ancient era. The game is very fun as there's a lot of ways you can win it, and each way challenges the player to think and play a certain way. I also enjoy the game because of its realistic portrayal of blacks. You see, I'm one of the many normal people on the planet that hates niggers. I despise them as they have done nothing but hold back western society from greatness. Their crime rate, high maintenance costs via welfare, and low returns to the nation itself leave me wondering why we don't just **[REDACTED]**, but I digress.

Anyway, this relates to the game *Civilization* because the nigger civilizations reflect nigger behavior quite well. For example, the Zulu civilization is focused on being a retarded, cultureless civilization that conquers its enemies by throwing as many bodies onto the battlefield as possible. This reflects nigger horde tactics quite well, not only back during the days of the Zulu Wars but also in our America. I mean, who hasn't seen a video of a bunch of niggers ganging up on one man? Another nigger civilization is the Mali Empire, which is focused around the acquisition of wealth. What is interesting is that it's leader, Mansa Musa, will constantly berate you if you do not have as much money as him. This reflects real life quite well, as niggers regularly make it their utmost effort to flex on any other nigger who has less than them, despite the fact that they themselves most likely own very little. The last negro "civilization" I can think of is Nubia. They are led by an ugly fat she-boon with a buzz cut, reflecting the appearance of black women

quite well.

One day, I was going through Civilization's most recent mods as I wanted to start a new playthrough of the game. For those who don't know, mods are player-created modifications for a video game that can add or alter content in some way. For the game *Civilization*, this normally means new civilizations one can play as. I had recently downloaded a Rhodesia civilization, and I was planning on playing as them. I was looking for some other civilizations to add to my game, as I was bored of the ones that came with the actual game. I then saw one that piqued my interest. It was the George Floyd mod. I clicked on it and began to read the description:

"Adds a new civilization to the game as well as a new luxury resource. The new luxury resource is fentanyl. The new Empire is Floydia. The Floydian Empire is led by George Floyd. His civilization's unique ability is called "Gibs me Dat" which grants him +5 combat strength on any unit for each improved fentanyl tile he has in his territory. Their unique unit is called the BLM Rioter, which replaces the spearman, and causes a city to lose loyalty every time it strikes a city. They have a unique district, section 8 housing, which replaces the neighborhood. It gives +5 food when it is built, as niggers reproduce like roaches. George Floyd's leader ability is called "I Can't Breathe" which grants him lower science but more production and gold per turn. George Floyd is meant to be a civ based on warmongering and conquering. Floydia's flag is the face of criminal nigger George Floyd. He is ruthless as an AI and powerful under the control of a player."

I was quite intrigued at the description of the mod. For those that aren't familiar with the game, everything that was described right there for the most part meant that this civilization was extremely powerful for conquering. I decided to put George Floyd in my game as I wanted to see what the mod was like. I spawned in and started planning out my empire. For any of you who haven't played Civ before, the first turns are crucial as you make choices that can impact your empire for the rest of the game. Any hindrance or setback at the beginning can have disastrous consequences later on. I settled my city near a fentanyl tile and started scouting around to see if anyone spawned near me. I immediately met George Floyd. Now normally, leaders in Civ are portrayed with semi-cartoonish graphics, or in the case of player created mods, just a still image of the person who is supposed to be the leader. George Floyd was different, however. He was fully voiced as well as fully animated. His character model looked extremely realistic as opposed to the character models you normally see in the game.

He began to speak in his ebonics, "Wuz good lil nigga? My name George Floyd but niggas call me Big Floyd the Landlord n' shiet. I be da Kang of Floydia. Where yo capital city at nigga?"

I was then given the option to exchange information on the location of our capital cities. Obviously, I did not want this nigger or anyone from his "civilization" near my city, so I declined to exchange the information.

I went to the next turn, and was immediately met by another screen of Floyd, angrily yelling, "Fuck you nigga! Run me yo bans!" This was his way of declaring war on me. I was pissed that he had already declared war on me, as the first turns of any civ game are crucial, so having to waste those turns making an army would put me at a disadvantage for the rest of the game. I was pissed, but I figured I would just destroy Floydia and then start a new game since I was only a single turn into this game. George Floyd tried to take my city, but because his units did not have any fentanyl yet, they were very weak. I managed to create a warrior as well as an archer, meanwhile George Floyd was struggling to get by as he spawned in an inhospitable desert not suited for a capital city. Within the hour, I was able to muster a small army and defeat Floyd's only city. Upon defeating him, I was greeted with another leader screen, as every civilization has when they are completely destroyed. However, unlike George Floyd's previous leader screens, this one was just a still image of George Floyd being kneeled on, with the caption reading, "Ah shit man, I can't breef!" I was caught off guard by this screen and started laughing. I deleted the save and turned off the game, then went to bed.

I woke up in the morning to what sounded like thunder. This was strange to me as the forecast for today was sunny. I ignored it and went throughout my morning per usual routine, taking a shower and getting ready for work. I opened my front door to see what was going on outside, and I could not believe what I saw. At first, I thought the local zoo's ape exhibit had been left open overnight and the apes escaped. I was about to call animal control when I realized they were not apes, but worse. They were niggers. They were

all marching down the street with assault rifles, berets, tactical vests, and carrying a flag. At first, I had no idea what the flag was. I looked closer, and was shocked at what I saw. It was a black flag with a white George Floyd face on it.

It was the flag of Floydia. One of the soldiers got on the megaphone and said, "Attention all you American crackas, this area now be unda da control of de Floydian Army. Please run us all yo bans, stimmy checks, and White women nigga." I looked towards the sky to see a situation just as bad. I saw jets and bombers all across the sky, with American jets trying to stop the Floydian jet fighters and bombers in vain. I looked behind the column of Floydian infantry to see a Floydian armored division following behind them. If you've ever seen the Red Dawn reboot, think of the scene where Josh Peck's character opens the door in the morning to the invasion. I could not believe this was happening, mainly because niggers are retarded and could not realistically conduct an invasion of this scale even if they had the resources to. Before I could even think of what to do next, I saw a nuclear bomb go off in the distance.

I ran to my basement to hide from the blast as I did not know if I was in range of it. I am now typing this on my computer a couple months after the Floydian occupation of the United States. This all happened a couple months ago, I am not sure why people have already forgotten about it. I recently learned George Floyd is incarnated into every video game we play, and can materialize in the real world in relation to the video game he was encountered in. I can't help but feel guilty that I may have caused this invasion by downloading the *Civilization 6* mod, and the guilt of the millions of deaths that have resulted from the invasion is overwhelming me so much that I am going to Ronnie McNutt myself with my Spas-12. I guess that's really it for me, and for America.

**Do Not Buck Break George Floyd In GTA**

By BuckFlackPeople

Crime. It is something integrated into a nigger's soul. This is mainly because Africans have poor strategic planning, as thinking into the future was not a very significant part of African tribal culture. Many tribes did not even have a word equivalent to "future" or "tomorrow" until Whites came and tried to teach them such concepts. Anyway, what I'm trying to get at here is that blacks do not think ahead to see the consequences of their actions, thus they are far more likely to commit crime as they ignore how the consequences of said crime will affect both the perpetrator and the victim in the future. Instead, blacks indulge heavily in crime as niggers only see the short-term benefit of actions such as robbing a liquor store, or punching someone in the face, and do not how the consequences of said actions will hamper their future. Niggers are a naturally disobedient race, and love crime so much that they culturally surround themselves in it, especially in their music and conduct.

One major thing people overlook niggers' obsession with is certain video games. Niggers are obsessed with two games. The first one is 2K, which is a basketball game. It releases every year, usually with very few changes aside from an updated roster. It also has egregious microtransactions, which niggers spend insane amounts of money on because they are such brainless consumers. This in turn hurts the gaming community at large, as game companies, which are usually run by Jews, push microtransactions even further upon seeing the amount of money they are making off niggers. The second game niggers are obsessed with should come as no surprise. It is Grand Theft Auto, specifically the online portion. This is because niggers lack any attention span to enjoy a well written and deep story, as they only have the comprehension ability to enjoy something as simple as a Marvel movie. In addition, the online mode of Grand Theft Auto allows niggers to inflict as much annoyance unto other actual people as possible. Niggers are to Grand Theft Auto Online, and America, what mosquitos are to humans.

Anyway, let me begin my story. My name is OG Kegster 22. I have been playing Grand Theft Auto Online since its initial release date in October 2013. I am currently a level 300, as I am a God tier GTA player, since I mastered the art of killing niggers in real life. Because I am such an avid nigger killer, my skills easily translate into the video game. I decided to play some GTA on this particular day, as I was in the mood for driving through Strawberry, which is the game's equivalent to Compton, and killing all the niggers there. My character dons a mustache and outfit as similar to Hitler as I could make it, so I like to fantasize that he has resurrected in Los Santos and is ethnically cleansing the city. I loaded into my game and got into my Gauntlet, a car that resembles the real life Dodge Challenger.

I specifically chose this car because it was the one used to ram the nigger-antifa coalition at the Unite the Right Rally in Charlottesville. I drove from my apartment to the hood, and upon arrival all the gang members immediately started yelling at me, saying things like "cracka ass," "where you from," and "run yo bands nigga". At the time this game came out in 2013, Rockstar was definitely one of the more ***based*** and redpilled game companies in the industry. A lot of the character dialogue and elements of the map reflect this. However, they slowly capitulated more and more to globohomo, not only because of pressure from their Jewish parent company, 2K, but also because they slowly realized the best way to make money off microtransactions was to appeal to their mindless black consumer playerbase. Their lowest point came in 2020, with the death of the nigger drug addict known as George Floyd, as they shut the servers down in honor of Black Lives Matter. For those who don't know, George Floyd was a criminal nigger who lived a dishonorable and pathethic life, being a shitty father as well as being a drug addict. He met his end under the jackboot of a police officer while overdosing on fentanyl, causing the biggest nigger chimpout since 1968. He is remembered, at least by ***based*** Chads like me, for being one of the ugliest niggers of all time.

Once I got to Strawberry, I got out of my car, and immediately all the niggers began shooting at my character with their shitty pistols because he was White. In self defense, I pulled out my minigun and started mowing down every disgusting jungle gorilla I could see. While I was going full **[Sam Hyde]** in the hood, I noticed a player blip getting close to me. The blip alarmed me as it indicated whoever was approaching me was flying an Oppressor MK2. For those who don't know, the Oppressor MK2 is undoubtedly the worst single thing in GTA Online. It is a flying hover-bike with a jet engine as well as homing missiles. Its small profile makes it very hard to hit with conventional weaponry, and it has flares that can divert incoming missiles, so you can't shoot it down easily. It is a favorite among nigger players, since it does not take any skill to get a cheap kill with it. It is not uncommon to log onto GTA and immediately get blown up by a lightskin wearing a rebreather, colored dreadlocks, and white eye contacts flying an Oppressor MK2.

I went to take aim, but I whiffed all my minigun shots and the player was able to land a missile near me, instantly killing me. The camera showed my attacker to reveal he was a nigger. Now although I expected my attacker to be a violent silverback, I was quite intrigued on how different his character looked from most black characters that players usually have. Instead of retarded looking dreadlocks, he had a very close buzzcut, as if he only had a milimeter or less of hair. His eyes were extremely sunken into his head. His character's nose looked like a mushroom if it was selectively bred for being hideous. His lips looked a plastic surgery attempt gone horrible wrong, as they took up a disproportionately large amount of his face, similar to how niggers commit a disproportionate amount of crime. His clothes also intrigued me, as he wore a black and gray striped sweater which I had never seen in the game before. He also wore jeans, which normally wouldn't stick out, however what made these special was the fact that they were sagging, revealing part of the character's asscrack. The character clearly resembled George Floyd. The player's name was "Xx Big Floyd xX". I figured that maybe this was just a ***based*** racist trolling people in the game, and I got caught in the crossfire. That was until I heard the sound of a microphone being turned on. The voice that followed was clearly that of a nigger. The mic quality was terrible, as niggers will drop hundreds of dollars on a pair of Yeezy's, yet not pay $30 for a decent headset.

He said, "You rayciss ass cracka! Why you be killing my homies?! I was gonna buy fentanyl from dem niggas. Now I gotta bust a cap in yo ass!"

I was extremely confused on what he was trying to say or what he wanted, but I really didn't care as I was not going to let him kill me like that and get away with it. When I respawned, he flew in and tried to blow me up again, but this time I was ready. I sniped him off his bike with a heavy sniper, sending his limp body falling to the ground like he was a brown person falling off a roof in a liveleak video. He respawned, and he tried to kill me on foot, however he couldn't manage to kill me as he only used the Tec-9, which lacks the range of something like an assault rifle. I kept killing him over and over, dumping my entire magazine into his body every single time I killed him. After the 5th time or so, I was starting to get bored and was thinking of just finding a new game, as I had way more kills on him than he did me, plus it would be impossible to accomplish anything in this lobby with someone trying to kill me. Suddenly, I got an idea.

During a popular streamer's blackface livestream a few months ago, I watched a movie called Buck Breaking. It was a movie by a gay, black, so called "intellectual" named Tariq Nasheed. The movie revolved around multiple black talking heads claiming that White masters would rape their slaves to

iffeminize and subdue them, and that this practice happens to this day in other forms. Basically, the entire movie was the epitome of the black victim complex. It ended up just being ammunition to use against black nationalists, as any argument they make can simply be rebuted by calling them a closet homosexual who fantasizes about getting plowed by a White guy.

I got into an armored car and spoke into my mic, “Hey, Big Floyd, have you ever seen the movie Buck Breaking?”

He responded, “Yeah nigga, you raysis ass whypipo used to fuck us in the ass an shiet. It was so hot - I mean fucked up mayne. Why you be asking me dis shit mayne?”

He got his answer as I rammed my car into him, pinning him up against a wall while his character was still alive. I walked out of my car donning my Hitler outfit and stood next to the front of the car. He said, “Shiet mayne, don’t do it mayne! Please mayne I got plans!” It was already too late, I began to do the air thrusting emote, digitally buck breaking him.

He screamed, "Ah shit mayne! Massah’s fucking my asshole! I can’t breathe mayne!” He screamed like a chimpanzee before leaving the game. I didn’t know whether to laugh or be confused, but I realized it was late, so I turned my Xbox off and started getting ready for bed. My routine went as per usual, but before I could go to sleep, I realized I had forgotten to get the mail today. I decided I should just go out to my mailbox and get it now before a nigger decided he should steal it.

I walked out to my mailbox in my boxers and my ***based*** Aryan bunny slippers. I went through my mail as I was expecting an important package I had spent a lot of money on. I was about to open my last envelope when I heard a strange noise behind me. It sounded like the quiet humming of what seemed like a jet engine, along with extremely heavy breathing. What I saw when I turned around almost put me into a state of shock. It was George Floyd, riding an Oppressor Mark 2.

He said, “Yeah das rite nyegga! You tried to buck break my ass, now I’m finna smoke you fool.”

George Floyd shot a missile at me, however it missed me by a wide margin, blowing up the house of my Jewish neighbor. Since Jews worship Satan and Moloch, they were immune to the fires the explosion started. However, the explosion caused a gas leak in the house, which gassed the Jews living there. I watched as the Jews crawled out of the house and curled up dead on the sidewalk, similar to how spiders curl up when they die. I ran to take cover from George Floyd as he shot missile after missile at me. I hid behind my house and tried to come up with a strategy. I knew my package would have what I needed to kill George Floyd, however, I could not get to it as I would have to run out into the open.

Luckily, I had the perfect way to hide myself from George Floyd’s vision. I pulled out my phone and called friend Lester. I asked him if he could scramble my GPS so the Oppressor George Floyd was riding hopefully wouldn’t track me. He told me I had one minute, which was all I needed. I ran to my mailbox when George Floyd wasn’t looking, and opened up the last envelope, pulling out an RPG-7 with nigger seeking missiles. I shot it at George Floyd and it blew him off his flying fag bike. Before he could get off the ground, I started to kneel on his neck.

He said, “Ah shit man, I can’t breathe. Please man I can’t breathe! Mama, mama!” He then died. I left his body on the curb since it was garbage night, and they took it the next day.

This all happened about a month ago. This all 100% happened, and I have heard people who have had similar stories on the internet from playing games like Clash Royale, Fortnite, and Call of Duty: Warzone. I think George Floyd is somehow embedded in every video game, almost like some kind of advanced computer virus, however he can somehow spawn in the real world in a way that reflects the game he came from. So next time you play a video game, leave if you see George Floyd in it. Or kill him since he’s an ugly nigger, works either way to me.

**Into The Floydieverse**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Toma Falconi and I have a recent experience regarding NFTs that I would like to share. It was something that nearly got me killed and to this day, I still wonder if it was simply a hallucination or a real event that happened to me. You don’t have to not discount my recall of events, but regardless, it will take your breath away.

It all started when I was bored during the spring reading week break in college. My professors assigned me nothing but a few textbook readings, which I already did at the start anyway since I am a chad who craves hard and bland work. I decided to go on Telegram for a while, scrolling through meme channels. I found a meme of a tranny getting hanged by a group of ***based*** chads, and it was funny as fuck, having me laugh for 10 minutes straight. That moment of difficulty breathing got me until I received a message from The Liberal Termination Crew group chat. I stifled the laugh and clicked on the notification.

The message was from this Skrillex-looking kid named Ray Cistman. He sent a link to this Twitter page called "Floydies NFT." The link instantly had the Twitter page's profile photo embedded into the Telegram message, displaying a pixelated George Floyd brick wall art with a halo ring right above his head. The George Floyd depicted in the art had reddish stone eyes, indicating he was high on drugs. I found the image to be absolutely hilarious, so I went ahead and clicked on the profile. Most of the tweets in the FloydiesNFT profile comprised of hundreds of other NFT artwork, showcasing the different forms George Floyd could take, such as the Obese Floydie, the Among US Floydie, and the Tranny Floydie.

Even though the page portrays itself as a pro nigger initiative, you could tell it is actually there to make fun of the criminal monkey. This was to avoid it being taken down by Twitter after being noticed by blue checkmark fags. I myself have a strong hatred towards niggers, especially to George the big nose ape, so I absolutely supported the FloydiesNFT. I gave the page a follow and continued exploring it.

Eventually, I found a link to the Scatter Art page of Floydies, so I clicked on it. After the Scatter Art website loaded, I was met by two options: to purchase a handcrafted Floydie or mint a randomly generated one. Of course, the former option was far more expensive than the latter, being hundreds or even thousands of dollars, when minting one only costs $20–a reference to the counterfeit bill George Floyd used moments before his overdose, so I looked further into the randomly generated Floydies.

Even though I am a broke college student who has been in crippling debt since the beginning of the first semester because of the greedy Jews who run the system, I decided to mint a Floydie. I bought a sufficient amount of the desired currency (ETH) and copped the Floydie. I ended up with a White Floydie variant wearing a police officer outfit, vaguely resembling the police officer who was wrongfully convicted of George Floyd's so-called murder. Now that I owned such a valuable digital item, I was presented with special permissions on the Floydies website which only Floydie NFT owners have access to.

There is a minigame on the site called "Floydie Bird" that unlocked the moment I minted the NFT. It was essentially a Flappy Bird parody, except the face of the default Floydie replaced the yellow nigger lipped bird. Me, a bored kid, gave it a try. I entered the game and began playing. The animation in which the Floydie bird controllable character plays was nothing short of hilarious. Whoever the developer was, he cleverly played on George Floyd's inability to breathe by implementing the animation where Floydie Bird takes a massive breath in a downward direction to propel itself upward, to jump.

I played my first game, getting the Floydie Bird through all the green Mario-themed green pipes, until I landed a score of twenty-two. The moment I set that milestone, I was immediately hooked. It was one of those games that possess one of those recognizable addictive auras, so I instantly played my next game. I ended up scoring a number very close to my high score, twenty. My desire to up my personal best developed, and I played the next round, this time sixteen. My lower-than-average score that round miffed me slightly, so I went tryhard mode after that. Dozens of Floydie Bird games eventually turned to hundreds, which equates to a playtime session of numerous hours. My eyes became as bloodshot as the default Floydie NFT and I was all worked up from not being able to break my high score. I decided to play one last round after that. After scoring a disappointing value of five, I suddenly had a surge of rage and threw my monitor across my room. It landed with a slight crack, but that didn't satisfy my anger enough.

Whenever I get angry, I would think of the races that boil my blood the most. You guessed it–I thought of niggers. I thought of every account of nigger violence that I heard of in the news and lunged at my monitor, resting my knee on the screen. With ease, my chad strength expanded the size of the crack, eventually creating a space of one inch between the broken ridges. Shortly, I began to notice a subtle stream of wind–it was coming from the wide screen crack. I lifted my knee from the screen, for the wind to grow even stronger. *What the fuck is going on?* I thought to myself.

The wind eventually made the hole on the screen even larger, which in turn, increased the force of the wind, creating a spiraling reaction before my eyes. Not knowing what to do, I just stood there watching. I

wish I had just left the room from there, because the wind was eventually able to pull in my 300-pound chad build towards the screen crack. I was unable to fight the force no matter how much I tried, and I was soon in contact with the source of the wind–the eye-shaped gaping hole in the screen now resembling a large portal of a pixelated nature. Half of my body was eventually fed into it, and then my head. The moment the surface of my scalp entered the zone, it felt as if it was hit by some unknown blunt force, rendering me unconscious.

After what I couldn't tell whether it was seconds or hours or days, I woke up. However, it was not where I was expecting–I wasn't in my room. I didn't see my bed, my gaming PC, the monitor that was beside me. None of that. Instead, I found myself where I had never been before. Looking around me, the environment was no longer the high definition setting I have been used to my entire life. Every single entity was in eight-bit form, from the ground to the mountains, and even the sky. The place as a whole was very upbeat and colorful, and I think I could even hear a variation of the "I can't breathe, I am waiting for the exhale" song by the dead bug black Juice WRLD.

To say I was confused is an understatement. Every move I make is envisaged into incremental low-fps animations, and that also applied to everything around me; the grass moved similarly. I thought that this would have to be a dream, so I conducted numerous basic tests, such as attempting to acknowledge real-world time and counting fingers. However, none of that woke me up as I was expecting. I have never taken a drug or drank in my entire life, so there was no way I was high or hallucinating. I heard about fever dreams which cause the dreamer to have hyper-realistic dreams, but there was no way I was having one as I am a chad who is immune to nigger and pajeet diseases.

I decided to explore this mysterious place because that was the least I could do at the time. I trotted across the grassland I was in. It appeared endless, with no visible end even from looking at the horizon. After some minutes of travel, I stumbled upon the first living entity I found in this world, a herd of four pixelated cows matching the environment. However, I quickly noticed that they weren't ordinary cows when I had been expecting them to look similar to the Minecraft cows. They all had the pixelated face of George Floyd. To be specific, they were Cow Floydies. Soon, the four Cow Floydies turned to face me, which slightly startled me.

"Ayo would you like to try some of them oxygen-rich grass mayne," all of the Cow Floydies said in unison. "They be some good sheeit."

Unsettled by the way in which they asked the question, I politely refused.

I walked away from the pixelated nigga cows, who remained to stare at me with their bloodshot crossed eyes. I walked across the plains, meeting nothing but more of those nigga cows offering to share their oxygen-rich grass with me, until I found a man standing a couple hundred meters from me, facing away.

Because I haven't met a non-animal entity in this new universe, I decided to initiate contact. I walked up behind him, and tapped him on the shoulders. He turned to face me, revealing the shotgun in his hands. His presented weaponry scared me for a split second until I looked at his face. Judging by his looks, he didn't appear intimidating at the slightest. It was a Floydie with thick nerdy glasses and purple hair. He was likely some kind of nigger mullato since I was unable to tell whether his skin was black or brown. Mullato nerds such as the one in front of me tend to be genetically inferior weak beta cucks whose White mother cheated with a nigger nigger, with him following a similar path, so I wasn't afraid of an armed one. He was probably the ugliest Floydie I have seen thus far, and my eyes felt like they were going to go in flames just at the sight of him. Second-hand shame hit me like a truck.

"What kind of a weak mutt cuck are you bro?" I said to him.

"Wah wah wah, I am the Ronnie McFloydie, and I was about to shoot myself, officer," the pixelated mulatto beta cuck said, shedding tears as he was offended at my once second comment. "Please forgive me and don't arrest me, because I know how illegal suicide is here."

Even though I am against suicide and believe it is for pussies who can't handle life, I didn't blame him at all for attempting to kill himself because of his pure ugliness. Nothing in existence could convince me that living like a useless weak soyboy is better than being asleep for eternity.

I was confused at why Ronnie McFloydie acknowledged me as a police officer. I looked down, to see that I was wearing a police officer uniform. There was even a gun in my belt, which confirmed my position of authority that I never thought I had. Along with that, there was a name tag that read, "Floydie Chauvin." I realized that I was in the form of the White police Floydie that I minted earlier.

"What the?" I said.

"Main just let me kill myself in piece coz I am tired of being one of the only mullatoes in the Floydieverse," Ronnie McFloydie begged me.

"Okay what is going on here?" I said. "Why am I a police officer all of a sudden and what on earth is this Floydieverse you speak of? If you didn't realize, I am new here."

"I'll tell you everything if you promise you won't hurt me," Ronnie McFloydie said.

"Okay I am not here to arrest you. Hell, I don't think I'd be able to since I don't even know where the police station is."

"The Floydieverse is a place where all of us Floydies coexist and breathe," Ronnie McFloydie began. "Here, the world works where we can safely use counterfeit bills as real currency, hehehe amazing stuff. However, that causes severe mindblowing inflation, so our economy is in constant asphyxiation, which is one of the reasons I want to blow my brains. I recently got robbed of all my funds after my stupid ex-girlfriend, Equinox Floydie cheated on me with a big hulking Floydie, so I am suffering hard from it."

"Okay, that is cool and all, but is there a way I could leave and come back home?" I asked. "I really am not from here and I don't think I would enjoy such a dumb system."

"I don't know about that mayne, sorry I am just getting a bit excited meeting somebody who finally doesn't ignore me. The truth is, I have no idea how you could since I was born here and no Floydie citizen has been known to leave the Floydieverse.

"Do you know anybody who could help me with it?" I asked, beginning to grow concerned.

"No main, but you need to look on the bright side, Ronnie McFloydie said, trying to act happy-go-lucky all of a sudden. "I do remember sneaking in our bedroom, watching that hunk fuck Equinox Floydie, my god I busted the biggest McNutt yet from watching that nice in-person BBC sex."

I was very weirded out at what he just said, but it was strange for him to say something that he perceives so positively, because he was just on the verge of suicide a minute ago. I could tell he was just attempting to use one of those useless quote-unquote mental tactics that therapists blindly suggest to their clients.

"I really didn't need to hear that, and that does not up my mood in the slightest," I said. "I don't want anything to do with you or the Floydieverse you speak of."

"Well first off, why did you even end up here in the first place?" Ronnie McFloydie questioned me.

"It was all a blur," I began. "It started when I minted one of you guys, a Floydie, and then played that Floydie Bird game. That went on and on, until I rage quit, and kneed on my computer monitor until it formed a large open crack on the screen, forming a portal which sucked all the air in my room, including me into here. The reason behind that, I don't know.

"Yeah I don't know why either," Ronnie McFloydie said. "Perhaps you need to fill your life with more positivity like I am–"

"Alright shut up Ronnie McFloydie. I get it, you are a depressed fuck who needs all that to cope," I interrupted.

"Sorry about that main. I am just a lonely man who needs pussy. Speaking of lonely, would you like to be my friend?"

WIth me being as hopeless as a nigger trying to become a doctor, I accepted Ronnie McFloyd's sudden friend request.

"Yeah sure, I've got nothing to lose at this point," I said.

Ronnie McFloydie, completely ignoring my hidden roast, beamed with excitement.

“Yippee main, it be the best day in my life,” Ronnie McFloydie said enthusiastically, as he hugged me tightly. “For many years, I’ve been lonely and today be the day I stop considering suicide! Now allow me to show you around the Floydieverse!”

I immediately regretted my decision, and I figured how touchy of a friend Ronnie McFloydie would be. He grabbed my hand with his crusty pixelated hands which is clearly from his inability to wash his hands after busting nuts to Equinox Floydie getting railed by whatever the fuck the Tyrone Floydie is.

We ran fast across the grassland, until we, at last, found downtown. All the buildings in it were built in African mud hut style–yet the town had a modern feel to it. Ronnie McFloydie pointed to one of the mud huts, and said, “This is the fentanyl dealing center, my favorite place to get high when I am rock bottom.”

We entered the hut, which was filled with Floydies who were high as fuck. Their eyes were blood red, indicating they were high beyond my comprehension. A few of them were gagging their throats out near garbage bins, barely able to let out the words “I can’t breathe.”

Ronnie McFloydie went up to the clerk, who I assumed to be the drug dealer Floydie.

“Two servings of fentanyl please,” he requested.

The drug clerk asked for a thousand twenty dollar bills, which Ronnie McFloydie quickly pulled out of his pocket like a magic string of fabric that magicians use. It helped me visualize the immense inflation that goes on in the Floydieverse very clearly.

After the clerk handed Ronnie the two servings of fentanyl, Ronnie gave me the slightly larger one.

“Hell no, I don’t need any of that degenerate shit,” I refused.

All of the Floydies in the hut stopped what they were doing and stared at me.

‘Wayment, dis mayne right here don’t like da fent?” one of them said.

“Run,” Ronnie McFloydie said, as he grabbed my arm.

We ran from the mud hut as we were chased by a mob of Floydie citizens.

Once we lost them, we stopped, catching our breaths.

“Be careful next time main, it is forbidden to refuse fentanyl here in the Floydieverse,” Ronnie McFloydie said. “Anyway, we shall go to the pregnant bitch strip club next.”

“The what?” I stammered.

We eventually walked to another hut, this one having a large sign that reads *The Floydie Strip Club*. Ronnie McFloydie and I went in and what I saw with my very own eyes, I will spare the specific details. What I can tell you is the countless naked Gorilla Floydie strippers drawn in pregnant bellies.

“Oh la la, I wish Equinox Floydie could look like that,” Ronnie McFloydie said.

When it got late, Ronnie McFloydie brought me to his home, which was a worn-down pixelated bungalow that smelled like the stereotypical coomer’s bedroom.

“Because you are new here, you are free to stay in my house for as long as you wish,” Ronnie McFloydie offered.

The place smelled so bad and cum stains were everywhere, but I had to accept his offer as it was most likely better than having no place to sleep. While Ronnie McFloydie was busy setting some things up, I traversed around his house. A large portion of the walls were covered with countless posters of Equinox Floydies nudes.

Equinox Floydie is a variation of the tranny Floydie, except it was a mulatto similar to Ronnie McFloydie, and curly beige long hair that not at all fits with the brown skin color. The naked tranny Floydie also had a clearly cut-off dick, vaguely resembling a fake vagina, which showed pixelated puss coming out. I knew at this moment that it would soon be the last night I’d be staying here.

I was interrupted when Ronnie McFloydie called me from the living room.

“By the way, I ordered some takeout, they should be here in a few,” he said.

When the food deliverer arrived, Ronnie McFloydie again paid him an uncountable amount of counterfeit bills, and then served the food at the dinner table.

I was hungry as it had been a while since I ate, which was hours before I entered the Floydieverse, so I eagerly unwrapped the tinfoil bound meal, to find something that I hadn't seen or eaten before. It was smooth, yet oddly shaped, and smelled like iron.

"Um, what the fuck is this?" I said.

"This, right here, is a cow uterus," Ronnie McFloydie said. "It is a premium delicacy that is only served mainstream in the Floydieverse. Enjoy!"

I had to accept the meal as I didn't know how badly Ronnie McFloydie would react if I refused to. I constantly had to fight the urge to vomit, because the uterus accurately tastes as bad as it sounds.

Once both of us were finished eating, it was time to head off to bed. Ronnie McFloydie led me to his bedroom, which was extremely familiar. I recognized the desk, the bed, and all the little details as I watched the Ronnie McNutt suicide video thousands of times.

"So, um, where exactly am I going to sleep?" I asked.

"You are going to sleep with me in this bed!" Ronnie McFloydie said, pointing at his bed, which was covered in more cum stains and fentanyl.

"Well, if you used to have a girlfriend, wouldn't you have another bed that was for her?"

"Nah, I let her sleep with other Floydies, so no need. Also, I miss her and I need somebody to cuddle with, so I'd like to sleep beside you."

"That's nasty you faggot," I said, offended that he would boldly say such a thing to somebody who clearly hates fags.

Ronnie McFloydie, luckily for me, allowed me to sleep on the floor, which is a hundred times better than being near the cuck.

When I woke up the next morning, I gasped for air all of a sudden. It was like I suffered an episode of sleep apnea, but worse. I brushed it off to the air being filled with the semen particles of Ronnie McFloydie.

"Dang, must be the dang utility company acting up," Ronnie McFloydie said. "Air in the Floydieverse is a luxury that you have to pay for. I don't have enough counterfeit bills to pay at the end of the month, so they must have disabled my home's air supply."

"Ah, I see," I said. "But then why is everything else working? I mean, we still got electricity, tap water, and all that jazz."

To test Ronnie McFloydie's theory, we went outdoors. We were shocked to find that it was still hard to breathe. It was as if the Floydieverse's air as a whole had been compromised. We went back inside, figuring that it was just as hard to breathe.

"What the fuck?" I said. "What the hell happened to the air?"

"I don't know, I have no idea, I am beginning to want to kill myself again," Ronnie McFloydie said, as he raised his shotgun. I hesitantly pushed his shotgun down. I didn't really give a fuck about Ronnie McFloyd's welfare, but I needed to show my appreciation towards his commitment to our so-called friendship. It was the least I could do.

"It must be due to a carbon dioxide leakage to anywhere that is near my house," Ronnie McFloydie argued, trying his best to play devil's advocate. "If my utilities are going out soon, we may as well enjoy it while it lasts. Let's watch some TV."

We went to his living room, and we turned on the television. Immediately, I saw a paused sex tape of Equinox Floydie getting ass fucked.

"Ah shit mah bad," Ronnie McFloydie said as his face went red.

He ran to the television and grabbed the VHS tape containing whatever custom cuck porn Ronnie filmed for his own pleasure, and stuffed it under the couch.

"That was just Equinox Floydie and I having some sexy time," Ronnie McFloydie said, trying his best to lie.

It was clearly a cuckold tape, because the Floydie that railed Equinox Floydie looked nothing like Ronnie McFloydie's feminine nature. We watched some cartoons meant for niglet Floydies, which only a cuck soyboy like Ronnie McFloydie would enjoy.

During one of the episodes of a show that I can't remember the name of, I decided to take a shit as I haven't gone in a while, so I went to the washroom and let out one of, if not, the biggest shits in my life. I looked back, to discover that my shit was actually a Poop Floydie; a pixelated pickle-shaped object with the face of George Floyd. *Of course, this has to exist in the Floydieverse*, I thought.

My thoughts stopped when Ronnie McFloydie called me.

"You need to see this!" he said.

I washed my hands, and then came back to the living room. Ronnie McFloydie was edging his seat, focused on what now played on the television.

It was now switched to the Floydieverse news channel, showing an emergency broadcast. On the screen, there was a Floydie wearing a business suit, speaking through a microphone. It was the News Anchor Floydie. I could tell he had a busy day at the news station, since he appeared to be running out of breath from talking for so long. The headline below the News Anchor Floydie read *Breaking News: The Floydieverse is in trouble*.

"What the hell is going on? I was in the washroom," I said.

Ronnie McFloydie was so hyper focused on what the News Anchor Floydie was saying, that he ignored me. I decided to tune in.

"Greetings citizens of the Floydieverse, the News Anchor Floydie began. Our Scientist Floydies discovered that there may be a mass extinction event soon, which will wipe the entirety of the Floydieverse. Starting just this morning, everybody has been reporting the sudden lower levels of oxygen, and we are currently investigating the specific reason. Tune in for an in-person gathering at the Floydieverse town hall where we will announce the cause this evening. Stay breathin' everyone!"

"Holy shit this is bad," Ronnie McFloydie said. "I guess that's it."

Before I could stop him, Ronnie McFloydie blasted his head via his shotgun that is somehow always with him without me realizing it, and I watched the pixelated mess unfold, some of it getting on my face. His body went limp, and fell to the ground. I never imagined an actual Floydie dying as I always believed in the "Floydies will always be immortal" slogan that appears often on the FloydiesNFT Twitter page.

I was filled with dread when my mind cleared up. *If all life in the Floydieverse is going to be wiped, then what would that mean for me, a visitor?* I deeply regretted kneeling on my monitor after rage quitting Floydie Bird. I could die a pathetic death in a place that isn't even the real world. All my friends and family members will wonder where I disappeared off to. Little would they know, I ran out of air in the Floydieverse.

The following evening, I decided to attend the town hall gathering to hear the final verdict on what will cause the Floydieverse extinction event. It took me a while to navigate there, as I had to ask around some braindead nigger cartoon characters. *Where are the intelligent Floydies, if there are any, when I need them?*

I eventually found the gathering, where there were hundreds of thousands of diverse and unique Floydies crowding around a specific individual. It was deafening, as all of them were speaking in ebonics at once. My hatred towards niggers makes my ears ultra-sensitive to the sounds of niggers, so my ears felt like they were about to bleed. Despite all the noise pollution, I could make out some of the words that some of the Floydies were saying, such as, "Ah sheeit mayne ah fuck main, what we gonna do main, our young generation will be clearly lost main, clearly lost."

A tall Floydie with the physical features of an actual chimpanzee (not that niggers aren't already chimp-like) was panicking, making its prominent "oh oh ah ah's" as it beat its chest. Even a disabled nigger like that was aware of a potential casualty.

The Floydie that we all surrounded tested his mic and began to speak.

"Attention citizens of the Floydieverse, dis is da mayor here, and I will make a very important announcement about something that will impact every single one of us niggies. If you haven't be keeping up, we are on the verge of extinction because of the declining air levels. You know us niggies require the highest quality of air to survive. Just a second mains, I need to pause the speech for a moment to catch my breath."

I could tell every Floydie already knew of this, as it was completely silent after the Mayor Floydie paused his speech.

"Ah much better, now I can continue my speech, the Mayor Floydie continued, after drinking a fresh cup of water. "Anyways mains, now for the important announcement. It has come to our attention that some cracka out there has been screenshotting too much of us niggies, which is bad for our environment as each time one of us niggies gets screenshotted, the air portion of that screenshot gets taken out of the Floydieverse. Because this has been happening en masse lately, we be losing NFT air at a faster pace than we can generate air with our oxygen plants. Floydies NFT screenshotters have been around since the beginning, but the reason why this is becoming such an issue these days is that there is an open portal between the Floydieverse and the outside world, rendering us vulnerable to the negative effects."

"We need air! We need air!" I heard a large portion of the crowd around the Mayor Floydie chant.

"Yes we do need our air to come back, but it will not be easy," The Mayor Floydie said. "In order to solve this problem, we need to fix the vulnerable bridge between the Floydieverse and the outside realm. If you blind niggies haven't noticed yet, you can see da massive crack up there in the sky. Dat is what be causing our vulnerability to the cracka ass screenshotters."

All of us looked directly up. I noticed the crack that the Mayor Floydie spoke of. It was wide and shaped like an eye–the exact proportions of my computer monitor's cracked screen. I had a feeling that I was the one who caused it, but I decided to keep my mouth shut about it.

"Alright mains, who be down to fix this mess?" the Mayor Floydie said. "Any volunteers willing to take it foe dah team?"

Not a single Floydie raised their hand and I heard nothing but crickets chimping–and yes I say chimping, because the crickets here are really just Floydie crickets.

"Awe sheeit main, we really be actin like dis?" The Mayor Floydie said, disappointed. "How we gonna breathe mains?? Don't we care about our young generation? It gonna be clearly lost main, clearly lost."

That last sentence got the crowd of thousands of Floydies panicking. The phrase "Our young generation is clearly lost," seems to trigger them a lot. *This is what happens when a society is run purely by niggers*, I thought. *They can't run a simple brainstorming session without chimping out.* Deep down, a part of me would rather be killed by the mass casualty event that is about to happen in the Floydieverse than actually living in there, because living alongside niggers for the rest of my life would be very unfulfilling.

All of a sudden, a deafening noise boomed across the atmosphere, which was accompanied by a bright flash that implanted stars in my eyes.

Ouch main, I couldn't see for a second there," I heard a Floydie near me say.

"Ayo dafuq was dat sheeit? Is there a party out there or something?" I heard another.

Shortly, the air became noticeably thinner, and I had to gasp for a few seconds to adjust.

"Awe fuck why it get harder to breef all of a sudden?" A few Floydies said at the same time.

"It is getting much worse," the Mayor Floydie said. "That flash, my mains, was a screenshot. Looks like the NFT screenshotter got a good shot right there. Look, we don't got much more time mains, so who down to help us all?"

It became even more apparent to me how unstable the Floydieverse society is, and I figured that it was about time I get myself lynched as there wasn't an apparent escape from the Floydieverse, so I decided to chime in and admit I was probably the one who caused the thinning of the barrier between the Floydieverse and the real world.

“Okay niggers, I was the one who caused all this!” I yelled out.

All the Floydies turned around to face me.

“Ayo main, why you do dis to us main,” a Floydie with a Pikachu mask said. “Everyone, rape dat niggie!”

I watched as the massive Floydie crown started to walk towards me, with angry looks on their big-nose faces.

“Woah woah, everyone calm down!” the Mayor Floydie interrupted. “Just wait a damn second mains!”

Every Floydie stopped.

“This niggie might be our only hope to solve da problem. I mean, what else we gonna do? Nothing?”

“Das right nigguh, we won’t hurt him,” a Floydie with an elf hat said.

“Whoever you are,” the Mayor Floydie pointed at me. “Please step up into the stage.”

I nervously walked past the bunch of Floydies between the stage and I, then I walked up the staircase, and met with the Mayor Floydie.

“What be yo name main?” he asked.

“Toma,” I said. “Toma Falconi.”

“So niggie, if you were capable of makin dat big ass crack up there dat be lookin like pregnant White bitch’s pussy which get me hard as fuck, you may be able to seal it,” he said.

“Actually sir, I have no idea how to,” I admitted. “I am actually from the real world and I accidentally stumbled upon your world after I cracked my screen playing Floydie Bird, and I was transported here through it. I never intended to be here in the first place.”

“Hmmm,” the Mayor Floydie thought for a moment. “I have a deal for you. If you somehow help seal dat portal, I will transport you to your homeworld. Deal?”

I considered the nigger mayor’s offer. On one hand, it would be absolutely ideal for me to come back home, no matter how much work it would take, but on the other hand, my experience with trusting niggers never ends up well. Nine out of ten times, it ends with the nigger getting what he wants, while the other party suffers. The one out of ten is not even an ideal scenario, since the nigger would have likely used a loophole to negate either the other party’s benefit of the deal or his side of the transaction. However, since I would have nothing to lose in the event I end up trapped in the Floydieverse, I decided to agree to the offer.

“Alright,” I said, “I will try to fix this and restore all the air in the Floydieverse.”

“Yippee!” the Floydies surrounding the stage cheered. “Air will come back! We will breathe again! Yoohoohoo!”

I sighed as I acknowledged the fact that I have zero clue on how I would execute the plan. Niggers always celebrate too early for fucks sake.

“Okay gang, y’all mains are now dismissed and dis niggie and I gonna discuss how we gonna get our air back,” the Mayor Floydie announced.

Once the crowd was clear, the nigger mayor prompted me to follow him, and he lead me to a blimp, which is powered by the now very scarce resource, air.

When we rested in the interior of the flying structure, the Mayor Floydie opened his big-pixelated-lipped mouth to speak.

“Okay main, so what we are going to get you to do is seal the sky vortex,” he said. “As you know, it will take a lot of building materials to do so as it is a breathtaking circumference, almost as big as Tyrone Floydie’s BBC. Anyways main, da go-to niggie you shall visit in order to acquire those building blocks is the one and only Super Floydio, our town's resident plumber. He is known to have accumulated countless mystery blocks that he collected over his years of adventures through the mushroom kingdom.”

“It is obvious that we are going to have to use a good portion of his supply, so I take it that it will not be free?” I asked.

"Oh for sure main, but I am certain he will not ask for much. If your name is Toma Falconi, I am sure he will be extra nice to you, as he is a niggie Italian mutt himself."

"Where do I have to go to meet him?" I said. "Does he live in the Floydieverse's version of the mushroom kingdom?"

"No need to fret. We are actually heading there as we speak. It will take approximately four hours, much longer than usual, since dis balloon ship be powered by the air that we now be lacking."

During the flight, I had nothing to do since I didn't have my mobile phone with me, and therefore, couldn't play Black Lives Splatter: Mobile Edition, so I sat still during that timespan, contemplating whether the nigger mayor will keep his promise of letting me free once I save the Floydieverse.

Soon enough before the blimp lost all its air fuel, I looked through the window and observed what looked like a large coordinated system of oversized mushrooms organized in patterns that resemble a city. The individual mushroom buildings were red, with white spots evenly distributed throughout the top of their caps. Assuming this mushroom city is the work of residents of the Floydieverse, this has got to be the most impressive work of architecture I have seen built by niggers.

"We are almost there mains!" the driver of the blimp at the very front announced.

After we flew above around fifteen mushroom buildings, the blimp landed in front of a massive castle, which stood out amongst the structures.

"The Toad Floydies next to the front door will welcome you in," the Mayor Floydie said. "Just tell them you would like to speak with their master, Super Floydio. You will easily find dat niggie when you see a mayne wit a bright red cap with the letter F on it. See you later and best of luck!"

"Alright, see you later," I said, waving to the Mayor Floydie.

I exited the blimp through its hind door and then walked across the bridge over water which extended from a cliff to the foundation of the castle. Once I went up to the group of Toad Floydies, who had noses shaped exactly like the mushroom buildings, I greeted them.

"Hello, I would like to speak to your master, Super Floydio," I said.

"Alright, we will take you to him, homie, one of them said in high-pitched ebonics.

I followed the Toad Floydies, going up the long set of spiraling staircases that spanned five storeys, until we made it to the very top level of the castle.

As we walked through the hallway, I noticed a peculiar-looking door, which had a large yellow star icon printed on it, with the letter F right smack in the middle of it.

"That's Floydio's bedroom," one of the Toad Floydies said, as he pointed at it.

"Okay thanks," I replied, and then proceeded to stride towards the door of Floydio's bedroom.

As I walked closer, I could hear a strange sound which I could describe as a "fap fap fap." Not thinking much of it, I opened the door without knocking, and what I was met within the room made me sick to the stomach. I saw an Italian nigger plumber with a red and blue outfit and the cap that the Mayor Floydie described to me earlier. He was facing my direction while looking at a piece of paper, jerking off. I could see small droplets of pixelated cum being splashed as he went at it.

"Um hello?" I interrupted.

"Mama mia main, I be busy fantasizing to edited pics of pregnant Princess Floydie Peach main!" Floydio screamed, dropping the paper.

When the paper hit the ground, it landed right side up, so I could see the photo of Princess Floydie Peach with a poorly drawn pixelated edit of a pregnant belly on it.

"Mama mia, I was about to bust a big fat nut, even having some pre-cum coming out, and you ruined it!" Floydio yelled at me.

"Sir, I apologize for that," I said. "I didn't know you were fapping to your princess. Anyway, I need your help."

"Main, get the fuck out of my room and let me bust the nut before I assist you with anything."

I exited Floydio's bedroom, closed the door, and waited for a moment, until I heard a voice say "Mama mia! Pregnant Princess Floydie Peach be fuggin hot!" in an orgasmic tone.

I knew it signaled that Floydio was finished, so I went back in the room, just in time to watch him soak all his cum using his white gloves, which was also something I didn't need to see. I made sure to never shake his hand from that point on.

"Alright, my name is Toma Falconi, and I really need you to help me with something," I said. "I am sure you already heard that the boundary concealing the Floydieverse has been unstable for a while now and I heard that you are able to contribute to its repair."

"Aye main, I can help you with that, what do you need?" Floydio asked.

"To be specific, apparently from all your outlandish adventures, you collected a lot of those mystery blocks. We really need those in order to rebuild the atmospheric barrier."

"Nah main, I be rather keeping those because they are made out of precious fentanyl. No way I am gonna give you them, unless you help me with a little something."

"What is it?" I asked.

"You know when you walked in on me having pleasure time to that hot pregnant pic of Princess Floydie Peach?" Floydio continued. "Well, she got kidnapped by Bowser the Floydie again and I could use a helping hand to get her back. I am too lazy to go through yet another quest cos I be too old for that sheeit. In addition, I want you to go through all of Bowser the Floydies' castles in each biome to collect all five of the sacred fentanyl rings for me."

"I assume that is not an easy task?" I questioned Floydio.

"Yeah main, you are right on dat, but you need to do it for me to give you the building blocks you need. It ain't gonna be cheap main, it ain't gonna be cheap."

"Why not just let me have them for free? Isn't it also in your best interest if we get the goddamn boundary fixed as soon as possible?"

"No, never will I do that," Floydio refused. "Fentanyl be the most sought after drug, and I need to fuck Princess Floydie Peach before mah balls explode, so please main, do the quest for me."

It didn't surprise me at all that Floydio wouldn't make it that easy. You see, niggers tend to lack the ability to think ahead. In this example, Floydio couldn't process how much easier and quicker it would be to prevent the Floydieverse from crumbling if he would just give me his mystery bricks for free. I made my final attempt at arguing.

"Look Floydio, what is also valuable is your ability to breathe, and in general, the oxygen supply of the Floydieverse," I said.

"Sheeit you make a good point main," Floydio considered. "Actually fuck it, I am too horny for Peach so imma making you do the quest anyway."

"Okay fine I'll do it. How exactly am I going to go about this?"

Floydio went to the drawer next to his bed, and then retrieved an ancient-looking scroll. He then unravelled it and showed me its contents.

"This is the map that shall guide you," he explained. "At the very left is where we are currently, the mushroom palace."

Floydio pointed to an icon next to the mushroom palace, which resembles a patch of grassland.

"Now this is where you have to go next. It is the first world that you will go through. Just follow the path until you stumble upon the first castle of Bowser the Floydie. Rinse and repeat for the rest of the adventure. Pretty straightforward main."

S*traightforward* is a term that I would least expect a nigger to use. I took a brief glance at the remainder of the map. To the right of the grassland biome was a desert biome, followed by a tropical beach. After that, I would have to proceed to a mountainous region, and then the final world, the fentanyl lava land, which was supposedly where Princess Floydie Peach was held in captivity.

“Any last questions?” Floydio asked.

“One thing. Is the quest going to be dangerous in any way?”

“Hahaha that is a funny question main, teeheehee,” Floydio laughed until he choked. “Remember, Floydies never die. They always respawn.”

“You promise?”

“I promise main.”

And from there, we said our goodbyes, and I used the map to begin heading from the mushroom city to the first world of the quest: the grasslands.

I eventually walked far enough, until I started to notice the grass becoming prominently green, and the mushroom palace was now a long way away. Perfectly circular green pipes protruded from the ground, and I was beginning to see all sorts of white blocks that mysteriously float in the air. Some of them had a brick texture, and some of them had a question mark printed on each side. Curiously, I punched one of the question-mark blocks. It moved a few inches up, and then a red mushroom emerged from the top. I picked it up and then ate it since it smelled so good.

Instantly, I doubled in size, now being the equivalent of an eight-foot-tall man for Floydies standards. My significant increase in size gave me a sudden boost of confidence, and I continued walking forward.

Shortly, I notice a fairly small brown mushroom. It was about the size of a small dog and was rather adorable, so I went towards it. However, once I was in arm's reach from it, I realized it wasn’t any ordinary mushroom. It had two very stubby legs and turned to face me. It was a walking mushroom, except it had the face of George Floyd, with two oversized lower molars in its mouth.

“Ooga booga I am the Nigga Goomba Floydie,” it said. “Imma poison you.”

I knew that since I was so much bigger than it, it couldn’t stand a chance against me, so I simply jumped, and then stomped on the Nigga Goomba Floydie.

“Ah sheeit I can’t breathe!” it cried, and then turned into coins.

Just by walking very close to the coins, they were magically pulled into my pocket by some unknown force.

I had no time to waste, so I regained my focus despite the weird physics I experienced and continued the path. Throughout the course, I had to avoid simple obstacles, such as endless pits which other Nigga Goomba Floydies were foolish enough to fall into, tall pipes, and brown giant venus fly traps that have big nigger lips. The monstrous nigger venus fly traps were relatively easy to defeat; all I had to do was karate chop their stems, which prevents them from being able to go through photosynthesis, therefore, not able to breathe.

Near the end of the course, which was marked by a tall black flag, I saw a giant Nigga Turtle Floydie wandering near it. It stood on its hind legs and possessed googly eyes that were even thicker than its nose. Speaking of its nose, it looked rather Jewish and even covered a good portion of its lips.

I attempted my first strike at it by using a similar battle tactic to what I did to the Nigga Goomba Floydies; stomp on its head. However, it didn’t kill it instantly. Instead, it forced the Nigga Turtle Floydie to hide under its shell. I then waited for a few seconds, waiting for it to get out of its shell, but it didn’t. I eventually gained the courage to look through one of the limb sockets to check on the Nigga Turtle Floydie itself, to find out it was dead. Turns out, it suffocated to death from hiding inside its shell for too long.

Now that I confirmed it is safe, I jumped, and then butt-slammed the shell, and collected the five coins that it turned into. After that, I made it to the flag pole and slid down along it, completing the first course of the grassland world.

The rest of the grassland was a series of courses very similar to the first; a repetitive scope of land where I continued to asphyxiate Nigga Goombas to death, scare pussy ass Nigga Turtles until they die in their own shells, and force venus fly traps back into their pipes. I grew accustomed to the hazards quite fast and it wasn’t difficult at all. However, my relaxation came to a stop when I reached the castle of the grasslands. It contrasted a lot in the environment, sporting dark grey outer walls and dark violet roofs on each of its sub towers. *This is where I collect the first fentanyl ring*, I thought.

I went ahead and entered the evil castle through its front doors, which were surprisingly unlocked. I was quickly met with a scorching temperature when I entered the first room, which had numerous pits that were filled with molten fentanyl. I couldn't imagine the excruciating pain if I were to fall in any of them, so I carefully jumped over them, making sure not to slip.

Once I made it to the next room, I found a long lane of large walls, which moved up and down in a cyclical manner, touching the ground firmly at their lowest. I knew they were essentially asphyxiation death traps, so I had to sprint through each sequence very quickly. After getting through about ten of them, I found a double-sided door that was twice my height. *It was definitely the door leading to whoever is the keeper of this palace*.

Just like the front gate, it was unlocked. I nervously opened it and went through it. Behind the behemoth of a door was a long hallway, which was occupied by fancy decoration. There were statues of big-nose steroidal turtles with spikes on their shells, all facing the same direction.

Eager of what was to come next, I walked past all of the monstrous statues, until I had to come to a stop at a massive pool of molten fentanyl, which would have been beyond impossible to jump over. Shortly, a bridge formed from beginning to end, brick by brick, and then I heard a wailing noise coming from up high. I looked up to discover the wailing sound was due to the massive creature falling from above. It landed, shaking the ground and stunning me for a split second. I refocused to take a look at the beast in front of me. It was him–the bad guy himself–Bowser the Floydie. He was massive and the large doors I had to bypass earlier were suited for him. He was exactly what the series of the big-nose steroidal turtles I saw back in the hallway. Bowser the Floydie had dark brown scales, and his spiked shell was an even darker shade of brown.

"Roar ooga booga roar, I am Bowser the Floydie!" he boomed. "How dare you get into mah castle!"

"I am here to collect the first fentanyl ring," I said.

Bowser the Floydie started spitting fireballs in my direction, but they traveled at a relatively low velocity, so I was able to dodge them with ease. I didn't know exactly how I was going to defeat him, considering he was way too large for me to scare him into his shell, so most of the battle consisted of me casually evading each fireball, thinking of a plan. I then noticed a large ax at the end of the bridge where Bowser the Floydie and I fought, and I got an idea. I recalled a pattern where Bowser the Floydie would jump a few feet every time he'd blow a fireball to gain momentum. I used that to my advantage; I waited till his next fire breath attack and ran under his feet when he jumped.

Once I was behind Bowser the Floydie, he started panicking. I bolted to the ax, and then used it to smash the bridge. The bridge instantly broke into pieces, and the oversized dragon-turtle-nigger hybrid fell into the molten fentanyl.

"Roar! Fuck I can't breathe in this lava!" Bowser the Floydie roared until he dissolved into a skeleton.

I let out a sigh of relief and then trailed off to the next part of the palace. At the center of the following room was a giant white ring that magically floated above a trophy stand. I recognized it to be one of the five fentanyl rings, so in a snap of a finger, I snatched it. I then exited the palace through the back door, which was just as large as the front one.

Behind the palace was a decent-sized patch of grass preceding an overwhelmingly large desert. It officially marked the end of the grassland world and the beginning of the desert biome. I was already exhausted and dazed from the battle with Bowser the Floydie alone, but I knew that I had to move on fast, so I continued, stepping through the border between grass and sand.

The temperature was rather warm in the desert, but not as extreme as being next to large samples of molten fentanyl, thankfully. The shine shone on me more intensely than ever before in the Floydieverse. I felt thirsty for oxygenated water, and quickly realized how much more daunting going through the desert was going to be than the grassland. Trudging through the sand, I noticed it was quite soft. In fact, it was too soft, because I felt myself gradually sinking. First went my legs, then my torso, and finally, my entire head. *Oh shit, it's quicksand*! I panicked. The high pressure of the hundreds of thousands of grainy rocks pressed against my neck, making it impossible to breathe. *So many fucking things in the Floydieverse are asphyxiation traps*.

The more I moved my limbs, the deeper I sunk; there was literally no way out. I thought it was the place I died for the first time in the Floydieverse. However, I suddenly started to feel less pressure on my legs. The easing sensation made its way up my body, until I found myself out of the quicksand in a free-fall state, then fell face-first onto sandstone. I got up, to discover I was in an underground cavern. It was full of nothing but coins, which I all collected.

I found a green pipe at the end of the cavern and went through it. The pipe led back to the overworld, where I instantly found an end goal flag. However, it was red instead of black. It turned out to be some sort of a secret passage, because I saw a golden pipe next to it. I crawled into it, and traversed it for a good bit, until I found sunlight. To my pleasure, I found an evil palace that looked identical to the one at the end of the grassland biome. *It was the final part of the desert*. The underground passage I accidentally discovered was actually a way to a shortcut.

The desert's palace wasn't that much different from the one in the grassland in terms of layout. The walls were the same color and there was still molten fentanyl. However, there were annoying giant spike balls rolling everywhere which were designed to–you guessed it–asphyxiate victims. I rolled my eyes and made it to a familiar-looking door.

What followed was an Egyptian Floydie in the form of a snowman-like shape, except made out of sand instead of snow. It lacked any special ability, which was a huge convenience for me, so I defeated it by kicking the bottom component of its snowman-body, which completely decimated the rest of it. Its now inanimate body began changing shape, morphing until it transformed into the second fentanyl ring.

I stepped into the next biome after that; the tropical world. Just having been in the desert, the cooling temperature felt nice. However, it was soon that I realized that there was an even bigger challenge that awaited me: swimming. The difficult part of it was having to resurface every two minutes to catch my breath, but the ocean was devoid of biological enemies. It made sense in the Floydieverse, since niggers tend to be dogshit at swimming. The remainder of the entirety of the tropical beach biome consisted of just that–a void of an ocean–so it was what I would consider the easiest part of the journey. The palace was quite similar; it was 100% occupied by water, and the only dangers were humongous dildo-shaped spiky pillars that were hard to dodge due to the viscosity of water. The palace guardian, which was just a Mermaid Floydie, was easy to defeat as well. All I had to do was dodge its leg-grabbing attacks until it couldn't hold its breath any longer. After securing the third fentanyl ring, I moved on to the next world: the mountain biome.

The mountain biome was just as easy. Because of the high altitude, the air was extra thin, which also makes it super difficult for ordinary Floydies to survive in. I breezed through it just as easily as the water world. The mountain's palace's guardian was a giant walking wall made of fentanyl that attacks by body flopping onto the ground as an attempt to crush you. Since fentanyl is so brittle, it ended up killing itself after failing to crush me too many times. The fourth fentanyl ring was obtained, and I continued to the final world: the fentanyl lava land.

It was quite a journey to reach this point, and I was breathless. I knew there was no turning back, however, and I was at the final stage of the quest. As expected, the volcanic biome was even hotter than the desert. I could tell it was going to be the most difficult part yet. The number of enemy Floydies would have to be high, as the dark skin of nigger is adapted to scorching temperatures. I had to deal with annoying critters, such as a skeleton variant of the Nigga Turtle Floydie. Soon enough, I reached the final castle, which had every element from all the previous biomes.

At the end was where things got spicy. When I entered the throne room, I saw him again. It was Bowser the Floydie, except much bigger; the respawn rule in the Floydieverse applied to him. Above Bowser the Floydie was Princess Floydie Peach, trapped in a hanging cage.

"I see you are back for more action main," he boomed.

"This ends now!" I said as I got into a combat stance.

Bowser the Floydie blew more of his fireballs, except they were now blue instead of orange. They traveled through the air faster, but I was still able to micromanage them. The tricky part though, was when Bowser the Floydie used his secondary attack: throwing Nigga Turtle Floydie shells at me. It forced me to perform complex mayneuvers just to avoid them. I was about to try the same tactic to defeat Bowser the

Floydie as before but realized I couldn't because he was now too big and heavy to jump.

Eventually, Bowser the Floydie managed to get a hit on me, which caused me to shrink to my original size, meaning I was now only one hit away from death. With my chances of defeating the turtle nigger dragon now much slimmer, I needed to bump up my battle tactics.

When Bowser the Floydie threw one last turtle shell at me, I stomped on it lightly, then said out loud, "Hey Princess Floydie Peach, use this turtle shell to pretend you are pregnant!" then tossed it towards him.

I refer to Princess Floydie Peach as a "him" since he is literally just a tranny. Princess Floydie Peach caught the shell and then tugged it under his pink shirt to make his stomach look bigger. Bowser the Floydie immediately took notice and said, "Oh la la Peach now pregnant, mush rape and make some Koopa babies!" and began running at the cage that Princess Floydie Peach was inside. With him distracted, I used the large ax at the end of the bridge which the retarded nigga dragon turtle placed again, and then destroyed the bridge. It was like watching our initial battle all over again. Bowser the Floydie fell to his death for the second time, or perhaps however many times Floydio defeated him previously. Bowser the Floydie turned into the fifth and final fentanyl ring, and then it flew into my pocket.

The cage that enclosed Princess Floydie Peach magically opened, setting the nigger NFT tranny free at last. He attempted to kiss me on the lips for saving him, but I recoiled because I absolutely refuse to be kissed by a tranny.

Once we exited the palace, we came to the dreaded realization that we would have to travel all the way back to the mushroom palace in order to return to Floydio. I for sure didn't want to go back as I was too exhausted to deal with more Nigga Goomba Floydies. Fortunately though, Princess Floydie Peach told me that he saw a hot air balloon in Bowser the Floydie's palace. We went back in and used it to return back to the mushroom palace.

At a much shorter timespan than the whole of my difficult quest, we landed the hot air balloon on top of one of the balconies of the castle, and then we stepped next to Floydio's bedroom door. I made sure to knock this time in case he happened to be jerking off to Princess Floydie Peach pics.

"Come in!" I heard Floydio say behind the door.

We stepped in, and the moment Floydio met eyes with Princess Floydie Peach, he looked absolutely delighted.

"Oh la la! You finally rescued her!" he beamed, and then proceeded to kiss Princess Floydie Peach in the lips.

"Okay Floydio, are you going to give me your building bricks?" I asked, interrupting his unsolicited lovemaking.

"Oh yeah main, I will take you to mah storage room," Floydio said.

I followed Floydio, until we entered a massive warehouse-like room in the basement of the mushroom palace. There I saw, piles upon piles of large cubes made of fentanyl.

"Dig in main, enjoy all yo fent!" Floydio cheered, implying he still hasn't grasped the fact that I would be using the blocks to save the Floydieverse. "By the way, did you collect all the fentanyl rings?"

"Yes I did," I said, as I fished my pocket, and then retrieved all five of the nigger drug rings, handing them to him.

"Thank you main, a deal is a deal main."

Thankfully, because real-world physics don't really apply in the Floydieverse, I was able to take the hundreds of thousands of blocks and stuff them in my pocket, similar to the Minecraft inventory system.

It was now time for me to fix the fateful infectious rift in the heavens of this pixelated nigger world, so I left the mushroom palace and began my way to the world ceiling. Because the amount of bricks that Floydio gave to me was actually more than enough to cover the entirety of the broken gap, I decided to use the bricks as a means to get myself up there. One by one, I jumped and then placed a block under myself; I repeated this process until I could just reach the boundary that separated the visible sky from the dead space that existed beyond it. From the void, I could hear an ominous noise emitting, signifying a sense of the unknown. Contrasting it to the bright and colorful world of Floydies made it super obvious that it was no part

of it. Every few seconds, a thunder-like flash emitted from there, followed by a cackling boom. I have to admit, I was a bit creeped out by it, so I tried my best to ignore it; and so, I officially started repairing the gap. I was at one end of the narrow upside down crater, and began building from there.

Solid block fentanyl is a rather adhesive substance, so I was able to firmly piece and reinforce them together. It might have been due to the wild chemistry in this world though. At one point of the construction, I took a short break and looked down, to see a crowd of Floydies under me, waving.

"Yes king! Bring back our air!" they cheered.

As much as I find niggers to be some of the most degrading species of all time, I was actually inspired by their encouragement, so I put a stop to my break and continued building.

Almost an hour went by, and I finally filled in half of the gap. At this point, I noticed that the thundering flashes appeared to be much brighter than they were at the beginning. Having grown significantly more curious about what was actually causing them, I decided to investigate by tilting my head upward and observing the vast darkness. Upon locking my eyes to it, I got the sudden feeling that I was being watched. I was well aware that the innocent Floydies hundreds of meters below me were cheering me on, but it was different this time. It was like something wasn't right.

I gazed more carefully into the deep space, until I could make out what looked like two vertical lines that slightly curved toward each other. If I were to guess the size of them, they spanned around a dozen meters at the very least. They were somehow even darker than the already pitch black void, and comprehending the blackness was enough to send shivers down my spine. This just made my curiosity grow even more, so I focused my eyes even more. Yet another bright light flashed, and even a tenth of a millisecond was enough for me to be able to see what accompanied the two curved symmetrical pair of lines. Between them were two large circular holes beside each other, resembling a scaled up nose. On the lower center of the space between the curved lines was a giant set of lips, grinning very creepily. I didn't even need to look at the eyes to recognize who the face belonged to. It was a giant George Floyd face that had been observing my every move while I had been reconstructing the atmosphere. Not a pixelated Floydie face, but a real life one. Because of the sudden discovery, I gave off a look of disbelief. However, the giant Floyd face remained staring into my soul. To break the awkwardness, I spoke to it.

"Um hello? What do you want from me?" I asked.

"I see you are trying to stop me from taking dem screenshots main!" the giant George Floyd face boomed.

"What the fuck do you mean by screenshot? And what the hell are you?"

"I am the ghost of George Floyd and I was the one who has been screenshotting the Floydies NFTs this whole time!"

"Don't you have better things to do in hell?" I asked the George Floyd ghost.

"You see main, I be pissed as fuck that crackas be makin real money off mah death by making NFTs and sheeit, and I be jelly as fuck main," George Floyd's ghost explained. "Because of this, I took advantage of the now fragile barrier between the spirit world and the Floydieverse to steal some air from the Floydieverse by mass screenshotting random Floydies NFTs, capturing the bits of air around them, hehehe."

"George Floyd's ghost, you don't have to be mad about it," I said. "The creators of Floydies made the NFT as a way to celebrate your past life. They are on your side!"

"I don't care main, I just want to steal all the Floydieverses NFT air anyway, so I will keep taking dem screenshots, hehehe."

The George Floyd ghost then reached his massive hand, which was far larger than my Floydie form, and then grabbed me, fishing me out of the Floydieverse, into the vast black space that he was in. The moment I crossed the boundary, I could feel a shock surge through my body, and I watched as I transformed from my Floydie form to my normal self, no longer being pixelated. I grew in size, until I was at eye level with George Floyd's ghost. Keep in mind, I am six foot five in person, so yes, I am in fact the same height as the buck nigger.

Before I could react, George Floyd's ghost quickly grabbed me by the neck, and then lifted me into the air.

"Hehehe. Any last words main?" he asked, as he pulled out a wacky-looking camera, and then aimed it directly at my face.

"Fuck niggers!" I said.

Before George Floyd's ghost could snap a photo, he dropped me, and then said, "Ouch main, that hurt. What the fuck was that?"

I looked down, to see a pleasant surprise. I saw an army of a thousand Floydies gathered around near the foot of George Floyd's ghost, using their combined effort to squeeze the life out of his ankle.

"Sheeit what the fuck are you Floydies doing?" he cried. "Ah fuck my foot can't breathe because there be no circulation! It need some of dat ectoplasm oxygen supply!"

The Floydies didn't show any sign of mercy to George Floyd's ghost; they kept suffocating his feet. Eventually, the nigger ghost closed his eyes, and then vanished into a thin mist, which gradually float up and disappeared.

"Holy shit, you niggers saved my life!" I said. "Thank you!"

"No problem main!" the army of Floydies said in unison. "You helped us get the Floydieverse's air back, so we can breathe! You may return to your home world."

My vision began to fade, initially becoming blurry, and then I blacked out.

I woke up in my bedroom, some time in the middle of the day; it was either morning or afternoon. I haven't lived in the real world for a decent bit and I had gotten so used to living in a pixelated environment, so it looked a bit surreal seeing in high resolution all over again. I got up and saw my monitor on the floor beside my head, laying down. However, the screen was no longer broken; it was completely untouched with no scratches, except for some old fingerprints. I got up and then set it back down my desktop, hooking it back to my PC. Upon turning it on, the monitor displayed my last Floydie Bird death screen.

That was when I knew what I had to do as soon as possible. I opened up Google Docs and then began typing every event that happened before I woke up; every detail I could recall in my Floydieverse experience. I will probably post this as an anon on every message board related to the paranormal and NFT's. Moral of the story, do not screenshot Floydies NFTs because doing so captures a portion of their air supply. Buy or mint them instead!

**George The Sea Cucumber**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is James Christian Phillip and I am one of those nerds who spends all my free time reading facts online. This includes a variety of websites, such as TriviaNotes.com and NiggerFacts.com. Besides learning about the disgusting nature of subhuman apes, my favorite kinds of facts are ones that are absolutely absurd and gross but useless.

My favorite fact is that sea cucumbers actually breathe through their anus. In other words, sea cucumbers eat, breathe, and poop through the same hole. I find it to be both funny and disturbing at the same time. I first heard it eight years ago when I was only in sixth grade. From that point on, I never thought of it as a piece of info that could be used in a practical way, unless I ever become a marine biologist. However, that all changed after a very recent experience that still haunts me to this day. It was an absolutely terrifying–and also tragic–event that taught me that every piece of factual knowledge, no matter how random, has some degree of usefulness. Some are just naturally more applicable to real-life than others, which encourages the person to put it in the backburner of their mind.

My story begins when I had just graduated high school. It was actually quite a depressing portion of my academic journey, despite many retards who believe that high school is supposed to be the best years of your lifetime. Throughout the three years, I had to deal with hordes of tranny classmates, I was forced to take history classes that mislead students into believing in the Holocaust, and I was forced to participate in the school-wide LGBTQ parades where anyone who doesn't attend receives a deduction of 10% from their overall grade. Given all the horrible shit I had to go through, I decided that I deserved a big grad trip with my best friend, Mort.

After the graduation ceremony, where I screamed the word *nigger* ten times in my grad speech without having to worry about getting suspended any longer, Mort and I sat at the bench in the school's park to discuss our grad trip plan.

"Where do you suggest we should go this summer?" I said.

"I dunno, everywhere else is so boring to me," Mort replied.

I have always known Mort as one of those kids born into a super-rich family. His father is a clockwork surgeon and his mother works in cybersecurity. It isn't surprising to say that Mort has already visited a decent portion of the world throughout his childhood. I, on the other hand, have never traveled outside of the state because of how broke I am.

"I'd say we should go to South Africa, since I haven't been there before," Mort continued.

"What? Isn't that area full of niggers?" I questioned him. "I thought you hate niggers as much as I do."

"I do hate those big-nosed creatures, but I heard of this really nice resort that operates in South Africa only."

Mort pulled out his phone then searched up *Simple Lipp Resorts* on google, and then returned to find a series of images displaying bright and colorful HD images of the resort in question. It was integrated at the shoreline with countless beach activities. I have to admit, I really admired the look of it; the swimming pools looked high enough quality, the food looked tasty, and there was even a huge bowling alley. As much as I hate niggers, I couldn't say no to it.

"Alright," I admitted. "South Africa it is."

Mort and I agreed to schedule the trip from July 1 to July 7; a solid week of vacation. On the night we scheduled the flight, Mort and I met each other at the airport. We went through the long and boring airport security process and then waited. Mort has always had an illness that causes severe constipation, so he went to the mini drug mart near the waiting hall of the airport to purchase a pack of laxatives. He couldn't bring his own since he wouldn't be able to go through the airport security scans.

Once it was time for our flight, we boarded the plane. The flight was rather annoying and difficult to stand, as it was full of sheboons chimping at the flight attendants over every small nuance. They were even noisier than babies crying. The airplane trip persisted through the nighttime, which made it impossible to sleep without interruptions. No amount of earplugs would have fixed it. Mort and I tried our very best not to recite the words of the legendary Burger King Crown Man who had the balls to yell out nigger in numerous Jamaican airplane trips.

At dawn, we finally arrived at the airport of South Africa, where Mort and I rented a small SUV and I drove us over to the resort. It was half an hour away from the airport, so we had to drive through the poorer parts of the region, where it was impossible to relax passing by the blacks. The *Around Blacks Never Relax* tune played in my head even more intensely than the car's radio music at full volume.

I could tell we reached the resort when the surrounding buildings no longer looked torn and worn out. The niggers we passed by looked slightly less dirty and animalistic, indicating a wealthy establishment. My expectation was confirmed when I spotted a large billboard with a flashy logo that read *Simple Lipp Resort*. I parked the car near the lot which had a well-sculped big nose statue fountain right smack in the middle, which was obviously not carved by a nigger.

Mort and I checked in at the lobby and enjoyed the resort's complimentary mango juice, which tasted like crap, but we didn't care since it was still better than the murky water soup that nigger African villagers drink on a daily basis.

The first thing Mort and I did was visit the beach. At this point, it was 5:00 AM and almost every other guest was asleep, so we were practically alone, except for the few resort employees who were there to serve snacks for guests.

After we put all our luggage in our rooms and made sure to lock the door so that no nigger steals anything, Mort and I settled at a pair of reclined beach chairs. A generous employee handed us a basket of fruits while we relaxed, which included apples, oranges, and a large banana. For the first time in years, I felt a sense of carefree. The start of our day was good and all, until what happened next.

I took a bite from one of the apples when I suddenly noticed that a mysterious figure showed up in front of Mort and me through my peripheral vision. I looked up, to see a man wearing a grey and black sweater, who I couldn't quite identify because he was facing completely away from us, in a bending position. He appeared to be naked from below the hips, spreading his ass cheeks, which exposed his asshole in front of my eyes. It was wrinkly as fuck and moved in an expand-contract manner which disgusted me to a whole new level, so I yelled out, "Hey you! Stop doing that gay shit in front of us!"

My call startled the man slightly, which made him stop spreading his buttcheeks for a moment, and he turned to face Mort and me. It was then, I found out he wasn't at all a man. No, not a woman. Something even less human than the average nigger. The thing that was now glaring at us bore lips that were so fat, they looked like they were stung by a jellyfish ten times. It had rough brown skin covered in ugly osteoderm-like bumps, which made my skin crawl just by looking at the pattern. It wore thick round glasses and an inflated yellow glove as a hat. Its worm-like anatomy paired with its noticeable monkey traits made it appear to be some sea cucumber-George Floyd hybrid from hell.

"Heyo main, I be George the Sea Cucumber, and I must spread mah ass cheeks to let all the air in," it said. "How dare you tell me to stop breathin, I was in the middle of a nice ass breathing session."

"Haha what an impressive sea cucumber costume you got there," I laughed. "Almost got me fooled there."

"No main!" George the Sea Cucumber boomed. "I am a real sea cucumber main, watch and see!"

I watched as the nigga dildo-shaped creature eyeballed Mort, grinning. It walked toward him with its super short and stubby legs, then touched him. Upon physical contact, Mort jumped out of his seat in pain and attempted to scream. However, he couldn't utter a single decibel of sound; he just had his mouth wide open, completely silent. In a matter of seconds, Mort collapsed into the sand, completely lifeless.

"What the fuck did you just do to him!" I yelled at the George Floyd cucumber monster.

"Hehehe, see main, I told you I am a real sea cucumber," George the Sea Cucumber said. "Mah strong ass sea cucumber venom has the ability to disable peoples lung function and sheeit."

"Fucking nigger, you didn't have to murder my best friend!"

I guess I was right about it being a nigger hybrid creature, because it quickly steamed with rage, throwing a mini temper tantrum after I said the word nigger, and then charged at me. I didn't want to imagine the fate that Mort suffered, let alone experience it myself, so I quickly flashed back to this one hilarious Youtube video called Racist Mario, where in a cart racing match, Racist Mario shoves a banana up Donkey Kong's asshole to win the race. I decided to do the same thing, so I grabbed the untouched banana from the basket and then rammed it in George the Sea Cucumbers' anus.

"Ah fuck I am now losing ass air!" George the Sea Cucumber howled in pain. It bought me time to run a good distance from the ugly brown dildo of a nigger. George the Sea Cucumber spent a good ten seconds pulling the banana out of its ass which was now bleeding and suffering a minor anal prolapse and then retreated, diving in the ocean.

I was relieved that the hideous creature was gone for now. The first thing I did after was checking if Mort was really dead. His chest wasn't expanding or contracting at all so he obviously wasn't breathing. Next, I checked his pulse; I felt nothing. I called in the emergency staff for them to collect Mort's corpse. I knew that there was no way in hell they'd believe me if I told them that a five-foot-tall half-monkey half-sea cucumber murdered my best friend.

That was how the first day of the trip went. So much happened, and I spent the next six days depressed about my loss. I couldn't believe it. All the years I spent with him since elementary school, all the faggot trolling we did together, the fucking nigger cucumber took him away.

It didn't feel like a long time until it was, at last, the final day of the nigger country vacation. I slept in due to my overwhelming depression and was scheduled to arrive at the airport in a couple of hours. I needed to eat breakfast, so I decided to have a quick bite at the resort's main seafood restaurant before I leave.

I sat down at one of the tables with all the luggage bags with me and read through the menu. There were all sorts of crab and lobster dishes, along with fish. I noticed the odd African Sea Cucumber on the

menu, which reminded me of Mort's death, but I didn't think much of that specific item.

I ordered a serving of shrimp with honey mustard. While waiting for my food to be cooked, I observed around the restaurant. It was mostly niggers as per usual; ten of them simultaneously, or so I thought.

A short distance behind the front desk of the restaurant were the tanks where they store the live sea creatures to be cooked for food. To the very left was the tank containing a bundle of fish, the next one containing the crustaceans, and the right one housing a–what the fuck? I nearly got a heart attack when I saw what was floating in the incredibly large tank on the far right. It was my new arch-nemesis, George the Cucumber, except it was sleeping soundly, completely submerged in the dirty water. *What the fuck was that critter doing here*? I thought to myself. I then remembered that one peculiar item on the menu: The African Sea Cucumber. *If this restaurant is so strongly associated with the resort serving George the fucking Sea Cucumber, why didn't the emergency staff who retrieved Mort's body acknowledge its existence?*

At last, I saw my server exit the kitchen holding the shrimp dish that I ordered. The tasty-looking food completely distracted me from the thought of George the Sea Cucumber, until he accidentally brushed his leg against its tank. All hell broke loose from there. The disturbance caused George the Sea Cucumber to abruptly wake up from its slumber. It opened its eyes, which were visibly bloodshot even through the murky water. With its mighty strength, it punched the glass like a mantis shrimp, shattering the tank completely. The water all poured out at once, and the scary-ass sea fruit dramatically jumped from the base of the aquarium.

"How dare you mains wake me up!" George the Sea Cucumber screamed with his high-pitched voice. "I was havin a dream about stickin mah dong up a pregnant sea cucumber bitch's breathing ass, and y'all be ruinin it!"

I ducked under the table and watched in horror as it ran from customer to customer, from chef to chef, and from waiter to waiter, instantly infecting them with its lung-disabling venom, almost instantly killing them.

Once everyone was dead except me, George the Sea Cucumber used his asshole's hypersensitive smelling ability to track me down.

"Peekaboo nigga, I found you!" it said as it popped its funny nigger face under the table.

George the Sea Cucumber then turned away to show its ass, revealing its prolapsed anus which formed when I shoved the banana up its asshole a week ago.

"Dat anal prolapse you gave me be makin it hard to breathe through mah ass!" George the Sea Cucumber said angrily. "Hehehe. You will now pay for it."

I screamed and thought that this was it; I was only one touch away from death. It was then, I got an idea. I reached for Mort's luggage bag and retrieved the laxatives that he purchased at the airport. I then quickly tossed a few pellets into George the Sea Cucumber's asshole, which forced it to consume the laxatives. Shortly, I could hear George the Sea Cucumber's stomach growl.

"Uh oh, this ain't good main," it mumbled.

George the Sea Cucumber then went into a squatting position and proceeded to take a massive and continuous shit. The laxatives worked; they forced it to shit out so much poop, that the turd blocked its asshole's airways.

"Ah shit, mah poop be blocking the air from entering mah lungs, I can't breathe!" George the Sea Cucumber said in agony.

The room eventually got too stinky for me to handle, so I ran out and sealed the restaurant's door shut. Through the window, I observed George the Sea Cucumber still continue to shit his ass out, until it died due to poop asphyxiation. That shit was crazy to see, so I called the resort's support desk and told them the whole story involving George the Sea Cucumber, including Mort's death. However, they completely denied everything I said and threatened to kick me out. Not that it mattered since I had to leave soon anyway.

I am now typing this on my laptop as I am on my flight back home. George Floyd is still out there, even if he is in the form of an aquatic pickle. Moral of the story, if you encounter a Floyd creature like the

one I just fought, use any available tool at your disposal, even if it is a fact as ridiculous as sea cucumbers breathing through their anus.

**Martin Luther Floyd**

By Pepe McNutt

Before I begin this story, I must make sure the audience knows who I am.

In 2023, a world-wide Fascist revolution swept over all forms of government that had existed up to this point. The leaders of these movements set up separate states for the races in their respective homelands.

In 2045 time travel was discovered. Shortly after this, tension between the negro race and the Whites began to boil over, prompting military action by both sides. The negros quickly allied with the muslims who promptly invaded the Holy Land.

The command system of the White nations decided to expand the scope of the battle to different time zones.

I was assigned to the first time travelling nigger death squad. We deployed to 1969 AD, where something called the "civil rights movement" had taken place in the United states. A man by the name of Martin Luther Kang had marched with a band of wild Africans in the streets of the capital city of the US, making speeches that promoted communism, race war, and violence against White people.

White command had identified him as a key component to the racial struggles in America during the years before the revolution, whose doctrines carried over to the separation of the Africans. He had studied at a communist revolutionary college with rosa parks and other "civil rights" niggers, and had been captured on tape laughing as a woman was raped by a nigger in a small

Washington apartment in the 1960s.

In the years immediately preceding the revolution, these facts about King, whose real name had been Micheal, had begun to come out into the limelight.

We were sent back to 1965, to Memphis, Tennessee to carry out our mission on Christmas day, 2047. I was put into command of the 1st inter-timezone assassination squadron, made up of 5 men. We were individually warned about King's personal bodyguard, Ronnie McNutt, who was an expert rifleman who had served in the US military. I met my 5 teammates right before departure into the 1960s. One of them had the name Ki Kehater on his uniform. He introduced himself as Senior Sergeant Kehater. He had been in the White Army for 5 years, having been involved in multiple operations, particularly in North African territory wars against bushmen and roving gangs of criminal niggers

trying to invade White North Africa. He had been wounded in the 2nd Afghanistan war, an operation that had been part of a failed campaign to end the muslim religion.

The rest of the soldiers introduced themselves as Oswald Moseley, an English special forces officer, Andrew Jackson, a lawyer from the old era who had then fought the jewish invasion of America, Kyle Rittenhouse, a man who had been on trial as a teenager for shooting 3 jewish

pedophiles during a riot, and Heinz Guderian, a former German officer who had defected from the UN army during the revolution, leading millions of others to follow him in assisting our revolution.

We arrived at the time launch base in the former Area 51 in the state of Nevada, now within the

Oceania-Pacifica region is made up of California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Oregon and Washington state. We were transported in a convoy of MRAPs and armored humvees to the base, as the area was still being liquidated and was still experiencing serious communist resistance. A mile outside of Las Vegas, the leading MRAP was hit with a large rocket from the desolate desert on our right side. I climbed into the gun pit in the MRAP I was in and returned

fire with the .60 mega cannon that was mounted on the roof. I saw a group of niggers run down into a trench and for a split second I thought I saw a familiar face. One of the niggers had lips that took up half his face and a nose that looked like a rotted banana that had been stepped on.

It had been the monkey criminal nigger George Floyd. But that wasn't possible. I had knelt on his neck years ago. I had been a Minneapolis police officer in the old days, with a long rap sheet of niggers I had shot at, but he had been my only kill. I had spent years in maximum security prison before being rescued by the White revolutionaries.

We were sent to April 3rd, 1968 on a mission to kill Martin Luther king. We went into the massive machine with plasma cores which would transport us to 1968. We were transported to a small coffee shop which had been infiltrated by a team before us, a team of scientists and mathematicians who had not been capable of much more than the paperwork required to lease the coffee shop.

I immediately noticed a store across the street from the coffee shop that I recognized from Harvard University nigger studies courses I had taken while doing officer training in college.

The store had a large, red, dirty canopy that said Cup Foods on it. Outside of the convenience store there was a pack of niggers in baseball jackets, smoking odorous fruit flavored cigarillos and playing cards around a covered trash can.

"That's weird," I said, "I thought that place was in Minneapolis."

"Couldn't have those nerds have chosen a better spot in the city?" asked a corporal with the

name Moseley on his tag, "Now we have to wait until dark to leave."

"That's probably a bad idea," I said, "You don't want to be in these parts at night. Let's just go out the back door."

We exited the building, into the alleyway behind it. A few niggers littered the pavement, but they were either asleep or high so the ones that did notice us dismissed us. We moved to the end of the alley and ran into another one at the other side of a hot, gray street.

The day was a hot one, with no clouds and heat waves emanating from the asphalt. Shirtless niggers played basketball on an elementary school court they had long since broken the padlock to get into. As we entered the alleyway, we saw a few sober-looking niggers greasing their hair in a broken off car mirror on the back steps of a restaurant. They looked up at us, and started chimping in

ebonics which we couldn't decode. They grew angry at our lack of response and got up and walked over to us.

"Ayo muffuguh. I be's talkin to yous." One of them chimped at Kehater.

Kehater moved his tunic aside to reveal the M4A1 he, like all of us, was carrying.

"Back to your steps and no one gets hurt. He said.

The two coons sat back down, eyeing us as we walked the rest of the way to the street corner. As we were about to turn, I heard Moseley's VSS integrally suppressed rifle go off 3 times. I turned to see both of the niggers dead with hi-point 9mm pistols in their hands.

"What the hell," Kyle Rittenhouse said, "Hi-point didn't exist in 1968."

I walked to one of the dead niggers and picked his gun up. The label, although corroded, was still visible. Made in China, 2012, the label said.

"Something is going on here." I said, "Someone is expecting us."

"Uh, chief? We need to go." Guderian said.

I looked behind me to see a massive crowd of niggers parading down the street. At their helm was a nigger with a black tanktop on. He was mustachioed, but it looked unnatural, almost like a glue-on mustache. He also had short cut hair and was exceptionally tall. We ducked back into the alley we had walked from and watched as the niggers gathered around a podium in the middle of a highway which had been blocked by beige Toyota Corrollas that had

been stolen from the helpless White people stuck in Memphis.

"I bes havin a dream an shieet," the man chimped. "That niggas ain't be judgin by da color of da skin an shieet, but by da color of dat fentanyl."

The crowd exploded in applause for the man, who I now knew was Martin Luther King jr., our target. Except that King was a short man, and he had worn a suit to this speech, which had taken place in

Washington D.C. not Memphis, and he had been an average student with fairly good oration skills. This was clearly not the real Martin Luther King, but whoever this was was passing well to the crowd as MLK.

“Oh God, where do I know that face from.” Rittenhouse said.

“Thats George Floyd, the monkey nigger that the chad Derek Chauvin knelt on.” Kehater answered.

“There's no way.” I said, “That nigger was dead, I saw it.”

“He’s standing right there, chief.” Guderian said.

I raised my rifle to fire at him but my men all grabbed it and pointed it down.

“That’ll get us all killed.” Guderian said. “Let’s just find out where he is staying and find a room at

that hotel. Then tomorrow, when he goes to get ice or a drink, we cap him and get back to the coffee shop.”

Three hours later, we found the dingy hotel “King” was staying at. We moved into the room next to him, setting up audio equipment to listen to his activity. There was no sign of King’s bodyguard. The only people going into his room were dirty looking niggers and whores of all races. We saw 20 or so people go in, but no one ever came out. We heard sounds of guns from his room, but we couldn’t understand the ebonics that the people inside were speaking. When we heard screaming from inside the room, Guderian jumped up and we all followed him into King’s room. We met King outside his room and Guderian blew his head off with his

shotgun. We immediately took heavy fire from the room, most of which hit King's massive body. However, with all of the holes in his body, King was still standing. His head rematerialized without its fake mustache and with red eyes.

He spoke in a booming voice, telling the niggers inside to destroy us. They were all stupid enough to run through the door one after the other and we killed all of them rather easily. Floyd was appalled at this and pulled his own gun out, but we all shot at him at once, turning

him into a human sponge. He fell to the ground screaming.

“I can't breathe niggas. All I wanted was to have a dream an shieet.”

Kehater walked over to him and pointed his M4 at King’s face.

“Shut up nigger.” he said after pulling the trigger.

We made quick work of the hike back to the coffee shop, where we wired explosives to the portal we had generated inside of it.

We then began travelling back to 2047, detonating the explosives once we were inside of the plasma core. When we arrived back in 2047, we were greeted with a crowd of military personnel who had been watching our escapade live. I was awarded the Iron Cross 2nd class, and Guderian was awarded the Iron Cross 1st class for bravery.

This project has been classified for 50 years, and I am finally writing it upon my deathbed. All time travel was banned shortly after this because of unforeseen problems with missions involving changing space time. Some of our own defected because Martin Luther King had been the reason they were sympathetic to our cause. Without King they had no reason to help us, so they were bribed by

the Africans to strike our bases. We couldn’t go back in time to stop the missions, because seeing a different version of yourself causes time shock, which can easily be deadly.

We eventually won the war with Africa by using surgical nuclear weapons to decimate their supply chain, but not without hundreds of thousands of deaths.

Never time travel, even if killing niggers is tempting. It causes many unsolvable problems.

**Krampus Floyd**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Andrew Burrows. I am a man who has been studying cryptids for my whole entire life. When I say that, I mean it. As a child, I would read countless books and magazines about them. This persisted even throughout my teen years, as nerdy as it sounds. However, it paid off really well, because I

went through university and graduated to become a cryptozoologist without having to do much studying because I had so much prerequisite knowledge.

Having been a certified cryptozoologist for half my life, I've given a shot at heavily investigating some major cryptids such as monkele-mbembe, the yeti, the chupacabra, the Japanese Kappa, and so on. In my field of studies, I aim toward trying to figure out whether or not these mythical creatures are real. Unfortunately, I still haven't proved one yet, despite how long I've been working because of how hard it is. Even the world famous Cryptozoologists out there are lucky to discover one. For example, one of them who is known as Pussy Farts confirmed the Loch Ness monster's existence by finding a specimen dubbed the Wilcock Ness Monster. I have to admit, I am super jealous of his accomplishment and it motivates me even more to either debunk a cryptid or prove one's existence. Even debunking a cryptid is as big of an achievement as discovering an existing one because of how vast this planet is. I will go as far as to say I'd be willing to die to accomplish either task.

For those of you who aren't familiar with how cryptozoologists do their work, we follow a procedure that is different from the scientific method. It is one that is simple in theory, but complicated in practice. We constantly scan around the media to fish for any strange patterns that occur around the world. For instance, if we notice that there is a suspicious surge in injuries or deaths in a given location, we travel there asap and go looking for potential cryptids that could have possibly caused it. We always have to be quick though, because cryptids tend to be shy, even the aggressive ones, so they will flee as soon as they have done their deed. The deaths don't have to be humans though. The chupacabra feeds on the livestock of farms, so we will be notified if there is an insane number of farms that get wiped within a short timespan.

My introduction aside, there is a reason why I am writing this report. I think I have proved a high profile cryptid to be real. But because I didn't manage to collect any evidence at all, I have to draft my encounter that I hope is convincing enough for my superiors. Now you may be itching to know – what cryptid did I encounter? Well you've probably heard of Krampus, a Christmas legend that has been going around throughout Eastern Alpine folklore and popular culture. Conventionally, Krampus is known for being the opposite of Santa. Instead of rewarding children with presents, he punishes them. The way he accomplishes this varies depending on how bad the said child behaved near christmas. Most of the time, Krampus uses scare tactics such as chasing the naughty children. Hence the lack of material harm, it is for those who commit mild acts of misbehavior. Occasionally, when a child critically misbehaves, Krampus would lean toward punishing them brutally. This includes using physical force, and sometimes kidnapping the child using his basket for drowning, eating, or transporting to hell. In terms of physical appearance, Krampus differs depending on the given culture depicting him, but generally speaking, he is a bipedal mammalian creature that possesses goat-like horns on the top of his head, hooves, fangs, and a long pointed tongue. This is all at least how popular folklore interprets him.

The real Krampus that I witnessed with my own eyes is way distinct from how most think he is. I won't spoil it here, but I will tell you now that he is far more vile, gruesome, and aberrant. I don't know if this is the right word, but perhaps, more powerful. That being said, there is another reason why I am creating this report – to warn all of you to avoid the Krampus that I speak of.

It all started when I was sitting at my desk at work on Christmas Eve, sorting some case files of brief cryptid sightings from a pool of my colleagues, that contain photos that look like they were taken by a pajeet using a shitty Android tablet. You know what I am talking about. Like the infamous black and white Loch Ness Monster photograph from the nineteen hundreds that looks like the silhouette of a black nigger who dislocated his elbow at the surface of a lake. Let me tell you, they are almost always a hoax since it is statistically unlikely for a cameraman to do such a shitty job of capturing an extremely rare sight.

I did my first quota of the day before I was allowed to do the fun part of my shift, which is what every medium level employee has to do everyday, because the company I work at is owned by a Jew named Mr. Peters, who all the employees secretly want to be overtaken by a better manager. Not to mention, it was supposed to be our Christmas break right now and the kike boss doesn't like to adhere to the provincial employee standards, which allows any employee to excuse from work in both Christmas and Christmas eve.

After I was done with that mundane task, I went on my lunch break because I was so fatigued and I desperately needed to eat the ten steaks in my lunchbox to maintain my 300 pound physique, that resembles

the average racist chad. It was the first time I've ever packed such a big meal for work, because After I pulled the Ziploc bag full of red meat out of my limited edition Land of the Lost lunch box, I approached the public microwave to heat them. However, I stopped when I felt someone breathing on the back of my neck.

"Goy, you can't eat too much of that cattle in my workplace," Mr. Peters said in his jewy nasal voice.

He tried snatching my bag of steaks from my hand, but his scrawny jew physique could not reach it when I recoiled it above my head. *God, I hate jews who support veganism*, I thought.

"You better hand me that or else I will fire you," the jew boss said.

I really didn't like the idea of losing my job because I worked so hard to be in my position, so I slowly gave the bag of steaks to him.

"This is your last warning Andrew," my boss said.

He then left me, with the bag still in his hands. I know that he is a vegan who is irrationally afraid of eating meat, so I wondered what the hell he would possibly do with it. But I quickly came to the realization that the bag of steaks was the only food that I brought, so I got paranoid about losing my hard earned gains. I just sat at the lunch table alone on my phone, looking like one of those quiet kids at school who has no one to hang out with because his sole friends are too sick to come to class.

After the lunch break ended, I returned to my office to continue working. I scanned through the news section of the search engine, trying to find anything noteworthy. However, it was very difficult to concentrate, due to my hunger. It was the equivalent of being a slit eyed asian who has just as much of a difficulty seeing as niggers on fentanyl have of breathing. Eventually, I said *fuck it* and decided to go to my other colleagues offices to ask for food. I know it is a nigger thing to beg others for food like that, but I could feel my roided up muscles begging for mercy, so I went for it. The first colleague I went after was one named Quinton. He works at a room across from mine, but he was my first pick because just like me, he is a heavily muscled racist chad who also force feeds himself regularly. However, he keeps all his food in a mini fridge in his work office, so I figured he'd most likely have food to spare. Of course, Mr. Peters doesn't know of this, otherwise, he'd confiscate it too.

I knocked at the side of Quinton's office door.

"Come in," he said, while typing on his keyboard.

"Um sorry to bother, but do you have any extra food in that cooler of yours?" I asked politely.

Quinton rotated his flexible office chair to face me. His eyes appear bloodshot, as if he had been busy with his work for a long time.

"Andrew, do you really think I'd let you in on some for free?" he asked rhetorically.

"Look, that fucking kike boss took my entire lunch and I can't work without food in my stomach," I whispered, making sure Mr. Peters wouldn't happen to hear me.

"Alright well I got a deal for you. Come over here, I want to show you something first."

Quinton motioned me to look at his computer screen.

There I saw a foreign government statistics website for a different country that displayed a number. A number representing a reported missing person statistic since the night before Christmas on their end. It was for an eastern country that is twelve hours ahead of us, so Christmas had already started for them. Fourteen thousand was the number, and counting. My jaw dropped at the statistic. However, I didn't read the label correctly. After rereading it, I realized that it was specifically a missing person count for children.

"What the fuck?" I said. "What could have caused this? And what kind of sick fuck would hurt that many kids?"

"This has to be the doing of a malevolent cryptid," Quinton said. "And it is physically impossible for one single human to pull this off in such a short amount of time. Not even an organization that traffics children."

"You're right."

“So here is the deal. I would like you to assist me in tracking down whatever the hell is on the loose this Christmas, since it is most likely a deadly being given the amount of victims. If you come with me, I will let you have one of my protein sandwiches.”

The thought of the word protein made me salivate, so I immediately said “Yes.”

Quinton opened his mini fridge and then took out a bagged sandwich that he bought from Tim Hortons and tossed it at me, and I caught the sandwich with one hand.

“Thank you," I said, as I quickly blasted through the sandwich.

“You're welcome,” Quinton said. “Now you have a job to do.”

In the equipment room, we grabbed all the equipment necessary: a bear trap, tranquilizer snipers, raw meat for bait, assault rifles, and armored vests.

We weren’t exactly sure what prospective cryptid we were to encounter, but that was the kit we went with because of how versatile it is.

Quinton and I met with the helicopter pilot, Hopee, at the launch pad. Even though he is quite skilled at flight, Hopee comes across as a sketchy man, because he is a former convict who was apparently caught preying on women in his ARK Discord server. I myself really didn’t want to be in the same flying vehicle as the creep, but it was a time sensitive mission and there weren’t any other chopper pilots on duty at the moment, since they all happen to be on Christmas vacation.

“Alright Hopee, get us to um," I began. “Quinton, where exactly are we to head over to?”

“New Delhi, India,” Quinton replied.

Drats, I thought. New Delhi is the last country I would visit. It is filled with horny pajeet Indians who would rape any foreignors that would visit. And when I say any foreigners, I mean absolutely any. Those Pajeets are so desperate that they would turn into faggots and rape men as well. However, I knew that Quinton and I are built chads, so we wouldn’t have a problem with heeding them anyway.

“Okay, New Delhi it is,” Hopee said.

The three of us boarded the cyan colored chopper that had our company logo branded on it. As Hopee initiated the flight, I felt the large propellers spin which formed a circular gust of wind around us.

“Hold on tight!” Hopee said over the microphone

He launched the helicopter around 1500 feet in the air and then headed to the direction of India. Now, for us to know exactly where we were supposed to head to, as simply knowing where New Delhi is isn’t sufficient information, there is a built-in radar in the helicopter's control panel. You see, cryptids tend to emit a special type of radiation that even humans can detect with the naked eye, hence why cryptids all evolved an extremely effective means of hiding. And when I say detectable with the naked eye, I mean the radiation exists in the form of a mass of light green fog floating in the air. This is the primary reason why they are so elusive in the first place. Though the radiation in question is identifiable without the use of technology, our radar is able to magnify it by one million times, enabling us to spot its source from thousands of miles away.

“So quinton, what cryptid do you think we will possibly encounter?” I asked, as I tried my best not to inhale the excess propeller wind.

“Given that we are headed to India, I would guess the poop golem which formed from the excess poop that the Pajeets leave out on the streets,” Quinton said. “Or maybe the famous rape creature that is capable of telepathically raping White women who don’t send it bobs and vagene pictures.”

“Makes sense. I am thinking we might come across Krampus, because you know, he comes out and hurts misbehaving children at around Christmas—”

“Woah woah hold your horses,” Quinton interrupted. “I thought pajeets don’t celebrate Christmas, so wouldn’t it make sense for the Krampus to carry out its attacks in other countries to be more efficient?”

“Yeah I guess you got a point there,” I said. “But you have to consider the fact that there are plenty of cucked White families who move to New Delhi even though it is full of shitskin rapists who seek their White women.”

"Oh yeah I forgot about those."

"Let me tell you, I hope whatever this Krampus thing might be out there, it will be easy to capture or debunk, because I have to visit my family for Christmas tomorrow," I said. "This trip better be quick."

" I wouldn't be too worried about that," Quinton shrugged. "Remember, most of our expeditions are nothing but false alarms, such as when we mistakened a mass casualty for the doing of the Jewish Moth Man, when really it was actually a psychotic nigger on the loose."

Quinton was most likely right. You see, the probability of us finding a cryptid in a given expedition is microscopic, since our call to adventures are usually prompted by natural disasters or serial killers. Even though I am all in for actual Cryptid sightings, a part of me was hoping for that to not be the case, because finding one would mean an extensive follow up analysis which takes days, and like I said, I really wanted to spend time with my family for Christmas.

Since we were traveling on a chopper, it was going to be a long trip. I texted my family group chat that I may or may not make it to the Christmas dinner because of work. Thankfully, my family consists of ***based*** people, so they knew to blame it on my Jew boss, and not me.

After I had a good chat with my folks, I put away my phone and took a nap because I was getting sleepy from the redundant motion of the helicopter.

I woke up to a loud bang. I sprang up, to see Hopee looking a bit hazy. He must have almost crashed the helicopter into something.

"What is going on here?" I asked, rubbing my eyes.

"Sorry about that," Hopee said. "I got distracted by that billboard displaying a hot bikini model over there."

I looked over to Quinton, who fell asleep as well. He did not seem to be phased by the turbulence at all, because he was still snoring deep in his slumber.

I then looked at the billboard that Hopee pointed at, to see the bikini model he got horny over.

It was an Indian woman. It struck me as odd for a second, because no intelligent clothing brand would dare to use an Indian woman as a model for their advertisements, because as we all know, Indians are one of the least attractive races out there. But I then shortly realized why the billboard advertisement displayed such a hideous woman. Looking at the warm hue of the polluted air and the poorly maintained architecture, it was evident we were now in India. The one and only country that would promote pajeet women in clothing ads. Not that there aren't any White women ads, because pajeet men idolize them like celebrities.

"How close are we to our destination?" I asked Hopee.

"We are approximately two hours away," Hopee responded. "The radiation signal of our radar should activate shortly, if there are any."

Seconds later, a high-pitched sound alarm emitted from the radar at the front control panel. Quinton woke up as a result, and we both bolted to the front to examine what it was picking up. On the radar screen, there were a bunch of dotted light visual indicators scattered together which represented detected radiation.

"Holy shit," Quinton exclaimed. "Looks like a cryptid is nearby."

"Precisely two hours away," Hopee said.

The two hours went by slowly, as Quinton and I eagerly waited. I saw the expected green colored radiation particles floating in the air. We were finally here. Surrounding us was a normal looking neighborhood. Normal for the most part for us Americans, at least. Because we were in India at the time, there were gobs of shit in the driveways as per usual. The collection of homes here summed up to give off a powerful accumulated odor of curry. Looking around, it didn't seem like there was anything special going on. However, when I looked over a few blocks from where the chopper was, I spotted one house with Christmas lights on. But the Christmas lights were not what caught my eye, despite its appealing look. There looked to be a high concentration of the radiation surrounding that house.

“Hopee, fly us over to that house,” I pointed.

“Okay, will do,” Hopee said, as he steered towards the flashing colorful lights and headed there.

The closer we got to that house, the more we noticed this stench. No, not the smell of pajeet poop that we would have expected. It was more like the smell of rotten flesh. It was so putrid, that I pinched my nose. I could not fathom having a big ass Jew nose to inhale a large volume of whatever smell this was.

By the time we landed on the road in front of the house, I had gotten used to the odor. Quinton and I equipped our gear and then began to carry out the initial investigation. We circled around the exterior of the home, to gauge for any signs of a cryptid. Everything appeared to be normal, until I looked to the roof. The chimney, to be specific.

“Hey Quinton, check that out,” I said as I pointed my flashlight. “The chimney is half broken. Something must have broken into it.”

“Yeah, let's go check it out, “Quinton said as he pulled out his grappling hook. I reciprocated and we projected ourselves up the roof of the home. The top part of the chimney was shattered, with the small fragments of mortar sprinkled on the roof. Bits of smoke were coming out of it. I turned to Quinton.

“So,” I began. “Should we go in?”

“I’d say we should. Hopefully we don’t wake up the people living here.”

Quinton and I easily fit through the chimney, since the top part that had been ripped off was what would have prevented us from going in. The smell of rotten flesh increased exponentially as Quinton and I lowered ourselves. At the bottom of the chimney was a pile of charcoal that was the byproduct of a previously lit fireplace. On the very pile of charcoal was a duo of negative space that formed the shape of goat hooves.

“Quinton, check it out, there are footprints down there,” I exclaimed. “I wonder what it came from.”

“The jersey devil maybe,” Quinton said.

“We are not in New Jersey, what are you smoking? I think this is from Krampus.”

“Ohh makes sense, because this is the sole home that celebrates Christmas in this neighborhood,” Quinton said as if he was the one who figured it out.

By the time we landed on the black charcoal bedding, we noticed a peculiar white contrasting speck of powder on it. I picked up a sample and decided to smell it. Oh boy did I regret my decision. I don’t know what exactly the smell was like, but I immediately coughed up blood. Whatever the white powder was, it had to be some kind of drug.

“Fentanyl,” I said. “What the hell is fentanyl doing here?”

“I don’t know,” Quinton said. “But we shall find out. Let's get out of this fireplace and explore around the house.”

I carefully opened the metal enclosure that locked us in the fireplace, and then we tiptoed out, hoping not to wake anyone up, and most importantly, not startle the potential cryptid that might be here. Around us was a heavily decorated living room. There was a Christmas tree next to the fireplace which had a stack of wrapped presents under it, each of them having no visible label. Coming from the fireplace was a trail of that same fentanyl powder that persisted throughout the living room, reaching far into the doorway which was the kitchen.

I started to follow it, motioning Quinton to do the same. Again, that smell of rotten flesh grew even stronger the longer we tailed the line of powdered fentanyl. However, I was not too bothered by it any longer since I was very much focused on our investigation, and also the fact that we were inside somebody's damn house. The trail of fentanyl eventually led to the kitchen counter. On the counter was a large piece of red craft paper that looked like it had been through a lot; it was definitely not a new sheet of paper. On it was a handwritten sentence which read: “Where are the banana cookies and milk at?” It took me a while to decipher the sentence because of how horrible the handwriting was. It looked like it was written by a nigger, because niggers tend to have similar handwriting to chimpanzees at the zoo when the zookeepers would attempt to teach them how to write simple text.

“That is weird. I didn’t know Santa has such a preference for banana cookies,” Quinton said.

“Hm, I don’t know if this note is from Santa,” I said. “This has to be the doing of the cryptid we are dealing with.”

“But what kind of cryptid would write this note? As beastly and animalistic they usually are, I don’t think they could have as much of a craving for banana cookies as niggers would.”

“Okay but you need to consider, niggers are too retarded to break into a home via a chimney, even though they are responsible for a large portion of home invasions in the USA.”

“Well then let’s stop wasting our time arguing. We still haven’t even searched half of this house.”

I then noticed a second fentanyl trail which branched from next to the first trail. This one led to a staircase which directs to the second floor.

“To the stairs,” I whispered to Quinton, as I pointed to the staircase.

We quietly made our way up, trying our very best not to creak each of the wooden steps. The fentanyl was sprinkled along the stairs, so we knew that it was the correct way to keep going. The moment we reached halfway through the stairs, I noticed a very distinctive noise. Very ambient-like, yet dissimilar enough to be a different sound from the air conditioning. It sounded more like a helium birthday balloon slowly deflating due to a small hole that was carefully poked into it. However, its volume was not constant. Every half second, it would quiet down, and then another half second later, it would grow louder. It creepily resembled the pattern of breathing.

Once Quinton and I made it to the top of the stairs, I looked down and saw that the fentanyl trail continued further, tricking into one of the bedroom doors.

But we were quickly distracted by the rotten flesh odor having become so prominent, that we could now tell where it was coming from. It was coming from another room next to the bedroom where the fentanyl trail trailed to.

“Which room should we venture into first?” I asked Quinton.

“I am more curious about what is causing the smell of rotten flesh,” Quinton said.

We tiptoed our way to the other room. It was a bedroom as well. At the center was a king size bed with what appeared to be a married couple sleeping on it. When we stepped in further, the smell got tremendously worse, just when I thought it couldn't. Along with that, I noticed the sound of insects flying around, combined with a wet squirming coming from the center of the bed. It was dark like nigger skin, so I took out my flashlight and aimed it around to guestimate where all the grotesque elements were coming from. I was a bit hesitant to shine the light on either of the people sleeping on the bed, but I did anyway because I didn’t find anything interesting around them. I almost got a heart attack when I saw what was in the bed. I saw what, because both the wife and the husband were deceased. But that alone was not what really shocked me. It was the manner in which they were slaughtered. Looking at the husband first, there was an extrusive deep wound on his chest area. It was so rooted that you could see parts of his ribs. It was so sickening to observe, but I bore in mind that as a cryptozoologist, it is my job to closely examine any plausible evidence of cryptids and this was definitely a candidate, so I stepped by the bed. I don’t know whether I regret my decision of doing so or not, because I saw countless maggots and flies digging at the leftover meat of the husband. Wait a minute, that chunk of meat - is a lung, I realized. The lung, which was barely hanging off the remains of the trachea, appeared to be almost completely drained in volume. It looked like a flesh colored sponge that was deprived of internal air. Quinton seemed to gain some composure, because he at last strode towards me.

“What in tarnation is this?” he said.

“I have no idea what happened to this man,” I said. “Check out his lungs, have you seen anything like this before?”

“That is even nastier than gay nigger porn,” Quinton belched. “I mean, look at all those insects-”

“No,” I interrupted. “Notice how deflated the lung is. Keep in mind that lungs in equilibrium, even for a dead corpse, should retain some degree of inflatedness.”

“You’re right. Whatever cryptid is lurking in this house, it must have done something to drain it.”

I used my specialized camera to take a picture of the fucked up lung, as evidence.

“I think for now we should move on. There may be more important things to examine,” Quinton suggested.

I forced myself to forget the peculiar piece of potential evidence and then moved to the other side of the bed to examine the wife’s corpse. I wasn’t expecting it to be as bad as the husband's fate, but it was pretty damn close. Her reason for death was completely different. Her lungs didn’t appear to have been mutilated, but instead, it was her belly that was mangled. However, it was far more obvious that some malevolent being caused it. On her pregnant belly was a humongous claw mark. Four sharp serrated cuts with the overall shape of a bell were formed. To my relief, there weren’t as many maggots and flies present there, but turns out, the cuts were even deeper than I initially imagined. When I pointed my flashlight closer, I found out the cuts didn’t just penetrate the epidermis. The cuts reached to the uterus, and there was a visible fetus in it. I had enough, so I leaned to the side and puked out the remains of the sandwich that Quinton gave me in exchange for my assistance in this expedition. Quinton noticed my visible disgust.

“Okay, there is definitely something out there," he concluded.

“Yeah no kidding,” I said. “There is no such accident that could simply create those demon-like claw marks. Something evil is on the loose, something more sinister than even the baddest of niggers.”

“I wouldn’t make such a bold statement because it is a world class feat in itself to be badder than those leather skin big lipped monkeys,” Quinton corrected. “But yes, I see your point.”

I took a photo of the pregnant woman's severed belly for evidence purposes, and then continued around the room. After a few minutes of searching, neither of us found any additional evidence, besides extra blood splatter from the married couples attack, but it wasn’t relevant enough to be noteworthy.

“I think that's enough for this room," I said.

We exited the master bedroom, and I realized how well we grew accustomed to the putrid flesh odor, because it almost felt like I was breathing fresh air in the hallways, when in reality, it was still somewhat present. The eerie sound that was coming from the bedroom next door was still audible, so Quinton and I quietly strode towards the door, which thankfully for us, was not completely shut. Once we got close enough, I gently grabbed the door and swung it wide open. I peeked into the bedroom, to see what was something I had been waiting to see for almost my whole entire life.

There it was, an eight foot tall bipedal goat-like creature with medium length curved horns protruding from the top of its scalp. It possessed deep black fur that was covered in a white residue that I couldn’t tell was fentanyl or snow since the glow of the moon through the window was the only light source. I looked at its lower body. It had short and skinny legs which resembled that of a goat, complemented with hooves that were the exact same shape as the footprints which Quinton and I saw at the bottom of the fireplace. Holy shit, it’s Krampus, I thought. This was the first ever cryptid I saw; a moment I have been waiting for my whole entire life. The Krampus’ appearance was very similar to what the folklore depicted Krampus to be, except for the shape of its fur. Legends portray Krampus to have thick straight fur, just like any regular goat. It also had a massive bag made of animal hide on its back, being carried like a backpack. However, the Krampus that I was looking at had very curly fur. The same kind of curliness that all nigger hair exhibits. The thought of a mythical creature in front of me almost distracted me from the fact that it was right beside a bed with a child sleeping. Krampus was kneeling on the floor to gravitate its head to the level of the bed, with its head hovering closely to the child's face; an inch or two away. Each time the child snored, Krampus would inhale, as if it was breathing in whatever the child was exhaling.

“Ah, nice breathing in that cracka’s snore air,” Krampus said in a deep animalistic voice.

I thought the way in which Krampus was punishing this child was interesting. Not a single cultural folklore that I knew of at the time characterizes Krampus as an air stealing monster.

“Quinton, are you seeing this?” I whispered as silently as I could.

“Yeah, what the hell should we do? Wait?” Quinton whispered back.

“Whatever this creature is, it is most definitely not friendly. I say we should just wait and see.”

Krampus continued to breathe in the child's snore air for the next few minutes, looking like it was drinking its favorite soda. As time passed, I noticed that the skin of the child grew pale, along with his body going limp. The rate at which this happened was perfectly in sync with Krampus' breathing pattern. Wait a second, is Krampus sucking the air out of that sleeping child? I questioned myself. Eventually, the boy became as pale as a lychee, and Krampus grabbed the body by the neck and then dragged it inside his bag, looking like a murderer trying to hide a body. After things got clear for Krampus, it turned around to exit the child's bedroom, to meet eyes with Quinton and I. My blood ran cold.

Its eyes stared into my soul, as if it wanted to tear me to shreds. Picture a deer in headlights, except imagine the deer has a mixed feeling of both anger and threatened. Krampus gave off the impression that its primal instinct of fighting back is about to kick in. Though, it was not a survival mechanism; it looked to have rather heinous intentions. When I looked at Krampus' face, I realized that it was completely different than what the legends tell you. It was not a goat's face at all. Instead, it looked more like the face of a hairless ape. Not any ordinary ape though. Its nose spanned across its face like how butter is uniformly spread on a slice of bread. Flat, yet exceptionally wide. Its lips were as thick as two hot cheeto puffs stacked on top of each other. It looked like a plastic surgeon student used a chimpanzee test subject for both nose job and lip enlargement practice simultaneously. As comical as its facial features were, its face was haunting enough to give me nightmares for subsequent nights.

"Ooga booga, what are you mains doing in my path?" it growled at us. "Want me to steal ya mains snore air too? I can steal grown-ups' air too."

I didn't know how to respond to it. It's overwhelming appearance made my feet plant to the ground, rendering me completely frozen momentarily. I have been studying these beings for such a long time knowing I haven't seen any before, and here one was, right in front of me. This food for thought replayed in my mind a few times, until I snapped out of my trance.

This is the one and only chance for me to prove a Cryptid's existence, I thought. Without any prior thought because of my on-the-moment nervousness, I quickly pulled my camera out of my pocket and then snapped a photo. It was one of those super technical cameras that gives off a blinding flash. Ah shit, I cried to myself. I used the wrong camera setting. The camera setting I used was meant for capturing photographs of residual cryptid evidence, which is a situation where high contrast lighting is essential. Obviously, the setting we use to capture cryptid photographs minimize flash. Unsurprisingly, the bright flash pissed off Krampus.

"How dare you dishonor I, Krampus Floyd," it boomed.

Huh, Krampus Floyd, I thought. Glancing back at its face, its name made perfect sense, since its ridiculously large nose and lips resembled the Minneapolis drug chimp, George Floyd. Quinton and I quickly turned away and ran.

As we bolted down the stairs, I heard what a horse galloping on wooden planks would sound like. I glanced back, to see Krampus Floyd on all fours, going after us. It was unrealistically fast, and at this point, I wanted to escape with my life more than studying this cryptid further. I turned my body back and pulled out my shotgun, pointing it at Krampus Floyd's head. I pulled the trigger without hesitation. However, all the pellets bounced off its seemingly solid metal fur, which formed an illusion where its curly fur is made out of steel wool.

Quinton and I continued to run and we realized that we had nowhere to go, but back up through the chimney. I had a bit of claustrophobia, so it didn't feel ideal to me, but it was much closer to us than the front door, which we don't even know the location of anyway. One by one, we both used our grappling hooks to quickly haul ourselves up, escaping through the roof. We made it up just in time, because we found Krampus Floyd still climbing his way up the chimney slowly. Since it is eight feet tall and probably weighed a ton, it had such a hard time keeping up with us. But I didn't let my guard down.

With my quick thinking, I found a pile of Pajeet poop beside me. I was grossed out by it, because the household that we were in aren't Indian, so it was evident that some random pajeet outsider was bold enough to shit on the rooftop of this house. I grabbed the gob of poop while trying my best not to puke, and tossed it into the chimney. The half dried-out pajeet feces happened to strike Krampus Floyd's mouth while it had its mouth open, ultimately splattering in it and sinking into its throat, which blocked its airways.

“Aw fuck, poop in my mouth, I can’t breathe!” Krampus Floyd choked.

Quinton and I took advantage of our bought time, and bolted away. Using our grappling hooks, we both descended off the roof and landed perfectly since we both have quads that measure over thirty inches. From our position to the helicopter was a distance of a few yards. Seems manageable, I thought. But shortly, I heard a clicking sound coming from up on the roof, so I looked back up. There it was, Krampus Floyd sitting like a gargoyle on the edge of the roof. It drooled a white fluid which I could tell was fentanyl infused saliva.

“Hehehe, yall mains will not escape me," it growled.

“Start flying now!” I cried out to Hopee. However, I was filled with dread when I realized that Hopee was on his phone, busy predating girls on discord. Quinton and I pedaled our legs and we must have done a good job running, because we beat Krampus Floyd to it by a decent margin. As we got in, I shook Hopee in the shoulder.

“Get off your phone for fucks sake!”

Hopee at last heard me, and he started up the chopper. Once we began to ascend up, I let out a sigh of relief. However, the relief only lasted until I saw Krampus Floyd charging at us, again on all fours, and used its nigger speed to latch itself onto the side stool next to Quinton.

“Quinton look out!” I cried out. However, it was too late. Krampus Floyd used its inhumanely long tongue to grab Quinton by his neck and lifted him up as if he only weighed an ounce, even though he is a 300-pound racist chad.

“Help me! The nigger goats tongue is choking me and I can’t breathe!” Quinton gurgled.

I thought it was now going to be the demise of both Hopee and I. However, Krampus Floyd’s face turned green all of a sudden, and let go of Quinton.

“Aw shit main, the helicopter is making me airsick main,” it croaked.

Before Quinton fell, I managed to grab his arm. Because he is a built Chad like me, it was a bit challenging to haul him back up to the chopper, but thankfully, my workout routine paid off for once.

Krampus Floyd’s airsickness weakened it, so it lost its arms grip and let go of the chopper's side stool, then launched itself horizontally away from the helicopter. While Krampus Floyd was still up in the air, it used its claw-like hands to somehow conjure a crimson red portal in front of it. It then swiftly swung itself into the portal to completely disappear with no trace. The portal quickly shrunk in size until it vanished, leaving a fade of lighter red sprinkles trickling to the ground, similar to the blood splatters of Ronnie McNutt’s brain matter when he blew his brains on Facebook live.

“Holy shit!” I exclaimed. “That was crazy.”

“I know. I was not expecting to get this close to a cryptid, let alone being attacked,” Quinton said.

As Hopee continued to drive the chopper, he asked, “What on Earth did you guys just mess around with and why does it have such a big ass nose?”

“It was Krampus, but I have no idea why its face appeared so different from what we were expecting,” Quinton said.

“I think it is a Floydian cryptid,” I said. “It named itself Krampus Floyd back in the house when it was about to attack Quinton and I. You see, the suffix of its name is Floyd, which probably originates from George Floyd.”

“You have got to be kidding me,” Quinton chuckled. “I know its face resembles him a ton, but I think it is too far-fetched to assume that. You know how rare they are.”

“But it’s not just that. The way Krampus Floyd attacked the boy. It stole his breath each time he snored. This is typical behavior of Floydian creatures. Also, remember the parents' bedroom? The father who had his lungs completely punctured and his wife who had her pregnant belly torn apart. Those two pieces of evidence in the same place at the same time can’t be a coincidence.”

“Now that we got that out of the way, I wonder where Krampus Floyd went when it jumped into that red portal it created.”

"According to most legends," I said. " Krampus brings naughty children to hell. It would make sense if that was a portal to hell it created."

"Alright, before we get ahead of ourselves. I think we should go back in the house to search for any further sample evidence, now that the coast is clear."

"Hopee, descend the helicopter please!" I requested. "We would like to do some further investigation."

Hopee landed the Helicopter onto the roof of the house, and then Quinton and I jumped down. We again grappled ourselves down the chimney. The smell of pajeet, or should I say poojeet feces became present. I wasn't too grossed out by it this time, because it reminded me of the epic high IQ move I did of using the random pile of shit to slow Krampus Floyd down in the chimney.

Once we were back in the now abandoned house, we began doing a more in depth search.

"We should split up since, you know, there is no longer a cryptid to worry about," I said. "I'll search the living room while you search the kitchen."

Quinton went off to the other section of the home, while I scanned through the living room walls, cabinets, and compartments. Nothing. However, I remembered the pile of presents under the Christmas tree. A lightbulb moment snapped and I realized that the Krampus in folklore is known to give naughty children unpleasant gifts, such as coal and dirt. Looking closely, all of the wrapped presents were not box-shaped. The wrapping paper of all of them appeared to be encasing plastic bags. I took one of them and opened it. Interestingly, I found an impressively large chunk of fifteen hundred rupee bills. For those who don't know, rupees are the currency in India, and fifteen hundred rupees is equivalent to twenty dollars USD.Those must be the presents from Santa, I assumed. However, I shortly discovered I was wrong. I used my fingernails to puncture the plastic bag open and then took one of the fifteen hundred rupee bills out. But something about its texture was a bit off. Now, because I have never been to India prior to this since I avoid this poop filled country like the plague, I have no idea what India's bills are supposed to look like. But the portrait that was printed on the fifteen hundred rupee bill was something that would most definitely convince me it was not real money. It was a familiar face that had a large nose and lips, with goat-like horns.

It was Krampus Floyd that was printed on the bill. Initially though, I decided to play devil's advocate because I was well aware that Indians worship monkey gods, so I probably mistook a printed picture of an Indian monkey god for Krampus Floyd, since George Floyd's face itself looks so much like a chimpanzee. I thought back and remembered finding some change inside one of the cabinets that I looked through, so I took it and compared it with the fifteen hundred rupee bill. Sure enough, its texture was completely different. This confirmed that it was actually a counterfeit bill. Krampus Floyd punishes naughty children by giving them counterfeit bills as gifts. I took the whole plastic bag that contained all the counterfeit Indian bills and put it in my duffel bag, since it was great evidence of Krampus Floyd's existence.

I continued searching through the pile of presents, when I heard Quinton call me over.

"Andrew, you need to come over and see this!"

"Coming!" I replied, as I ran over to the kitchen.

Quinton was sitting by the kitchen counter, holding that same red color craft paper that we found when we first entered the house.

"Remember this?" he said as he pointed at the paper. "Well I flipped it around and discovered an even longer handwritten message."

I took a look at it and saw that it was a string of text in a letter format. Again, it was written in nigger handwriting style, so I struggled to comprehend it even more than when I learned Shakespeare in grade-school. Despite its messiness, I was able to make sense of the message after reading it a few dozen times. It read:

*I have been watching you all year main. Yo cracka ass be naughty all year, so on the night befoe Christmas, I will be taking all yo air while you sleep. Most importantly, I will drain ya dads lungs and attack yo pregnant mother's lungs, hehehe. Dis is what you get foe bullying all da non crackas at yo school*

*mayne so ya better pay da price. Enjoy the bogus money too.*

*Sincerely, ya nigguh Krampus Floyd.*

"Holy shit Quinton, that is the best evidence we've found so far, besides the actual crime scene of the pregnant wife and husband corpses," I said. "This one is a keeper."

"Yep. We are going to make bank off our work," Quinton said. "I could imagine the amount of media coverage we are also going to get."

For the next few hours, we continued our thorough investigation, without having found anything significant. Later, we mounted back on the chopper and started heading back home to the USA. I was very happy for two reasons: first, we got to finally leave this poop-filled country full of shitskins. Second, not only did we successfully collect sufficient evidence to prove the existence of a cryptid, it was a ***based*** discovery as well.

Half a day went by, and we found ourselves back at the headquarters. It happened to land in the afternoon, so that meant Mr. Peters was on the worksite. Perfect timing, since our boss is the one to talk to regarding cryptid reports.

Quinton and I strode through the halls, until we found Mr. Peter's office. There we found him, on his computer. He was facing away from the doorway parallel to his desk, since that is how all of the offices in the headquarters are laid out. We noticed that Mr. Peters appeared to be busy doing something on his computer, so Quinton and I just gave it a wait. Minutes later, Mr. Peters invited us in.

"Sorry for the wait goys," Mr. Peters said. "I was busy firing off some emails. What should I help you goys with?"

"Mr. Peters, you will not believe what Andrew and I encountered," Quinton said enthusiastically.

Quinton shuffled around his bag and fished out the red craft paper note, while I pulled out the photographs of the husband's punctured lung, the mother's scratched pregnant belly, and ultimately, the photograph of Krampus Floyd itself. Subsequently, I presented the counterfeit fifteen hundred rupee bill.

"So, allow me to explain our findings," I began. "We witnessed, and heavens forbid, had physical contact with this being called Krampus Floyd. Essentially, it is Krampus, but in the form of George Floyd-"

"Goy, what do you mean by George Floyd?" Mr. Peters said.

"Well you see boss, the Krampus that we know of is nothing like the real Krampus. The actual Krampus is an evil black anti-Santa being that first slaughters a naughty child's parents by puncturing the fathers lung and mutilating the mothers belly. After that, it will proceed to steal the child's air during their sleep by using its snore suction ability, and then put the child's dead corpse in a bag. Aside from that, it will give naughty children counterfeit money as additional punishment."

"Are you being serious here?" Mr. Peters uttered. "You goys are just trying to be racist aren't you?"

I emphasized the photographs.

"No sir, I swear this all happened. The pictures say it all. You can even see that they were directly printed from the camera, so we didn't photoshop them."

"I don't believe you. You should be aware of the no racism policy of the company!" Mr. Peters began to grow frustrated.

"I know that policy is a thing, but I swear, we aren't making anything up for the sake of being racist. Everything we gathered here is authentic evidence."

"I am sorry, but there can't be a George Floyd based creature out there. You're fired!"

Mr. Peters pointed at Quinton.

"And you are too! Both of you goys are fired! Now pack up your stuff and leave!"

I was dumbfounded. Of course a Jew boss would dismiss such a ***based*** discovery.

"Are you kidding me?" Quinton yelled. "No, you can't do this, give us a second chance at least."

"We do not tolerate racists."

I began to argue with rage. “Fuck off you crook nose thing, I knew having a jew boss like you is problematic. And yes, we are racists, because of the corruptness of kike bosses.”

My anger accelerated to full heat, and I stomped over to Mr. Peters, then grabbed him by the neck and lifted him a foot off the ground. Doing so was easy as cake, since jews tend to be built like twigs.

“I will rip you kike if you fire us!” I screamed at Mr. Peters.

My racist gigachad energy scared the shit out of the little jew, so he begged me to let him go.

“Goy goy goy! Stop it!” Mr. Peters choked.

I let him go, just in case the kike court system screws me over, in the event of a lawsuit.

“Okay, I will not fire both of you, under the condition that you goys take me to a live sighting of that Krampus Floyd you speak of.”

Quinton and I looked at each other in shock. Mr. Peters' offer seemed almost impossible, since it is a well known fact that seeing a specific cryptid a second time is even rarer than seeing it the first time.

“Quinton, how are we going to do this?” I said.

“I don’t know man,” Quinton said, scratching his head.

I turned back to face Mr. Peters.

“We’ll think of something, just give us a moment.”

“You goys better come up with something,” Mr. Peters said.

“I think I have an idea,” Quinton beamed. “Given that Krampus Floyd went to hell after it got airsick, in the helicopter, chances are, it probably lives there.”

“And so what are you implying?” I questioned him, even though I knew where this was heading.

“We need to go to Krampus Floyd’s lair, since Christmas night is already over for all countries. That is, we are gonna have to go to hell.”

“Alright, well you better be right, because getting there in itself is not an easy task.”

Now, among us cryptozoologists, a lot of us know how to go to hell, since a lot of cryptids originate there. The steps to go there are simple in theory, but can get quite intricate in practice. First, one would have to gather a ridiculous amount of obsidian, whether it is from underground, volcanoes, or mixing water with lava. Second, the obsidian has to be built in a certain way, where it forms a four by five rectangular donut shape. After that, the obsidian structure has to be lit by flint and steel. I know, this process is very similar to the process of entering the Nether dimension in Minecraft, but it actually works as a means of entering hell in real life.

Since we as a company have been anticipating an event like this, we have a lot of stockpiled obsidian readily available in the storage room. Quinton, Mr. Peters, and I went there and assembled the portal by applying extreme amounts of heat pressure with a machine that is similar to a Minecraft infinite cobblestone generator.

Finally, I used one of our blowtorches to light it up. After the small flame was present, it vanished after a split second, to form a hazy purple film that spanned across the inner space of the obsidian structure.

One by one, each of us entered the portal to hell, with Quinton going in first, Mr. Peters second, and me last. The interval between the upper world and hell was a blur. To illustrate, it felt like somebody with a gallon bucket of water splashed it on me, leaving me dizzy for a few moments, after which I found myself, along with Quinton and Mr. Peters, in a hot reddish environment. We paused for a while in awe, since it was all three of us’ first time here. Under us was a platform of scorching rock that would have probably burned us to death if we were to take our shoes off. Surrounding the platform was an ocean of lava where hundreds of individual sparks ascended up from. I swear I could see moving hands amongst the lava. Wispy, yet ear piercing eerie background noise could be heard across the abyss, which exhibited the traits of wind and screaming. Quinton finally broke the silence and said, “So here we are, hell.”

“Yep. Now we just have to look for Krampus Floyd, if he is even in here,” I said.

“You goys better make this quick, because I need to attend my baby blood tea party soon,” Mr. Peters said.

"Alright Quinton, where are we gonna head to?" I asked. "You are the man in charge."

"Shit, I have no clue," Quinton said in a matter-of-factly voice. "We might have to go with our gut instincts."

He started walking forward, and so we followed. I could hear the sound of sizzling bubbles forming under our feet, each time we took a successive step on the molten rock platform. As we advanced, the wailing ambient noise got louder. That was when I realized we were going closer and closer to the lava.

"Um, are you mistaken? I don't see a reason why we should go anywhere near there," I said.

"I dunno, I just have a feeling that this is the way," Quinton said confidently.

I was now able to feel the heat of the lava on my face. Holy shit did it burn. I've always seen videos and movies of people near lava, but I was never able to fathom the remote smoldering sensation it can invoke.

Once all of us were next to the pool of lava, the ambient noise turned into highly disturbing screams that sent shivers down my spine. The hands that I thought I saw within the overwhelming flow of the flaming liquid became more apparent, and turns out, I was correct on them being hands, because I saw three human faces pop up near their corresponding hands. Well not human faces exactly, because they were the faces of niggers that I recognize. The first face that I identified was that of the nigger Emmett Till. Besides him was Breonna Taylor, who was surprisingly capable of floating well because her excessive amount of fat allowed her to. The last nigger was at the very right, who I recognized to be Ahmaud Arberry. Despite his nigger skin, his face was so red from the insane heat that he looked like a strawberry. Haha, more like Ahmaud Strawberry. I watched all of them in pleasure, because it was nice seeing some niggers getting the torture they deserve. As a joke, I kicked a few molten rocks at each of their faces to top it off. The rocks left burn marks on their faces that aren't even visible, since their nigger skin blends it.

"See? I told you you are a racist!" Mr. Peters pointed out.

Mr. Peter's nasal jew voice was getting so annoying, to the point where I was about to push him into the lava, but I took being called a racist as a compliment, so I kept my cool.

Suddenly, a subtle tune started to play from under the loud screams. It got my attention and it was coming from in front of the three screaming niggers. As the song played, I was able to recognize the name of it. It was the samsung over the horizon ringtone, which I only know of because of the hilarious Ronnie McNutt tomato suicide video. I gasped in shock, as I saw a white colored hand emerging from the lava, next to the shoreline. Soon after, a head popped up. To my relief, it wasn't a nigger. I say relief because seeing Emmett till, Breonna Taylor, and Ahmaud Arberry all at the same time made me sick to my stomach because as a racist, there is only so many criminal niggers I could have in my view until I go insane. Anyway, I am getting out of the topic, so back onto the White face. He had a pair of thick glasses that barely stayed on due to the lava, and a streak of purple hair that made him look like some LGBTQ supporting cuck. Below his face was a slightly visible leather jacket along with a white t-shirt under it. It was then, I recognized who it was.

"Holy shit it's Ronnie McNutt!" I exclaimed.

I was awestruck because I never thought I would meet the infamous suicidal cuck. I didn't know whether I should ask him for an autograph or make fun of him.

"Help me!" he cried out, as he waved his hand to us.

"What should we do about this geek?" Quinton asked me.

"He looks like he wants to get out of the lava," I said.

As Ronnie McNutt was bobbing up and down, he struggled to let out his next few words, "Let me out of the lava!"

Even though I have no sympathy for him since he was such a loser in life, I decided to help him up anyway because I felt that this cuck had enough niggers ruining his life after his ugly girlfriend, Equinox Autumn, cheated on him with a nigger.

After I lifted him, and dragged him into the shore, I saw all the residual lava on his leather jacket quickly evaporate.

"Oh thank you, thank you for getting me away from those niggers," Ronnie said. "They were bullying me after I told them the story about my wife leaving me for a BBC. They made me cry. I cannot thank you enough."

"No problem, we hate niggers too, well except for that one kike right there," I said, pointing at Mr. Peters.

"Again, I don't know how to repay you guys, so I guess that's it."

"Oh actually, there is something I have in mind," I said, grinning. "Do you happen to know where Krampus Floyd is?"

"Krampus? I know that thing from my dungeons and dragons game a while back! It was my favorite character!"

"No, not that Krampus. I am talking about an actual living and breathing one that has the face of George Floyd."

Ronnie then all of a sudden began breaking into tears, and full on cried.

"Um, you alright there?" I said, as I patted his back.

"Yo-you said his name... George Floyd," Ronnie stammered.

"So? What about it?"

"That is the name of the nigger that my ex girlfriend left me for. You just brought me back to those bad memories."

"Okay, I am sorry about that, but listen, we are trying to hunt this Krampus Floyd creature and I am wondering if you are willing to help us do so, since you obviously know much more about this place than we do."

Ronnie beamed with excitement. "Did you say hunt down?" he said as he wiped off a tear. "I am down for that!"

"Okay great. So, have you actually seen Krampus Floyd?"

"I think I did yesterday. I was busy jerking off to to Equinox Autumn with my mind since I don't have access to her nudes here in hell, but anyway, during that, I saw the nigger goat thing sprinting over the lava lakes and it immediately turned me off, so I quit the jerking off and watched it head southward."

"Alright then, could you help guide us to where you call south, because we don't exactly have any reference of direction here?"

"Follow me," Ronnie said affirmatively.

"Wait a hot minute," Quinton interrupted. "Are we really going to trust this man? He looks mad sketchy. I mean, after all, we are in hell of all places. For all we know, this Ronnie dude could be some demonic creature in disguise trying to lure us somewhere dangerous."

"Now you're hurting my feelings," Ronnie gulped.

"Chill out Quinton, there is nothing else we could do at this point," I said. "Better than spending our lives blindly looking."

As we walked, Ronnie did seem to know where we were going. To be frank, it had been over a year since his suicide, so him being here for that long would definitely yield him some decent navigational experience.

After some time passed, we crossed a bridge made out of this dark brick, which was leading to a dungeon-like castle. It was gigantic, probably spanning two football fields wide and as tall as a skyscraper. It gave off a vibe that told us that we didn't belong here. All four of us stopped when we reached the giant front gate of the castle, because it was locked.

"So I guess this is where Krampus Floyd hangs out?" I questioned.

"Yup, this is the place," Ronnie said. "Now we just need to figure out how to get in."

I knocked on the gate. "Anybody here?"

No entity within the fortress responded, but the gate automatically opened. Turns out, it wasn't locked after all.

We went in, to be met with a gargantuan main room, which appeared even bigger than the exterior of the building. The way the interior of the castle was decorated was distasteful. Along the walls were lines of stitched-on lungs. Judging by their size, the lungs most likely belonged to young children. There were numerous dining tables scattered across the room, each of them with a plate on top containing a placenta. It was nothing short of sickening. I then landed my eyes to the center back of the room, where there was a huge supercomputer that was left on. My curiosity got the best of me, so I got sidetracked and strode towards the computer. On the screen was the browser Google Chrome, which had some tabs open. The one that was currently onscreen was some form of a surveillance feed that displayed hundreds of live camera footage of children around the globe. *This must be the computer that Krampus Floyd uses to watch kids to see if they are naughty*, I thought. I looked at the names of the other tabs, one of them being some porn site that specializes in pregnant women kink, and another one being a website in the dark web that sells fentanyl.

Well Ronnie, you are absolutely spot on with Krampus Floyd's home," I said.

Ronnie puffed his chest as if this was the biggest accomplishment he's ever done.

"I am still not satisfied," Mr. Peters said. "I want to see the actual creature."

"Yeah, where is Krampus Floyd?" Quinton said.

Suddenly, the ground started shaking intensely, startling us. I briefly looked below the giant computer, to see a tall curly haired figure.

"Guys look! Krampus Floyd is here!" Quinton said in excitement.

"Are you convinced now Mr. Peters?" I said out loud over the rumbling of the ground.

Before Mr. Peters could answer my question, Krampus Floyd let out a deep earth shattering growl. "What are you all doing in mah territory?"

None of us said a word. All of us were simply too stunned to talk.

"Ooga booga yall mains better answer my question!" Krampus Floyd boomed. "And you cracka over there with the glasses, I bet ya small dick can't win dat hot pregnant bitch Equinox Autumn."

Ronnie got super offended by Krampus Floyd's comment, so he threw a tantrum and ran out of the castle, ditching Mr. Peters, Quinton, and I.

In all honesty, I had no idea on how to respond to Krampus Floyd's question. We were just Cryptozoologist trying to prove to our kike boss of a cryptid finding.

"Everybody run!" Quinton shouted.

We fled the scene towards the front gate. However, Mr. Peters being a genetically inferior jew, he was not able to run nearly as fast as Quinton and I, so Krampus Floyd easily caught up to him. It then magically summoned one of its giant animal hide bags and managed to use it to capture Mr. Peters, since he is as small as a child. Quinton and I stopped for a second to watch.

"I can't breathe in this bag!" Mr. Peters said, for us to barely be able to hear him inside the thick bag.

"Hehehe, you are mine now," Krampus Floyd said.

A part of me was glad this happened. I am all in to see a jew die, so I savored every moment of Mr. Peter's fate. But that quickly ended when Krampus Floyd turned to focus on Quinton and I.

"You mains are next."

We resumed running, until we came across the bridge, or at least what was left of it. The other side was completely wrecked due to the brief earthquake, rendering it impossible to cross it.

"Where do we go now?" I cried out.

Krampus Floyd was toe to toe with us in no time, and I thought this was going to be the end.

"No escape now main, eh?" Krampus Floyd cackled. "Any last words?"

I could feel its fentanyl laced breath on me as it spoke.

Fuck you nigger, all niggers should die," was the only thing I could say.

Krampus Floyd snarled at me angrily, and I couldn't tell whether it was offended by my sentence or it was legitimately angry, but it induced it to charge at me at maximum force. My fight or flight mode kicked in and I dashed to the side right when it made it to an inch from me. I successfully dodged it, and its disproportionately low intelligence relative it its high nigger speed caused it to race itself off the broken edge of the bridge, and then fall into the lava.

"Ah fuck mayne I can't swim in lava, I ain't trained to do dis!" it panicked. "I am drowning ova here mains and I can't fucking breathe, too hot even for mah melanin filled skin!"

As a result, it burned into crisps, letting out black smoke.

"Thank God niggers are dumb," Quinton said.

I shrugged. "Yeah, not even their fast speeds can make up for their negative IQ."

"Now how are we going to get out of this place?" I asked nervously. "For one, the bridge is completely ruined, and also, I lost track of our location relative to the portal."

We were truly stuck in this literally hellish place, so we had no choice but to remain in Krampus Floyd's palace.

I am now typing this on Krampus Floyd's master computer which thankfully has full internet access. Moral of the story: if you have a jew boss in your job, quit as soon as possible. They are corrupt and treat their employees like shit, and will sooner or later order you to do stupid shit that will end you up in shitty situations like Quinton and I are in. This is all I can say, since it would be a miracle to find ourselves out of hell at this point. Also remember, fuck niggers.

**The Black Lives Matter Popcorn**

By Jordan Cleeman

Movies. They are one of my favorite mediums of entertainment, along with video games, books, and racist creepypastas. Of course, I only like watching flicks that involve racism and antisemitism, not liberal trash where they replace all the characters with niggers; nigger characters on big screens make me puke out all my movie snacks, ruining the theatre experience. Speaking of theatres, they are my preferred place to watch movies. The three-dimensional aspect of the surround sound makes for mind-blowingly immersive enjoyment, almost as mind-blowing as Ronnie McNutt's Facebook livestream. I would go there every weekend with my friends. The food, in general, is good too. The butterless popcorn with the additional Kinder Surprise eggs really enhances the experience. However, a recent encounter completely traumatized me and makes me hesitate to go to movie theatres now.

The main theatre I go to with my friends on a regular basis is one called Grimeyplex Odeon. It is a highly reputable franchise that shows not only mainstream Jewy films, but also lesser-known ***based*** movies, such as *The Greatest Story Never Told*, and *The Guardian of the Rune*. One weekend, one of my friends, Jake Nikolopolus, and I went on one of our weekly movie trips. We were going to see a film called *The Invisible Man*.

While we waited in line to purchase our tickets, there was a sheboon in front of us who blocked the line. There was a twenty feet gap in between her and the family who was in front of her. I tapped her shoulder to get her attention. It was hard as hell since I hate touching niggers as they are dirty unsanitary apes. The sheboon turned to face me, and I asked her politely to move forward.

"Please ma'am, move forward," I asked.

The sheboon took a sip on a litre cup of grape fanta then growled back. "Hey ya cracka, ya know did I be da baybay mama ah six keeds an' dat all dem babies made me so thick dat I have trouble movin'? You be not only racist but also not a gentleman, ya cracka ass bitch."

I grimaced as I held in the urge to high kick her in the face while screaming "Get this nigger bitch out of the theatre!" Instead, I said, "Please, ma'am, you won't be able to see the movie if you don't move forward."

“Ooga booga,” she snorted as she finally strode further.

I was glad that she didn’t make a big scene out of it, as that's what niggers usually do when they are called out on something. Once we made it to the counter, Jake and I bought our tickets and then headed to the counter where they sold the theatre food.

Sadly for us, we had to wait behind the fat sheboon again. It wasn’t surprising though, given how fat she was. It would be a surprise to see her miss out on the fatty foods. To make things worse, she ordered an unbelievably large list of snacks; a box of stuffed crust pizza, a pair of tacos, another supersized soda, and three bags of Hot Cheetos. All that to maintain her Jabba the Hutt-like body, the rolls of fat nearly barely contained by her XXL t-shirt. And no, I am not a hypocrite by ordering theatre food, because both myself and Jake had just days ago finished competing in a regional bodybuilding show and were sub 10 percent body fat at the moment, so we could really use the extra calories and sodium. After the sheboon finished ordering those, she pulled out a flattened bag of popcorn kernels, and said, “Oh oh ah ah, could I use one of your popcorn machines to prepare my own bag of popcorn?”

Just like most movie theatres, Grimeyplex Odeon doesn’t allow people to bring their own theatre food. They require you to buy one of their menu items.

“Sorry, but that would violate our food policy,” the food clerk said. “If you bring in your own popcorn I would have to ask you to leave.”

The sheboon couldn’t take no for an answer, so she began yelling at the clerk's face, threatening him to allow her to pop her popcorn kernels, with specks of nigger germ-infested saliva landing on his face. I could tell the clerk had dealt with this sort of thing way too much, so he gave up and obliged.

“Okay fine. Hand me your popcorn kernels and I’ll get one of our spare machines to do the job,” he said.

The fat sheboon gave him the bag, and then he poured all of its contents into the empty popcorn machine. The kernels did not look normal at all. Usually, popcorn kernels are orange in color. However, I noticed that they were instead dark brown. I just shrugged it off to the popcorn in question being some weird nigger popcorn kernel variant that was grown in nigger villages in Africa. I tried not to comment on it, since I was pretty sure the sheboon would begin chimping at me for insulting nigger food.

The clerk hit the power button on the popcorn machine, and it instantly began working. Each time an individual kernel would pop, I swear I could hear a subtle raspy voice saying "Ah I can finally breathe.”

At the time, I was bored from all the waiting, so I shrugged it off to my imagination. Once all the kernels were done popping, I saw that the popcorn was not any more normal than the kernels. They were the same dark brown instead of the regular beige. The clerk filled the popcorn bag with the strange popcorn and then gave it back to the sheboon.

After that, it was our turn to order our food. It was junk food to be sure, but we had just finished competing in a bodybuilding show days before and our coach, the epic six-time Mr. Olympia and Holocaust denier Dorian Yates, had told us that we could have the cheat meal. We paid the bill and then headed to the auditorium. The vast room smelled like curry since a pajeet family, who had managed to smuggle in their own curry, was in the audience. Luckily, we sat in the back row which was furthest from the poop skins, so the odour wasn’t unbearable.

We plopped into our seats to discover that we had to sit directly behind the fat sheboon. It was sad because her legs were so fat, it elevated her to the height of a sitting seven-foot-tall man, so it made it hard for Jake and myself to see the screen. The theatre seats are predetermined and assigned for each ticket, so we weren’t allowed to move spots.

A few minutes later, the theatre lights shut off and the adverts began playing. Most of them consisted of shitty Jewish quote-unquote not for profit organizations asking for donations. I tried my best not to scream out “THE HOLOCAUST DIDN’T HAPPEN” as Dorian Yates had taught me for the dozens of people in the theatre to hear, but I didn’t want to get banned from the theatre, so I kept my mouth shut.

The next advert that played was this pregnancy test commercial that promoted some new high-tech pregnancy test that could tell how much of your baby's genes are composed of what race. In other words, it determines whether your wife cheated on you with a nigger or not; it would have been a very useful device for cucks like Beardson Beardly indeed, as his wife left him for a nigger while taking all of his furniture as

well as his car. However, the moment the commercial began featuring this pregnant White woman, the fat sheboon in front of Jake and I began to shake. Annoyed by her sudden movements, I quietly stood up to see what was making her wobble around like a piece of living jello. What I saw next shook me to the core. I saw that the popcorn the nigger bitch had brought with her had faces on them, however the theatre was too dark for me to see exactly what they looked like. All the popcorn pieces were turned towards the screen, with horny faces; they seemed to all be turned on by the pregnant woman on the big screen.

"She mine!" one of them said in a high pitched ebonic voice.

"No she's mah bitch mayne!" another said.

The sheboon who possessed that bag of popcorn just ignored them, as if none of that was going on. I could not for the life of me ignore it, so I said, "Hey nigress! You should tell you nigger popcorn to shut the fuck up."

The sheboon grabbed a handful of the nigger-looking popcorn, put them in her mouth without chewing them, and then turned around and spat them at my face.

I could hear the bundle of nigga popcorn excitedly say, "I can breathe, yipee!" as they finally launched out of the sheboon's mouth.

When they bounced off my face, I recoiled in disgust.

"What the fuck are those?!" Jake pointed out loud.

I now saw what the popcorn looked like, and it horrified me. Each of the popcorn kernels were in the shape of a prominent dead BLM nigger. There was Ahmaud Arbery, Amir Locke, Eric Garner, Michael Brown, Trayvon Martin, and even Martin Looter Kang. The Breonna Taylor popcorn kernel looked especially fat-filled and disgusting, just like Breonna Taylor when she was alive. But worst of all, of course, was the George Floyd popcorn kernel. He was ugly and revolting as fuck, and I felt lightheaded as it touched me because of the fentanyl that was sprinkled over it like salt would be over normal popcorn.

"Ahhh help! The nigger bitch spat popcorn all over me!" I yelled. "It's BLM nigger popcorn! Get it off of me!"

"How dare you call me nigger!" the sheboon said angrily.

The female gorilla then lifted the bag of nigga popcorn into the air, and then poured all of the nigga popcorn on me. Shortly, a bunch of them climbed onto my face and began making their way into my mouth and nose. I attempted to pry them off of me, but the nigga popcorn was covered in extremely sticky molasses. For those of you who don't know, niggers love molasses because it is disgustingly sweet.

Jake tried to help shake them off, but nothing worked. Eventually, so many of them made it inside my mouth and nostrils that I couldn't breathe, so I had no choice but to take a bite to open up my throat. When I took the first bite, I was instantly met with the worst taste in my life. It is a well known fact that the lighter your skin tone, the better taste you have in food, which is why Europeans developed almost all of the tasty food in the world, whether it be tiramisu, cheesecake, butter-basted steak, ice cream, or even hamburgers on brioche buns with swiss-melted swiss cheese and mush-roasted mushrooms and caramelized onions, which is *hot stuff* that you can get at a number of different places. Niggers on the other hand have terrible taste in food, which is why they eat food that tastes overly sugary, fatty, spicy, or salty. They have no concept of what tastes good and are biologically programmed to eat whatever is the most calorie-dense food, which is why so many niggers are obese.

The popcorn tasted like a combination of feces, urine, and dark chocolate. I quickly vomited, but the puke couldn't leave my mouth with all the fucking nigger popcorn blocking it, forcing the bile back down my throat, suffocating me.

Now that it was impossible for me to breathe, I only had moments before death. I did not want to chew the nigga popcorn anymore as it would further cause me to puke. I felt helpless and prepared for my death. However, my extra elevated adrenaline led me to think of any means necessary to survive, and I got an idea. I thought back to a moment when I was younger when I needed to remove a piece of popcorn kernel that was stuck between my teeth. Squirting a ton of toothpaste into there dissolved the kernel almost instantly–that was exactly what I needed. Because Dorian Yates had told me that a bright, white smile would help the judges look fondly upon me at the bodybuilding competition, I had a tooth brushing kit in my gym

bag, which included a good old bottle of mint toothpaste. The mint toothpaste was extra whitening of course, since I wanted to get rid of all the black and brown stains on my teeth. I quickly brought the bottle out and then squirted a large amount of it out, making sure it touched all of the pieces of popcorn in my mouth. Suddenly, I started to feel all the nigger popcorn begin to shake spastically in my mouth in response to their exposure to the toothpaste.

"Ah fuck, it be so hard to breathe in the toothpaste!" I heard them all scream in unison.

Gradually, my mouth became vacant, and all the nigger popcorn dissolved completely. This happened because niggers are unsanitary as fuck, and are basically allergic to any sort of cleanliness. Jake looked at me weirdly, as if he watched his friend undergo a drug overdose. I guess this whole time, everybody thought I was some mad man, because I quickly realized that everybody including the sheboon had left the auditorium. I was a bit offended that nobody chipped in to attempt to save my life, but with everybody gone, I no longer had to be in the same room as the sheboon and the pajeet family, so there was no need to deal with the smell of shit infested curry and the smell of the fat sheboon's sweat that soaked her stained t-shirt due to her having to walk around with her seven hundred pound walrus physique.

I am now typing this on my phone as I am enjoying watching *The Invisible Man*. Luckily, because there are now zero blue-haired LGBTQ fags to tattle on me for the no phone movie theatre policy, I could safely state the moral of this story: niggers have terrible taste in food, and if any of it ever gets in your mouth, make sure to cleanse it with extra whitening toothpaste.

**Gorilla Floyd**

By Gorg Floydson

What I thought was going to be a normal Bigfoot expedition turned into something much worse. Before I begin, here is my introduction. My name is Nill Kiggers, and I am a cryptozoologist working in Northern California. Growing up, my parents were both nigger haters who believed in the superiority of White people. As a young child, I was influenced to think this way and also became a nigger hater. Niggers are useless garbage that make up 13% of the population, yet commit half of all violent crimes. This is how I also got my name, Nill Kiggers.

If you're a retard who doesn't know what cryptozoology is, it is the study of animals whose existence or survival is disputed or unsubstantiated, such as the Wilcock Ness monster, Jersey Devil, the Jewish moth man and, probably the most famous and well known, Bigfoot. If you're a Jew libtard, you probably think cryptozoology is bullshit, and all I have to say to you is this, *no one cares about your opinion nigga*. Anyway, onto the story.

I have recently been interested in Bigfoot, and more specifically the iconic footage of it; the Patterson–Gimlin film which was shot in 1967 in Northern California. For many years, the authenticity of the film has been highly debated. Because of how controversial it is, I thought I would shoot my own footage of Bigfoot. I couldn't go alone as it was too dangerous and I needed someone disposable who could film, so I called up an old work colleague of mine, Ronnie McNutt.

We traveled to bluff creek northwest of Orleans, California where the Patterson–Gimlin film had been shot. It was getting dark, so Ronnie and I decided to stay at a local inn for the night. I was filling out some forms for the two of us at the receptionist, but I noticed that the receptionist was Derek Chauvin. I thought it was impossible as he was sentenced to 22 years in prison for the murder of a nigga monkey named George Floyd. Derek realized that I recognized him and told Ronnie and I to sit down with him at the bar.

"So what are you two doing up here?" Chauvin asked.

"We came here to film Bigfoot sightings," I told him, which made him chuckle.

"I came to this county not long after I was sentenced," Chauvin said. "I just barely managed to escape with the help of some brave young men. They didn't tell me who they were, but all I remember is that they were super jacked and referred to each other as '***based*** racist chads'. I'll be the first one to tell ya though, there ain't no Bigfoot up here in these parts. Instead, there is something much, much worse."

Intrigued, I asked him to continue.

"When I first drove out to these parts. It was late at night around 3:00 AM. I was tired as I had just escaped and was driving non stop to get here. That's when I saw something in the road, it was about eight

feet tall, with fur the color of the water in India where, you know, they shit in the streets. It had massive hands that looked as if they had been naturally selected for the sole purpose of holding a basketball, and legs built for running and jumping like a kangaroo, only way uglier. But the face was what got me, what made me think that I was going crazy. Those blood-shot, drugged eyes. The nose that was larger than that of any Jew. Those fat, grotesque lips that looked like the pussy of my jungle gook ex-wife. It was the face of that nigger, George Floyd."

I rolled my eyes when I heard that. "Come on Derek, you know that can't be true. George Floyd is dead. You of all people should know that since you were kneeing his neck as he died of ODing on fentanyl and meth."

Chauvin shook his head. "Nah man, it was Floyd alright. No doubt in my mind."

"Are you s-sure that it w-wasn't because you were super tired? And seeing things?" Ronnie McNutt stuttered, obviously nervous because he was in the presence of racist as powerful and notorious as Derek Chauvin.

"Of-fucking-course not!" Derek Chauvin snapped at Ronnie, making the cuck whimper and hide behind me from the former Minneapolis police officer's cold gaze. "Do you know what being a police officer is like? How we have to stay up from dusk till dawn patrolling the streets to keep y'all safe from those feral, violent vine swingers and dirty, tattooed wetback gangsters? Do you know how much we White officers have sacrificed on your behalf to protect what remains of this crumbling, parasite-infested, kike-run country?"

Derek then stood up, walked up to Ronnie, and bitch-slapped him. "You understand where I'm coming from, you soyboy cuck?"

By now, both Ronnie and I were freaked out and just thought Derek Chauvin was fucked in the head after being traumatized by his experiences in jail, which we both knew was a den of niggers and spics. We decided to head to our room.

"Wow that guy almost blew my mind," Ronnie said.

"Shut up you MAGA-tard cuckservative," I said.

We went back to our room and called it a night. I wasn't able to sleep as Ronnie was live-streaming on Facebook. I saw that he was on a video call with his girlfriend, Equinox Autumn. Just the mere sight of her face made me throw up a bit; she was ugly as fuck.

The next day, the two of us began our way through the trail. We were deep into the woods when I noticed something on the ground. It was bits of white powder which Ronnie, using his experience from being in the military, identified as fentanyl. This was very strange as locals have said that not many people hike this area, in fear that Bigfoot would rape them. I put the powder in a plastic bag and continued to walk.

It was getting dark by now as we had been hiking the whole day, when Ronnie noticed something moving in the bushes. He pulled his shotgun out and said he would open fire if whatever was in there didn't come out of the bushes. The thing on the other side did not listen, so Ronnie opened fire. After unloading many rounds. I went to check on the body. To my surprise, it was a grizzly bear. However, what shocked me the most was that the lower half of the bear appeared to have been bitten off. There was a gaping hole where its belly should have been.

I examined the body and found that it was a female, as females are much smaller than male grizzlies. That doesn't take away from the fact that most animals would not mess with a grizzly, male or female. Ronnie said the bear appeared to be pregnant, judging by how the umbilical cord was hanging out. We were both completely stumped by what happened to this bear. I took some pictures of it and told Ronnie that we should head back.

We decided to go back to the inn that we had stayed in previously. We went up to Derek and showed him the pictures of the bear.

"What could have done this?" I asked.

"Are you fucking retarded? It was that damn Gorilla Floyd creature I told you two about. You two should get out of here as soon as possible," Chauvin said. "Hell, the only reason why I stay around here is

because I know that I'm the only guy capable of stopping that creature if worst comes to worst."

"Well then you slant-eyed loving race mixer, maybe you could *help us* find it?" I said, wondering why a secret cooperative of ***based*** racist chads would help a clearly mentally disturbed race mixer like Chauvin, even if he was one of the most powerful racists out there.

"Hey, cut me some slack here on that. At least I didn't produce an Elliot Rodger," Chauvin said, then nodded towards Ronnie. "And with every intention of being rude, how can you call me out for fucking a beauty pageant winning Asian lady when you hang out with literal soyboy cuckolds like Ronnie here?"

Frustrated, I threatened to send an anonymous tip stating Derek Chauvin the fugitive was hiding out in this county, afterwhich Derek called me a nigger lover but relunctantly agreed to come with Ronnie and I on the expedition. Now convinced of Gorilla Floyd's existence, I decided I was going to find out what this creature was. I told Chauvin to sketch the creature he was speaking of, which he was pretty good at because he had drawn the facial composites of thousands of niggers back when he worked on the police force. When I looked at it, I saw that it had dark fur covering its body. It was built exactly like a silverback gorilla, except the creature stood up on its hind legs, which looked as if they had evolved to be efficient at dunking in B-ball. The face, of course, was of the serial criminal simian, George Floyd.

I got up at the crack of dawn. I saw that Ronnie was sleeping on the couch with his laptop open. I walked over to wake him up when I stepped on something sticky. I looked down and I saw that it was cum. I checked Ronnie's computer to see that he had jerked off to pictures of Equinox Autumn and My Hero Academia hentai, which if you don't know is technically pedo art because all the characters in that anime are underage. I threw up all over Ronnie's face at the sight of Equinox Autumn's disgusting face and the thought of the bearded cuck jerking it to minors. As a result, he finally woke up.

"What the fuck?!" he yelled, startled by the rude awakening. He looked up at me and said, "Did you puke on me? You know what, I'm done!"

I smacked him across the face, making him squeal like a girl. "What the actual fuck are you doing? I stepped in the cum you ejaculated last night after jerking off to your girlfriend's fucking revolting nudes and, even worse than that, kiddie porn."

"Come on Nill, those are anime characters. They aren't even real–"

I smacked Ronnie again. "It still doesn't change that its gross as fuck and that you're gonna burn in hell for it."

I showered off the cum and the barf, and then we headed out, with me basically dragging Ronnie along. We met up with Derek outside the bar as planned and we drove to the trail. Chauvin said that this road was the exact spot where he had seen Gorilla Floyd.

We got out of the park and headed deep into the woods. This place was unfamiliar as Ronnie and I were in a much more known and popular area on the first day. We came to a clearing, and what I saw made my heart skip a beat. There was a mountain of animal corpses; doe, moose, squirrels, and even bears and wolves. Ronnie examined the bodies.

"These were all once pregnant animals who had their bellies ripped out by something!" Ronnie exclaimed. "And some of these are fresh, judging by the blood!"

If you didn't know, blood begins to dry just five minutes after it is spilled. That meant whatever did this was here less than five minutes ago. Ronnie then found a trail of blood leading into the woods. We had to be alert, so I told Chauvin and Ronnie to get their guns out just in case the thing attacked us.

Unfortunately, just as it was starting to get good, it started to rain. The downpour was heavy, so we decided to set up camp to wait it out. Chauvin and I set up our tents while I made Ronnie sit out in the rain for being a degenerate coomer. I scrolled through my phone looking at Ma'khia Bryant memes. For those who don't remember, Ma'khia was the negress who tried to kill a fellow female nigger with a knife, but was shot to death by a ***based*** White officer named Nicholas Reardon who had recently been acquitted for putting that berserk nigger down for good. I watched a WOMBO lip sync of the obese dead sheboon singing "Baka Mitai" from Yakuza 0, which is where the popular "Dame da nai" meme came from. It was funny as fuck, but the fun was quickly ruined as I noticed fapping noises coming from outside. I glanced out and saw Ronnie was jerking off to pictures of Andi Schell.

"Dude what the fuck," I yelled. "Are you that much of a coomer? Don't you know that Jews are trying to make you release whatever miniscule amount of vril you have left in your corn syrup-filled body by making you jerk off?"

Ronnie yelled, "I'm done!" and threw his laptop out the tent.

I decided to go to sleep after that.

I woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of screaming. Ronnie and I got up, and I recognized the scream was Chauvin's. We rushed out of the tent to see that his tent was ripped into pieces and there was a trail of blood and gore leading into the woods. Ronnie got his shotgun and we headed in. We found a note written in excrement pinned to a tree.

The handwriting was like that of a developmentally challenged three-year old, but when I finally deciphered it I was filled with dread. The note read, "OOGA BOOGA gimme yo' air."

My blood ran cold and I could tell that Ronnie was scared shitless as he had pissed his pants. And it was at that exact moment when Gorilla Floyd struck.

It jumped from a tree like the monkey it was and attacked me, screeching a mixture of awful rap lyrics and primate war cries. Ronnie fired a round into its back but it seemed to have no effect, the pellets bouncing off him. He prepared to take another shot, but Gorilla Floyd snatched away his shotgun and fired at Ronnie, who seemed to know that his time had come because he said softly, "Hey guys, I guess that's it."

The blast hit Ronnie square in the face, turning it into a sludge that resembled strawberry jam in color and consistency. Blood and gore splattered all over me, overwhelming me with terror and making me run deeper and deeper into the woods, not knowing where I was headed.

I noticed there was a small building up the hill. I was perplexed as to why it was in the middle of a goddamn forest. I decided to take shelter there and hide from Gorilla Floyd. The inside of the building was pitch black. I looked around the walls to see if there was a light switch. After a bit of searching I hit a switch and the lights came on. They blinded me for a moment, but soon my eyes adjusted. The room appeared to be a movie set. There was a green screen covered in dust and cobwebs, an old TV, and a VHS player. I noticed something on the ground; it was a piece of paper that read Patterson-Gimlin film 1967, and beside it there was a fursuit. This made me realize that bigfoot was nothing more than a made up story. I picked up the suit and a VHS tape dropped out. It read *Cryptid: Black Gorilla Nigger Man*. I decided to put the VHS in the player.

The film started out with a shot of the woods. A man's voice, who I assumed was holding the camera, could be heard. He sounded like he was in distress.

"I just saw a large gorilla," he said. "But that doesn't make any sense, there are no gorillas on this continent."

There was a loud roar followed by, "OOGA BOOGA gimme yo' air cracka!"

The camera then pointed in the direction where the noise was heard. That's when the cameraman saw it, *Gorilla Floyd*.

"What the fuck is that thing?" he yelled.

The cameraman started to run, and then the film cut. Suddenly, I heard banging from the door. It was Gorilla Floyd.

"OOGA BOOGA," it screamed. "Gimme yo' air and yo' EBT! I need 'em from yo' cracka ass since I need dem reparations. A nigga's gots ta pay fo' his child support and sheeit mayne!"

I noticed that the door was beginning to break down, so I ran out the back door. I sprinted deep into the woods. I made it onto the main road and a miracle happened. I saw headlights and immediately realized it was that of a car. Upon closer inspection, it was an Uber. I waved my hands to get the driver to stop. The driver was wearing a Burger King crown. I told him that I needed help and a road back to town.

Shortly, I noticed the passenger in the back. It was a black woman. I asked the Burger King man to do something about the monkey in his car.

"Sure thing, my Aryan brother. I'll kick that nigger bitch out of the car!" the Burger King man yelled as he kicked the nigger bitch out.

I hopped in the car and we drove off. As I looked back, I saw that Gorilla Floyd had killed the nigger bitch and was ripping her belly apart. I told the Burger King man to drive faster, and we eventually got away.

It's been a week since this all happened. Ever since then, I sent off samples of Gorilla Floyd's hairs that had affixed to my clothes during my encounter with the creature to a secret racist laboratory in Antarctica. Although there are no conclusive results yet, Gorilla Floyd may indeed be an ancestor of modern day Africans, which explains why blacks are such a violent and primitive species. As to how the ancient ancestor of the African race somehow got to the American continent when Sub-Saharan Africans didn't even travel to nearby islands like Madagascar, I have no idea; but my closest guess is that it has something to do with Jews because they are always behind everything evil.

I have also moved to an undisclosed location to prevent Gorilla Floyd from ever finding me. However, I think it did not work, as just this morning I found notes stuck to my front door. They all read, "OOGA BOOGA," and "Fentanyl" in that barely legible handwriting I saw in the forest. I believe that I am now a target of Gorilla Floyd. This is because niggers are vengeful, soulless apes who will chase you to the ends of the Earth to murder you in the most vicious ways imaginable if they think that you wronged them in the slightest ways, such as "scuffing their J's" or simply looking at them the wrong way.

Please do not make the mistake I made. Do not look for Gorilla Floyd or else he might look for you next.

**Gyokko Floyd**

By BrokenSunShine1941's Friend

My name is [**redacted]**, but nowadays many usually refer to me as Nate Higgers and I am a member of the Kike Slayer Corps. Now when I refer to the corps, I don't refer to some weeb convention dedicated to that Shonen Trash, but rather the actual thing. This may be all hard to believe, so it would be best for me to explain how I got there in the first place. Two years ago, I was wasting my time vandalizing George Floyd murals or basically anything related to him, since I hate niggers as they contribute absolutely nothing to society besides more crime and violence. Of course, such actions could lead me into serious trouble, but I never thought much about it as I usually got away with it until the following event that scarred me for life.

Basically, it all started when I went shopping and this random black haired Asian American chick in a skimpy weeaboo school girl outfit from some unnamed dingy pottery store randomly decided to hand me some kind of flyer regarding their new product. Normally I would throw this in the trash, but the words, "All dedicated to George Floyd and BLM" made me decide against it. Furthermore, the flyer also displays various types of pottery with unique designs and seemed to be made out of some kind of crystalline material outside of clay or ceramic. I then reached out to her and ordered at least five of them. This was due to how they were done in the name of George Floyd and I wanted to stream myself on Omegle shitting in it to enrage more faggots.

"That would be five dollarus, but I could give you Asian Rives Matter discount if you ret me suck your dicku," the chink said. I obviously refused, since I refused to lose my virginity to a gook, let alone having her buck teeth leave bite marks all over my cock. After having them all tightly packaged, I drove back home to my apartment, but as I was driving back home, I found it strange how the niggers around me stared at my vehicle menacingly. That was when I realized how I started to feel as if I am high on drugs, making me pass out in an instant.

When I woke up I found myself in a hospital room with some Asian doctor with the name tag "Doctor Ishii" and a Police Officer, who I could easily tell to be Derek Chauvin. "You should be rucky that you on-ree suffered minor injuriezu on your arm, but I do not know why you had five boxes of pure fentanylu in your backuseato?" Doctor Ishii said.

*Wait, Fentanyl?* I didn't understand what Doctor Ishii was talking about, but that was when Derek Chauvin decided to step in.

"Yes! Fentanyl! Those pots are literally made out of pure fentanyl and I might have to charge you for that as well as the car accident that came after."

I was incredibly puzzled at the time especially how that fucking gook managed to pull something like this off since all of the other pots with the same material did not reek of fentanyl let alone any kind of drug. Suddenly, before any of us could make our next move, Derek Chauvin got a call from his partner who began to frantically beg him for help.

“Aye bro, this me Beano, I do not know what came to the kid’s mind when owning these, but whatever it is, you need to get out of here right now! I am serious man, Oh shi-”, Beano’s call was cut short, as the other end was filled with the sound of him being ripped to shreds, along with monkey noises, which left all of us puzzled.

Minutes after Derek lost contact with his partner, all of the lights went out, leaving only the emergency lights on along with some announcement and what I heard made my skin turn milk white.

*“Attention everyone, this is not a drill, we are being breached by an unidentified hostile entity, We advise everyone in the building to maintain distance between pregnant women and to not walk around the hallways unsupervised until further notice!”*

This didn't help since I shared a room with some BBC whore who I knew since grade school. As that one girl who made out with 10 guys per day, I wouldn't be surprised if she was pregnant at this point. Both Derek and Doctor Ishii told me to stay put while heading out to settle this on their own. Unsettled, I slowly walked out and made sure to stay as quiet as possible to prevent myself from alerting whatever was outside. What I saw in the corridors made me tense up, since not only were the walls covered in blood and gore, but the worst part of it was how I saw numerous corpses of pregnant women that appeared to all have been brutally raped to death. I didn't have time to comprehend all of this, since the sound that can best be described as the gurgled screeching of a bonobo started to come from my right.

To my relief all I saw were just more bodies but at a closer glance, I noticed how there seemed to be a dark ooze sizzling out from somewhere in between. My curiosity got the better of me and as soon as I was close enough, the miniature fountain became a full-on geyser and I was instantly blinded by the black goo that was now all over my face, yet what happened next after the constant barrage of dark liquid came to a halt made me want to blow my face up just like Ronnie McNutt. There stood one of the pots I bought, except now there was a grotesque entity sticking out of it like a genie.

I couldn't believe what I was witnessing, because whatever this was looked like a gorilla centipede made out of nigger body parts such as niglet arms, the thunder thighs of a shaneequah, and the misshapen torso of your average buck black with the Scottish rite tattoo on its chest as its main body, yet none of these were nothing compared to its face. Now it all made perfect sense as to why the pots were stated to be "Dedicated to George Floyd", since it's face clearly share some of his facial traits with the exception being how his eyes were replaced with two fat nigger lips, while two orange glowing orbs were placed vertically with one on the forehead and the other where his mouth should have been. Other than that, there seems to be four more of those niglet arms protruding somewhere from its head, but I didn't have time to further examine this monstrosity, because it began to speak with both of its nigger lips.

“Aye yo mayne, I am Gyokko Floyd and thanks for crashing by at the hospital. Now I can rape all the White women with da damn big bellies and sheet, but I might have ta smoke yo ass for what you was plannin’ ta do on Omegle.”

What? I could not believe what I just heard, but this thing knew exactly what I had been planning to do, which made dozens of questions circulate in my mind. All of a sudden, the pot where this nigger demon was sticking out from started to reshape in a flash, which now resembled a tea pot and I didn’t want to find out what it was going to do next, as niggers would usually fuck anything that moves. I ran away in the opposite direction as fast as I could and luckily, I was able to outrun it, since it had to hop around as if it was on one of those sack racing competitions. I didn’t know where I was heading to, but this relief of mine was short lived when I tripped on something to see it was another one of those pots, which I then found out it was able to pop out from one of those fentanyl pots as if it was Mario with the fucking pipes and the worst part about all of this was when I looked at my surroundings, since there appeared to be more than five of these randomly placed all over the place, meaning that it probably also had the ability to make more just to catch up to me.

“Ooga Booga mayne, you can run but you can’t hide. This is what all of you crackas get for trying to use my death for clout, so I think it’s best I introduce you to her.”

“Who do you mean by her? Either way, I am not interested!” I shouted back.

That was when the nigger demon proceeded to grab another pot out of thin air and open it, releasing the she-boon Breonna Taylor. The fucking land whale landed right on top of me, crushing me underneath her nasty, putrid fat rolls.

“Ha ha niggy, let's see how you feel if you was da one on da ground not being able ta breathe. And as an addition I’ll now go and rape yo pale ass while all of dis is happening.”

This was it, not only was I gonna end up like George Floyd when Derek kneed on him, but I was also gonna be fucked in the ass. The thought of dying like this was indeed undesirable, as it would mean that I would also be involved in an act of bestiality as having sex with niggers is as bad if not worse than fucking an animal. As I was milliseconds away from being ass raped, a miracle happened when Breonna Taylor was kicked into the air and exploded.

Opening my eyes, I saw Officer Chauvin, except he was now wearing a kimono akin to what those so-called Pillars would wear in that anime for Japanese elementary school kids and teenage weeb edgelords called Demon Slayer, except instead of just their usual insignia, there was a halo with twelve Sieg runes circling around it.

“Dude! Didn’t I tell you to stay put? Like what part of that didn’t you understand?” I was at a loss of words and didn't know what to answer, so I just stared at him confusingly. Derek sighed and began to help me up.

“After all of this is done, I need a word with you,” Chauvin said.

“Ah sheet maine, you be da cracka dat did dis to me,” Floyd said.

“Yeah, I did that once and I'll certainly do it again you dumb jungle gorilla!” replied Derek Chauvin right before kicking Gyokko Floyd in the jaw.

Now if my phone was still intact after the car accident, I could've recorded the whole thing, since Derek moved at supersonic speed landing blow after blow on the nigger demon, while Floyd used all sorts of his blood demon nigger art techniques to no avail.

“Please maine, I'm not a bad guy, I'm not a bad guy,” cried the dumb nigger, yet with Chauvin's lack of sympathy towards niggers, he just couldn't give two fucks.

Interestingly enough, despite Derek's breakneck speed, I noticed that not only didn't Derek use one of those Nichirin Blades, which are special katanas used to banish demons like niggers using the power of the sun, but also any kind of weaponry for that matter. In fact Derek mostly used his body, specifically his knees to beat the living shit outta Gyokko Floyd. I wasn't able to really catch up to them due to how that fucking she-boon Breonna Taylor gave me more than just a broken arm and the hospital was like a fucking maze, yet it was good to know that we were most likely at the winning side at the time due to how the battle left a trail of more of those fentanyl pots shattered all over the floor and as much as they start to make me nauseous, it seemed like the low IQ nigger was dumb enough to use fentanyl, because whatever nigger abominations that came out of his pots mostly ended up dead. You see, the media would usually say that George was kneed to death by an officer in order to further demonize White people, yet the reality was that George Floyd's death was due to fentanyl overdose. I followed the trail of broken pots, along with the noises of Floyd whenever he screeched like a Bonobo and when I finally caught up to them, Gyokko Floyd appeared to be laying on the ground after being ripped out of his last pot, which was then shattered by Derek Chauvin.

“Nigger, you should've do us a favor and stayed in hell. Whatever nigger shenanigans you will pull out next wouldn't save you this time, as I am going to end you right here right now, Knee Breathing Third Form! Knee of JUSTICE!”

However, in a split second, Gyokko Floyd began his transformation and turned into something more reminiscent of a silverback gorilla with scales made out of pure fentanyl diamonds and this didn't help due to how upon impact Derek’s knee made a faint yet audible crunching noise. Derek fell to the ground and started writhing in pain while holding his now misshapen knee.

“Ha ha White boy, is dat all you gots? Like aren't you gonna stop me from raping all the White women? Derek didn't respond with anything apart from more screaming from his dislocated knee. Derek

Chauvin was one of my heroes and seeing him in this state made my blood boil. I started to sprint at Gyokko Floyd in blind rage disregarding all of the pain I had before instantaneously. This was my greatest mistake however, since seconds before I reached Gyokko Floyd, I started coughing up blood, causing me to trip and faceplant on the floor.

"Ha ha White boy, our young generation clearly lost mayne, clearly lost." Floyd cackled.

I really wanted to punch him in the face for mocking me, but even if I wasn't on the floor coughing out blood, my fist might as well end up similarly to Derek's now broken knee. However, something beyond the bounds of expectation happened, as Gyokko Floyd was met with a hailstorm of bullets and in some miracle, not even Floyd's fentanyl plates were able to withstand this hailstorm of bullets, as deep cracks, holes and indentations were now visible in the naked eye. Just then a figure stepped out from my left and I couldn't believe my own eyes, but it was **[Sam Hyde]** which should have been impossible, but there he was holding two chained up semi-automatic rifles, both pointing at Gyokko Floyd.

"Aye yo Cracka! What be in deez bullets maine? Mah fentanyl armour should be able to withstand anything you crackas throw at me." Floyd screeched.

"Yes, I know you dumb jungle jigaboo, that's exactly why I decided to use bullets containing pure Vril."

Holy fuck, all of this was getting better by the minute, regardless of what I had to previously go through.

"Let's get the party started," remarked **[Sam Hyde]** while swinging his chained up semi-automatic rifles in a dramatic fashion. Enraged, Gyokko Floyd started to beat his chest like the gorilla he was and lunged at him, which **[Sam Hyde]** easily dodged and emptied more rounds to break more of Floyd's fentanyl plating. Just as all of this was escalating, I didn't realize Derek Chauvin managed to stand up, along with patting my shoulder to break me from my trance.

"Dude, while **[Sam Hyde]** still has the upper hand, I think it's best that we go somewhere to recover. We both helped each other up as we were White brothers unlike niggers whose greatest enemies even includes other niggers. While Derek and I were starting to head away from the battle, Gyokko Floyd managed to make a huge hole on the wall, revealing an MRI room with three pregnant women huddled together in the corner of the waiting room.

"Foo la la yo damn baby gals I am Big Floyd da Landlord now gimme yo damn big bellies or I'll steal all of yo air."

"Oh no you don't nigger, no one lays a hand on my wives besides me." This caused [Sam Hyde] to get on Gyokko Floyd's back Shadow of the Colossus style and wrapped his chained up semi-automatic rifles around the nigger demon's neck which was now exposed, however this wasn't saying much since the chains weren't able to squeeze his neck even without the protective layer. Derek Chauvin saw this as an opportunity, yet the pain from his broken knee prevented him from further aiding **[Sam Hyde]** in combat.

I needed to think of something fast, since Floyd's neck looked as if those fentanyl plates were regenerating, but seeing the MRI unharmed and where both **[Sam Hyde]** and Floyd were at gave me a light bulb moment. With that being said, I sneaked towards the control panel of the MRI with Chauvin at my back and when we got there, we tried our best to put the device on hyperdrive, however we made a mistake that caused the MRI to overload resulting in an overpowered magnetic field to be created.

When the chains started to be pulled towards the MRI along with Floyd, **[Sam Hyde]** jumped down and ran towards his wives who then began to happily embrace him, while Gyokko Floyd ended up stuck to the MRI begging for air due to how the chains around his neck began to rapidly tighten.

"Oh shit I Can't breathe, I can't breathe, Mama please!"

Right after he said that the MRI collapsed on itself, leading to that dumb nigger in flames and what remains of him to disintegrate into powdered fentanyl.

"I hope that's the last time I'll be dealing with that nigger," remarked Derek Chauvin which we all couldn't agree more. This joy and peace of ours was short-lived, as it was met with an abrupt interruption.

"Oy vey, how dare you bigoted goyim kill more of my upper ranks, let alone George Floyd for the second time."

All six of us faced where that voice was coming from to see it was that fucking gook, who convinced me to buy those fentanyl pots in the first place. However, I couldn't help how there were multiple things that were completely off about her, such as how her voice sounded more masculine and how she now appeared to have red reptilian eyes. Apart from that, she said "Oy vey!" which should be something said typically by jews. Looking back at the others, they all seemed to tense up and not let their guard down, as if whoever this was was a dangerous threat, but unfortunately for me at the time, I didn't understand the direness within the situation.

"Alright you fucking chink, I do not know who or what the hell you are, but I sure as hell ain't going to ever forgive you for unleashing the nigger demon upon us all."

"Dude be careful what you say, since he is the progenitor of the demon race and the leader of the Twelve Kikezuki, Mossad Kikebuji."

I took Derek Chauvin's warning with a grain of salt, but some things didn't add up since Derek Chauvin used the pronoun "he" to refer to that bitch and the name sounds pretty jewish for an Asian American like her. That was when I snapped and started to go after Mossad like a rabid dog, while both Derek Chauvin and **[Sam Hyde]** tried to restrain me. This was all due to my realization that she might as well be a fucking tranny faggot or a femboy, who had revoltingly offered me a discount via a fucking blowjob.

"Ha ha goy, this would be a lot quicker if you allowed me to suck your dick, since one of the Upper ranks could easily frame you for having a sexual intercourse with an Asian Minor, therefore you'll be done for and this could also benefit the Asian Lives Matter agenda even more," Kike-buji said.

"Dude, the boy is not even eighteen yet," said one of **[Sam Hyde]**'s wives standing up for me.

"Yeah, also, aren't you like, um, more than 800 years old?" asked the other.

"Girls, if anything this should be expected, since the LGBTQ community are known to be fucking groomers and let's all not forget that one incident which led to the creation of the ADL," the third said.

Funny enough, as much as **[Sam Hyde]**'s wives all resembled those e-THOTs on Twitch, I would give them credit where credit is due, because it was an undeniable fact that the ADL was founded as a means to defend Leo Frank the child molesting jew, who was arrested for raping and murdering a little girl by the name of Mary Phagan, who keep in mind was just 13 at the time. Other than that, LGBTQ Faggots being child groomers isn't something that resides outside of the bounds of expectation and a good example of this was the Californian gay choir, since most if not all of those singers were all at one point charged for paedophilia in more ways than one.

Seeing how all of those girls who were once cowering in the corner now daring to talk back to the kike lord like that, pushes my urge to free myself from my restraints even more, only for me to be scolded by **[Sam Hyde]**. "Dude! Even if Jews are physically inferior compared to us Whites, you don't know what kind of tricks he has up his sleeve and heck, for all I know, you might come back as a nigger."

This didn't convince me of anything however since I didn't stop and for some reason, both men could at one point no longer restrain me because they fell over as I was free from their grasp. I dashed towards the damn kike, yet before my fist made contact on Mossad's hooked nose, Doctor Ishii appeared out of thin air and knocked me back around five feet. Unlike before, Doctor Ishii had a huge chunk of her clothing ripped to shreds, revealing her exposed upper body, which was now riddled with bruises and deep cuts, but even with her battered state, she was confident enough to confront the kike demon on her own.

"Oy vey, now that you showed up, one way or another I would make all six of you White gentiles pay with my own bare hands, especially you for betraying us the chosen people of God at the end of the Second World War."

"Cut that bullshito out you fucking kike, you very well should know how wong it was to assign me to turn all Japanese men in the early days of the Shoah-era into fucking trannies. Not only would this open Japan to faggotry, but would also rapidly increase the suicide rate by the millionsu."

"Goy! So what if the suicide rate increased by the millions, your home country wouldn't suffer from depopulation as open borders, immigration and even diversity would be a viable solution just like how it helped both America and Western Europe."

All seven of us facepalmed in unison, because that was some of the dumbest things to ever leave a kike's mouth. While facepalming, I heard the faint sound of tearing flesh and when I looked up, I saw Doctor Ishii who now had elongated sharp nails on her left hand was making a huge gash starting from the wrist of her right arm to somewhere near her right breast.

"Siegu Heilu!" shouted Doctor Ishii while doing the salute as fumes of purple gas started to come out from her opened wound. Whatever this was had no effect on me or any of the others, but this wasn't the same for the Kike lord himself.

"Oh, shit I am being gassed, Oy Gevalt! OY Gevalt! Not a second one! I can't breathe!"

"Face it you fucking kike, there couldn't be a second one if the first one never happened, although in reality, it really should have."

Despite the fact that Ishii was the only one on our side who was a jap and obviously a demon who used to turn people into more trannies, her cause for her own race and the White race was undoubtedly noble. That was when I finally decided to step closer to the kike lord and trolled him to committing a McNutt.

"Oh yeah one more thing you fucking kike, even if you cut of your penis, you'll never be a woman, you don't even have ovaries and you'll certainly never bare children which by that I mean, I can't breed!"

Surely enough he began crying like the little bitch he was before blowing up and even if I intended to cause him to do a McNutt, I didn't expect him to mutate like Tetsuo from Akira in a short time span and actually blow up in flames.

I didn't know what happened next, but what I knew was that I woke up in the medical wing of some military compound. Despite this being one of those rooms which consisted of numerous beds for wounded soldiers, I didn't see anyone else besides a Japanese dude who sat right beside my bed.

From what I saw from him, I could tell that he was also a demon judging by the shape of his pupils and elongated fangs which made me freak out. "Calmu downu buddy, my name is Yusneedro Yamamoto, I am Doctor Ishii's right-hand manu."

Hearing that allowed me to settle down and regain my composure so I could start asking him some questions, but I hesitated as I had too many to ask at once. Before I could even ask him anything, Yusneedro straight up cut me off and directly got to the point.

"Alright, you know what, let's start with the good news and then the bad news. I gulped as soon as he mentioned how there was the bad news, because the way he said it indicated that I wasn't going to like this one bit. Now the good news is that there were no casualties, in fact, all three of **[Sam Hyde]**'s wives gave birth to three healthy Aryan children. Other than that, even if you were the closest one from the blast, our medical staff managed to do a good job, so you wouldn't end up being crippled or disabled. However, all of these aren't saying much for what I am gonna say next."

My heart started to beat very rapidly as soon as he said that. "Basically, the reason why you took around seven months to recover was how the blast almost killed you, so me and Doctor Ishii had no other choice but to turn you into a demon. Oh, by the way if you haven't guessed yet, this is one of the many bases of the Kike Slayer corps and we are at the one in Siberia, as the previous incident rendered us black listed from the United States and jobless, due to how the Jew media have successfully portrayed us as anti-Semitic far right terrorists and blamed us for both the explosion and the numerous mutilated corpses, even if such barbaric acts could only be done by feral niggers. Worst of all, our efforts against the Kike lord was probably all for nothing since any of the remaining four upper kikes could easily take his place."

My jaw dropped, as if it was no longer attached to its hinges, because first of all, though Ishii was ***based*** as fuck for gassing that fucking jew, it didn't help that the typical diet of a demon is most likely human flesh and even if I could play the game of survival of the fittest, I didn't want to imagine the thought of me consuming my Aryan brothers or worse, the flesh of niggers, faggots and jews as doing so would be the exact opposite of drinking holy water. I didn't know how I came to that conclusion, but even if I was wrong on that part, Yusneedro and Ishii existing doesn't hide the fact that the majority of the demon race are probably either subhuman degenerates or satanic jews. In the end, hearing all of that made me realize that I practically belonged nowhere outside of the Kike Slayer corps, not only because of how I lost most likely everything, but I wanted to McNutt more of those demon things, especially the remaining upper kikes for putting me and the others through this.

Moreover, as soon as I recovered and met up with the others, I then found out how **[Sam Hyde]** was a retired commander this whole time, but had to take action as soon as he found out that his wives were once again in grave danger, so this left a vacant spot for a commander and I was willing to take it since the pay for a commander was extraordinarily high! Afterall, it was a shame that I ended up rejecting Doctor Ishii's offer of being her other assistant, since that meant I would be working with Yusneedro side by side and the longer I got to know him, it turned out he was a low life simp and a coomer, who I caught drawing softcore hentai of Doctor Ishii on multiple occasions.

I am now writing this in case I and any of the others didn't make it out alive on our next mission of defeating the tech demon Mark Zuckerborg, whom I heard numerous rumours about for absorbing some bitch by the name of Heather Wilcox into the Metaverse, leaving her in perpetual agony, which is a fate worse than death. So yeah, fuck niggers, fuck jews, fuck trannies and all of you degenerate kike loving faggots, even if I had no choice but to live my life as a demon, we are all coming to obliterate all of you like it or not!

**I was George Floyd's Campaign Manager for his Presidential Campaign**

By Hthenwordhater and Thomas Manwise (but mostly the former)

This is the story of the wildest presidential election in the history of the United States. I am currently wanted by the FBI and secret service for leaking our nation's secrets. I've been hiding in a bunker for the past two months and I'm documenting this in case they find me.

It all started in the summer of 2020 when I graduated college and was looking for a job. I majored in political science so I hoped to get one related to politics. Due to the sheer powerfulness of my racism, I couldn't get any job I applied to even though I had graduated at the top of my class. After weeks of searching I saw a listing. "Campaign manager for 2020 Election Candidate needed." When I clicked on it, there wasn't much information available but I sent in my resume regardless. A few days later I got a phone call saying I got the job and they sent me the office address. I was delighted.

The day finally arrived. I walked into the office and saw a tall dark man smoking a crack pipe.

"What's good mayne you is my campaign manager and shieet?" he said.

I didn't know what to say. When I took two steps closer I was shocked. It was George Floyd! The nigger who died earlier that year.

"Didn't you die?" I asked in an anxious voice.

"Naw mayne dem Jews rebooted me. Now I be running for president and shieet. We gots a lotta work ta do mayne," George the gorilla said.

I wanted to walk out of there because I'd rather be dead than work for a stinky nigger monkey who might murder me at any moment due to their violent, psychotic, and animalistic nature. But it was the only job I'd gotten and the pay was great so I reluctantly stayed–something I'd regret for the rest of my life.

"Shiet lemme take you ta see muh running mate nigga. Follow me," the nigger chimped. He took me to another room and introduced me to a man with bandages tied all around his head. "Meet dis cracka Ronnie McNutt nigga. Dis be my running mate and shieet."

I was confused because Ronnie had killed himself on a livestream. *Didn't the soy boy faggot turn his face into a grotesque bloody flower?* I thought to myself, but maybe that explained the bandages.

"Hello. I heard you're our new campaign manager," he said in a soft, whiny voice.

"Weren't you dead too," I asked.

"No I survived and Big Floyd the Landlord here paid for my plastic surgery by robbing pregnant women. I owe him forever," Ronnie said.

The nigger Floyd then walked over and hugged him. "Shieet baby I'll always love yo bitchass cracka ass face."

I was super confused but I decided not to think of it too much.

Floyd then said that they were running as Republicans. This didn't make any sense to me, since I had been taught in college that the Republicans were supposed to represent human beings, otherwise known as

straight White people, and Democrats were supposed to represent America's parasite population, otherwise known as faggots, niggers and spics.

"Didn't you make all the niggers riot after you died," I asked.

Floyd laughed when he heard that. "Mayne dat cracka Derek Chauvin wasn't racist. He was just doing his job and shiieet. I shouldn't have resisted but I was high on fentanyl. I support dem cops and shieet."

I couldn't believe that a sensible statement emerged from between George Floyd's grotesque, maggot-like lips, but I nodded.

He then handed me a file with mayonnaise and piss stains on it, saying "Mayne dis is da opposition."

I opened it. The Democrat candidate was Jacksepticeye's father, John. His file said that he was a janitor at a high school because his son faked his death for clout and got indoctrinated by White girls and then became a far left communist faggot. And before you get on my case for making fun of the absolute degenerate queer known as Jacksepticeye and his supposedly dead dad, let me just say that Jacksepticeye actually unironically has his pronouns in his Twitter bio and has helped to propagandize tens of millions of his young viewers into supporting BLM, raising over 600K for that Jew-run primate protection program. Yes, he is that much of a faggot and I have my fingers crossed behind my back in the hope that he perishes without passing on his genes because that would have a genuinely eugenic effect on the White race.

Jacksepticeye's dad's running mate was a nigger bitch named Kamala Harris who had been picked by his Jewish handlers because she was half-nigger and half-pajeet. Kamala Harris unlike full-blooded female farm equipment, Kamala looked more like a horse than a blobfish due to her half-pajeet ancestry. Even when I was just looking at a still image of her I had to forcibly suppress my urge to vomit as I imagined pajeet odors like open sewage, designated shitting streets, and curry mixing together with nigger monkey stenches like Newport Menthols, malt liquor, and week-old KFC grease to produce the foulest odor conceivable to man.

Over the following few months, I helped George Floyd campaign for president as a Republican. I did this by telling all the White boomer Republican voters that they could prove that they weren't racist by voting for him. I appealed to the American nigger voters by telling them that I would take away the welfare of the beaners and give all the stimmy checks to the American niggers, then told the beaners that I would take away all the welfare of the nigges and give it all to the beaners. I then of course promised that I would send six gorillion dollars of military aid to Israel if President Floyd were to be elected so that I could get the American-Israeli Political Action Committee, otherwise known as AIPAC on our side. I regret doing all of this since I was working for International Jewry, but I had to because it was my job and I had no other options.

However, the one group that I was unable to get to vote for Floyd were the ***based*** White Republicans of rural America, who made up most of the voters in those states. Even though the Republican party itself is cucked and run by Jews, many of the voters had enough common sense to refrain from voting for a chimpanzee in a suit. No matter how I tried to appeal to them, whether it was through gun rights or abortion or school prayer, I couldn't get their vote and hence George Floyd suffered as badly as those who identify as LGBTQ will suffer for their crimes against God in the pits of hell.

After what felt like an eternity, the first presidential debate finally arrived. Floyd was dressed in an old shirt with banana stains and a rotten smell to it. He did this weird monkey dance and walked onto the stage. He was followed by John who was wearing a "Muslim Lives Matter" shirt.

Floyd spoke first. "Mayne I'm finna give everyone banana and mayo sandwiches and shiiet." He was trying to get the black vote. "We is finna spread suicide awareness." He winked at Ronnie after saying this. George Floyd then tore all of his clothes off, pulled out a gun, and started shooting into the air while screeching like a baboon during mating season.

"Ooga booga gimme dem pregnant White womens and shieet, I need dem pregnant bellies nigga! Aww shieet gaddamn gimme dem please mayne please!"

I facepalmed as security restrained him, cuffing his hands behind his back and leading him away. I knew that a full-blooded nigger wouldn't be able to stay coherent, let alone civil for anymore than thirty seconds.

John spoke next. He gave a long speech about foreign policy, infrastructure and Black Lives Matter. He spoke about how he wanted to give billions of dollars away for free to everybody who wasn't White and straight while raising the tax rate on straight White people to 90%, how he wanted all children to become LGBTQ, and how he would send ten gorillion dollars to Israel as well as launch a nuclear strike on Iran. However, because of how George Floyd had chimped out like the monkey he was, I knew that John was going to win.

After the debate was over I looked at the polls. The nigger was doing horribly. I knew he wouldn't win because there's no ways the ***based*** White republican chads in red states would vote for a nigger like him, and especially after how he had acted on stage. Due to George's prior behavior, all the other debates were canceled. The day of the election finally arrived. As I predicted Jacksepticeye's dad was winning by a landslide. Even niggers, who were predicted to vote for George Floyd simply because he was a nigger, were voting for Jacksepticeye's dad. We were sitting in Floyd's office and watching Fox News. McNutt was nervous and pacing around the room. Floyd seemed unusually calm.

I looked at him and said, "You dumb nigger, why the fuck are you so relaxed you're getting less than 5% of the vote."

He looked at me and said, "Mayne you ain't gotta worry and shieet."

I sighed and walked away. I didn't want this nigger to win but having a queer faggot communist in office was equally bad, so I knew the country was doomed. As I was heading out I saw a man in black robes and a black hat walk in. He had a long beard and unusually long nose. He smelled like rat scat.

"Shalom," he said to Floyd. Floyd looked at me and said, "I told ya ya ain't gotta worry mayne."

The long nosed guy said, "It's almost done. I need you to sign this."

He handed Floyd a legal document. It was very long but to summarize it said that he was a kike from Israel and he'd rig the election. In return the nigger would have to send not only all our tax payer money to Israel, but all of our White women and children as sex slaves.

I said to Floyd, "This is a horrible idea nigger we can't do this."

He stood up and pulled out a Glock-19 from his baggy poop stained underwear.

"Mayne sit yo ass down. I need ta win."

I complied because I didn't wanna die to a nigger. He signed the legal document, the kike snatched it and walked away.

Sure enough the polls drastically changed. The nigger who'd so far won only 650 votes in the entire country suddenly took over and defeated John in a landslide. He did the same monkey dance in celebration.

A few months later he was sworn in. On the first day the retarded nigger signed our country up for war with almost every other nation, accidentally leaked the nuclear codes and sold all our weapons to Iraq to buy fentanyl. I couldn't bear seeing our country in shambles because of this ugly nigger. I had to do something. I was the only person to know about the election being rigged, other than the soy boy McNutt of course. I decided to make what happened known to everyone in the hopes of him being impeached, so I packed my bags and ran away to a place where I could write this document to help expose him.

I'm currently hiding in a place I cannot reveal as I write this. George Floyd is still the president of the United States. My life as I knew it is over and once the nigger and his Jewish handlers find me I know I'm a dead man. My message to anyone that finds this: Please don't vote for Floyd in 2024.

**The George Floyd Poop Monster**

By Jordan Cleeman

I was in my social studies class during a lecture teaching us about Indian culture. It was part of the diversity education program that unfortunately got accepted into the school board's curriculum which forces us to embrace those shitskin street shitters.

During the class, I was on the verge of flipping my desk and storming out the door, similar to this one youtube video of a school shooter suspect who was bullied by a group of sheboons. We had to learn about

the curry that pajeets solely eat, which is what primarily gives them the infamous body odors. Just the thought of it reminded me of that one time I was in a movie theatre watching a film which happens to be popular amongst pajeets. Sadly, I had to pay attention and actually put in effort into that class since the retarded school board made the diversity studies component of the course make up over sixty percent of our overall grade.

My social studies teacher, Mr. McNutt, was no better than the class itself. He was a faggot cuck with purple hair with thick glasses to support his borderline blind eyesight. He has multiple suicide attempts under his belt which contributed to the eye injuries in question. It was no wonder a guy like him would be willing to continue teaching the social studies classes after the diversity studies were passed by the school board. All the ***based*** Holocaust-denying teachers immediately quit upon hearing the news. Our school became nothing but a breeding ground for blue-haired libtards.

Mr. McNutt said, "Hey guys, we got some spectacular news up and coming. We are having a field trip to New Delhi, India next week!"

The unbased students all cheered, as if India is some kind of haven free of dirt, being the complete opposite of its reality.

"Best of all," Mr. McNutt continued. "Any student who doesn't attend the field trip will receive an automatic zero on their grade book and therefore would have to repeat the class. Don't be one of them."

I gasped in horror after hearing the second part of Mr. McNutt's announcement. It was a mandatory field trip, which leaves me two choices: having to go to a place where one of the most pathetic races of all time roam, or fail the class. I raised my hand.

"Mr. McNutt, how long will the trip be and what exactly will we be doing during that time?" I asked.

"We will be visiting for seven days, so make sure to bring your sleeping bags," Mr. McNutt said, which made the whole thing even worse for me. "We will explore the Indian culture as a whole, such as trying out their food, watching their forms of entertainment, and even checking out the wildlife."

I had to try my best not to appear too unenthusiastic about the field trip because it would put me at the risk of tanking my marks.

"Okay that's cool," I mumbled.

Mr. McNutt handed all of us a field trip form. I skimmed through it, already dreading what was to come next week. Along with the shitty country literally and figuratively, I am one of those who gets home sick easily. Large scale school field trips such as this were never really my jam in the grand scheme.

Class was shortly dismissed. It was the last period, so I went straight home. I didn't have any friends in the class since sadly, none of my schoolmates are fellow racists and they would likely snitch on me if they discovered my beliefs.

That night, I had my parents sign the field trip form. Sadly for me, they are libtards, so they were willing to do it without hesitation. I looked toward the bottom of the form, which stated the total cost per student for the whole trip to India: $2,000. My parents weren't willing to pay that fee for me, so I had to use all of my accumulated savings which consisted of birthday money from relatives, earned cash from shovelling driveways of neighbours, and fixing computers. It was going to be both a financially and mentally taxing part of school for me.

The next week, it was time for our flight.

Every student in the class drove to the airport and met up at the front. Everyone showed up early and I saw Mr. McNutt was wearing a shirt that read *I love India*, which made me cringe.

"Oh boy guys, this will be a blast," the cuck teacher said. "Along with you guys, my girlfriend, Equinox Autumn will be joining us!"

Mr. McNutt wrapped his arm around a woman, who had similar glasses. She was ugly as fuck and was the epidome of a landwhale. She was clearly the girlfriend of none other than Mr. McNutt–as far as I knew at the time.

It was a class of thirty, so it was quite a long wait to board into the airplane. It wasn't an entirely bad thing, however, since it meant a decent window of time before I had to bear the putrid stench that occupied

the plane. To my horror, the other half of the plane passengers were pajeets who were on their way back to their home country. The curry stench almost killed me, so I had to pinch my nose. To make things ten times worse, I was unlucky enough to be assigned a seat next to one of the pajeets.

After the flight attendants finished announcing all the safety protocols, the plane took off. The pajeet next to me fished his backpack to fetch a pack of curry chips and annoyingly munched on them loudly using his buck teeth. I resorted to using my airpods to block the noise and went on my phone to browse through gore videos which I downloaded prior to the flight. However, that was not enough to distract me, when one of the pajeet babies began crying, screaming, "I need some curry milk!"

After what felt like billions of years tolerating a combination of the curry stench and just being around the pajeet energy, the plane at last landed at the New Delhi airport. The air was humid, both from the proximity to the ocean and from presumably the high volume of poop vapour that diffuses throughout the air. The class boarded off the plane and we checked out. The first thing we did was explore the streets. It was extremely crowded, both due to the high volume of humans and the high population of goats.

The goats themselves looked depressed, perhaps because too many pajeets raped them. Everyone knows New Delhi has some of the highest rape rates in the world with how many of the pajeets are desparate for bob and vagene pics, so it was no surprise. Equinox Autumn noticed a store in the middle of the street which sells bracelets, so she notified Mr. McNutt that she wanted to go to that place to check out the inventory. Because it was a very small shop, the entire class couldn't fit inside it, so we decided to just wait for Equinox Autumn to visit it herself. However, the moment she was over a one meter distance away from the group, almost all the male pajeets stopped whatever they were doing and turned to face her. They began to stride towards her as she walked to the bracelet store. In unison, they pulled out their cell phones and crowded around her, taking unsolicited selfies with her, as if she was some kind of class A celebrity. Equinox Autumn stood out to them by being a White woman, which drove them crazy. They touched her aggressively, leaving poop finger prints staining her clothes.

"Um, you do realize they're harassing your girlfriend?" I asked Mr. McNutt, who was watching the pajeets groping Equinox Autumn.

"I am happy as long as they are!" Mr. McNutt said, as if there was nothing wrong.

My teacher was even more cucked than how he looks, so I figured there was no bargaining him out of this. Eventually, it escalated to the point where the group of male pajeets kidnapped Equinox Autumn, disappearing into a dark alley. Knowing exactly what they were going to do with her, I told Mr. McNutt once again to do something about it.

"You lovely Indians have fun with her!" Mr. McNutt yelled out, ignoring me.

From that point on, we never saw Equinox Autumn ever again. The trip just went on, without Mr. McNutt mentioning anything about his missing girlfriend. Regardless, I felt no sympathy for him, since it was on him to make the decision of bringing her along the trip and he let those pajeets kidnap her even with ample time.

Throughout the week, we explored the city, filling out worksheets related to our experiences. It was super boring to me and I felt like blowing my brains with a shotgun. Eventually, the trip came to an end and we were scheduled to fly back to Canada at the end of the last day.

It was particularly noisy when we arrived at the New Delhi airport, specifically when we neared the waiting room next to the aircraft. It was a mix of a weird deep farting noise and mush plopping to the ground.

"What the hell is that noise coming from?" I said.

"I don't know, I hope there isn't a malfunction going on," Mr. McNutt said.

Suddenly, the airport's intercom went on. A voice in an unbearable accent began to speak.

"It has come to our attention that our aircraft's motors are filled with feces, so we regret to announce that flights will be canceled while we clean them all out. This will take approximately three days."

*Drats*, I thought. *Fucking pajeets*. Compared to everybody else, I was unphased by the news; of course it had to be the street-shitters. We had to extend our hotel booking, and therefore, increased the field trip fees for each student in the form of accounts payable. My hatred towards pajeets increased even more.

After the wait was done, we were notified that the aircraft were fixed and we finally boarded onto the jet for our way home. Thankfully, we landed an aircraft that wasn't so infested with pajeets.

"Fuck we forgot about Equinox Autumn!" Mr. McNutt panicked.

"It was your loss for letting the pajeets fuck her," I said.

"I am going to commit a 911 suicide plane crash," Mr. McNutt sobbed, as he began heading to the front of the plane.

"Woah woah where do you think you're going," the flight attendant stopped our cuck teacher. "This zone is off limits. Only pilots are allowed."

Mr. McNutt went back to his seat as the flight attendant eyeballed him like a vulture.

"Alright folks, we are going to prepare for takeoff," one of the pilots at the front announced.

The jets turned on, and the plane began driving forward. As the motors worked, I noticed they sounded a bit odd this time, as if the maintenance team that cleaned the aircraft didn't do their job well. To describe it, imagine scratching a chalkboard with dry playdough. I tried to look into the window to see what was going on with the motors but couldn't since a fat land whale who sat at the window side blocked the view. The aircraft took off and the strange sound got more prominent. The flight attendants and the pilots didn't seem to notice it yet, which didn't surprise me as they were curry pilots and as we all know, pajeets don't give a damn about their services as long as they get the money.

The speed of the jet wasn't particularly slow, but boy, the sound bothered me. I looked around, to see almost all my classmates wearing their headphones. *What was going on*?

The fat land whale who annoyed the shit out of me by taking up too much room pissed me off so much, I decided to go to the washroom to have some breathing time away from the walrus. However, when I stood up, I saw the flight attendant and one of the pilots making their way into the washroom, beating me to it. I sat back down, wondering why both of them would go to the washroom at the same time. I hoped they weren't pajeet fags who were going to have sex in the washroom. I could imagine them being into gay scat porn. My thoughts were interrupted, when I heard an abrupt voice shout from the washroom.

"What the hell is that!" the flight attendant cried out.

"Get rid of it now!" the pilot demanded.

I heard multiple gunshots through the walls of the washroom. Whatever they were trying to get rid of was definitely more than an exotic insect. My heart pounded as fast as a sprinting nigger being chased by a lion.

"Ouch MHMHMM!" one of them choked.

I shortly heard what sounded like organs being crushed. After that, the washroom went dead silent, as if nobody was there any longer.

"What happened there?" I said aloud.

"I don't know," one of my classmates said. "Anybody care to investigate?

Of course, nobody volunteered. The sounds were grotesque enough. Even I, a gore enthusiast, was quite hesitant.

"I'll give whoever investigates the washroom a thousand dollars," one of my rich classmates offered.

I needed the money, mainly because of the additional field trip fees that were incurred due to the trip extension, so I volunteered.

"I'll take it," I said.

"Go there first and I will give you the cash after," he said.

I obliged and slowly crept towards the washroom door. It was sealed shut; an unknown mystery awaited me. The prospective surprise actually pulled me in as I got closer. I stepped near the dreaded door and turned the knobs. When I entered the washroom, I was immediately met with a smell which was a blend of blood and feces. I looked to the floor and observed a sight which still haunts me to this day. There, I saw two corpses lying dead. I knew they were the bodies of the pilot and the flight attendant, but they were unrecognizable. Their faces were completely mutilated, covered in poop stains. It looked like

the two pajeets died during a gay scat session. *Perhaps it was due to the ingestion of e coli*, I thought. However, I began to question my initial assumption when I heard a rumbling coming from the toilet. The toilet seat was sealed, so I couldn't tell what was in it. Growing even more curious, I lifted the toilet seat.

Instantly, I saw one of the biggest pieces of poop I have ever seen. Now, the toilet was massive, especially for an airplane toilet, since Indian aircraft tend to be larger than normal in order to accommodate the high curry-filled shit demands of pajeets. The shit log that was right in front of my eyes was far too big to float in the water. It straight up filled the entirety of the bowl, barely leaving room for the water. Not only was its size intriguing, but so was its shape. It had four stubby, yet, scrawny tube-shaped extensions; two of them stemming from both of its sides, and the other two stemming from its bottom. If that wasn't weird enough, I noticed a pattern on the upper front of the poop, which is characterized by a mushroom- shaped nose and lips which resemble those of Nikki Minaj. The pattern was so similar to a nigger face. Suddenly, the extensions of the poop started to move by themselves, and then the poop went into a position similar to a frog that is about to jump, with its face-like pattern turned towards me. It was then, I realized it was actually a face. Specifically, it was the face of George Floyd.

"Ayo main, it was so nice breathing all dat airplane motor air," it said. "You down to try some?"

"Um no?" I stammered, extremely confused.

The George Floyd Poop lunged its body at me, which I managed to dodge successfully, due to my powerful reflexes towards anything that remotely resembles niggers. The George Floyd Poop landed itself across the washroom on its bottom extensions, which I now recognized to be frog-like legs.

"What the fuck was that for?" I asked.

"Because I no longer have any access to that motor air," The George Floyd Poop said, "I must steal some from yo organs by stuffing myself into yo lungs and letting all mah e coli cells do all dah air stealing foe me, hehehe."

"I have no idea what that means, but I am not going to let you do that."

"Hehehe, bet," The George Floyd Poop said confidently, then lunged at me again.

It barely missed me, but lightly brushed the side of my neck, which gave off a burning sensation since The George Floyd Poop was as warm as a shit that just came out of a person's ass. I looked around the washroom to look for anything that I could use to my advantage. I spotted a poop knife on the sink counter, and I grabbed it.

"I am not afraid to use this on you," I said, pointing the knife towards The George Floyd Poop.

"Go ahead main, I dare you," the disgusting shit golem said.

I ran at it, and then used the poop knife to slice The George Floyd Poop in half. At first, I thought I had gotten rid of it. However, when I looked at the living nigga poop again, I realized I made things a whole lot worse. The slash didn't damage The George Floyd Poop at all; it was as if the knife phased through it like objects in video games glitching through each other.

"Hehehe, I am indestructible main!" The George Floyd Poop cackled.

Thinking that killing it must be impossible, I gave up and dipped. I exited the washroom and then slammed the door behind me, making sure it was locked. While walking back to my seat, everyone stared at me weirdly.

"What was going on in there?" Mr. McNutt asked me.

"There was a giant monster made out of poop," I said. "It tried to attack me by attempting to jump into my lungs, but I survived. It killed both the pilot and the flight attendant.

"No way that happened, I doubt it bro, I doubt it," Mr. McNutt said in his southern accent.

I was about to open the washroom door to show everyone the crazy shit I witnessed, but refrained myself from doing so as I realized how much chaos would unfold.

"I'll give you the one thousand dollars if you prove it," the rich kid who dared me to investigate in the first place said.

Reminded of the good money I could possibly receive, I went over to the washroom door and then opened it. I regret doing that to this day. The George Floyd Poop stormed out, revealing itself to every passenger in the aircraft. It did a funny-looking hula-hoop-like dance and began to speak.

"Yoohoohoo fresh air at last," it boomed. "It was so goddamn stanky in the washroom, so I can finally breathe more easily. But I must check out the air quality at the very front!"

We watched as The George Floyd Poop skipped towards the off limits zone, and entered the front control panel which was being controlled by the now only pilot.

"Dang I guess I shall get out of here to breathe in the natural air," the nigger shit said, as he hopped onto the control panel and to everyone's horror, broke the front window. The moment the glass shattered, everything started to be sucked in that window's direction. The pilot was the first to fly out of the aircraft, leaving the jet with nobody to control it. While everybody was being held in solely by their seatbelts, the airplane soon lost control and a crash was bound to happen. We all braced for impact, as the airplane was falling towards a small island in the middle of the ocean. The George Floyd Poop already began struggling to breathe as the altitude was too high for it to handle.

"Sheeit mayne I shouldn't have done that!" the nigger turd cried out.

"No kidding nigga poop!" I said.

Due to the velocity at which we were falling, I closed my eyes, awaiting the crash.

After a few minutes or so, I opened my eyes, to see we landed at a body of water very close to the shore of the island. The ocean is one of, if not, the safest area for planes to crash in, so my whole class was okay. I looked at Mr. McNutt, who was slightly disappointed at not dying in the crash.

The plane was cut in half, forming an easy exit for both sides. We unbuckled and then swam to shore. I took a quick glance around, and it appeared we were on an island that is nowhere close to any other bodies of land. Everyone began to chatter, panicking at the idea that we were now stranded. Some of us pulled out our cellphones, which all had no service. There was no way we could communicate with any source to request rescue. To make things worse, the sound of somebody swimming could be heard from behind us. We turned to face the ocean, to see a familiar face. It was The George Floyd Poop, who was now significantly darker due to being stained by the ocean water. I was surprised to see it make it to the shoreline, considering it would have easily drowned in the ocean.

We made a run for it. The sand made it quite difficult to sprint in. Sadly, that rule didn't quite apply to The George Floyd Poop. It skipped as if it was traversing in solid cement, leaving gobs of shit on the sand. It managed to catch up to the land whales first, forcing its way into their mouths and then into their lungs. Each time it attacked my classmates, its insertion into their internal organs were followed by liters of blood pouring out of their mouths. The George Floyd Poop would then use its poop matter to absorb all of the organ air bubbles via its e coli bacteria slaves.

I ran in the same direction as Mr. McNutt after we witnessed the extremely grotesque deaths of my classmates. We ran through the jungle, dodging every tree that went in our way. I never looked back, and neither did Mr. McNutt. We just focused on getting as far away from the living nigga poop as possible.

We eventually ran out of stamina, and we at last stopped to catch our breaths.

"What the fuck is that thing?" Mr. McNutt said, while breathing heavily.

"I already told you guys back in the airplane, a living god damn nigger poop," I said. "A reincarnated form of George Floyd apparently."

"How is a piece of turd alive?" Mr. McNutt questioned me.

"That, I have no idea. I just found it sitting in the toilet when I investigated the washroom. This is not important though, what matters now is our survival. I think we are the only survivors here."

"Ah fuck I ain't dealing with this crap," Mr. McNutt said.

I knew exactly what he had in mind. Knowing he was on the verge of suicide now, I did my best to keep him calm.

"Look on the bright side, at least you don't have to deal with your shitty family for the time being," I reassured him.

A major part of Mr. McNutt's high propensity to blow his brains is how shitty his family treats him. Frequently, he'd vent to the class about his terrible experiences at his family gatherings after each holiday. For example, he told us about a time when his own mother threatened to fuck one of his online gaming friends. It surely warped his perception towards the concept of cuckness, which contributes to how much of a cuck Mr.McNutt was.

"Okay thank you for that," Mr. McNutt thanked me.

We shifted our focus to our physical well-being, and started to search for the most important resource at the time: food. Very unlucky for us, the island seemed to be quite limited in terms of wildlife, which meant an absence of nutrition. On our search, Mr. McNutt and I would find the occasional berry, which he would hoard before I could get a chance to eat it, since Mr. McNutt is a skinny fat manlet who needs to lose bad weight. We kept our ears open to make sure we didn't run into The George Floyd Poop. Thankfully, The George Floyd Poop lets out an unmistakable plopping noise whenever it walks, so we'd know immediately when to run.

Night eventually arrived, and the temperature went from warm to cold. We had only found a few dozen small berries up to this point and the low temperature alone felt like it was going to starve us overnight. Knowing The George Floyd Poop had to still be out there, we ventured through the jungle to find leaves big enough to completely cover us while we slept.

While we lay down trying to sleep in the cold, Mr. McNutt constantly whispered to himself whilst shivering. He'd keep trying to convince himself that our current situation is better than committing suicide. It made it even harder for me to fall asleep and I would have really needed a pair of headphones or earbuds but those were long gone inside the airplane, which probably sank a few hundred feet into the ocean by now.

I thought about how long we'd really stay on this island if we ever get rescued by some miracle. I planned some scenarios out as I closed my eyes. We could scream the phrase "fuck niggers" all over again until some ***based*** pilot flying by notices fellow racists needing to be rescued; or we could possibly swim in the ocean until we reach land. I highly doubt The George Floyd Poop would be able to swim as long as Mr. McNutt and I as niggers are one of the worst races at swimming, and that is saying something when Mr. McNutt is an unathletic soyboy. Soon enough, I managed to fall asleep.

The next morning, I woke up, still under the leaves thankfully. I checked Mr. McNutt's side of the giant leaf blanket and he was still here as well. I was filled with relief when I acknowledged that both of us were still alive. There was no time to waste though; sleep is good and all for our wellbeing, but what was more important now was solving the core problem, getting our asses out. I shook Mr. McNutt until he finally woke up from his deep sleep.

"What are you doing? I wanna go back to sleep!" Mr. McNutt whined.

"Are you out of your mind? We can't just rest on this unforgiving island!" I said.

"Oh wait what?" Mr. McNutt said, confused, looking back and forth. "Oh I see, I forgot we were here."

Because Mr. McNutt is such a low testosterone beta, he lacks the ability to acknowledge that he is in a deadly situation that could get him killed at any time. Finally realizing this, he got up and cooperated.

We decided to start the day by looking for breakfast. However, I noticed that each time we'd find a berry, they'd be covered by a dirty brown substance.

"What the shit is this!" Mr. McNutt wheezed after taking the first bite of one of the berries. "Oh god I think it's poop!"

"Why did you eat that dirty berry in the first place?" I asked Mr. McNutt.

My retarded teacher rubbed his bloated stomach.

"I was hungry," he moaned.

We continued our search for food. As time passed, I'd notice something very peculiar about Mr. McNutt–specifically, his head. It weirdly expanded in size gradually, while becoming red in color. When it got apparent enough, I stopped our hike for a brief moment.

“Mr. McNutt, what is going on with your head?” I asked him.

“Well, um nothing,” he said. “I am not going crazy, am I?”

“No, I mean your literal head! It is almost twice as big now and your face is as red as a tomato!”

Mr. McNutt touched his head with both of his hands to grasp its size.

“Holy fuck what is happening to me!” he panicked.

“I don’t know, it must be due to the dirty berry you ate an hour ago,” I said.

As Mr. McNutt’s blood pressure escalated, it further made his strange symptom even worse.

“Ah damn my head is going to explode!” Mr. McNutt screamed.

“Calm down man, you're making it worse!” I suggested.

Mr teacher was unable to keep his cool and his head accelerated in size even more, now the circumference of a volleyball. I slowly walked away from him, anticipating his fate. When the time came, his head exploded. Brain matter was launched all over the place, some getting on me, making me gag. My addiction to gore videos thankfully helped me bear the sight. Mr. McNutt fell dead, with half of his head gone. Me being the gore fan I was, I inspected the cross section of his brain, fascinated. Something was off though. There was a brown substance covering parts of his brain that looked similar to the weird mush that covered the berry he ate earlier. The substance bubbled, sucking in air bubbles that roamed Mr. McNutt’s bloodstream.

After some quick analysis, my blood ran cold as I figured out what this was all about. The brown substance, which covered both the fruit and Mr. McNutt’s brain insides, is actually feces. The George Floyd Poop must have laced every form of food on the island with its residual poop matter. When Mr. McNutt ingested a sample of it, it’s e coli bacteria attacked his internal organ’s oxygen supply, which explained the bubbling chemical reaction that went on in Mr. McNutt’s brain. What really unsettled me though, was how close The George Floyd Poop wandered to Mr. McNutt and I while we slept.

My mind began to spiral trying to process the nasty shit that I conjured in my head. For the first time in a long time, I kneeled down and vomited. The afflictions Mr. McNutt died to were beyond my imagination, overwhelming my resistance to watching gore. After I collected my thoughts, my desire to get out of the island alive grew stronger and I decided to do anything necessary to achieve this. I ran out of the jungle into the shore of the beach and began drawing out the cries for help on the sand. I wrote giant messages such as “save our souls or be a nigger lover.” I repeated this on every side of the island to increase the possibility of a pilot noticing me.

Later that day, I heard the sound of propellers. Startled, I looked around to get an idea of where it was coming from. I followed the noise, until I saw a helicopter landing on the side of the island with the written message “There’s a nigger in this island trying to kill me, so save me.”

The helicopter deployed its rope ladder down, for me to grapple onto. The moment I began climbing it, I heard a voice coming from below.

“Sheeit main, I need to breathe in all that helicopter propeller air!” it said.

I looked down to see The George Floyd Poop already only a few feet below me, climbing up the rope ladder as well. I hurried up as fast as I could; I can’t let that nigga poop be brought along.

Once I reached the top of the ladder, I jumped into the helicopter. My heart skipped a beat as I looked back to see The George Floyd Poop make it into the helicopter as well. The man who operated the chopper, who was armed with an assault rifle, began shooting at the giant turd. Hundreds of bullets pierced The George Floyd Poop, forming massive holes on it. The George Floyd Poop was able to regenerate quick enough to mitigate the bullet holes for a good bit, but was eventually overwhelmed and flattened like a pancake due to the force of all the bullets combined. The moment the helicopter stopped shooting, The George Floyd Poop curved itself into a large circular balloon-like form, and then formed one very small hole on one of its sides to inflate itself with air, becoming a giant poop bubble.

“Hehehe, I am now The George Floyd Bubble,” it cackled. “I told you I cannot be stopped!”

The George Floyd Bubble then floated out of the helicopter.

"Holy hell that was weird," the helicopter operator said in both amazement and disgust.

"Yeah I have a lot of explaining to do, don't I?" I laughed.

For the next hour, I retold the events that I experienced regarding The George Floyd Poop, starting from when I first saw it in the pajeet airplane's washroom, to now.

The rest of the flight was awkward silence, mostly because the helicopter operator was too busy processing the story that I told.

The chopper landed at my city's main launch pad at dawn, and it was about time I was supposed to head to school. I didn't sleep at all throughout the helicopter flight, but the events that transpired were enough to keep me wide awake. Once I arrived at school, I remembered that my entire social studies class literally died, including Mr. McNutt, so the first thing I did was notify the principal.

I told the principal everything to the finest detail, about how this George Floyd turd monster terrorized the whole airplane trip, killing every student when we were stranded on the island, and how Mr. McNutt ingested a bit of The George Floyd Poop, which infected him with fatal air-stealing e coli.

"Hmm, do you really expect me to believe this?" the principal said.

"Well, this all actually happened, so yeah," I replied.

"What kind of a person are you? To murder your entire class?"

"Wait, what do you mean?" I said.

"You really just made up the most stupid and racist excuse possible to cover up your murder," he accused me. "You will suffer serious consequences for this."

The next few days, I found myself in court because of that libtard principal. I knew that no authority would believe there is such a thing as a living poop, let alone it being a George Floyd reincarnate, so I didn't bother fighting it. I was sentenced to twenty years in prison as a result. I didn't look forward to being near niggers for that amount of time; niggers make up over fifty percent of prision populations.

Now you may be wondering, *how is this story spread when I am supposedly still in prison?* Well, I actually managed to break out and it is not in a manner in which you'd expect. In fact, the way I escaped prison is connected with The George Floyd Poop.

I sat in my cell, lonely and depressed. Every bit of my energy was invested in a powerful hatred towards my school. *It was what got me here in the first place. The field trip was what ultimately led to the death of my social studies class, not me. If only that retarded diversity studies program were never a thing, I would be a free man.*

I never bothered interacting with my inmates. Almost all of them were degenerates who either earned their place here by being fentanyl apes or engaging in nigger activity. My lack of social interaction led me to go insane. At times, I questioned whether The George Floyd Poop incident really happened in the first place and I even began striding towards believing that I really was responsible for my classmates' deaths. As days went by, I contemplated suicide, even relating to Mr. McNutt a bit. Those thoughts came to a pause when I began noticing things.

It started off as seeing dark circles in the corner of my eyes for a split second, or hearing ebonics even though nobody is near me. I kept brushing it off to my mind going nuts, but it got harder and harder to deny those so-called hallucinations. The next thing, inmates started dying. The causes were unknown, at least from what I've been hearing. The breaking point came when I was in the shower room, rinsing myself after busting a nut for the forty ninth time that day.

Despite having just washed myself with soap, I smelled a very familiar stench. It was like poop, but with a hint of digested KFC and curry. I looked around, expecting a fellow inmate, but didn't see anybody. I went on with my shower, shrugging it off to deja vu. I then heard it; a familiar voice accompanying the familiar odor.

"Yo yo main, I am back niggie," it said.

The tone and ebonics brought me back to traumatizing times, which led me to suddenly look behind me; my nigger reflexes were escalating. There I saw The George Floyd Bubble, staring right back at me. I turned the rest of my body toward it.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded it.

"Hehehe I told you I cannot die," The George Floyd Bubble laughed. "Now I will steal all yo organ air once and for all."

I was in disbelief that it managed to follow me all the way here, in addition to staying hidden for such a long time. In a panic, I started to scream at the top of my lungs, hoping to get the attention of any prison security guards or inmates.

"Main, I already stole da air of those niggies, nobody be there to help you," The George Floyd Bubble said, as if it read my mind.

The brown bubble slowly hovered closer and closer, laughing evilly. There was a shower wall right behind me, so there was nowhere for me to run. I flashed back to the brutal ways in which it killed its victims, then imagined those scenarios on me. The only thing I could do was at least try to fight it. *At least it would be better than doing nothing*, I thought.

I grabbed the shower hose that happened to be next to me and aimed it at The George Floyd Bubble.

"Hehehe main, do you think that would possibly hurt me?" it cackled.

It had a point. I wasn't expecting to be some kind of lucky Super Man at the time, but I persevered. I switched on the hose and jabbed it into The George Floyd Bubble. It successfully penetrated through.

"Ouch main, dat hurt," the nigger bubble said.

Water was being sprayed from within the bubble. I further turned the nozzle, increasing the strength of the stream. The increased volume of water filled The George Floyd Bubble faster, which led the pre-existing air in it to move around. The pressure caused by the water became so strong, it forced the internal air to blow a hole in its skin.

"Ah fuck dat be painful and sheeit!" I heard it said. "Ah shit I am now losing air through that hole! I can't breathe!"

I knew my plan was working, so I turned the tap water setting to max, which caused The George Floyd Bubble to pop. The explosion sent me into the air, slamming me into the opposite wall. I got up, to see the impact was powerful enough to destroy the shower wall, which happened to be the way out of the prison. I used it as an opportunity to escape, so I ran out through it, never looking back.

Because my parents believe that I was rightfully sentenced to prison, they locked me out of the house, so I am now typing this on a public library computer. Moral of the story, do not go to New Delhi, India. It is full of pajeets who will ruin your vacation experience.

**Do Not Eat Banana and Mayonnaise Sandwiches at 3 AM**

By Pepe McNutt

This is the story of the worst mistake I have ever made. I was 15 in 2020, when this story takes place.

I had seen the court testimony of George Floyd's nigger brother about his inability to cook or boil water and had thought it was the funniest nigger monkey moment I had seen in a while. I decided to try banana and mayonnaise sandwiches for the memes after seeing a Ronnie McNutt banana mayo sandwich edit where his head turned into one after he shot it.

I called my friend Nurn Biggers over to my house to help me make the sandwich with the right amount of fentanyl. I did not know what this was at the time, but I had heard about it in very early George Floyd creepypastas and thought it was some kind of seasoning.

We waited for 3 AM since we were cringy teenagers and 3 AM was spooky time. I now know that 3 AM is when nigger spirits walk the streets, smoking crack and waiting for an opportunity to possess someone.

Nurn and I ate 14 sandwiches each, and immediately after finishing the last one, I felt an intense urge to rape a pregnant woman and shoot her in the belly. I turned to Nurn to tell him what was happening, but all that came out was "Ooga booga I needs dem pregnant belly pics an shieet, where da wyte wimins at nigga."

Nurn looked at me in surprise and responded, “Why yous be soundin like a nigga an shieet.”

“Ah shieet nigga,” I said, “I bes thinkin dem fentanyl sandwiches be turnin our minds into niggas an sheeit, nah meen muffuguh?”

“Oh my got,” Nurn said, “I bes hatin niggas an shieet. I caint be livin like dis, I jus caint.”

I decided to call my parents, who were out of town for the week on a business trip.

When my dad answered, I tried to tell him what was happening, but all that came out was “Where dem pregnant wyte wimins an sheeit. I bes needin da stimmie checks nigga.”

“Who are you and why do you have my son’s phone?” my dad asked.

“I bes yo son an shieet.” I said, “Me an mah nigga made dem fentanyl sandwiches an sheeit, special recipe from big Floyd hisself nigga, crip nigga.”

“Where is my son, nigger.” my dad said.

“I bes right here an sheeit.” I said.

*click* My dad hung up the phone.

I felt an unexplanable rage course through my veins at this and threw my phone, stomping it into the ground.

“Nigga why you do dat sheit. Yo parents gon be pissed fer real fer real.” Nurn said.

“Nigga do it look like I fuggin care?” I asked.

“Look at yo behavior an shieet nigga,” Nurn said, “We don’t be needin dis activitation righ nah. We needa be lookin fo answeres as to what happenin to us. I caint be stuck in dis state of mine nigga, my dad will kill me an sheeit.”

“OK nigga,” I said, “Lets go to da library.”

Just then, a pounding came from the front door. “Police, open up.”

I instinctively started walking towards the door but Nurn grabbed my arm.

“Dem niggas heard us talkin an shieet. If they are worth anything as human beins, they’ll be shootin us jus based on our voices nigga.”

“You’re right,” I said, “We needa bes sneakin out da back an shieet.”

We went to the back door, which was located down the hall from the front door, in the laundry room. We ran through the back yard and hopped the fence bordering the neighbor’s property. I noticed that the jump was easier than when I had done it before, and I seemed taller than usual. That’s when I realized that I not only had on a black tank top, but that my skin had taken on a darker tone. It wasn’t black, but it was a deep tan and it was worsening by the minute.

I looked at Nurn and saw that his hair had turned black and was tightly curling on top of his head.

His skin had also darkened to the point where he almost looked like the nigger Ahmaud Arbery.

“Nigga, you bes lookin like you was an innocent unarmed black mayne that got shotted for joggin an shieet.” I said.

“Nigga you bes lookin like you had trouble breethin an sheeit.” Nurn said.

Rage once again filled my brain and I turned towards Nurn, giving him a look over my nose, which I noticed had grown to a size that hasn't been seen before, even on a jew.

“Ooga booga nigga, I shared mah fentanyl an dis be how I bes repaid?” I said.

I noticed my voice had deepened and had taken on a northern nigger’s accent. I spoke fast and deep, like I was rapping.

“Nigga, something ain't bes right here.” Nurn said, “I ain't know if dat fentanyl had some PCP or some in it but I ain't jus be lookin like a nigga, I bes feelin like one.”

We jumped over the neighbor’s back fence into an alleyway. Immediately, a familiar smell filled my massive nostrils. The smell of watermelon kool aid, fried chicken and cheap nigger weed which would have usually disgusted me, strangely seemed comforting, like I was home.

"Ayo Big Floyd," a voice said from behind me, "Wassup nigga. We didn't thing you'd be comin' tonight."

"Ayo mayne, whatchu mean I ain't bes comin an shieet? You know I needa see da homies an shieet." I said automatically.

I didn't even know what was happening, but apparently people recognized me.

I walked farther down the alley, and every nigger I passed stood up to offer me a blunt or a piece of KFC chicken. I grabbed Nurn, who was on some porch steps smoking out of a plastic 2 litre bottle, and walked him down the alley to the street.

"We bes forgettin da mission an shieet." I said.

All of a sudden Nurn's eyes went glassy and he started rasping "I can'tbreeve nigga I can'tbreeve."

"Let me see your hands, nigger. Show me your hands right now before I blow your black head off." a man in a police uniform said.

"Nigga I ain't even do nuffin I ain't dat type of guy mayne I ain't dat type of guy." I said.

I pulled out a 9mm Hi point pistol held together by duct tape and wood glue and fired it at the officer as I ran away.

I turned around for a split second before running down the street to see Nurn had turned back into the 15 year old White boy he was, but he was fatally shot and was lying dead on the ground.

I ran and ran until I came to a convenience store called Cup Foods. I walked inside and picked up a banana. I went to the register and the store attendant scanned the banana and said, "Dat sheit gon be 20 dollahs nigga."

"OK" I said as I pulled a 20 dollar bill out of my pocket. I handed it to the store attendant who immediately said, "Ayo nigga why you be givin me da fake money an shieet? Imma call da cops."

Before I left the store, I had an idea. I ran to the monster energy section of the store, rummaging through the drinks to find the Zero Ultra Monster Energy. I found one and popped it open. I drained the entire can and felt momentary relief when a wave of focus came over my brain.

I tried to tell the attendant I was sorry for the 20 dollar bill but all that came out, once again was "Nigga suck my dick. Imma be doin yo momma tonight an shieet."

Just then, a police car parked outside of Cup Foods and I watched as the niggers surrounding the store ran all different ways. The officer, who was clearly in his 40s with graying hair and a racist chad physique, walked towards the store.

My weak, but still present, nigga monkey instinct told me to run, so I did. I was losing speed and was slowly returning to my normal size, but I was still in a serious predicament.

"Freeze nigger," the officer said.

I stopped and the police officer shoved me into a wall and put handcuffs on me.

In the back of the police car, I started to lose my breath.

"Officer, I can'tbreathe nigga." I said, "I can't breathe mayne help me an' shieet."

The officer, whose name tag said "D. Chauvin", pulled me out of the car and onto the ground, where he knelt on my neck, where I promptly passed out.

A few hours later, I awoke in a hospital. I looked around to see my family, who were smiling down at me.

"Am I still a nigger?" I asked.

"No, you're just a normal White boy," said my mother with tears streaming down her face.

Officer Chauvin walked into the room.

"Sorry about the rough treatment kid." he said, "I thought you were a violent nigger monkey."

"No worries officer," I said, "At least I didn't have to stay a nigger for the rest of my life."

3 weeks later I left the hospital. The doctors had done a myriad of tests and could find no explanation to what had happened to me.

However, a few days ago I read online about a kid who had turned into Breonna Taylor and had eaten buildings in her town. The local exorcists believe that nigger spirits are worse than demons because they can cause widespread destruction when they possess you.

I am writing this in the car on the way home from the hospital. My warning to you is: never try the banana and mayonnaise sandwich, no matter how much clout it will get you online. It isn't worth it.

**I am a Minneapolis Police Officer: We Hunted the George Floyd Zombie (Remake)**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Norman Turtle and I am a Minneapolis police officer. As a cop who is secretly a nigger hater, it is my job to arrest the apes all over Minneapolis who commit a disproportionate amount of crimes. Minneapolis is a place I wish to convert to a no nigger zone.

My on duty shifts are usually super busy, with me arresting over ten niggers per day at the very least, so I consider myself what amounts to a superhero within the bounds of Minneapolis. That being said, while my line of profession is dangerous and has a shit pay, I actually enjoy it a lot; it contributes to society a lot more than niggers and Only Fans whores.

The Minneapolis police department has been in the news a lot lately, because of our major officers, Derek Chauvin, was accused of murdering a nigger named George Floyd. For those of you who are simple-minded *consoomers*, despite what the mainstream media tries to tell the masses, George Floyd actually killed himself via a fentanyl overdose. Derek's knee was only placed on his neck gently in order to prevent the feral drugged-up ape from going crazy and attacking civilians.

On the bright side, Derek was released on a one million dollar bail. Within the circles that know how Floyd truly died, this was uplifting news. The only downside is, Derek was permanently banned from working at the Minneapolis police department.

Even though Derek is a race-mixer, I felt quite bad for him for losing his job. I decided one day to buy him a George Floyd toy as some sort of a gag gift to cheer him up. I spent the remaining fifty dollars in my savings account on it, and then waited for it to ship. Once the George Floyd toy arrived in the mail, pulled up to Derek's home with it in hand. Derek answered the door and greeted me. I presented the George Floyd doll to him, and he laughed.

Derek invited me in for a coffee, which I gladly accepted. Upon entering his home, I saw a lot of interesting posters hung around the walls, most of them being George Floyd hate propaganda. I didn't blame him; it would have driven me just as mad if I were to lose my hard-earned career over a random criminal chimp who never amounted to anything in life.

After Derek brought us the coffee tray, we caught up on each other's life.

"So Derek," I began. "How is life nowadays? Have you gotten a new job?"

Judging by the energy Derek's home interior gave off, I could tell he wasn't a sane man.

"Everythings been tough lately," Derek replied. "My wife dumped me for all the shit that happened, and I am still looking for a job with a decent pay as I've been constantly rejected by companies because they are under the belief that I killed George Floyd."

I was about to celebrate regarding the first part, as that meant Derek left a woman outside of his race, but stifled myself to respect the bad news.

"I am sorry to hear that," I said. "It really sucks that you have little control over the situation."

"Yes," Derek sighed. "However, I am going to let you in on something. Follow me."

He motioned me to follow him, and so I did. He led me from his living room, to his kitchen, and then down a set of stairs which leads to his basement. Initially, I wondered why he was acting so vague before uncovering what was to be shown to me.

Once we entered his basement, I was presented with a very futuristic-looking room, full of lab equipment that looked like they come from science fiction movies taking place thousands of years from now.

"Allow me to introduce you to my arsenal," Derek said. "All of these fancy gadgets are innovations of mine, which I developed ever since I lost my position as a police officer."

"And what exactly do you plan on achieving with this machinery?" I asked.

"You see, I developed a powerful hatred towards niggers ever since the George Floyd incident. I invested the majority of my time and financial resources into building weaponry designed to get rid of black people."

"Woah holy shit that's ***based***!" I said in amazement. "So how do your weapons work?"

"Using the intricate concept of machine learning, I developed an artificial intelligence that is capable of telling the difference between bright colours and dark colours, which causes it to react strongly to high contrast patterns. In addition, I implemented a component which can differentiate biological matter from non-living matter. For example, it will scan environments, looking for objects that emit enough heat to qualify as living. Putting both of those together, I have gadgets that can pinpoint the precise position of niggers. With that useful tool, I derived powerful weapons that are more potent to niggers."

"Derek, I think you are going a bit crazy. Now way that shit is possible," I said.

"Allow me to demonstrate," Derek said, as he walked to the storage room at the far end of the basement, to retrieve two life-sized portraits, one depicting the normal George Floyd nigger head and the other was the head of a heavily edited White George Floyd variant.

"As you can see here, I have White George and black George," Derek explained. "For demonstration's sake, I am using the two opposite race variants of the same person, George Floyd being the controlled variable."

Derek went to one of the lab benches to grab a large turret that was about the height of a human-size George Floyd toy. Supporting the gun was a base which was labelled *Nigger Turret*.

Derek placed the nigger turret onto the floor and turned it on. It took a few seconds for the power to run through the entire machine. Its nozzle emitted a red laser light, and then the turret began to rotate by itself. It scanned around the room, until the red laser light aligned with the black George Floyd portrait. It remained focused on it, not even acknowledging the White George Floyd portrait at all.

"Of course, because those portraits aren't alive, there is no reason for the turret to shoot the black George Floyd portrait down," Derek said. "Now are you convinced?"

That in itself was mind blowing to me, so I nodded.

"Okay now for the juicy details," Derek said. "The one thing I want to use my technology on is the George Floyd Zombie."

"Holy shit, you mean zombies are real?" I exclaimed.

"Yes they do in fact exist. George Floyd may have been quote-unquote killed at the end of May, but what many people don't realize is zombies coexist very deep underground."

"So what are you going to do? Dig your way underground and find the George Floyd zombie?"

"No, I came up with a plan on accessing him more easily. This is something that only dedicated zombie-ologists know, but in order to get a zombie to rise out of their grave, you need to attract them using their favorite food in rotten form. Good thing I thought of this long ago, because I have a fridge full of rotten KFC chicken in my refrigerator. I will definitely be using those."

Derek pointed at a mini fridge that was next to the storage room and went over to it. He opened it, to reveal a ton of hanging KFC chicken drumsticks that were covered in brownish-green mold, along with maggots that were as fat as George Floyd's lips. It smelled so bad, I used my shirt to cover my nose.

"Yo close that shit, that smells like a trannies mutilated genitals!" I said in disgust.

"Sorry," Derek said as he shut the minifridge. "I grew used to the odor as the meat has been around for months. "Now that you know what I am up to these days, I invite you to help me exterminate the George Floyd zombie."

"Holy shit I am down for that!" I exclaimed. "I wanna witness the second death of nigger Floyd!"

“Alright bet, meet me at the Minneapolis graveyard this midnight and I will give you the details on what we have to do then.”

We exchanged goodbyes and I headed home to take a nap. The incredible stuff that Derek showed me worked my mind up to the point where I got tired. Besides, nothing wrong with a bit of rest before going on a mission to kill a real life zombie in the middle of the night.

Even though Derek said he will cover all the necessary equipment to hunt down the George Floyd zombie, I looked through my garage and kitchen for backup equipment in case things go wrong. I put a knife and pistol in my backpack. This was mostly for the purpose of defending ourselves against Black Lives Matter faggots if they try attacking us for fighting the George Floyd zombie.

At 11:00 pm, I began driving to the Minneapolis graveyard. I have to admit, I was a bit nervous, as I have never seen a zombie in person before. I imagined what the George Floyd zombie could possibly look like. I can’t imagine a being that could be any uglier than him, so how ugly would a zombie variant of George Floyd be?

Once I arrived at the graveyard, I already saw Derek standing nearby George Floyd’s tombstone. He had a plastic bag in his hands which contained what I could make out to be the rotten KFC chicken drumsticks. On his other hand was a round handheld device. I ran up to him, greeting him.

“Hello Norman, good to see you making it here,” Derek said. “This machine right here is the Black "Person" Executor. It is much more powerful and mobile than the turret I showed you earlier. It has a 360 degree motion capturing system which scans a one hundred meter radius, searching for niggers whether they are undead or alive.”

Derek pushed the main button on Black "Person" Executor. It produced a high pitch frequency, which I assumed acted as a nigger sonar. The frequency was so intense that I could see the sound waves vibrating in the air. Derek rested the black person executed on the ground, and then revealed the plastic bag of rotten KFC chicken drumsticks.

“Alright Norman,” Derek said. “I am going to place the drumsticks right in front of George Floyd’s tombstone and then we will run behind that tree so that the George Floyd Zombie doesn’t see us. And from there, the Black "Person" Executor should do the dirty work. Understand?”

“Yes sir,” I said in agreement.

I tried not to breathe through my nostrils as Derek took the smelly chicken meat out of the plastic bag and then tossed them into the grass, almost touching the George Floyd tombstone. Derek and I then ran behind the large tree he pointed at. Even from a good distance, I was able to smell the rotten KFC drumsticks, so I continued to breathe through my mouth. We waited, until the piece of terrain in front of the George Floyd tombstone began to move, shifting upward like a mini mountain forming, until the dirt started to crack. A dark brown hand protruded and grabbed one of the KFC drumsticks. It held the piece of chicken vertically, reminiscent of the Black Lives Matter hand logo. The hand then reached further up, and then the body which was attached to the arm moved itself higher, until the full zombie was visible.

The George Floyd zombie was even taller than its living counterpart, with its chest flash ripped off, revealing its insanely small lungs. It gobbled up the rotten drumstick in one chomp and then growled, “Must eat air! I need to consume some brain air!”

“The Black "Person" Executor should destroy the George Floyd zombie any second now,” Derek whispered.

We waited for a few seconds, then a minute. The whole time, we watched the George Floyd zombie wander around his tombstone, growling for brain air.

“Shit something isn’t right,” Derek said. “It shouldn’t take this long for the Black "Person" Executor to detect and eliminate niggers.”

Eventually, too much time passed, because the George Floyd zombie grew bored and began to dig itself back underground.

“Fuck,” Derek said. “Why didn’t it work?”

After the George Floyd zombie was completely submerged in the ground, we decided it was safe to stop hiding, and so we went back to the George Floyd tombstone to retrieve the Black "Person" Executor.

Upon seeing it, it appeared to still be on, not showing any sign of malfunction.

"Oh I see," Derek realized. "Okay Norman, so there is a flaw to my inventions. You see, because it is midnight, it is so dark that the machine us unable to tell the difference between nigger skin and the night sky. We are going to have to execute this in another way."

I unhooked my backpack off my shoulders and then retrieved the pistol and the knife I had brought with me.

"Will these be sufficient to slay the George Floyd zombie?" I asked Derek.

"Unfortunately, primitive weapons such as those will not cut it for zombies," Derek explained. "Real life zombies are much more powerful than the ones you see in the movies. The undead need more than just physical injuries to truly die."

"Alright, so what do you think we should do?" I asked.

"So here is what I have in mind now. If the night sky interferes with the function of the Black "Person" Executor so much, we should build a makeshift cage around here and carefully lure the George Floyd zombie into it. We will then leave it there until sunrise, which is when it is bright enough for the Black "Person" Executor to tell the difference between the color of George Floyd's skin and the sky."

"Okay, sounds like a plan," I agreed.

"I am going to head home now, I need to get some sleep," Derek waved. "I will set up the makeshift trap during the day and we should meet up again tomorrow at midnight."

The next night, Derek and I met up and he showed me the small trap he built. It was a relatively large, essentially a four-meter-wide box that is tall enough so that anything that falls into it cannot escape. On each side is a ramp that runs up the walls of the box and into the pit.

I walked up one of the ramps, to see a pile of the rotten fried chicken, sitting right in the middle of the trap.

"The way we will capture the George Floyd zombie is one of us will stand next to the trap and offer it our brain air, then bait it to run at you," Derek said. "You must dive away just before it touches you, and the dumb nigga zombie should fall into the box."

"I'll be the one to do that then," I volunteered.

"Alright then, let's do this."

Derek put yet another sample of rotten KFC beside the George Floyd tombstone and then I prepared by standing right at the edge of the trap's ramp. I looked at my watch, which read *11:58 PM*. Only a couple more minutes until the George Floyd zombie awakens.

When the time came, the George Floyd zombie arose from the ground, and roared.

"Hey nigger, do you need some brain air?" I shouted at the undead nigger.

"Must eat air, must eat air and fentanyl, must eat air!" the George Floyd zombie groaned in excitement.

It then began to run at me. When it stepped into the ramp, I dived out of its way, for it to fall into the wooden box, trapped. The moment it noticed the pile of rotten KFC, it drooled and gobbled the entire mass of chicken in seconds.

"Must eat air," it repeated.

"Good job Norman!" Derek congratulated me. "Now it is only a matter of waiting for the sun to rise. Until then, we wait and keep an eye on it.

It had only been five minutes since the George Floyd zombie left its underground home, so that meant a wait of at least five hours. In the meantime, I decided to have a little fun with the trapped nigger zombie. I powered on my phone and went onto a website called basedmeetups.com, which is a site where ***based*** racists can connect and hook up for in real life meetups. I posted a listing called *George Floyd Zombie Zoo exhibit at the Minneapolis Graveyard*, and then waited for some epic trolling to unfold. Within minutes, I saw dozens of cars pull up and fellow racists joined in.

“Bro is that a real nigger zombie?!” one of them said.

“Yes indeed, a George Floyd one that is,” Derek said.

The large group circled around the trapped George Floyd zombie and stared at it in amazement. One of them even stepped too close to the pit and almost fell in, which scared me for a moment.

Some of the guys did crazy things to the George Floyd zombie, such as busting a nut on it which got it to growl, "Ah fuck I can’t breathe in the raining cum!”

After six hours of us messing around with the George Floyd zombie, the sun at last came into view and it was about time we finally slayed it. Derek had the Black "Person" Executor in hand and then tossed it into the pit.

Unlike yesterday, the Black "Person" Executor played an audio clip, which was a robotic female voice saying, “Nigger detected,” and then generated a flashbang which temporararily blinded every person who was nearby.

While none of us could see anything, the George Floyd Zombie grunted in pain.

“Ah shit, I can’t see and I can’t breathe!” it cried.

After the flashbang faded away and I regained my vision, I looked down at the pit, to see the George Floyd zombie lying in there, dead. All of its undead organs, including its lungs, were now detached and mutilated from its body completely,

“Hooray!” Everybody cheered.

Once the crowd cleared and it was only Derek and me left, we decided that we needed to clean up the scene as soon as possible. I knew that even though we defeated a zombie, my police badge would be revoked because the authorities wouldn’t care whether the nigger we got rid of is an evil monster or a so-called human being. Derek quickly disassembled the wooden trap, while I used my knife to cut the George Floyd zombie corpse into small pieces and then bury them. Each time I cut a piece of flesh, the smell of rotten matter exploded into my nose. If you have ever been in a half meter radius of a nigger, you’d get the gist of how it smelled.

I am now typing this, to inform you about two things. For one, zombies are not a complete work of fiction, but are actually real and they roam underground. If you ever see one above the surfaace, specifically the zombie of a nigger, contact Derek Chauvin immediately before it eats people’s air. It is impossible to kill zombies without the use of technologically advanced weaponry which he built. Secondly, I can never overemphasize that George Floyd (in his “human” form) was killed by Derek Chauvin. While untrue, it IS a fact that Derek Chauvin played a role in the death of his zombie form.

**Minecraft Has Fentanyl Witches**

By Jordan Cleeman

Playing Minecraft has been a passion of mine, ever since the beta was released. Ever since two thousand and ten, there were very few days when I played less than an hour. Throughout the past decade, most of that play time was spent on my own survival or creative worlds. Playing on public servers was never my thing. Because of my solo playstyle, I am willing to say that I am highly experienced at the vanilla side of the game. I know, mods exist, but I am an old school type of person.

That being said, it would make sense that there is little to no content that I’ve yet to explore. However, I’ve recently experienced something in Minecraft that makes me question this. Before I begin telling this terrifying video game tale, I need to provide some context. Firstly, I have never used addons before. Like I said earlier, I like to play the game in an old school way. Never have I ever installed mods, nor applied any texture packs. Secondly, I do not have any friends who play the game. So there is no way anyone can join my world, without having a lan party.

Given these conditions, I am pretty sure there is no external essence that could have led me to discover, whatever I’ve just witnessed in game. Now that you know I haven’t skewed the game in any way, I may begin.

I was going about my normal day, playing on my main survival world. Killing mobs, exploring new caves, breeding animals, and much much more. I could do this all day. That day, I wanted to try something

new. I've come to realize that exploring high in the skies was never a thing I've done before. Obviously, It is easy to overlook that component of minecraft worlds, because of its vacant nature. But I figured that because I've been playing this game so long, I decided, why the fuck not?

I know, it is very easy to simply fly around on creative mode to do this, but I wanted the personal achievement of venturing the skies in survival mode. Of course, it won't be an easy task as there aren't any items that allow free flying in survival, but from my years of playing in this very same survival world, I've accumulated hundreds of thousands of cobblestone blocks. With these building materials, I can definitely cover a huge distance by using them to build sky bridges. This was the time to put these ugly blocks to good use.

I first created a super tall cobblestone pillar. I added height to it, until I was just about to reach the world's ceiling. I then began the skybridge. The way I set it up was by simply placing a block in front constantly. I knew that traveling adjacent was not a realistic goal, so I just kept going straight. Really, it was quite a repetitive process.

After a couple hours of doing this nonstop, both of my hands started to feel exhausted. It was time for a break. I went downstairs and made myself a cup of coffee. I sat on my kitchen table and daydreamed as I sipped my coffee. It was quite refreshing to rest my hands on the table, after doing such a mundane task.

After I was done with my coffee, I went back upstairs to continue working on the skybridge. As I slipped my hands onto the keyboard and mouse, I had this sense of tiredness. I really did not want to spend the rest of my day doing this. As a man going into his thirties, I really don't want to develop arthritis.

That was when I came up with the idea of using an auto clicker and macro to assist me. The scheme was to program the macro to control the game, setting it up so that it left clicks every time it walks my character a certain distance. It was not a complex script to program at all, so I only had to do some copy and paste work to get it to function at an acceptable level.

I ran the script and it worked perfectly as intended. I monitored it for about thirty minutes, to make sure it could sustain without eventually desynchronizing and causing my character to fall off the sky bridge, if a block is misplaced. Sure enough, everything went as intended.

I have a backup gaming laptop, so that was what I used for doing other things. I then left my main desktop PC running the sky bridge macro. I made sure to turn off my monitor so that it doesn't overheat for being on for so long. The plan was to only turn it on each day to check on the sky exploration progress.

It had been around seven days when I turned on my monitor, to discover that my character was stifled by what looked like a block of quartz. I stopped the sky bridge macro, and took a step back to try to see what exactly was in front of me. To my surprise, it was a gigantic floating island made of what I thought was quartz. However, it did not quite have the exact textures that a block of quartz would exhibit. I placed dirt blocks below me, to make my way to the top of the island. Once I made it atop, I saw a witch's hut. There appeared to be nobody in the outer yard.

At the time though, I was mostly curious on what the White quartz like blocks actually were. I equipped my diamond pickaxe and mine the block below me. It took a surprisingly short amount of time to break it.

Upon destruction, I picked the block up. When I opened my inventory and hovered my cursor over the block, it read *Block of fentanyl*. This alarmed me. I have never seen a block of this type in my entire Minecraft career.

Not even in creative mode. I wondered about its potential uses, other than being placed. Right after I exited my inventory, I heard the sound of a door opening. I looked at the witch's hut, to see a dark skinned witch running right at me. When it came close enough, I noticed that its face was much much different from the standard witch, but still had the usual giant nose. It had the face of George Floyd.

It was a couple blocks away from me when they stopped running. Shortly after, a chat message popped up. It read, "How dare you mine our precious block of fentanyl. You must repay by trading us nine fentanyl ore and an air block."

The message came from a name called the George Floyd witch. I was awestruck. There was no way this was happening.

The George Floyd witch sent another chat message which read, “If you don’t trade me nine fentanyl ore and one air block by the next day, I will corrupt your world.”

That statement alarmed me. Three years were invested into this Minecraft world. For it to be corrupted would destroy countless precious memories. I needed to heed its threat. I right clicked the George Floyd witch, to open the trading interface. Sure enough, it showed that I had to exchange both nine blocks of fentanyl and a block of air, for nothing.

The real question was, where the hell do I find these? I’ve never come across fentanyl ore, therefore I would not know where to find it. Also, the block of air is unobtainable, without using world editors or mods. I thought this was just a joke easter egg, so I just punched the George Floyd witch for laughs. But when I did, it pointed a gun to the stomach of my character. It then sent me another chat message. “If you punch me again, I will shoot your belly and corrupt your world.” That made me begin to think this was not a joke after all, because guns never existed in Minecraft.

I opened up my internet browser, and tried googling key terms, such as George Floyd witch, or fentanyl block. However, I did not see any results that were related to those. I really didn’t want my world to get corrupted by these nigger en pee sees, so I decided that I needed to figure out how to obtain the fentanyl ore, since there wasn’t an option to trade the block of fentanyl back. I also needed to obtain one block of air. That was the easy part though.

As much as I hate using mods and cheats, I would rather not have my world corrupted. I installed Minecraft world edit on my PC, and opened it. With ease, I added a block of air into my character's inventory. Upon doing this, I had the thought that I may as well delete the George Floyd witch, or give myself fentanyl ore with the world edit mod. However, it did not show any options which have anything to do with those. I was disappointed, as I realized the world edit mod isn’t updated to be compatible with George Floyd witch content.

I returned to my world, and sure enough confirmed the block of air was now in my inventory. I right clicked the George Floyd witch to open the trading interface and give it the air block. It then sent the chat message, “Thank you for the block of air! Now I can breathe! Now please give me nine fentanyl ore in a day, or else this world will be corrupted!”

A minecraft day only lasts for twenty minutes, so I essentially only had that many minutes to mine and retrieve nine fentanyl ore. I did not know what to do. Twenty minutes is nowhere near a reasonable timeframe for me to find one, let alone nine, because I have no idea where they exist. There was no way I could directly kill the George Floyd witch before it could corrupt my world, because none of my weapons can compete with his gun.

That being said, the only way to stop the George Floyd witch, was to come up with a way to indirectly kill it. For the next few minutes, I brainstormed possible courses of action. A lightbulb clicked, as I came up with the idea to place two gravel blocks above its head, to suffocate it. I climbed down the sky bridge, to try to find gravel. After some digging, I managed to find a chunk of them. I quickly dug them, and returned to the George Floyd witch. Quickly, I vertically placed three blocks beside it, and then placed the two gravel blocks above the George Floyd witch’s head.

When the gravel landed on it, it began to take suffocation damage.

“Ah shit, gravel is my worst enemy! I CAN’T BREATHE!” an in-game chat message said.

It shortly died due to asphyxiation. Upon death, it dropped a bunch of items that I’ve never seen before. One of the items was a potion with a white liquid in it. I picked it up and it was labeled, potion of fentanyl. The remaining items were counterfeit bills. I then received an achievement pop up. It said, *Achievement unlocked! Kill a nigger!*

I was extremely relieved for two reasons. For one, my world hasn't been corrupt, since the George Floyd witch was slain. I was also relieved by the fact that the developers of Minecraft are ***based*** nigger haters after all, especially Notch.

I am now going to post this in numerous Minecraft community forums. Please, if you come across the George Floyd witch, suffocate it with gravel. Do not bother finding the fentanyl ore, since nobody knows where to find it yet.

**I Know Why Looting and War Crimes are Happening in Ukraine**

By Pepe McNutt

In 2022, Russia invaded the former Soviet state of Ukraine. I was deployed to Kharkiv at the time of the invasion. The Russian forces surprised the Ukrainians early in the morning with artillery and missiles. They rendered the Ukrainian navy unusable and landed an army in Odessa. They invaded from the Belarussian border in the north, the Crimean peninsula in the south, and across the Russo-Ukrainian border into Kharkiv and Mariupol. The Russian forces were met with fierce resistance from Ukrainian civilians, who had been issued AK12 and AK74M rifles.

I was once again assigned to investigate Floyd involvement in the war, as I had been when I was sent back in time to investigate Soviet involvement in Vietnam.

I was sent to Kyiv, Ukraine, where I was assigned a squad who would escort me to Kharkiv, where reports of looting and rioting similar to what had happened in the cities in america that were overrun by niggers. The FIS (Floyd Investigation Service) had received these reports through trusted Ukrainian correspondents that they had found in almost every Ukrainian city or town. While I was in Kyiv, I found a new M4A1, a rifle with a reputation of being the best ever built, only second to the AK47. I had orders from the F.I.S. to find and destroy the nigger-like presence in Kharkiv, and I would need the best firepower to do it.

I arrived in Kharkiv at 3:00 PM on March first, 2022, and my escort squad immediately started back towards Kyiv. I would be alone for this escapade. I had been given instructions to go to the headquarters of the Ukrainian resistance in Kharkiv, which was in a rather large store room underneath a sprawling department store, to receive a Russian military uniform, which I would use to infiltrate the Russian army. I arrived at the department store about two hours after I had arrived. The city of Kharkiv was a massive war zone, with soldiers on every street and tanks rolling the main highways.

I saw that the Ukrainian resistance had bombed important bridges and had places small charges along railways, presumably waiting for Russian supply trains to roll through to blow the tracks.

What I saw on the way to the department store was horrifying but also strangely inspiring. The Ukrainians, outnumbered and forsaken by their own leaders, were successfully holding off a huge world power without any training with weapons or tactical experience.

When I arrived at the department store, I was blindfolded by Ukrainian soldiers and taken to the basement entrance. I was asked to hand over any weaponry I had. I handed over my M4, but just to ease my own nerves, kept the .380 Makarov pistol I had in my boot.

I was frisked as I came into the room, but my pants and boots were thick enough to conceal the small pistol.

I was taken to a corner of the store room which had been sectioned off with plywood walls. Inside, the commander of the Kharkiv resistance, a rather short, thin man, welcomed me.

“I am sorry I cannot offer you a drink, but we are already running short on supplies and I do not have that luxury,” he said.

“Don’t worry about me,” I said, pulling out my hip flask, “I came prepared.”

“Excellent.” the commander said, pulling two glasses from his desk drawer.

“So, I heard you boys are having trouble with some sort of rioting problem.” I said while pouring vodka into the glasses.

“Something like that.” the commander said, “Russian soldiers smashing in store windows and taking cigarettes, bananas and mayonnaise. They don’t take anything else, but they do burn the shops down, hence the supply shortage.”

“Sounds like classic nigger behavior.” I said, “What about cognac? Is any of that missing?”

“Well, the alcohol in the buildings exploded during the fire, so we cannot be sure, but there seems to be an absence of cognac labels in the buildings afterwards.” the commander said.

“Maybe another incarnation of George Floyd?” I asked.

“Could be, but it doesn't seem likely. George Floyd has been killed so many times, all of us here have just assumed he's gone in hopes that he won’t come here. We couldn't handle him if he did. We are

barely handling the current situation even though the Russians aren't holding any land they take," he said.

Right then a soldier came in with my uniform.

"Sir, a truck is ready for you, painted green with a white N on it." the soldier said.

I shook the commander's hand and said, "If you ever need anything you make sure to call for me. Given I survive this mission, that is."

"Of course, friend," he said.

I walked outside to the waiting truck, a small, boxlike automobile with almost 10 feet of blind spot. It looked like a retarded African nigger child had built it.

"What is this?" I asked the soldier who had brought my uniform.

"The Russians implemented affirmative action in the military and now all of their equipment is built by niggers." the soldier said, "That's a big reason why we have held them off so easily."

I got into the truck and drove towards the front line. I noticed that artillery fire had started and I could see the shells veering to the left and right of the city as if a nigger was in charge of range-finding. This was a more likely case in my mind, as I knew the Russian army had integrated. It had been announced by FIS intelligence a week before the invasion started. The Russians thought they had strengthened their army by allowing more people to join, but had quickly realized their mistake. They couldn't do anything about it, however, because they didn't want to be known as "racist" by the rest of the world.

I laughed to myself at the thought of two niggers wrestling the artillery pieces into their howitzer and firing without ear protection, which niggers despise because it ruins their ugly hair.

I drove on, listening to the artillery fire and trying to get a radio station to work on the stereo, which was most likely stolen and looked like it shouldn't even be in a car. I finally found a station which was playing Johnny Rebel songs. I listened to it for the rest of the 45 minute ride to the outskirts of Kharkiv.

I arrived at the front line 30 minutes later and saw that the shallow trenches had been deserted and Ukrainian soldiers were lying dead everywhere. The soldiers were covered head to toe in a white powder which smelled like chemical death. I bent over one of the soldiers, taking some of the powder between my fingers and bringing it to eye level. I saw small light brown specks of chicken breading mixed into the powder.

"This is fentanyl." I said to myself, "What is this doing in Ukraine?"

I knew that niggers were probably present here, but I hadn't expected to see their drug all over the ground and on people. There had been reports of this in Chicago and Baltimore, during riots in 2020, but that had been when the United States was manufacturing it in Afghanistan. Now that the Taliban had conquered Afghanistan fentanyl was mostly made in China, and the Chinese charged a much higher price for the fentanyl as their economy was struggling, so there was no way niggers would be using it as a weapon of mass destruction unless they had a way to make it for a lower price.

While I was bent over, I heard whispering from a building to my right in Russian or Ukrainian, neither of which I can speak or discern even now. I didn't look at the building, but I stood up, turning towards my truck and started sprinting. A spurt of automatic fire hit the ground behind me and I ran faster. I reached my truck, jumping into the window and shattering it. I flipped myself into the driver seat and keyed the engine. The truck roared to life and lurched forward.

I floored the gas pedal, slamming into the building where the fire was coming from.

I was thrown through the truck's windshield and did a midair somersault, landing on my feet inside the building and running a few steps forward involuntarily before falling.

I stood up immediately, already feeling the wiry, electric but also tired feeling of car wreck adrenaline.

I spotted my M4 hopelessly smashed on the ground in front of the truck and pulled the .380 Makarov from my boot. I checked the chamber before walking further into the building, which I could now see were the ruins of a law firm.

The desks were all turned sideways facing the door and formed a semicircle at the far end of the main room. I pulled my flashlight and called out for anyone in the room to show themselves.

“Show yourself, I won’t hurt you.” I called, “I’m an American.”

“You’re an American?” asked a heavily accented voice from behind a desk.

“Yes. I am here as an investigative journalist. I found this uniform deserted in the street.” I said.

Three heads popped up from one of the desks. The men they belonged to stood up fully, showing Ukrainian uniforms.

“Welcome to Ukraine.” one of them said.

“Thanks.” I said, rolling my eyes, “Where are the rest of you?”

“Outside on the ground.” one of the soldiers said, “Some nigger killed all of them. Looked kind of like that George guy from Minneapolis.”

“Excuse me?” I said.

“That nigger monkey that got his neck stood on.” the soldier said again.

“You mean George Floyd? Impossible. He hasn’t been seen in months.” I said.

“Yes, George Floyd. Except he-” the soldier was interrupted when the wall behind him was blown into him and his comrades. I aimed my pistol, waiting for a tank or large truck to come into the building, but all that came in was a large nigger wearing dirty jeans and a black tank top with a Russian flag patch sewn to the middle of the chest. His massive lips had blown the wall away. His face was forty percent lips and fifty percent nose, with two beady eyes glaring at me. He seemed to be at least 9 feet tall and he had white powder all over his face. I was looking at the face of George Floyd.

“Ayo nigga, imma steal yo air an shieet,” he said.

I fired my pistol at him but the bullets deflected off of his skin, which was black as night.

He started to make a loud, almost windlike, sound and a cloud of white dust started to snake its way toward me. As it approached me, I turned away but I could taste the fentanyl dust, which tasted like tires.

“Ooga booga an sheeit imma steal yo air nigga bix nood.” Floyd said.

At that moment I heard stomping from the hole I had made with the truck.

I turned to see a man with a beard and plastic framed glasses in a Ukrainian uniform holding a shotgun. It was Ronnie McNutt in an Azov battalion uniform.

“You fucking jungle monkey piece of shit nigger took my girlfriend!” he yelled, shooting the shotgun into Floyd several times.

I noticed that the shotgun was not shooting regular buckshot. I identified the blasts as those of anti nigger IQ test shells made by the FIS.

“Ah shit mayne, I can't breathe.” Floyd said, “Momma I caint breeve I can't breeve.”

“Shut up nigger, shut up nigger, shut up nigger.” Ronnie McNutt said every time he pulled the shotgun’s trigger. Eventually the shotgun just clicked over and over and Ronnie calmed down.

However, the battle was not over. Floyd’s body had been shattered into a billion little pieces of fentanyl, but I then saw the pieces melt into a puddle on the ground, then evaporate into a peculiar White gas.

It was too late before I realized what was about to happen. The cloud of fentanyl gas rose into the air and was blown by the air all across Ukraine. Although I was lucky enough to have a gas mask on me which prevented me from dying, Ronnie McNutt and the civilians of Ukraine were not so lucky.

“Oh God, it hurts so much! I can’t stand this. I guess that’s it.” Ronnie McNutt said as blood flowed from his sockets and his face began to grow pale. He brought his shotgun to his face and blew his face off.

I am writing this in the aftermath of the chemical weapons attack. While NATO propaganda outlets in the West are blaming this on Russia and the Russia outlets on Azov, the truth is that the chemical weapons attacks and all other war crimes in Ukraine were caused by the criminal nigger, George Floyd, probably because he knows that he will be able to get more White people to kill each other since this war is a war of Whites against Whites.

Beware–he is still out there.

**Do Not Drink George Floyd's G Fuel Flavour**

By Gorg Floydson

Hello, my name is Sneed and I am a professional gamer and currently the biggest racist content creator with over 1 million subscribers on Jewtube. I am typing this to inform my dear viewers about my scary encounter with George Floyd and to not buy George Floyd's G fuel flavour, but before I begin, I must provide context.

One day, I was streaming on Twitch trolling this femboy when I got a call from Gamma Labs. If you didn't know, Gamma Labs is the company that makes G Fuel, an energy formula that is supposedly healthier than your average energy drink.

"Hello Mister Sneed, I am a representative of Gamma Labs and we would like to sponsor you, we are trying to expand our products to reach a larger group of people rather than just overweight gamers who can't do a single push up if their life depended on it."

"We've noticed that the majority of your audience are ***based*** far-right White nationalists who would seem like the type to be very interested in our new line of products marketed to the alt-right," the man said.

"And what are these new products?" I asked.

"We've recently announced a new G fuel flavour inspired by an alt-right content creator who goes by Big Floyd the Landlord."

"I've never heard of this Big Floyd the Landlord but I am interested in the sponsorship if it means I get free products, particularly the Pewdiepie G fuel tubs and cans as that's the only flavour I drink because the man who **[redacted]** up that one mosque in **[a town in New Zealand]** recommended it," I said.

"We are happy to send you a sample tub of the new flavour Breathless Fentanyl as well as some Pewdiepie tubs," the man said.

After some back and forth, I ended the call and continued on with my usual routine. Eat dinner, study, chill and finally bully shitlibs online. A few days later, I received a package from Gamma Labs. When I opened it, I was greeted by 3 tubs of Pewdiepie's lingonberry and yuzu flavours along with a flavour I had never seen before. The tub was crystal white, it had what appeared to be a picture of a gorilla on the top. The tub read Breathless Fentanyl inspired by Big Floyd. This must be that new flavour by that alt-right content creator, I thought. However it was strange for an alt-right content creator to make a flavour with fentanyl in its name as it is a drug used by buck niggers. I opened the lid and caught a whiff which immediately made it hard for me to breathe.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" I yelled at the top of my lungs which alerted my neighbour.

I was on the verge of passing out when my neighbour Ronnie opened my door. I blacked out afterwards and woke up in the hospital.

"You're quite the lucky man, you could have died if that man didn't get you to the hospital in time," the hot nurse said.

"What happened to me?"

"Somehow, you got fentanyl into your system which could have killed you unless you were a braindead buck nigger," the ***based*** hot nurse said.

The doctor was able to treat me in time so I was fine but before I was discharged, I asked for the nurse's number. I then called up my good friend and fellow YouTuber Pewdiepie to ask him about the G fuel incident as he is a sponsor.

"Hey Felix, this is Sneed, can we meet up at my place? I need to ask you about something."

"Sure thing, but first I have to finish recording my new video of me playing black lives splatter ark edition," Felix said.

Two hours later, and a Porsche 911 parked in my driveway blasting Bitch Lasagna. Once Felix came into my house, I immediately showed him the Breathless Fentanyl G fuel tub.

"So this is what almost killed you?" Felix asked.

“I’ve never heard of Big Floyd either however that’s not a picture of a gorilla on the tub, that’s a nigger!” Felix said.

I took a closer look at the top and sure enough, the picture was actually that of a nigger with a big fat nose and large lips.

“But I can’t blame you since niggers and gorillas look almost identical,” Felix said.

“We need to get to the bottom of this, these tubs are dangerous and could potentially kill millions,” Felix said.

“We need to go to G fuel headquarters in New York to find out what’s happening,” I said.

Felix and I booked two first class flights to New York with George Floyd airlines. While on the plane, a fat sheboon kicked a man in a Burger King crown.

“Kick that nigger bitch off the plane!” The Burger King crown man demanded.

The sheboon caused a scene running around the plane making monkey noises while the flight attendants and copilot tried to catch her. Luckily Felix was able to catch the sheboon by using his racist magical powers by chanting fuck T-series. Felix then kicked the sheboon off the plane, doing what the Burger King crown man asked. We arrived at the airport 3 hours later. We were greeted by the smell of cheap weed and there were niggers rioting everywhere as well as some bug nigger pooping in a mop bucket.

“What a shithole,” I remarked.

“This place is 10 times worse than back home,” Felix said.

We arrived at Gamma Labs where a well dressed man greeted us. The man was instantly starstruck upon glancing at Felix and that’s when I knew he was a Pewdiepie fanboy.

“Hey um, I’m um oh I’m Clifford Morgan, founder and chief executive of Gamma enterprises; it’s nice to meet you Pewdiepie erm I mean Felix and you must be Sneed,” the man stuttered.

“We’re here to file a complaint; your fentanyl G fuel nearly killed me,” I said angrily.

“Yeah it’s not safe selling that kind of shit,” Felix chimed in.

“Erm oh well, I’m sorry but Floyd and Tyler will rape my pregnant wife if I don’t do what they say,” Clifford Morgan said.

“Floyd and Tyler? Who are you talking about?” I asked.

“Um I’m sorry guys but I can’t speak with you any longer,” Clifford said before heading back into the building.

“How do we get into the building?” I asked Felix.

“We’ll disguise ourselves as employees, we’ll wait out here and ambush any Gamma Labs employees who show up,” Felix said.

Not even a second later, two people wearing G fuel shirts walked by us. Felix immediately incapacitated them with his ninja like karate moves that he learned while in Japan. We stripped the two men and put on their clothes as well as their name tags. Felix’s name tag read Andi Schell while mine read Ronnie McNutt. We headed inside the building and made our way to the factory where all the G fuel is made. Felix and I saw hundreds of Mexicans as well as jungle asians making the G fuel.

“Holy shit that’s fucking foul, if I knew G fuel was being made by those subhumans then I wouldn’t have agreed to the sponsorship, hell I wouldn’t even be drinking it,” Felix said.

We walked past the disgusting wetbacks and made our way to a door near the end of the room. The door read “Office.” I opened the door and was greeted by something forever burned into my mind.

“Ah shit, you too thick n' shit, yo weight be making it hard fo me to breathe n' shiet, "A subhuman, ape-like voice said.

There was a large nigger fucking a White woman while a man with light blue hair was playing Fortnite on the desk besides the bed.

“Ah shit, who gave you permission to enter ma office n' shit?” The nigger said.

It was the criminal nigger George Floyd.

“Nigger how the fuck are you still alive?” Felix asked.

“More importantly, you’re the one behind all of this, why the fuck are you calling yourself an alt-right YouTuber and selling fentanyl laced G fuel to people?” I said.

“Cuz I need dat bread mayne, niggas gotta find a way to make da dough n' shiet, I’m tired of give me dats and stimmy checks nigga.”

“Plus you racist ass crackas always be interfering with ma plans n' shit so I partnered with G fuel to sell a fentanyl G fuel to racist crackas hehehe,” George Floyd said.

“I’ve heard enough,” Felix said as he charged up to face Floyd.

But George Floyd was a cowardly nigga monkey so he called for his backup.

“Ayo Tyler n' Casey, kill these two ma fuggin racists or else I’ll rape yo moms,” George Floyd commanded.

The blue haired man jumped out of his seat revealing himself as Tyler Blevins otherwise known as “Ninja“while another man walked out of the closet, it was Casey Neistat the jew YouTuber.

“Sneed, I’ll take care of the Fortnite fag, you take care of the Jew and Floyd,” Felix said.

Since Casey Neistat is a reform jew, I had no trouble taking him out with some Zyklon-B while saying the holocaust was fake and 6 million was an improbable number.

“Oy vey oy gevalt, you are gassing me!” Casey Neistat yelled before he died of the Zyklon-B.

Felix on the other hand was struggling against Tyler “Ninja” Blevins who was cranking 90s while shooting him with a 200 damage legendary pump shotgun.

“Stop building like a pussy, you blue haired femboy.”

“Your wife gets fucked by a nigga monkey while you play that shitty ass video game,” Felix said.

This greatly angered Tyler “Ninja” Blevins.

“The fuck did you say to me you little shit?!”

Tyler “Ninja” Blevins jumped off the structure he had built, taking some fall damage. Felix then took the opportunity to call upon the Saints, using all of his Vril to conjure a giant bro fist which crushed Tyler “Ninja” Blevins into a pile of gore resembling Ronnie McNutt’s suicide.

“Ok Sneed, I’m done here, let’s find that nigger and get to the bottom of this,” Felix said.

We both knew that niggers are fast as fuck and since George Floyd was more nigger like than any other nigger on the planet, it probably meant he was long gone having more speed than the nigger Usain Bolt. However George Floyd was also a horny nigger who definitely couldn’t resist the urge to rape pregnant women so Felix and I got to work on a pregnant woman and KFC trap to lure the nigger out. I grabbed Tyler “Ninja” Blevins coal burning wife who was passed out on the bed while Felix got a 10 piece bucket of original recipe KFC and clothes to stuff under Ninja’s wife to give her the appearance of a pregnant woman. We set the trap outside the entrance to Gamma Labs and waited. I decided to pass the time by playing some Black Lives Splatter Among Us edition while Felix kept watch of the trap.

“Sneed, I think that’s him!” Felix exclaimed while tapping me on the back.

I turned to where Felix was looking at and sure enough a tall nigger in a dark hoodie and jeans came into view.

“Ah shit, is dat KFC I be smelling mayne and ah shit there be a pregnant bitch right next to it n' shit, it be ma lucky day mayne!” The nigger said as he waltzed over to the KFC.

“Haheya hey, dis shit be bussin mayne but it be 10 times better if there were sum fentanyl and purple drank if you know what I’m saying OOGA BOOGA,” George Floyd said to himself.

At that moment, while George Floyd was distracted by the KFC, eating it like a starving African who hadn’t eaten in over 2 weeks; Felix and I jumped the nigger. Felix summoned another giant bro fist and slammed it on top of Floyd expecting to take him out the same way he had killed “Ninja”, however George Floyd had what I could only call superhuman-like reflexes and dodged the bro fist.

“I knew dis shit were too good to be true, why you crackas always interfering with ma plans, why won’t you let me eat fried chicken while I rape yo women?” Floyd asked.

Felix and I ignored Floyd’s dumbass question and continued to attack him, however he pulled out a strange device which looked like a shotgun, there was a piece of tape on the side that had writing, it read Fentanyl Sprayer 3000. George Floyd pointed the shotgun at Felix and shot him in the arm. I watched in horror as Felix’s left arm turned into a whitish, stone-like appearance.

“I get it now,” Felix said, flinching in pain as his left arm broke down and turned into white powder.

“That fentanyl shotgun turns vril into fentanyl, that’s why there’s such a large surplus of his fentanyl G fuel, he must have turned a lot of our people into fentanyl, even if they were manufacturing fentanyl even before the G fuel was made, there’s no way they’d have that much,” Felix explained.

“You be right n' shit cracka, dis here fentanyl sprayer 3000 uses the lifeforce of racist crackas like you and breaks it down into pure fentanyl but I don’t know how it work exactly since yo racist ass education system never taught a niggie geology.”

“That’s chemistry, you dumb fucking ape,” I said.

“However Floyd, you made a crucial mistake, you didn’t turn me into fentanyl in one go!” Felix said as his left arm began to regenerate.

“What, who da fuck be you again nigga?” George Floyd asked.

I noticed the nigger began sweating and tears began to form in his ape like eyes.

“I have the blessings of the Saints meaning I can replenish my life force therefore I can convert extra nonessential and redundant energy to restore and regenerate my body,” Felix said.

Felix then summoned a giant knee, it wasn’t any ordinary knee, it was the knee of Derek Chauvin who has the ability to restrict a nigger’s diaphragm, preventing them from sucking in air therefore preventing them from breathing.

“Ah shit, I can’t breathe mayne!” George Floyd yelled as the knee of Derek Chauvin knelt on Floyd’s neck.

In only a matter of seconds, George Floyd was dead. Felix then conjured a fire which burned down G fuel headquarters destroying all of the fentanyl G fuel and killing all the faggot and spic employees.

“Well that was a fun adventure Sneed, I’m glad you called me to tag along,” Felix said.

“Yeah no problem and besides you did most of the work anyways, I hardly did anything and that nigger would have turned me into fentanyl if you weren’t here,” I said.

Moral of the story, there is no such thing as an alternative healthy energy drink, G fuel is just like any other energy drink company–the only way they attract customers is by getting sponsorships with famous people. Stick to Monster Energy.

About the authors

Jordan Cleeman is a passionate Floydologist who started the idea of George Floyd Creepypastas.

Thomas Manwise is a schizophrenic manifestation in your mind. He doesn’t exist. The text you are reading is an illusion. You are actually in a mental asylum and will be injected with anti-hallucinogenic drugs at any moment. It’s time to wake up, bud.

Gorg Floydson is an avid Floydologist and Ronnie McNutt expert. Before becoming a Creepypasta artist, Gorg was known on Instagram for trolling the pages @Blacklivesmatter and @feminist. Gorg became a Floydologist in early June right after the death of George Floyd. Gorg’s breakthrough Creepypasta *was Ronniezilla Vs Floyd Kong* which kicked off the George Floyd Monsterverse. He lives in Minneapolis.

BuckFlackPeople has a PHD in nigga-ology. His doctoral thesis at Harvard University explained the link between black people and Dodge Chargers. He runs a popular iFunny account under the same name that you should definitely subscribe to.

Pepe McNutt is the product of medical experimentation. After the famous suicide attempt by Ronnie McNutt, doctors saved his life by transplanting a frog’s head in place of Ronnie's real head. Thus, Pepe McNutt was born. He is a malevolent being who was tamed by the art of writing. He joined the George

Floyd Creepypasta team during the production of volume 3.

Fortnite Balls wrote *Do Not Touch the George Floyd Fly*. KatBoxAssassin wrote *The Black Wizard: A D&D Adventure*. Fentanyl Man wrote *Beware of the George Floyd Volatile*. BrokenSunShine1941's Friend wrote *Gyokko Floyd*. Hthenwordhater wrote *I was George Floyd's Campaign Manager for his Presidential Campaign*.

Acknowledgements

Big shoutout to The Liberal Termination Crew for being the best people in my entire life.

Thanks to Jihadi Georgefloyd Joshua Caviar for helping moderate the George Floyd Creepypastas Telegram channel.

Thanks to Elijah Smith for helping manage the Telegram channel.

Thanks to Thomas Manwise for editing.

Thanks to BuckFlackPeople for creating our website.

Thanks to Gonken Waffen for narrating certain Creepypastas.

And thank YOU reader for supporting George Floyd Creepypastas.

Subscribe to the Telegram channel to access the audio versions of all our George Floyd Creepypastas!

https://t.me/georgefloydCreepypastas

[IMAGE: Qr code Description automatically generated]

**George Floyd Creepypastas**

George Floyd Creepypastas

**Jordan Cleeman**

**Copyright © Jordan Cleeman**

The moral rights of the author have been reserved.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Front cover image by Jordan Cleeman.

Book design by Jordan Cleeman.

Editing by Tom J and Elijah Smith.

ISBN 9798752193910 (paperback)

This paperback first edition first published in 2021

Published by Jordan Cleeman

https://t.me/georgefloydcreepypastas

To Mackenzie Der

**Table of Contents**

The Breathless Man ----------11

Do not Call George Floyd at 3 AM ----------13

My George Floyd Toy Came to Life ----------17

I Work at Area 51. We tried to Bring George Floyd Back to Life ----------21

I Nutted on My George Floyd Toy, and Accidentally Created a George Floyd Homunculus ----------25

I am Derek Chauvin. I was Haunted by George Floyds Ghost ----------28

George Floyd is still Alive. Avoid him at All Costs ----------31

The George Floyd Toy Ritual ----------34

I Came Across George Floyd's Identical Twin at a KFC, and Spawned a Floydzilla ----------39

If you Find a George Floyd Skin in Your Fortnite Lobby, Ignore Him ----------43

George Floyds Suicide ----------51

The Random Chimp Event is not what You Think it is ----------55

I Peed and Came on George Floyds Tombstone. I am now Haunted.----------59

George Floyd Joined my Among Us Game------62

The George Floyd Buttplug Haunted my Girlfriends Asshole, which then Haunted my Dick. ----------66

SlenderFloyd ----------72

If you see a George Floyd Mural, vandalize it- 76

SCP-N1998 ----------81

George Floyd was One of my Coworkers. He tried to Steal my Air ----------91

I am a Marine Biologist. We Have Awoken the Nigga Whale ----------95

I Got A Life Size George Floyd Toy for Christmas ----------101

My George Floyd Snowman Came to Life -----108

My Encounter with the Floyd Creature ----------112

Five Nights at Floyds ----------115

The George Floyd Toy ----------121

The Floyd Fish ----------129
Always Listen to the Advice of @georgefloydfinance ----------148
George Floyd Administered my COVID Vaccine
----------158
I Know the Real Reason why Derek Chauvin was Found Guilty
----------167
If you see George Floyd in a Roblox Game, Leave the Server Immediately ----------185
We Biologically Engineered the Floydosaurus
----------189
Do Not Cut the George Floyd Tree ----------200
The Zombie Apocalypse of the Black Lives Matter Peace Protesters
----------211
The Floyd Serum ----------217
Do Not Stick Dildos on the George Floyd Statue
----------229
The George Floyd Barnacle ----------257
Do Not Download the Ronnie McNutt Touhou Mod ----------269
George Floyd Forced my Wife to Breastfeed Him
----------282
George Floyd Haunted my Zoom Class --------289
George Floyd Tried to Steal our Hot Air Balloon
----------297
George Floyd Was the Third Columbine Shooter
----------303
We Should not Have Resurrected the Woolly Mammoth ----------311
Minecraft Has Fentanyl Witches ----------318
The Floyd Martians ----------325
The George Floyd Mermaid ----------333
The Liberal Terminator Saved my Life from George Floyd ----------340
Do Not Enter the Floyd Temple ----------347
The Derek Chauvin Toy Ritual ----------355
George the Cucumber ----------362
George Floyd was my Sleep Paralysis Demon
----------369
George Floyd Reincarnated as a Black Hole -377
George Floyd Caused the Facebook Outage of 2021 ----------384
Floyd Game ----------392
The Panty Sniffer ----------401
George Floyd was my Lung Transplant Donor
----------408
I was Invited to George Floyds Birthday Party
----------415

George Floyd was the Real Christchurch Mosque Shooter ----------423

Beware of Medusa Floyd ----------430

Do Not Ingest the Floyd Shroom ----------438

Do Not Carve the George Floyd Pumpkin -----445

**The Breathless Man**

What happened to me today has left me out of breath. For context, I am a pregnant woman who lives alone in an apartment. I have learned at this moment that black lives don't matter. If you don't believe me, then listening to my story will change your mind.

That morning, I was relaxing with my dog, drinking my morning coffee, and reading the local newspaper. The room felt a bit too dark to read the paper, so I decided to open up the curtains to let some natural light in. What I saw in my front yard staring back at me haunts me to this day. It was a dark figure, standing at what looked like six foot five.

Presumably a male, he had a gun in his hand. I immediately locked all my doors and closed the curtains and then turned on my phone to call the police. But then, I was alarmed by a text message from an unknown number. I opened the messages app and was presented with a photo of that same nigger looking man.

He was wearing glasses and was holding up a gun to the camera, with an angry expression. The following text was a caption of the photo: "send me pregnant belly pics please, or else...". That had me panicking, so I called the police. The cops just chalked it off as a teenage prankster trying to get my reaction.

What happened next was the breaking point, which ultimately convinced me that nigga lives don't matter. I heard a rattling noise coming from the room next door. I didn't think much of it, because I have mouse problems in the apartment, and there was a peculiar absence of breathing noises. I heard loud knocking coming from the door of the room I was in. At that moment, I realized I'm in danger. I ran to lock the door, but it was too late. That same black man barged in and pointed a gun at my belly.

"Ma'am, you didn't send me pregnant belly photos," he said. "You must pay, by giving me money for my fentanyl."

Do you ever get that feeling, where your next choice is what makes or breaks your right to live? I had that feeling and I knew that I had to defeat him in order to survive, so I grabbed the nearest pillow and pushed it against his face to prevent him from breathing.

"I can't breef", he said running out of my house, never to be seen again.

That night, I turned on the TV to listen to the local news and was shocked to see a photo of the man and the headline corresponding to it; "Nigga named George Floyd robs pregnant women for fentanyl money and/or pregnant belly pics".

Moral of the story, black lives splatter.

**Do not Call George Floyd at 3 AM**

Last night, I did something that I very much regret to this day. We all have had those moments when our curiosity takes control of our decision making, and leads us to do stupid things. I had one of those moments.

Last night, I was scrolling through YouTube, watching some soft core porn. You may be wondering why I'm not using actual porn sites such as Pornhub or XVideos. You see, my internet service provider has access to my website history, so going on YouTube prevents them from seeing my specific jerk off video routine. I eventually nutted to some twerking videos and decided to finish the night off with some scary videos.

I came across some of those typical "do not call this person at 3 AM" videos. I thought those were fucking retarded and clickbait. But my curiosity got the best of me and I decided I wanted to try one out myself. I wanted to choose a recently dead person who a lot of people know about, so I thought George Floyd was the perfect choice. George Floyd was a black nigga who died from fentanyl. But the stupid ass

media made it look like he got killed by a cop named Derek Chauvin.

I grabbed my phone book to look up George Floyd's phone number. It took a good few minutes flipping through hundreds of pages of people named George with last names starting with the letter "F". There were 3 people I found, with the first and last name George Floyd. Luckily, it also included their birthdates, so I was able to easily tell which George Floyd was the one I was looking for. The phone number was [REDACTED].

At last, 3 AM hit, so I dialed his number on my iPhone 12. My phone played an extremely loud static noise. I had my ear next to my phone, so it felt like my ear was bleeding. That was when my heart stopped... I realized that the sound which I thought was static... is actually the sound of breathing. I said a polite "hello". All of a sudden, I heard chimpanzee noises from the other side. That's when I knew for sure, George Floyd was answering.

"Hello George Floyd, how does it feel being a nigger?" I asked.

There wasn't any response for 5 seconds, then I heard a raspy voice: "who dares interrupt my fentanyl snorting sesh". At this point, I was hysterical.

"You fucking idiot, you wouldn't have died if you didn't take all that fentanyl," I said. "Where do you live, I'm gonna knee on you."

I heard some more chimpanzee noises. It was very loud, so I turned down my phone's volume.

"That's it, I'm going to break into your home and shoot your belly!" George Floyd said.

At this moment, I rushed through my home to lock all the doors and close my blinds. However, when I looked behind me, what I saw shocked me. There he was... or an it. It looked like a cross between a malnourished gorilla and a human. It's face... it had an inhumanly large nose and lips. I have no idea how this thing couldn't breathe. Then I looked below its head. Its lungs appeared to have been detached from its chest. The innards have turned into outards.

"How dare you interfere with my fentanyl sesh," it moaned.

I have to admit, it was fucking funny, but at the same time I knew I was in danger.

"I came all the way here from hell to take my revenge and now I'm out of breath," It moaned. "Now show me your belly please so I can shoot it."

I had to do something. I went to my kitchen and turned on my stove at full power.

"AHHH NOOO PLEASE DONT DO THIS, I CAN'T BREATHE!" the thing said.

It went over and smashed my stove with its hands and destroyed it.

"Do not underestimate the abilities of a nigga monkey" it said.

That's when I got an idea. Last summer, I was on a trip to Mexico. It is a home to a lot of monkey species, and I remember buying monkey spray to keep them at bay. I went to my washroom and got the bottle. Ran down and sprayed that motherfucker in the face.

"Ahhh shit monkey spray!" It shouted until it ran out of air.

It then attempted to retreat out of my home. However, it was too out of breath to run away, so it gasped for air and fainted. I called the police over. Once they arrived, George Floyd's corpse was gone. The cops chalked it off to a burglar who snuck in to steal my stuff and they said I needed to take my meds. But I knew it was all real, because of my recorded call history. I showed the cops the entire recording.

"Hey, that's the nigga, George Floyd. He should be dead." The cops then arrested me.

"Let me go, what did I do?" I pleaded.

"Prank calling the police department is a crime," The cop said.

I am now in prison, writing this on the prison's computer. I just want you to warn you all: whatever you do, do NOT call George Floyd at three AM.

**My George Floyd Toy Came to Life**

Many of you reading this have probably heard of George Floyd's death. For those of you who live in a cave and have never heard of it, Google it on your own. I will be skipping the details of that incident to get to

the point faster.

Shortly after the death of George Floyd, there was a toy maker from Russia who started a page on Instagram and Tik Tok. The pages were used for advertising his latest product: the George Floyd toy. The George Floyd toy comes in two main types. One of them being a George Floyd plush. It was essentially a cartoonish George Floyd face printed on the head, wearing a black sweater and jeans. One of the striking features being its stupidly large nose. The other type is a pillow with an image of the George Floyd plush printed on it. The comments on the Instagram posts consisted of a ton of snowflakes getting offended by the toys. The other comments were pretty hilarious though. Some of them included jokes such as using the toy as a knee rest.

Now, I am a person who hates niggers so that was when I had an idea: to buy a George Floyd plush myself and place it next to George Floyd's gravestone for a night. I grabbed my Mastercard and added it to my PayPal account. After that, I sent the toy maker the PayPal money, and then emailed him my address. It took 8 days for a response, so I thought it was all a scam. But after those days, I got a response from him.

The email read: "your order has been accounted for and your George floyd toy is now being sent to your address. Delivery time will take twenty days."

I didn't mind that, because I knew it was going to be well worth the wait.

Fast forward twenty days. I received the package. The George Floyd toy was inside a large white bag with Russian writing on it. I opened the bag to allow the George Floyd toy to breathe. It was one of the sexiest objects I've ever seen in my life. I immediately brought it to the washroom and busted a nut on it. It felt so damn good. Now is the time to put it next to George Floyd's grave. I happen to live very close to where he lived, so getting there wasn't a challenge. I only live an hour and a half from where his grave is.

I got into my car and drove over to the town's graveyard. Once I arrived, I searched every gravestone in the yard. It took a very long time, and I was starting to lose hope. But finally, after thirty minutes of reading the names of every dead person, I found one with the text: "Rest in Peace George Floyd." I celebrated and then placed the George Floyd toy sitting on top of the stone. It was getting late, so I went home.

The next day, it was time to get my George Floyd toy back, so I went back to the graveyard. But when I arrived, I got a mini heart attack. I didn't see my George Floyd toy anywhere. I panicked due to losing such a valuable object. I cried a ton mainly because it was a very good sex toy. I accepted the loss and drove back home.

When I opened my front door, what I saw scared the shit out of me. I saw the George Floyd toy, with a knife in his right hand.

"Give me some fentanyl or I will kill you!", it said.

I screamed and ran away, but holy shit, it was fast for its size. I thought this was going to be the end of my life. I didn't know how a toy came to life, so George Floyd's ghost had to have haunted it. I decided to go to the nearest church. The toy was still running at me, but thankfully I am slightly faster than it was.

I opened the door of the church and slammed it behind me. The priest looked at me judgmentally. I told him I was being chased by a haunted doll. There was loud banging on the church door, and I knew it was the George Floyd toy doing it, so I opened it to have the priest believe me. The George Floyd toy rushed in and pointed the knife at my neck.

"Give me fentanyl please," it pleaded.

The priest then grabbed it by the neck, but the George Floyd toy was too strong, so it slit the priest's throat.

I thought I was going to die with no more protection, so I decided to battle the George Floyd toy smart, knowing its main weakness: breathing. I kicked the knife off its hand and kneed on its neck as if it was a knee rest.

"I can't breathe", it said.

I then started jousting my penis on its face, suffocating it. Finally, it died. I celebrated in victory that I was responsible for George Floyds second death. I then took the George Floyd toy and performed a

cleansing ritual, to make sure George Floyd's ghost is no longer haunting it. After that, I cut off its head and then attached it to a fleshlight base, to create my very own George Floyd fleshlight. A good way to get rid of those traumatizing moments while making good use of the situation.

To those of you reading this, do NOT place dolls near their corresponding dead corpses. And also, fuck niggers.

**I Work at Area 51. We tried to Bring George Floyd Back to Life.**

I don't have much time left. I am writing this to you all and have to post this before the government finds out I am leaking disclosed information.

I will begin by saying I work at Area 51. My main occupation in my career is being one of the lead scientists. It is a common misconception that we primarily study aliens and other extraterrestrial beings, but what we mostly examine are quite different. We usually specialize in developing new technology for medical reasons, such as finding the cure for cancers.

Our latest project was engineering a machine which brings dead corpses back to life. The general idea on how it works is we insert a dead body into the large funnel. Once the dead body is completely submerged inside the main component of the machine, it performs numerous chemical reactions which extract the DNA of the dead body. It then begins the cloning process. Carcasses usually lose their DNA remains within a century, so this will require the corpse to have not been dead for any longer than that.

The success rate of the clone highly depends on the race of the person. Cloned black people are much more likely to have defects than white people, if they even manage to be cloned. Now, this is important information to consider since our first test subject was George Floyd. You may be wondering why we picked such a useless piece of ass. The reason is, we want to have confirmation on the actual reason for his death.

Another amazing feature of the machine is that the clonee retains their memories, so they will be able to recall how they died in their previous life. We went to retrieve George Floyd's corpse. Man, I have to admit, he is one ugly son of a bitch. His nose and lips are as big as a skyscraper. Once we develop a DNA editing machine, the first thing we would do is make him less ugly. Anyway, I am getting a bit out of topic.

We gently placed his corpse in the funnel. The cloning process isn't as simple as I described before, so let me elaborate further. We have our computer programmers provide instruction for the machine on what DNA to extract. The problem is, there could be insects and maggots eating at the dead corpse, so the programmers try to prevent the machine from including the insects. Without doing this, we would create a human insect hybrid. We don't want George Floyd to get any uglier.

Once the cloning process was completely finished, we opened the door to let the new George Floyd exit. What came out looked EXACTLY like the original George Floyd. Our officials cheered, in pride of our success despite the higher rate of defects for black people clones. But the behavior of the clone wasn't exactly what we expected. The George Floyd clone started pounding his chest, while making monkey noises.

"OO OO AA AA!" it cried.

It then started attacking my coworkers. It had a very grotesque method of slaughter. It would rip off their lungs out of their chests and then proceed to suck all the air out. Our officials announced that all of us would evacuate the facility. I ran as fast as I could for the sake of keeping my lungs. This nigga monkey was extremely desperate to steal air from other people's lungs.

I lunged out of the master laboratory and then hopped into a helicopter. We flew off and I had a sigh of relief. We were safe high in the sky. Or at least we thought we were. The George Floyd clone managed to jump two thousand feet up and landed onto the chopper.

"OO OO EE EE AH AH GIVE ME YOUR AIR!", it screamed.

It was about to grab the pilot by the throat, but then it stopped. It then started to fall down and then faint. We were confused at first on why it fell down all of a sudden.

Realization then hit me. Since we were so close to the atmosphere, the oxygen concentration was too low for George Floyd, therefore his brain started to lack oxygen.

We celebrated in victory. We returned back to Area 51. We had to promise not to tell anybody who isn't affiliated with Area 51 in any form, or else we are subject to a death penalty.

I am here right now, typing this on my laptop in secret. Once this gets posted online, I will probably end my life by shooting myself with a shotgun, similarly to Ronnie McNutt. I simply cannot live with the memory of seeing close friends getting their organs ripped out of their body. It was nice knowing you all. And beware of the nigga monkey George Floyd.

**I Nutted on My George Floyd Toy, and Accidentally Created a George Floyd Homunculus**

As an average teenager, each night I do the same routine. Eat dinner, study, chill, and then finally bust a nut before I go to sleep. I tend to have an easier time sleeping after orgasms. I am 17 years old and have been masturbating daily since I was 12.

As you might expect, I need more than just porn to bust a good nut at this point. I've been using various sex toys, such as flesh lights. But it's not just limited to that. I have also secretly bought life size Japanese sex dolls. From all these years of mastering the art of watching porn without being caught by my parents, I was capable of ordering very large toys without my parents knowing. I'd have it shipped to my friend's house, while his parents were at work. Then I would pick it up from his house and use it inside my closet.

One day, I grew tired of the Japanese sex dolls. I wanted something that can create an ultra-realistic sexual experience that will cause me to bust the most satisfying, high volume nut in history. I browsed Tik Tok sellers for some ideas. After several hours of searching, I came across a particularly interesting item: the George Floyd Toy. Just by looking at it, I got a massive boner. I almost came in my pants without even touching my dick. At that moment, I knew this would be the perfect sex toy. I bought the doll and then excitedly waited the 20 days it took to deliver. Fast forward to the day it came in the mail, my mom came into my room with the package.

"Honey, you have a parcel. What did you purchase?" she asked. I knew exactly how to explain it.

"That is my new George Floyd plush. I bought it to honor his death and to support the cause," I explained.

She bought into it and handed me the toy. Holy shit, I immediately got the urge to rub its face all over my dick. I Googled the original George Floyd video and then pulled down my pants and started rubbing it out on the George Floyd toy's face. After 10 seconds, I busted my biggest nut yet. It shot out white liquid at a distance of two meters. George Floyd toy's face was painted all white. Man, that was the best feeling ever. I went to the washroom to clean the toy. I valued it so much, so I stored it in my closet, and then went to bed.

When I woke up, I couldn't wait to bust a bonus nut before I went to school. But when I opened my closet, My George Floyd toy didn't look like itself at all. Its outer fabric appeared to have a large hole. I shrugged it off to my semen being acidic and went on with my day.

Once I returned home after school, I saw my mom lying on the floor. She was dead. I couldn't believe my eyes, so I went over to investigate. There, I saw a bullet hole through her pregnant belly. I cried a lot, because I lost my mom and my future brother, who she was pregnant with. I needed to get my revenge on whoever murdered them.

I searched around the house for the robber. I couldn't find any weapon that I could use to defend myself against a gunman, so I decided to use a book that I could use for blocking bullets. I went upstairs. At first I didn't see anything in the second story hallway, but then I heard a small voice. I looked down. There I saw it, a very miniature person. When I looked closely, I saw that it was a miniature George Floyd. Except some features were altered. The George Floyd toy had tentacles as arms and only had one eye. I freaked out so much from looking at the organism that I used my book to crush it.

"Lift up the book please, I can't breathe," it said. I just kept the book on it until I stopped hearing it breathe.

I did some research on how this George Floyd homunculus existed. There are a ton of rumors spreading through the internet, that the George Floyd toy contains an egg which was extracted from George Floyd's corpse.

Always be careful of what you decide to bust a nut in. You'll never know what life forms you can create.

**I am Derek Chauvin. I was Haunted by George Floyds Ghost**

Hello, Derek Chauvin here. I just got released from prison recently on a one-million-dollar bail. I am here to share some of my prison experiences. You may be wondering why I would want to. The purpose of this is not to recall my experiences of being prison raped by a 6'9, 320-pound nigga named Tyrone, after I dropped the soap.

The actual purpose of this is to share my paranormal experiences in prison. You can disagree all you want with what I will say next, but ghosts are truly real. Now, no ordinary individuals are simply able to see them. From what I learned, there is a specific criterion you must meet.

For one, you have to have extreme hatred of that deceased person to see the ghost. Two, you must have had physical contact with that person within ten minutes before their death. And three, that person has to be in hell. This criterion is all from a theory which I have crafted. But as you read further into this story, you'll see how it all fits together.

I will now state the ghost who has haunted me. As you have likely guessed it, it was George Floyd's ghost. Think about it. Of course, I'll have a lot of hatred toward that nigga. His fentanyl induced death was the reason why I went to prison in the first place. Also, I may have kneed on him within 10 minutes of his death, but he said he couldn't breathe before I even did it. George Floyd is obviously in hell too. He pointed a gun at a pregnant woman's belly. All that fits into the three criteria.

I will now proceed to discuss my paranormal experiences in prison. It all started when I was alone in my cell eating some shitty mashed potatoes. All I was thinking about was how much I wanted to smash George Floyd like a bug. But then... I heard some subtle breathing behind my neck. At first, I thought it was just the wind. Then I heard the voice: *"I can finally breathe."*

I turned back and saw for a split-second George Floyd's face formed by a cloud of white mist. After that split second, it disappeared out of their air. I shrugged it off to my imagination.

I went to the shower room to take a shower. The water was very cold, so I shivered the whole time. I accidentally dropped my soap bar from all the shaking and while I picked up the soap, I had eye contact with the 6'9 nigga named Tyrone.

"Spread them cheeks," Tyrone said. I will skip the details of what happened next. George Floyd's ghost then appeared.

*"Watching that gay prison rape was breathtaking,"* he said. Tyrone then got scared and ran off.

"George Floyd, get out of here or else I am going to knee on you again," I said.

*"I will not leave you until you buy me some fentanyl from the fentanyl dealer of this prison,"* he said.

I grabbed the shower head and sprayed the George Floyd ghost's face with water.

*"AH SHIT WATER I CAN'T BREATHE!"* he screamed.

A prison guard then came into the shower room to see what was going on. The George Floyd ghost then used his levitation abilities to force the prison guard's lungs out of his mouth. The prison guard started choking up blood and then died,

*"I will do the same to you unless you buy me fentanyl,"* George Floyd's ghost said. I then agreed.

The fentanyl dealer was Tyrone. I went to his cell and asked him what he charges for fentanyl. He said it would cost me 10,000 dollars. I wasn't willing to pay that, but I got an idea. I'd let him prison rape me again for the fentanyl. Tyrone agreed. After that all happened, I got the fentanyl and gave it to George Floyd's ghost,

*"Thank you, Derek, I have left you a gift in your prison cell,"* George Floyd told me.

I went to my cell to see what it was. I was not disappointed. It was 10,000,000 dollars. I took it and used it as bail to get me released from prison.

I am now home typing this on Reddit. But the reason why I am typing this is a cry for help.

Last night, I saw George Floyd's face outside my bedroom window. I heard whispers asking me for more fentanyl. Now with his ghost addicted to it, I don't think he will ever leave me alone.

Remember, if a ghost offers you a reward for doing a certain thing, do not accept it.

**George Floyd is still Alive. Avoid him at All Costs**

I work as a Minneapolis hospital receptionist. I will not specify the hospital name for your safety. Our hospital revolves primarily around helping women give birth. It may seem like a boring job, but I have my fair share of exciting moments. It's always funny to virgins' peek through the windows of the birthing rooms as an attempt to see some pussy. But they always get the surprise of seeing blood and poop everywhere.

It makes sense. Since they're incels who don't have wives, they have never seen what a birth process looks like. Most of the time, I see them duck away. Sometimes they would vomit from seeing it. I'd always laugh whenever I hear some college kid say they plan on becoming a nurse so that they could see some pussy when they help a new mother give birth. Some people are just desperate, I guess.

Today, we had one of the most noteworthy victims yet. It was the fall of 2020, late at night when I just started my shift. As usual, I'd see the happy, new to be mothers and fathers exiting the hospital. However, whenever I'd see a black couple with their new child, I would cringe. You see, I have a strong hatred against black people. I always cringe seeing a new nigga existing in the planet. They are just monkeys who ruin the damn world.

What happened that night supports that statement. I heard an alarm as I was doing some paperwork. I heard screaming from one of the hospital rooms. I went in there to investigate. There I saw it. I saw a black man pointing a gun at a white woman's belly who looked to be on the verge of giving birth. I saw that the window was broken, indicating how he broke in.

"LET ME SNIFF YOUR PUSSY OR ELSE I WILL SHOOT YOUR BELLY!" the black man said.

I took a closer look at his face. I recognized him. He was George Floyd. I was very confused, since he was supposed to be dead months ago. All the nurses were terrified. George Floyd said the woman has 10 seconds to spread her legs, to allow him to sniff her pussy.

"Please ma'am, I need some queef air," George Floyd pleaded.

After 10 seconds, he used his hands to spread her legs himself and then proceeded to lean his head about an inch close to her pussy.

"Ah much better, now I can breathe," he said. He was sniffing to his heart's desire. But then, the woman started to push. Not to give birth to the baby, but it was to take a shit. The poop came out and now George Floyd started sniffing the smell of poop.

"Ah shit I can't breathe in the smell of poop!" he screamed.

George Floyd then ran off to another hospital birthing room. He threatened another woman that he would shoot her pregnant belly if she didn't let him sniff her pussy. We needed to get rid of him. I didn't know what we could resort to in order to stop a gunman. I volunteered to search the hospital to find any potential weapon to stop George Floyd.

I searched through the hallways, every staff room, and every cabinet. No object in the hospital could be a direct threat to a gunman, so I decided I needed to be creative to defeat this nigga.

Our hospital has plenty of masks. We all know there's Karen's who refuse to wear masks because they can't breathe. This gave me an idea. I could grab a mask and then sneak behind George Floyd. When he least expects it, I could hold the mask in-front of him and then pull it against his nose and mouth, suffocating him.

I took a disposable mask and then ran to the room where I last saw him. When I entered the room, I had a surprise. At first, all I saw was the pregnant woman lying down on her belly. At closer inspection, I saw that she had her pregnant belly crushing George Floyd's neck. "Ma'am, I can't breathe under your belly", George Floyd moaned.

She was asphyxiating George Floyd with her belly. After 10 minutes, George Floyd surrendered and jumped out of the window. The woman successfully gave birth. She named her baby "the nigga killer", because when you think about it, her large belly, which was caused by the weight of the child, was what had

stopped George Floyd.

I wrote this as a warning to you all. George Floyd is not dead. He is a criminal who is on a rampage for air and fentanyl. He manipulated the media to believe he is dead to let our guards down, but he is still out there. Avoid him at all costs.

**The George Floyd Toy Ritual**

Before I begin, I will introduce myself. I am a proud owner of the George Floyd toy. I purchased one ever since the first Instagram page opened. When I first saw it, I immediately thought to myself: *I could use it as a fleshlight*. I ordered it, along with the George Floyd pillow. It was well worth the fifty dollars.

Twenty days after I ordered it, I received the parcel in the form of a bag. Very strange it was packaged this way because there's no way the George Floyd toy could breathe inside the bag. I opened it excitedly. All of a sudden, my pet dog named Max ran at me and started using the George Floyd toy as a chew toy. I felt bad for the toy because there's no way it could breathe with the dog chewing on its neck. I snatched it back and rubbed one out.

After I busted my nut, I had post nut clarity and realized what else I can do with the toy. I figured it can be used as a knee rest. As a forty-year-old, I was starting to feel joint pain, so I needed one anyway. *But what else could I do with a fifty-dollar toy*? I thought. There has got to be more to it.

I went on an Internet forum to see what else people use the George Floyd toy for. I read that some people use it as a teddy bear which they sleep with. I really wondered if they ever accidentally slept on top of it during the night, crushing it. I had a strong feeling that there is something deeper about the George Floyd toy beyond what normal people can do with it. Have you ever had an extremely close attachment to a childhood toy to the point you are deluded to believing it has spiritual value? Well I had the same feeling with the George Floyd toy, despite only having it for less than a day.

I went beyond the shallow internet and went into the dark web to search up what else the George Floyd toy can do. There is this deep web forum that I found which discusses what crazy things people can do with children's toys. For example, somebody figured out how to modify a nerf gun to shoot real lasers. I came across an interesting post.

It was titled: "How to unlock George Floyd toys secret powers". I was puzzled how somebody already discovered something like this, considering the George Floyd toy hasn't been out for even a day. I read through the post. The tutorial was essentially a ritual which you can perform on the George Floyd toy. The main objective of the ritual was that you could transform the George Floyd toy into a powerful, mass destructive weapon which magically suffocates all black people to death in proximity.

The steps to do it were fairly complex. The materials required to do the ritual are: four brand new George Floyd toys, three friends, ten ounces of pig blood, a sewing kit, carbonated water, and a piece of paper.

The steps to perform the ritual were as follows. Step one: cut George Floyd's mouth open. You should see the Styrofoam from inside of the head. Step two: pour pig blood inside of its mouth until its head is full. Step three: sew the mouth shut, forming a smiling face. Step four: have your other friends repeat the steps above with their own respective George Floyd toy. Step five: write the word "nigga" on the piece of paper. Step six: have everyone form a circle surrounding the piece of paper and hold up their George Floyd toys, while yelling "I CAN'T BREATHE!" seven times. Step seven drop the George Floyd toys on the ground one at a time. Now, Watch the George Floyd toys very carefully. If each of the George Floyd toys lungs expand in size, run away from the area immediately and never come back. This means the George Floyd toys have not deemed you worthy enough to use its unlocked powers. If the George Floyd toys say, "I can't breathe", you may proceed. If the second scenario happens, congratulations. You may use its powers to your heart's desire. In order to activate its powers, squeeze the George Floyd toy's neck firmly, and every black person in a one-hundred-meter radius will suffocate to death. Note: whatever you do, do not use the powers on light skin niggas. If you do so, the George Floyd toy will automatically deem you unworthy and will turn against you.

When I finished reading the instructions, I was down to do it. I really hate black people, so I needed a super easy way to mass kill them. I invited my three best friends over. I will not state their names for

privacy reasons. I already had a sewing kit and a piece of paper, so it was only a matter of purchasing pig blood. I went over to my local butcher and bought a ten-ounce bag. We did exactly what the instructions said. After we filled the George Floyd toys mouths and chanted while dropping them, we had a very pleasant surprise. All at the same time, the George Floyd toys screamed "I can't breathe!" in a muffled voice. We had officially unlocked the nigga genocide weapon.

We decided to test out our new powers at the nearest K.F.C. There were tons of black people, so using it there would be effective. We each squeezed the George Floyd toy's neck. We heard everybody in the restaurant hyperventilating. We knew it was working. However, we noticed one black person who wasn't suffocating. Weird, he was easily within the radius. I took a closer inspection at him, and then I panicked. He is actually a light skin nigga. I forgot that the ritual instructions advised that you shouldn't use it on light skin niggas. The George Floyd toys all dropped down to the floor and started to have their lungs expand in size. Then, they came to life.

"How dare you abuse our magic on light skin niggas," the George Floyd toys all said in unison.

One of them floated and went to the kitchen. It returned with a kitchen knife and then pointed it at my neck.

"The only way we will forgive you, is if you feed us fentanyl", it said.

I didn't know where I could buy fentanyl. I didn't know what to do, so I just grabbed the kitchen knife from the George Floyd toys hand and stabbed it in the neck.

"Oh no kitchen knife, I can't breathe," it said. It fell down, along with all the other George Floyd toys, onto the floor. All the pigs' blood leaked from their necks.

The ritual was now broken. It was good while it lasted. I looked around. Every dark skin nigga in the restaurant was dead, holding their necks. We got rid of a ton of niggas that day. That's all that matters anyway. We decided it's best we don't mess with that ritual ever again. It's simply too dangerous, since nowadays too many white B.B.C whores are being impregnated by niggas, therefore producing too many light skin niggas.

That being said, always be careful doing online dark web rituals. Misreading one sentence can cost you your life.

**I Came Across George Floyd's Identical Twin at a KFC, and Spawned a Floydzilla**

In light of some recent events, I have decided to share a story that I have had with one of the Floyd twins. It's kind of a complicated story so I have to give you some context first.

Many of you have probably heard of George Floyd before. He was a monkey who died because of a fentanyl overdose. However, what many people do not know is that the Floyd family had 2 kids who were twins. They were both named George and are exactly identical, so there is actually 2 George Floyds in the world. Oh, and they also have the exact same interests. Alright, now onto the story.

One day, I was feeling hungry, and my fridge was empty. I didn't feel like going to the supermarket, so I decided to get some fast food. While I was driving and listening to the radio, I heard a commercial for a new KFC meal. It sounded like it would be tasty as fuck, so I decided I to go there. When I got there, the drive-thru line was like 5 billion cars long. There was no fucking way I was going to wait in that shit, so I decided to order carryout. I walked inside and then ordered my food. While I was waiting on my phone, I looked up and I noticed that a black man entered the building.

"Oh great, another nigga in the KFC," I thought to myself.

After a few minutes, my food was ready and soon enough, I was on my way to walk out of the building. But then, I was suddenly stopped by the same nigga who I noticed had entered the KFC earlier.

"OOGA BOOGA. GIVE ME KFC!" it said.

I said fuck off nigga and started sprinting towards my car. But of course, I was running against a black man, so I was going to get outrun. He then snatched the KFC out of my hands and consumed all of it within a few seconds. I have no fucking clue how he did it, but afterward, he started choking. But he soon got it all down his stomach and said "Phew, I couldn't breathe for a second there."

I was pissed off as anybody would be in that situation, so I decided to go to Subway and get my usual sandwich. Thankfully, no monkeys came and stole my food this time, so I was finally able to have a nice peaceful lunch. I then went back home and relaxed for a few hours, watching YouTube videos and scrolling through Instagram as I usually do.

But then somebody knocked on my door. I opened the door to see who it was. It was George Floyd. He apologized for stealing my KFC and asked if he could come into my house so we could chill for a little bit. I said no fuck off, but then the police came and told me he was an illegal immigrant and was going to be deported to Africa the next day, but he needed a place to stay for the night. And of course, that nigga chose my house. I was forced to let him into my house. Right when he walked in, the first thing he saw was my precious $2000 blender that I had gotten for Christmas the previous year. It was one of the best blenders in the world and could create breathtaking slushies and smoothies.

He picks up a pair of bananas I have on my counter then goes looking through my pantry. At first, I had no idea what he was looking for but then I realized when he picked it up. Fentanyl. He put the fentanyl and bananas into my blender and started working it. My blender cannot blend drugs and if you try to do so, it will break. Well, guess what, that nigga broke my blender. I wanted to kick that monkey out so badly. But I couldn't because he had to spend the whole night here.

After he did that, he walked over to my cupboard full of VHS tapes. He picked up one of them, the one he picked up was the VHS of Clarissa Explains it All: Dating. If you don't know what Clarissa Explains It all was, it was a nickelodeon sitcom in the early 90s.

"This girl looks hot. I want her pregnant belly pics," George said.

I do have to admit she was hot as fuck and that if I were in that show, I would definitely bang her. But I had to explain to him that for one it was a sitcom from the 90s and that the girl looks completely different now. And two, she is not pregnant.

"OOGA BOOGA. NIGGA MAD!" he said.

He then took all the fentanyl in my pantry and consumed all of it at once. He then started transforming into a giant creature. And of course, it went through my roof which means this nigga severely damaged my house. Then, he turned into his final form: Floydzilla.

"I WANT FENTANYL AND PREGNANT BELLY PICS!" he roared. I ran away from him as fast as I could, and also that nigga stepped on my house which means now it is completely destroyed. My anger was unreal at the time. But then a miracle happened.

I found 5 cups full of fentanyl. I consumed it all at once and then I also transformed into a giant. I then fought with Floydzilla for a solid 10 minutes. Once he was weakened, I slammed him and then started kneeling on his neck.

"I CAN'T BREATHE!" he roared.

After 8 minutes of kneeling on his neck, I killed him. I then started transforming back to normal. Apparently, George Floyd's twin was a serial criminal throughout the United States. I was given a reward of $50 million by the government. With that money, I bought a mansion and a nice sports car and restarted my VHS collection. Since they are so cheap, I managed to get it the same size as my old collection within days. I got very lucky with this event, because most people would have gotten fed by George Floyd and received a bullet wound in their stomach due to them not having pregnant belly pics.

In conclusion, be careful about where you eat. You never know what people may change your life for good or worse. And remember, fuck niggas as they contribute absolutely nothing to society.

**If you Find a George Floyd Skin in Your Fortnite Lobby, Ignore Him**

I will begin by putting things into context. I am a big video game streamer on twitch. Of course, I will not mention my real twitch name for your safety. I stream popular game titles such as Fortnite, Apex Legends, Black Lives Splatter, and ARK Survival Evolved. The game I mainly play is Fortnite. If you don't know what the game Fortnite is, it's a battle royale game where you are in a match with ninety-nine other players. The last team standing wins. There is also a save the world version of Fortnite, but I never play it.

That night, I was streaming Fortnite duo matches with a fellow streamer. Again, I will not mention his real name, so I'll call him Cody for this story. Cody is one of my favourite players to duo with. We'd always play a match at some point in every one of my streams. It was like a tradition. Most importantly, he is the only one of my friends who plays black lives splatter.

We had a lot of fun that night, clapping all kinds of noobs on the African servers.

"Man these black niggers are even worse players than the oceanic players," Cody said. "It's getting kind of boring. We should hop on the American servers."

I agreed and we started to queue up on the American servers.

"Hopefully we don't fight any niggers on these servers. They make really boring content for this stream," I said.

We landed at salty springs. It is one of the best landing locations in the game at the time since it has pretty decent loot and usually has many other players landing there. I deployed on the large blue house since it has a lot of chests in the basement. Cody landed on a separate house. Obviously, only noobs land in the same building as their teammates. It only makes things harder, since the starting loot for each teammate gets too scarce. I was in the attic opening my first chest. I found a bolt action sniper rifle inside. I heard loud footsteps from the room below me. I was worried, since snipers are garbage from close range. But since I am a god at Fortnite, I broke the floor below me with my pickaxe and then no scoped that default skin. These types of kills are good streamer material. Cody eliminated the last teammate of that duo.

"They were so bad, I bet these people are niggers as well," Cody said laughingly.

The storm was getting smaller, so we met up and decided to head toward Pleasant park. Once we made it there, we saw a duo. They were drinking their shield potions out in the open.

"Look at those morons drinking their potions like that", I said.

I notice that one of the teammates in that duo has a very peculiar skin because I have never seen a player wear that skin before. To describe it, it was a black man wearing a black tank top and jeans. He had an abnormally large nose and lips. Far larger than even the default black nigga skin. The skin precisely resembled George Floyd. Once they were finished drinking their potions, we rushed at them.

The other teammate chickened out and ran away. Cody chased after him. But the George Floyd skin ran at me. I only had a sniper on me and he had a pump shotgun, so I was at a disadvantage. He started shooting me, missing every shot. I was thinking a Black nigger must've been playing if he sucks at aiming that much. One thing I noticed was he seemed to be aiming his shotgun towards my Fortnite character's belly, which was strange since headshots deal a lot more damage. Eventually, I quick scoped that noob.

If you didn't know, the game tells you the name of the player you've knocked out. His player name was George Floyd. I Thought it was hilarious that somebody dressed his skin and named his gamer tag like George Floyd. He even mimicked that moment when George Floyd pointed a gun at a pregnant lady's belly. To play along with the joke, I crouched on his knocked out body, making it look like I was kneeling on his neck. But right when I did that, he automatically got eliminated. That was odd, because there's no way he lost all his health after I knocked him out a few seconds before that. Also, I didn't hear gunshots so nobody could have shot at him to finally eliminate him. I shrugged it off as a visual glitch. Cody eventually hunted and killed the George Floyd skins teammate.

The storm's eye shrunk to the final round. There were only 4 people left, which meant only one duo for us to kill to secure the victory royale. The storm eye was at retail row. We headed there. We spotted a large tower and saw them. They were probably there for a while at this point, because they just stood there waiting. I sniped both of them pretty easily and we won the match.

It was a pretty uneventful game in general, so I apologized to my stream viewers. When I left the match and then returned to the main menu, I got a friend request notification. It was from the player named George Floyd. I accepted it for the memes, not because I like black niggers. He instantly joined the party. I noticed that he had his mic on.

"WHY YOU KILL ME?!" he screamed.

He sounded exactly like the real George Floyd, except a bit more like a twelve-year-old squeaker. I just laughed through my mic in response.

"I WILL FIND OUT WHERE YOU LIVE AND SHOOT YOUR BELLY WITH MY GUN!" he screamed.

I figured that letting him stay in the party is unprofessional as a major streamer, so I booted him out. I was pretty tired, so I stopped the stream for the night and started getting ready for bed. I said my goodbyes to my audience and shut off my PC.

I then heard some strange sounds. It sounded exactly like the loud Fortnite footsteps you hear when an enemy player is walking near you. At first, I thought it was just my mind playing tricks on me after playing Fortnite for all those hours. I started walking towards my washroom to take a shower. But when I opened the washroom door, there was a figure staring right back at me. I turned on the lights to see if I was just seeing things. What I saw, which was only inches away from my face, almost gave me a heart attack. It was the George Floyd Fortnite skin, somehow in the real world. He was just staring at me blankly with his large cartoonish eyes. I could not comprehend what was going on. I was more confused than terrified. I tried pinching myself to check if I was dreaming, but I didn't wake up at all. We were both staring at each other for what felt like a solid minute. Finally, he pulled out his pump shotgun from his pocket and pointed it toward my stomach.

"I told you I will find you and shoot your belly", he said.

I saw that his finger was about to pull the trigger, so I ducked down quickly. He took the shot and missed. I wasn't surprised at all. Of course, this niggers aim was going to be ass. I tried kneeing him in the neck, but it went through his body.

"Nice try, but that's not gonna work this time. I can breathe now," he said.

He tried shooting at my belly once again. He actually managed to land a hit on me, but I somehow did not feel any pain. I saw the number nine floating on top of my head.

"Ah shit, my pump shotgun is only doing nine damage again," the Fortnite George Floyd said in disappointment.

I took off and ran downstairs to my kitchen. I grabbed my kitchen knife. This niggers aiming skills are dogshit, so I thought I could probably knife him before he shoots me. Once the Fortnite George Floyd made it to the kitchen, I ran at him and attempted to strike his lungs. But again, my attacks completely phased through him.

I was out of options, so I bolted down my basement and locked the doors. I then hid inside my large basement refrigerator. Luckily, I haven't bought any groceries in a while, so I managed to fit in.

It has been an hour and I am hearing the Fortnite George Floyd calling out for my name. I had so many questions flying through my head. This all felt like a nightmare. I pulled out my phone and did some research on a paranormal Internet forum to see if I can find an explanation that fits closely to this. I saw that one of the forum posts had some relation with my situation. I decided to look into it.

It was discussing this theory called "electroplasm". It is essentially about how ghosts are able to warp themselves into video game worlds and take the role of a character who represents them. They usually do this because they feel lonely roaming in the real world. They also have the ability to warp themselves back into the real world as the physical appearance of the video game character.

Based on this theory, I crafted an explanation of what had happened. George Floyd's ghost was able to tap into the Fortnite game. He then took the form of his own George Floyd Fortnite skin. This makes sense because at the time of his death, he wore a black tank top and jeans. His Fortnite skin was wearing the same outfit. George Floyd's ghost then transverse back into the real world in the form of his George Floyd skin.

My guess was he raged after I no scoped him to the point where he is willing to phase out of the video game and then kill me in real life. This theory also explains why my knife completely went through his torso. Ghosts may appear as their respective video game character, but they still retain the ability to go through physical objects.

I am still hearing the Fortnite George Floyd call out for my name. I can't hide in this refrigerator forever, so I need to somehow defeat him in a way which doesn't involve physical combat. I brainstormed a bit. I then got an idea. I realized that I own a vacuum chamber in my basement. I could then lure the

Fortnite George Floyd into it. Once he's in, I will turn it on and he will not be able to breathe inside of it. The main problem now was how I was going to lure him in. Then I got an idea. I happen To have left over fried chicken in the refrigerator I was hiding in. As we all know, niggers love to eat fried chicken, so I decided to use it as bait.

I placed the piece of fried chicken in the vacuum chamber. I unlocked and opened my basement door, while calling out to the Fortnite George Floyd, telling I am in the basement. I heard the usual Fortnite footstep sound effect, indicating he is running to me. I stood partially inside the vacuum chamber to ensure he got all the way in. Once I saw him run down the basement stairs, I jumped out of the vacuum chamber entrance and then he ran inside of it. I quickly sealed the door and then activated the vacuum.

"Ah shit, there's no air in here. I can't breathe, turn it off please!" he panicked.

"Haha, get clapped noob," I said to him. The Fortnite George Floyd then started making short circuit noises and then completely disintegrated. I have finally destroyed him.

This all happened about a week ago. I haven't felt like playing Fortnite ever since. There is a reason why I am writing this, however. Because recently, Cody has been messaging me about seeing the Fortnite George Floyd staring at him in the corner of his room every night when he is sleeping. I think Cody must have killed him again. I cannot do anything to save him, because he is an online friend who lives across the globe from me.

The best I can do for now is hope that the Fortnite George Floyd's pump shotgun only does nine damage to him.

The takeaway from this is, if you see George Floyd in your Fortnite lobby, avoid him at all costs; do not engage in any form of combat with him. If you somehow do, let him kill you. It is not worth losing your breath for the victory royale.

**George Floyds Suicide**

Alright, let me clear some things up first. I am the FBI agent of George Floyd. If you don't know what an FBI agent does, we monitor high risk criminals' lives. We mainly investigate their internet activity, and hack into their webcams to see if they are doing any suspicious activity. Whenever we detect something which is on our criteria list, we check it off. Three strikes, and we drive over to where they live and arrest them.

Now let's get into the story. I know the real cause of George Floyd's death. Unfortunately, the media always portrayed him being killed by a police officer's knee. In reality, that's not remotely close to the truth. To this day, I cringe really hard whenever I hear someone say Black Lives Matter. Before writing this, I had hesitation in revealing the truth about George Floyd's death. With how retarded the general public is, they won't believe me if I say it to their face; no point in speaking to a wall.

Before I became an FBI agent, I worked as a fetish sex shop owner. We sell a a variety of toys including Japanese sex dolls, monkey dildos, Lego fleshlights, and pregnant lady sex dolls.

One day, we had George Floyd as a customer. He went inside the shop and bought our entire stock of pregnant lady sex dolls, which cost him twenty-three thousand dollars in total. He only had fifty dollars in his pocket. Our shop doesn't accept credit cards, so I didn't let him out of the shop with the sex dolls. He got extremely angry, so he punched the counter and stomped out of the shop.

The next day, he came back with twenty-three thousand dollars in cash and purchased all the pregnant lady sex dolls. Lots of money was made that day. But right after work, I was reading the newspaper and saw that a man named George Floyd robbed a pregnant lady by pointing a gun at her stomach. I was angry. We had a zero-fraud money accounting policy in our store, so we were going to be forced to write off the revenue we made that day.

I then thought about how suspicious it was that George Floyd robbed a pregnant woman to buy those pregnant sex dolls. I really wanted to look into it. I tried looking up his Facebook for a start. But there wasn't any worthy information, besides the fact that he's a nigger. I wanted to dig deeper.

That was when I applied to become George Floyd's residential FBI agent. It took many attempts to get myself in, but after one year of hard work, I was finally accepted.

I gained access to quite a bit of fancy tech equipment and software to monitor George Floyd's activity. I was able to tap into his IP address to access every device which has the capability of accessing the internet. I could view his computer and phone screens through a live feed.

George Floyd had a rather disgusting internet activity. He spent the majority of his time on online dating websites. But that's not what makes it disgusting. I'd read all the chat logs in his online dating adventures. George Floyd would always initiate the conversation by asking the woman whether they are pregnant or not. If they answered no, he would block them and then move onto the next date. When he actually comes across an already pregnant woman, he would then ask for pregnant belly pics.

Of course, most of them refused to. When that happens, I'd see George Floyd cry in his web camera and take a large dose of fentanyl. Now, if he actually gets lucky and the woman agrees to send pregnant belly pics for him, he would screenshot it, and then print it and stick it in his large wall portfolio. George Floyd would then bleach them and then seek another pregnant woman. George Floyd has been doing this for countless years as a nonstop cycle.

This, however, ended on the day of his death. The week prior, George Floyd has had a long streak of rejects upon his requests for pregnant belly pics. On the last woman he asked for some, she told him to fuck himself and that she will never send pics to a nigger. I saw George Floyd's webcam. He started crying like a baby. He then said "I'm gonna kill myself", overdosing on inhumanly amounts of fentanyl. As a result, he started to have a very hard time breathing.

George Floyd rushed out of his home and went to a convenience store. I saw that he tried to rob a pregnant woman once again. She gave him counterfeit money. After that, he went to a convenience store. Since he was intoxicated, he mistaken it as my old fetish sex shop. He tried using the counterfeit money to presumably buy the pregnant lady sex doll.

His counterfeit money was spotted, and someone called the cops on him. He restrained arrest and kept saying "I can't breathe" before the ordeal, so the officer, Derek, gently pressed his knee on George Floyd's neck, just enough to keep him in place. George Floyd then died from fentanyl.

So that, my friends, is the truth about George Floyd's death. Always be aware of what the media tries to manipulate you to believe. If you don't, you will fall into their trap.

**The Random Chimp Event is not what You Think it is**

The random chimp event is not what you think it is. We've all heard of this meme on the internet. It is a concept about how at some random moment, there will be a group of chimps attacking the world. However, that is not exactly accurate. There is more to the random chimp event than that.

I live in a small town called Nate Higgers. Despite its name, it is a very boring town, so that day, I was going on a trip to Hawaii. I was in the airplane before it took off, waiting excitedly for the trip. I was playing on my phone, trying to hold my excitement, when I heard a loud thud from behind me.

I looked back and saw it. A black woman kicked a white man wearing a cardboard Burger King crown.

"Kick that nigger bitch off the plane!" he demanded the flight attendant. The black woman then continued to attack him, while making monkey noises. A female flight attendant tasered her because the flight is supposed to start shortly. The flight attendant then kissed the Burger King man in the cheek.

"You are a hero babe," she said.

I was a bit jealous because that flight attendant is hot as fuck. But he deserved the respect anyway. He took the hit for all of us, so that we could get rid of that nigger. Unfortunately, though, we had to cancel the flight because of the timeliness. I was disappointed that over fifty people had to get their trip cancelled because of that nigger.

There was a lot of traffic on my way home. I speculated that it was because of the cancelled airplane flight. I turned on the radio because I was too bored waiting inside the car. At first, I thought I heard monkey noises coming from the radio. I assumed it was due to me being at the wrong frequency. But when I listened more carefully, I realized the sound wasn't actually coming from the radio. It was coming from outside my car. I looked out the window. I saw a black man punching the car in front of me. Somehow, he was making chimpanzee noises.

Something must be going on, I thought. He is making monkey noises, similarly to the black nigger bitch who disrespected the Burger King man.

"Ooga booga!", the nigger chimped.

He was the one causing the traffic. I just kicked the pedal and ran over him. I had no time for this shit. Once I arrived home, I was trying to rationalize what was going on. I thought it was a waste of time to devote my time on thinking about useless niggers, so I turned on the television to distract myself. I watched the walking dead.

All of a sudden, I got an emergency warning on my phone. It read: "*Citizens of Nate Higgers, lock your doors and close your windows. Whatever you do, do NOT leave your home. If you are out in public, drive home immediately."*

The emergency warning didn't specify the reason why we had to. I locked all my doors and closed my curtains anyway. Doesn't hurt to listen to the warning, I thought. I switched to the news channel to see if I could get any more information. I saw the news headline: *"the random chimp event has arrived. all black people around the city are suddenly showing aggressive behavior. Hide inside your home now to stay safe"*.

That answered my questions on why I coincidently witnessed those two black niggers being aggressive. Since I couldn't leave my home, I played black lives splatter in the meantime.

I was thirteen hours into running over some virtual black people in the game when I heard knocking on my front door. I went over to the door and looked through my scope. When I put my left eye next to the scope, all I saw was pitch black. Weird, I thought. But when I looked closely, I realized something which still haunts me to this day: the black I was seeing WAS actually the pupil of a black nigger. He was on the other side of the door staring back at me through the scope.

An hour passed and he was still looking through my scope. I needed to do something about it. I grabbed an axe from my garage to defend myself. I then proceeded to open my front door. I swung the back of my axe and hit his head. He fell onto the ground. I used the handle of the axe to lock his neck onto the ground.

"Ooga booga I can't breathe," he said, while making monkey noises.

This nigga was being annoying. He then pointed a gun to my stomach. I didn't have any resources to defend myself from a gun, so I prepared to die. But then, I saw a needle fly through his head. I looked at where it came from. There, I saw a cop holding a monkey tranquilizer.

"Thank you for saving me," I said.

"Anytime, those niggas be wilding," he said.

He picked me up and drove me to the police station.

"We've been searching for that nigger for a while," he said. "To thank you for helping us, we will show you our investigations on the random chimp event."

He led me to their underground science lab.

"We did some DNA sample testing on known aggressive black people," the officer said. "Take a look at this. Black people share 90% of their DNA with chimpanzees."

I honestly wasn't surprised. Niggers look so much like monkeys and they are dumb as fuck.

"Our analysis concludes that when the random chimp event starts, in addition to chimpanzee attacks, black people also turn aggressive," the officer continued. "There is a gene which they share that activates attack mode."

The officer then sent me home and I had to promise not to tell anybody this as it is government secret information. In my opinion, the rest of the world deserves to know this.

After I post this online, I will hide from the government. I just want all of you to beware of niggers when the random chimp event happens. Good luck to you all.

**I Peed and Came on George Floyds Tombstone. I am now Haunted.**

My nigger supporting family one day decided to visit George Floyd tombstone. As the only nigger hater in the family, I begged my mom and dad to let me stay home. But they still made me go. Since we live in Canada, we had to take a long road trip. Going to George Floyd's funeral is one thing, but driving for twenty hours straight is dumb. To be fair, it's not surprising nigger supporters can act this dumb.

The road trip felt like forever, since we never took a washroom break. I had to pee really badly. I decided to watch some porn on my phone secretly. My boner will help hold in the piss. Not gonna lie, the porn I watched was very good, so I was edging. Especially since it is no nut november, I needed to try not to nut so I could gain powers. I was watching some George Floyd toy rule 34 hentai.

Once we arrived at the graveyard, we as a family did this long ass worshipping. We had to stand still for a solid ten minutes, so I couldn't hold on my pee. 5 minutes in, I gave up and went over to George Floyd's tombstone. I pulled down my pants and squatted on it. I peed for a good 20 minutes. Since I was edging for so many hours in the car, I also ejaculated on it by accident. I saw my pee and cum dissolve through the soil very quickly. Then, I heard a whisper that said: "I can't breef."

I thought it was my mind playing tricks on me, so I didn't think much of it.

We headed back home after. Forty hours of driving just to look at some niggers death rock for 10 minutes. Yeah, it's a fact Black Lives Matter supporters are irrational thinkers. It was night, once we arrived home.

I needed to sleep as I was very tired. I dozed off instantly. During my sleep, I had one of the worst nightmares yet. In my dream, I woke up to seeing a poop-colored object very close to my face. When I focused my vision, I saw what it actually was. It was George Floyd's face staring right at me.

"How dare you pee and ejaculate on my gravestone!" he boomed. "Your piss and cum percolated inside my tombstone and then my corpse drowned in it!"

I then woke up covered in sweat. I thought it was just a dream. But then, I saw my belly. It was covered in scratches. George Floyd's spirit must've followed us home.

Throughout the following day, I'd see a tall black figure in the corner of my eyes. George Floyd was out there to get revenge on me. I was now vulnerable. With the scratches on my stomach while I was asleep, it meant I was very vulnerable in my asleep. I went to church that day. I asked the priest if he could do me a favor.

"Hey, I'll do you a favor by clapping your fifteen-year-old cheeks", he responded.

With the pedophile priests these days, it's hard to find one who does his job. So, I punched him in the face and stole the bottle of holy water.

I then drove over to George Floyd's graveyard. Once air arrived, I poured the entire bottle of holy water into the dirt above George Floyd's corpse. The holy water then got absorbed by the dirt and made its way inside George Floyd's coffin. The coffin was now filled with water. Therefore, George Floyd's corpse is drowning in it.

"I can't breathe in the holy water," said a voice coming from underground.

"Haha take that nigga now you can't haunt me," I replied.

I have finally defeated his ghost by preventing him from breathing with the holy water. I decided it was now possible to sleep safely. But when I woke up, I was in a pitch-black crevice. I reached my arms out, but there was a barrier which prevented them from reaching any more than one foot away from my body. I realized I am in a coffin. Then, I started to become short of breath. The air around me was getting thinner. I heard a voice coming from the surface.

"Hehehe, now I am stealing your air."

The voice was coming from George Floyd. I was not actually safe during the night. He buried me alive while I was asleep.

If you are reading this wondering how I posted this online, I had my phone with me. I don't have much time before I run out of air now. So beware, do not piss and cum on George Floyd's tombstone, or else he will steal your air.

**George Floyd Joined my Among Us Game.**

The video game, Among Us, has gotten very popular these days. Among Us is a game where there are up to ten players of different colors in a spaceship. One to three of them can be an imposter while the rest of them are crew mates. The objective of the game is for all of the crew mates to complete all their tasks or find out who the imposters are. The imposter's objective is to kill all the crew mates, or sabotage. The imposter can also lie throughout the match to have crew mates vote themselves out

I was playing Among Us one day. I am the type of player who leaves the game whenever I am not the imposter. Bash me in the comments all you want. However, what happened to me in the particular match may induce you to forgive me. I was waiting in the lobby, for the player count to reach ten out of ten. We had players leaving because of how long it was taking to fill up, while there were some new players joining. They were offsetting each other so it felt like forever. Finally, a new player joined after being at nine out of ten players for a while.

The first thing I noticed about that player was that he was wearing a skin that I have never seen in the skin shop. I took a look at the store to make sure I remembered. Sure enough, I did. His skin is the same Color as the regular brown color but had the face of a black nigger. It looked like that iconic picture of George Floyd in front of a brick wall. I then read his name tag. It was George Floyd. I just discounted it as somebody who somehow modified the game files to use his own custom skin.

The match began and I was a crew mate. I didn't leave the game however, because this was the first match, I came across a player with a skin which isn't in the store. I tried following him throughout the match, even though it's sus. I was just very curious. One thing I noticed about this player is that he would spend a huge portion of his time in the oxygen room. I guess he was just trying to role play his George Floyd character since he knew I was following him. Lime green came inside the oxygen room to do his task. When he was about to touch the plant tank, George Floyd walked over to him and did the gun kill animation. But something felt off about the death animation. Instead of the usual punch and shoot the head animation, I saw George Floyd shoot lime green in the stomach. At the moment, I again just assumed he somehow modified the game files to use his own custom kill animation.

I reported the body and told everyone in the chat it was the George Floyd player. Too bad the other players were oversensitive snowflakes though. They didn't believe me and thought I purposefully ratted out George Floyd because of his name. I got kicked out of the server. I was mad as fuck because I knew I was telling the truth.

I joined a new game. This time I was playing on the Polus map. There were nine out of ten players waiting this time for a long time, similar to the last game. Then a new player finally joined. I got a near heart attack when I saw the player. It was that same George Floyd player. Same custom skin and name tag. It was stupid of me to assume it was a pure coincidence because of what happened in the following match.

I followed him again. I was still astonished by the fact that somebody managed to modify the game files like that on a multiplayer game. I decided that it was best to focus on my tasks this time. My task for that game took place in the science laboratory room. I went in, but I found George Floyd in there already. He seemed to be doing this unique animation near one of the chemistry apparatuses. I looked closely and saw that he was making fentanyl. George Floyd then pulled out his pistol and shot me in the stomach. I died and respawned as a ghost. However, I quit the game because spectating is boring and pointless.

I joined a new game. But every player in the match was George Floyd. At this point, I was getting freaked out. The last two games in a row had George Floyd as a player, and now nine other players with the exact name and skin were in the match. The match started. I was a crewmate, but I was the only one who appeared on the screen. I was the only crewmate. The game started and I avoided every George Floyd in the game. Unfortunately, there were simply too many, so I got killed quite fast.

I joined a new game, hoping the same thing doesn't happen. Sure enough, every player except me was George Floyd again. I left the game instantly. I was sad that I couldn't play the game normally anymore. Or could I? I brainstormed a way I could defeat all those niggers. I got an idea. I realized that maybe if I equipped the police officer skin, I could kill them instead. So, I joined a new game and became a police officer skin. Again, every player was George Floyd. When the match started, they were all running away from me. I noticed a new button on the bottom-right of the screen. It was a button that was labelled: knee on that nigger.

That's when I knew what to do: I needed to knee on all of them. They were all running away from me, going in the direction of the oxygen room. I went there and all of them were in the exact same spot: right next to the tank containing the plant. I pressed the knee on that nigger button, and they all died instantly. The iconic Derek Chauvin kneeling on the George Floyd animation popped up. I won the game as a single crewmate.

In conclusion, if you see a player named George Floyd with his skin in your Among Us match, change your skin to the police officer immediately.

**The George Floyd Buttplug Haunted my Girlfriends Asshole, which then Haunted my Dick.**

Before this whole incident happened, my girlfriend and I always had a very sexually active relationship. We would have very intensive intercourse at the very least once per day. We were mostly into fetish and the use of sex toys. Every week, we would browse the sex toy store to find a new sex toy to use. That's pretty much how often we'd get bored of each sex toy. The kinds of sex toys we use are mostly based off of known people and animals (not that we are into bestiality, we just do it for the texture). The monkey dildo has always been our favorite of the animals, because of the texture.

I am very sad to say that Last week marked the end of our active sex life. At that point, we have pretty much shopped every sex toy store in our town. We browsed the online shops instead because we ran out of interesting toys to bother with. Unfortunately, the formative sex toy online shops are just online shops that are owned by the same shops in our town. We decided to browse through Instagram instead. A problem with browsing for toys with Instagram is that Instagram is full of sensitive snowflakes who report any page related to sex.

Finally, we found this Instagram page called georgefloydsextoysofficial5. We could tell the owner of the account had a ton of previous accounts deleted based on the number at the end of the name. We looked through the posts. The toys were so damn hot. The anal bead that plays the "I can't breathe!" sound effect was quite a unique one.

My girlfriend wanted to pick something simple for a start. We decided to purchase the George Floyd butt plug. It cost us $599.99 without including tax, but it was well worth it at the time. It was a one-week delivery. I was at my job while it arrived at our home, so my girlfriend was the one who took it. I guess my girlfriend got so horny when she first saw the package, because she immediately fucked the mailman while I was at work. I didn't mind since the George Floyd buttplug will enhance our sexual experience anyway.

Once I got home, I walked into my girlfriend already full on using the George Floyd butt plug. She was pulling it in and out like a madman. I was very tired from work so I said we could have intercourse the next night and then I kissed her goodnight.

The next morning, my girlfriend told me she was starting to feel pins and needles inside her asshole. She also felt something moving in and out of it. I suggested to her it was probably because she just got extremely horny from the George Floyd butt plug and that she should take a break from using it. She agreed to my response. After comforting her, I left for work. During my job, I couldn't wait to do some anal with her.

Fast forward to the following night, we had our best and last intercourse. We went to bed right after, just like last night. I had a very strange experience while I slept. I didn't dream about anything, but I was somehow able to think and feel. I could not open my eyes. But I felt something stroking my Dick. I thought it was just my imagination from doing all that hardcore fucking.

When I woke up, I felt a ton of pins and needles in my dick, just like when my girlfriend felt it in her asshole. You know that feeling when you've taken a good nap on your arm and then woke up with that feeling? Well multiply that by ten, but for my dick. It felt very irritating. We went to the doctor for a checkup to see if we got an STD. The doctor's verdict was that we were completely healthy. We just went on with our day and shrugged it off to a coincidence.

The next night, I felt that same thing stroking my dick. I tried to open my eyes but could not open even a tiny slit sufficient enough to see anything. I told my girlfriend about it and she said she felt the same thing, except it was going in and out of her ass. We decided to set up cameras to see if we both might be

sleep walking while having sex.

The next night, we plugged in the cameras and started recording before we slept. The next morning we watched the video tape of the entire night sped up. At around one AM, my girlfriend spotted a dark figure at the corner of the bedroom.

“Honey, what the fuck is that!”, my girlfriend said, pointing at it.

I paused the video and examined it closely. At first, I thought the figure was just a tall monkey, but when I tried to ration things, I realized it was a black nigger. I proceeded to play the tape. The figure then went over and sat on our king sized bed. He then pulled down my pants and started stroking my dick. I didn’t appear to move at all. I turned up the volume.

The figure said in a familiar voice: “hehehe finally I am absorbing all that penis air.”

It was the voice of George Floyd. I paused again and looked closely at his face. Sure enough, he was George Floyd. I pressed play. George Floyd eventually got me to ejaculate. But my semen did not look like liquid at all. It looked more like an aura of white floating dust, flying into George Floyd’s inhaling mouth. George Floyd then proceeded to pull my girlfriend's pants off and then fingered her. After he was done, a similar white floating dust flew out and George Floyd inhaled it. After I was done with the whole recording, I had many questions. How is George Floyd even here when he is supposed to be dead? How did he break into our home so silently? And how did we not wake up? I tried to come up with a rational answer but couldn’t.

We called the police to do a search through the house. After a few hours of looking through every surface of our property, they didn’t come up with anything suspicious, except for the ugly face photo printed onto a buttplug, which was the George Floyd buttplug. They left our home and we still had no answers.

“Sweetie, I may sound crazy, but I think at this point, there might be some paranormal activity going on”, my girlfriend told me.

I agreed. So much of what happened seemed to defy physics. Later that day, we attended an appointment with a paranormal specialist. We described everything we saw starting from the beginning from when we purchased the George Floyd buttplug and even showed him the recordings. I saw him get a slight boner after seeing my girlfriend get fingered by George Floyd, but I didn’t care. I wanted answers desperately. He then wrote a bunch of symbols in his notebook.

He then concluded: *“the buttplug you guys bought is no ordinary sex toy. You see, when a person dies, their soul remains intact with every object associated with them. That includes paintings, and photos. Now that George Floyd is dead, the buttplug with a photo of his face in the base is not an exception. Now that you as a couple interacted with the object in such a passionate manner, which is genuine sex expressing love, that signaled George Floyd’s spirit to leave hell and haunt you. What he wants from both of you guys is your air. Specifically, the air contained in your sexual body parts. The white mist you see him inhale, comes from him providing you guys an orgasm while you both sleep. It is essentially oxygen which spirits can breathe as air. This explains the pins and needles you both feel in the morning. This is due to the lack of circulation going to your genitals. It’s what you feel when that specific body part lacks oxygen. George Floyd is depriving it of oxygen so that he can breathe it for himself.”*

After listening to this man's conclusion, I was in a state of shock. I couldn’t grasp the truth of all of this. My girlfriend and I then paid the bill and left. Night hit, and we then slept with the cameras recording. During the night, I felt George Floyd giving me a blowjob.

The next morning, we viewed the overnight recording. We saw George Floyd enjoying all the air coming out of my dick and her asshole.

“Yippee! I like this air!” George Floyd said when he finished.

The pins and needles felt a lot worse this time. I couldn’t handle it. It continued to feel that way the entire day this time. It got to the point where I could no longer take it. I took my kitchen knife and cut off my dick. I didn’t want to feel this anymore. No more sex for the rest of my life, but at the time, I was worth ending the pain. The next night, I didn’t feel any stroking. I felt very bad for my girlfriend because it is impossible to cut off a hole.

But the next morning, she did something even worse. She did self-surgery by cutting open her abdomen and then removed her intestines through her rectum. I tried calling the ambulance, but it was too late before she was long gone. I watched the video tape for that next night. George Floyd entered the room in disappointment.

"Ah shit, no air to breathe out of their penis and anus anymore," he said in a sad tone.

He left the room. It's been a week since that happened and I haven't seen George Floyd in the following night's recordings, so it's safe to say he has no interest in visiting us anymore. If you consider buying and using the George Floyd buttplug, do NOT use it too much, or else you will awaken his spirit and he will steal all your penis air.

**SlenderFloyd**

My friend Matteus and I love saying the word nigga. It sounds funny and makes black people mad. We would go in public places and play a game where whoever says nigger the loudest is the winner. Often, we'd get chased by those black monkeys who overhear us. We'd outrun those losers even though they're black anyway. We would also play the game in the middle of class when the teacher is out of the classroom.

One day, on a Monday afternoon in the middle of language arts class, our teacher, Mr. Asslicker got a phone call to come down to the office. Matteus and I decided it was the perfect time to play the nigger game. This time, we changed up the rules a bit. We made a rule where the loser has to confess that he has a crush on our math teacher. Our math teacher is uncomfortably hot for a person who works at an education facility.

Anyway, we both really didn't want to lose, so the game lasted very long. Eventually, we got so loud that our shouting was heard in the hallways. Mr. Asslicker came into the room and caught us in the act.

"You two are suspended from school for the week. Pack up and go home!" he said.

We both had a sigh of relief. At least neither of us had to lose and confess. We headed out of the school. We still wanted to play the game since saying the word nigger is so fun, so we decided to go to a quiet area to play. We chose to do it in the woods because that's where our voices would echo the most.

Unfortunately, we live in the suburbs, so the nearest forest is a long drive away. I asked my parents if they could drop us off to the nearest woods, which is out of town. Thankfully, my parents are also nigger haters, so they happily agreed.

They dropped us off in the northern forest. The trees were redwood, so it looked a bit scary. We ran as close to the middle of the woods as possible so that we could have a better experience. Once we were exhausted from running, we started the game. I initiated the battle.

"NIGGER NIGGER NIGGER NIGGER!" I shouted.

Right after, we heard a voice. It didn't come from Matteus, it came from a distance away from us. The voice played again. We could not recognize what it was saying. The voice was getting louder and louder as time passed. We were getting worried it was some kind of animal. We decided it was time to leave and I called my parents to pick both of us up. Once I put my phone in my pocket, we started to walk toward where we first entered the woods.

"Hey, what's with these pieces of paper stuck in the trees?" Matteus asked me.

I looked around. He was right, I also saw loose pages taped on the tree trunks. I closely examine one of them. There were written words on them. The one I was looking at read *"I CAN'T BREATHE"*. I didn't know what it meant, but it looked very creepy. Who the hell writes these in the middle of a forest? I just shrugged it off as a person on drugs writing these.

I took a look at another page on a tree in the far distance. That page had a picture of someone laying down and someone else kneeling on their neck.

"What the hell is that thing?" Matteus said.

I turned around and saw something that still haunts me to this day. I saw an insanely tall and slender figure. It has proportions which I couldn't comprehend. It was wearing a black hoodie and blue jeans. Then, I took a look at its face. It had a very wide nose. Its mouth opened, ripping open a hole in between

its large thick lips.

"I am the Slender Floyd. How dare you say nigger in my territory. You must pay by giving me all your air!" it said.

I was in a state of shock. How was this even possible? I turned back and ran as fast as I could. 50 meters in, I realized Matteus wasn't running with me. I turned back to see where he was. But it was too late. I saw Slender Floyd grabbing Matteus by the neck and kissing him in the mouth, breathing in all the air inside his lungs. He then dropped Matteus on the ground. Matteus looked completely drained and useless. Slender Floyd then looked at me and smiled.

"You're next!" it said.

I turned back and ran away from it. I saw the opening of the woods which was where we entered the forest. I ran like there was no tomorrow. Once I made it there, I looked up. There it was. Slender Floyd teleported right in front of me.

"Now I will breathe in all your air. You will pay for this," Slender Floyd said.

It reached its arms toward me. I closed my eyes, prepared to die. But then, I heard a car driving nearby. I opened my eyes and looked where the sound was coming from. It was my parents' car, speeding toward our direction. The car then accelerated at full speed and ran over slender Floyd.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" Slender Floyd said.

I saw beans pouring out of his neck. He seemed to be made out of stuffing. We then drove back home, without looking back.

That all happened years ago, and I haven't had direct contact with the Slender Floyd ever since. I am sad to say that Matteus was announced to be dead due to asphyxiation. I think George Floyd's ghost is out there in the form of slender Floyd to get his air back. Whatever do you, if you find yourself in that forest, do not say nigger. Even though it's fun to say, it is not worth dying for or losing a friend.

**If you see a George Floyd Mural, vandalize it.**

I was driving home from my job. You may be surprised by this, but I dread leaving work. You see, I am a professional graphic designer and I enjoy my job. I work for all sorts of companies by helping them achieve their artistic endeavors, such as designing their logos. It is also important for me to mention that I am against the Black Lives Matter movement.

I believe they don't change anything and cause too much damage to our infrastructure with their riots. And it's not only limited to the damage they cause in the process, I dislike their intentions as well. Even without the Black Lives Matter movement in the discussion, it's a fact that black people themselves ruin society. Just look at the crime rates. You would be delusional to think otherwise.

I was almost home to play my favorite video game, Black Lives Splatter, when I caught a glimpse of some sort of a painting on a building. I stopped to examine it closer. At first, I thought it was some sort of a gay furry hentai of a monkey, but when I put on my glasses, I realized it was one of those George Floyd murals. As I mentioned earlier, I dislike black people, so it slightly made me angry.

Even though the artist nailed every detail of George Floyd's facial features, including his notoriously big nose that somehow can't breathe, it was pretty fucking ugly purely because George Floyd is black. I stared at the eyes of the mural for 2 hours with pure hatred, and I'm not even exaggerating. I highly considered defacing it. Unfortunately, there was a security guard next to it, so I couldn't. I headed home.

Once I made it home, somehow, I was very tired. I was excited about my Black Lives Splatter session, but I was dozing off at this point, so I had to pass this time. I crawled under the covers and instantly went out.

I woke up at 1:00 AM. I felt a warm breeze on my face. My eyelids were too tired to open. As time went by, I still felt the warm breeze. I decided to take a peek slightly out of curiosity. But once I managed to open my eyes just a bit, I saw it. It was a face, about a couple inches away from mine. It resembled the George Floyd mural's face that I had seen that night. As I was still partially in a slumber, I just thought I was just imagining things, so I started to close my eyes again. But then, I felt a deep pressure against my chest. I couldn't breathe nor move. I was in a state of panic while not being able to do anything. I have no

idea exactly when, but I eventually went back to sleep.

I woke up sweaty. I thought it was just a really bad case of sleep paralysis. I went out of bed excitedly because, as I said, I was looking forward to going to work. Especially with what happened in the middle of the night. Today, I was booked by a client company to design a billboard advertisement. The company is a supplier of soda drinks. The company sent me a basic layout showing where they want the product info to be. They were advertising a new orange carbonated drink. I went to work. After 5 hours of using Adobe Illustrator, I finished the project and sent it over to the company.

Then, I headed home for the evening. I wasn't particularly tired that day, so I used it as an opportunity to play some Black Lives Splatter. In the middle of playing, I got an email notification. It was from the soda company. I opened the email to see if they left any feedback. Once I read it over, I noticed that they left a very negative review.

They also sent me back the masterpiece I created. When I started to review my own work, I was in a state of shock. The work that they sent back to me that was supposedly my work looked nothing like what I did that day. I just saw a bunch of George Floyd faces painted on the advertisement art, completely covering the rest. Specifically, the faces looked exactly like the mural I saw the previous day.

I thought back to last night when I had that so-called sleep paralysis. I started to question whether or not I was actually seeing things. I was beginning to get a bit weirded out. I have never taken a drug in my life, so there's no way I was hallucinating. I thought maybe the sleep paralysis just hit me hard that night and maybe if I slept again, it would go away. I ate dinner then went to bed.

I woke up at 1:00 AM again. I thought to myself: "not this shit again". I felt the warm breeze against my face again. I decided to open my eyes widely to see what happened. I saw it again. I completely saw the George Floyd mural's face almost touching mine. I looked to the lower direction of my view. I didn't see his torso at all. It was completely invisible. The only portion I saw was his head to shoulder, which was what the mural I saw the other day exclusively showed. I tried to scream, but nothing came out.

"*You can't scream little one. I have stolen most of your air,*" the George Floyd face said.

Similar to last time, I couldn't even move. I then realized the reason why. If you haven't taken a high school biology class, you probably don't know this. The movement of muscle requires an enzyme called ATP. In order for ATP to be formed, phosphorus must be chemically bonded with oxygen. Without oxygen, your muscles cannot function.

I could not do anything about the situation, so I decided to just close my eyes and wait it out. I did sleep eventually and woke up. I was able to move my limbs normally. At this point, I was very scared. I didn't want this to happen every night. So I tried to think of a way to stop this all. In my thought process, I was trying to come up with the source which started this all. I backtracked to when I first saw the George Floyd mural on that building. I then flashed back to when I angrily stared into the eyes of the George Floyd mural.

That's when it all came together. Way back in the art school I enrolled in to have my job, taking a history art class was mandatory as part of my major. We learned about all the famous artists, such as Leonardo Da Vinci. It wasn't only that. We also learned about the early days of art, which involved a lot of superstition. We had this one lecture where we learned that it was believed way back in the 15th century where if you stare at a painting of a dead person's portrait for hours with intensely negative emotion, the spirit of that particular painting will come out of the portal of the art realm and reflect the exact same negative emotion back to you.

Once this happens, you are cursed and all the artwork you create after that will end up being the face of that entity. Not only that, but the entity will also visit you every night at 1:00 AM and haunt you. The only way to break the curse is to vandalize a large portion of the original painting which you stared at. The vandalization of the painting will essentially block the spirit from being able to exit from the portal to the real world.

I was out of rational ideas, so I decided to give that one a shot. I drove over to the closest hobby store. I bought all the spray paint I could afford, and then headed over to the George Floyd mural. I climbed up the ladder and spray painted a giant penis in George Floyd's mouth. Then I painted a rope

around his neck which made it look like George Floyd was hanging himself. Then I saw his mouth move.

"*I can't breathe with this dick in my mouth!*", the George Floyd mural said. Once I was finished, I went home to sleep. I slept the entire night without any interruption. I have broken the curse.

Whether you believe me or not, I am uploading this to Reddit. This is supposed to warn you all, if you see a George Floyd mural, do all of us a favor and vandalize it. It will save all the Black Lives Don't Matter supporters as they will inevitably look into the eyes of the mural with anger.

**SCP-N1998**

I first got my job as an SCP researcher after I formerly worked as a convenience store clerk. The income of being a clerk barely provided me the necessities to survive, as I live in an apartment complex. Life as a low-income earner can get quite boring. With very limited opportunities one can participate in, it can lead them to depression. My inferior job was due to my low performance in my studies. I find that the main reason why people in general tend to procrastinate in their schoolwork, is that high grades aren't exactly seen as a badass achievement, from a prospective viewpoint. We all have heard of the nerd stigma attached to it. However, in hindsight, high achievement in human capital will feel very rewarding.

How I became an SCP researcher was purely a happenstance. On a Monday night, it was unknowingly my very last shift of my convenience store occupation. Occasionally, there will be that one Karen who enters the store and gives the employee a hard time. That day was not an exception. Not going to lie, the Karen was extremely attractive and looked like a porn star with perfectly shaped breasts. In fact, her entire body looked impeccably sculpted. Her proportions seemed unnaturally cartoonish, but somehow maintained an aesthetic appeal. I imagined her giving me boobjob for a second. But once she went up to me to pay for a lottery ticket, the cloud of naughty fantasies went poof.

"That will be twenty dollars ma'am," I said after the ticket scanned.

"No, it isn't. I'm paying 5 take it or leave it," She said, putting a five-dollar bill on the counter without even accounting for tax.

I gently refused it and demanded $20.00 plus tax. She still didn't budge. She then called for my manager.

My manager, named Carl, exited his office to see what was up.

The Karen pointed right at me. "He insulted me and was trying to make me pay five times more than I should have!"

Carl then looked at me. "You're fired," he said.

"Woah what? She hasn't even provided any evidence," I replied.

"No, look at the price tag. It clearly says five dollars," He pointed at the price tag.

He was right. I didn't read the tag correctly. However, I couldn't fathom this being a valid reason to fire me instantly. But then, I took a look at Carl's body language. He was staring right at the Karen's breasts, looking like he desperately wanted to touch them.

It then all made sense. He was simping for that Karen, which was why he conformed to her so easily. I packed up and left. With her being insanely attractive, there was no way I could convince him to let me stay at work.

I changed out of my uniform and exited the store. I was now concerned about how I was going to maintain my essentials for living now that I lost my job. I glanced back at the convenience store for a second. I swore I saw Carl and the Karen making out on top of the counter, through the window.

That was the breaking point. Not only was I unfairly screwed by my simp manager, but he also had the opportunity to fuck one of the sexiest women on the planet. I decided I was going to end my life by blasting my face with a shotgun, just like Ronnie McNutt. I drove back to my apartment. Once I made it there, I walked over to my bedroom. That is where I store my shotgun. I lock it in a vault, mainly for home defense purposes. I don't exactly live in a high quality of life apartment, so I get frequent visits from sketchy people.

I entered the pin code of my vault and grabbed the pump shotgun. I connected my cell phone to my speakers so that I could play the exact same music which played right after Ronnie McNutt shot himself. I used an app which can automatically play a song after a set amount of time. I tweaked it to play the infamous Ronnie McNutt song in ten seconds, which was the planned time of my suicide. I pointed the nose of the shotgun to my head, waiting for the timer, which was programmed to count from ten seconds to zero. But when the three second mark hit, I heard a very loud blast from the door which I entered my apartment room from. I assumed it was a burglar, so I decided I might as well let him kill me instead of a suicide, so I headed to where the sound came from. I was surprised to see that the man who was waiting for me at my door looked nothing like the typical crackhead who visits. He was wearing an elegant suit and sunglasses. He appeared to have very good hygiene as well.

"Come with me," he said.

He grabbed my hand and then we went outside, into a black van. He got me to sit in the front seat. I was very puzzled at the time, as it felt so random.

"What do you want from me?" I asked him as he started the van.

He didn't respond. He drove off and sped to the countryside. My apartment is pretty much at the Center of the city, so it took a long time to get out of town. Once the absence of buildings got less apparent, he finally spoke again.

"We have been watching you."

"Who the hell are you? And what do you want from me?" I asked again.

"If you want a hint, take a look at the backseat," he responded. I didn't appreciate his vagueness, but I looked back anyway.

I saw the Karen who got me fired, bound by ropes. I started stuttering, unsure what my next question should be.

"That Karen who made you lose your job today is not a human being," he said. "We are the SCP foundation. We are responsible for containing beings, entities, locations, and objects which violate natural law. The being that you encountered today is SCP-285, which we have been trying to search for, for many years. That specific SCP takes advantage of its unrealistically beautiful body to trick others to do what it wishes, in exchange for sex. In your situation, it drove your manager to fire you without reason. If that hadn't happened, we wouldn't have detected it. We observed that you are now in financial pain since the ordeal, so we wish to recruit you as an SCP researcher"

"How much is the pay?" I asked.

"The pay here is better than that garbage retail with a manager who just had sex with a damn beast" he replied.

I accepted the offer.

That was a few months ago. Being an SCP scientist brought a ton of light to my life, when compared to working at the convenience store. Studying all kinds of anomaly's led me to have a new perspective on the world. There are still many things on the planet that haven't been discovered. Prior to that, my mind was too closed minded due to the fact that I was limited to what I could afford.

How I became an SCP scientist is not the main point of this piece of writing, but SCP-285 will be important for what's next. I am writing this to talk about a particularly interesting SCP which I studied, SCP-N1998.

On November 2, 2020, I heard a chopper land near my office. I knew they had captured a brand-new SCP. Excitedly, I waited for them to finally chuck the SCP into its cell for me to study. When I looked into the door of the cell, the first thing I noticed was how large the room was. It had to be at least one hundred meters in length and width. But I didn't see the SCP.

"Where is the SCP? Is it an invisible one again?" I asked the onsite guard.

"Are you blind? Look at the floor," he said.

When I looked down, I saw the SCP. It was a George Floyd toy, or at least it looked like one.

“Um, is this a joke? Why do we have that nigger doll as an SCP?” I questioned.

“Sir, this is no ordinary George Floyd toy. As you can see, we place it in a large cell. Our reports advised us not to go near it,” the guard said.

That meant I wasn’t allowed to study it with my naked eye. I had to observe it through cameras. I returned to my office and booted up my monitor to start my observations.

The first few days of staring at this George Floyd toy was rather uneventful compared to the previous SCPs I studied. It was facing the opposite of the wall my camera is attached to, so I couldn’t see its face. It appeared to be completely inanimate. The main thing I noticed about SCP-N1998 is that every morning, a site guard would throw a pile of white powder into the cell. Throughout the day, the pile of powder would very slowly disappear. So slowly that I don’t even notice. As we all know, we don’t notice the sun moving through our naked eye. It’s a similar thing in this case. At the end of each day, the entire pile of white power is gone completely.

I called the guard over to ask what the white powder is for. He entered my office and tossed me a bag of the white powder. It had a label on it that read: fentanyl.

“SCP- N1998 must be fed fentanyl regularly to prevent it from entering attack mode. Once it is in attack mode, it will unleash its special ability which prevents all nearby living beings in an eighty-foot radius from being able to breathe. We had a few soldiers magically die from asphyxiation while we were trying to capture it,” the guard said.

After hearing that, I was even more interested in studying this SCP. I came up with a research question: how would it react to pregnant women?

Unfortunately, using non prisoner pregnant women as test subjects violates SCP foundations code of conduct, and pregnant prisoners aren’t exactly common, so I had to take matters into my own hands.

We still had SCP-285 contained at the moment. I came up with the idea where I could have sex with her and then impregnate her and use her as the test subject. Due to her sexual nature, I figured it wouldn’t be a hard task. Also, I have the authority to deem an SCP too dangerous to be kept alive, so I had the right to be responsible for the death of SCP-285 without being terminated from my job.

I entered SCP-285s cell. Boy did I instantly get horny at the sight of her. She was already fully naked.

“Hey, I’ll set you free from this facility in a month, under the condition that you let me cum in your pussy!”, I offered her.

I was lying though. Though I am allowed to decide if an SCP should be killed, I am not allowed to set one free. I set her date of freedom at 30 days, because that was more than enough time to find out whether she got pregnant or not.

SCP-285 agreed. I spread her cheeks and fucked her pussy like there was no tomorrow. Once I cream-pied her, she now set an obligation where I had to free her in a month.

Fast forward to two weeks, her belly started to expand. She was officially pregnant.

Now the plan was to convince her to go inside the George Floyd toys cell. I told SCP-285 that I’ll free her earlier for her cooperation. I led her to George Floyd toys cell door, telling her it’s the exit of the facility. Once she set foot in the cell, I pushed her in and locked the door. I went upstairs to my office to observe what happened, through my camera.

The George Floyd toy was still facing the wall, without any movement. There was left over fentanyl it had yet to consume. SCP-285 walked a bit closer to the George Floyd toy. It was at that moment it overheard her footsteps and it turned to her. That was the first time I saw it move. The George Floyd toy's eyes started to have a round blue glow in its eyes. The glow started to expand in size and eventually formed into a linear shape. The linear shape wasn’t stationary though. It was actually a laser beam. The George Floyd toy produced laser beams out of its eyes and shot at SCP-285s pregnant belly. She, along with the fetus, died shortly after. I reported what happened to comms, and then the site guards rushed into the room to collect her body.

I wrote into the George Floyd toy SCPs files that it is aggressive to pregnant women regardless of the presence of fentanyl.

In the following events, I conducted even more tests to learn more about the George Floyd toy SCP. We tried testing the limits of the George Floyd toy SCPs attack mode whenever it gets deprived of fentanyl. We stopped feeding it to see if it will do anything beyond just inducing its special ability of preventing nearby people from breathing.

After six days of leaving, it at its own devices, disaster struck. I woke up to see it wasn't in its cell at all. I switched the camera to the door perspective to see if it somehow managed to open the door. The door looked as if it was untouched. I set off an emergency breach, and then switched the cameras to check all rooms to search for it. I checked into the lounge where the site guards sleep and came across an unpleasant surprise. The guard, who is in charge of feeding the George Floyd toy SCP fentanyl, had blood coming out of his mouth. I saw the George Floyd toy snacking on the bag of fentanyl in the guard's hand. The guard must've refused to give it the fentanyl. The George Floyd toy then vanished.

At first, I thought it was just a camera glitch, but I was able to still switch to other rooms. I switched back to the George Floyd toy cell room and saw him back there. That's when I confirmed another ability of the SCP. The George Floyd SCP will teleport to the nearest source of fentanyl if it gets starved long enough.

I then decided it is best to get rid of it since I considered it to be too dangerous to be kept alive. The real question is how we were going to slaughter it. It's literally a doll.

I came up with an idea though. I remember it having to face toward SCP-285 to see her. Since we know that the George Floyd toy has some basic optical functions, we could have SCP-096 AKA the shy guy to destroy it. If you didn't know, SCP-096 will kill anything that observes it's face, whether it be a photograph or in person.

I opened the cell of the George Floyd toy SCP and took it to SCP-096s cell. Of course, I looked away when I did. I got the George Floyd toy to face the grey creature. I went to my office to observe what happened through the camera. I saw SCP-096 kneeling on the George Floyd toy.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe SCP-096!" the George Floyd toy SCP said.

We all know there is no escaping from SCP-096 if we look at its face, so for sure the George Floyd toy officially got destroyed.

That was my last time seeing the George Floyd toy SCP. Management deemed it in a destroyed state because it no longer functioned at all. The origin of where it came from is still unknown, however. But I know that there are still a lot of people buying the George Floyd toy. If you are thinking of buying one, make sure it doesn't end up being this anomaly.

**George Floyd was One of my Coworkers. He tried to Steal my Air.**

Alright, I need to give you some context before I tell this story. I used to work at Nickelodeon Studios in Orlando. The main reason why I was working there, is because it was located in Universal Studios, so I got free admission to visit the theme park whenever I wanted to.

Ok now onto the story. I had several coworkers at Nickelodeon Studios, but there was one who I really REALLY did not like. Another thing about myself, I was the only nigger hater who worked at the studio. If you want to know why I hate niggers, just look at the crime rate.

So, when I found out that this coworker was going to audition for Clarissa Explains It All, which was the number one Nickelodeon show at the time, I had to find a way to prevent him from getting on the show. This coworker was black and his name was George Floyd. I didn't know anything about him at the time other than the fact that he was a monkey who smelled like shit.

Now, he was auditioning for the role of Clarissa's sidekick who explained things alongside her even though this role never actually came to be. For the audition, the person auditioning had to explain a certain topic. I came up with the perfect plan to prevent George Floyd from getting the role. I created a robot that would interfere with his explanation so he would start making monkey noises.

1 week later, the auditions started taking place. When it was George Floyd's turn, I was looking and listening closely to see what he was going to be asked to explain. He was told to explain breathing. I sent the robot out to strangle him. George Floyd got really nervous and then the robot started attacking him and strangling the actual shit out of him.

"Fuck I can't breathe with this robot strangling me," he said.

Needless to say, he did not get the role. The robot came back to me and we celebrated and went out to Dave and Buster's the following night. We were having a fun time playing games and drinking a shit ton of beers until some LGBTQ niggers came in with dick tattoos on their faces came in and started beating the shit out of every straight person. We then got out of the building and were extremely disappointed.

We then heard somebody making monkey noises. I looked behind and saw George Floyd.

"OOOOO EEEE AAAA AAAA you stole my chance of becoming a professional actor so now I will steal your air," he said.

He then started running after us, so we got in our car. But holy shit was that nigga fast, he was running at double the rate of Usain Bolt. He then kneeled on our car and threw fentanyl at both of us so hard we went unconscious.

We then woke up several hours later in Nickelodeon Studios. I was tied up in very thick rope and when I woke up my eyes gazed around the large room. I realized this was the room where the Nickelodeon Kids Choice Awards took place. I then looked at my stomach and saw there was a gun pointed directly at it. George Floyd was pointing a gun directly at my belly.

"I was going to get Clarissa's pregnant belly pics and you stopped me. Now give me Clarissa's pregnant belly pics," he said.

I had no fucking idea what he was talking about. I tried to tell him that I didn't have any pregnant belly pics for him.

"OOOOO OOOO AAAA AAAA I WANT PREGNANT BELLY PICS," he said as he took his fentanyl out and ate the whole bottle within seconds.

He then grew muscles and yelled "NIGGA MAD". He tried punching me but then suddenly he stopped. I realized that my robot was behind him and kneeled on his neck, even though he was being held in a place he was still breathing. The robot then extended his arms and untied the rope. I had to think of a way to prevent him from breathing because this creepy-ass nigga did not deserve oxygen.

But then I realized the perfect way. I ran up the stairs and went into the supply room to look for slime. I then found the perfect slime. The robot then stopped kneeling on George Floyd's neck and then he ran up the stairs and pounded on his chest.

"OOOO OOO AAAA AAA GIVE ME YOUR AIR," he said.

When he came into the supply room, I dumped all the slime all over his face.

"Ah shit I can't breathe in this slime," George Floyd said.

I then locked him in the room and then I and the robot celebrated again.

This event was in the back of my head for the longest time until I heard that the same George Floyd who I thought I killed died from a fentanyl overdose even though the media said he was killed by a cop. I then looked up George Floyd Death from 1993 on the dark web and found out why he didn't die. He made a deal with the devil for an infinite air supply until May 25th, 2020. On that day, the air contract expired, and George Floyd's supply of air disappeared. He then went crazy and then started punching Derek Chauvin, the police officer who kneeled on George Floyd's neck. Derek Chauvin had no other way of defense as he did not have a gun with him at the time, so he had no choice but to kneel on George's neck to prevent him from doing any other crazy shit. He eventually died but the media realized that he was a black person so they could manipulate the reason for his death.

I shared this story so you wouldn't fall for the media's lies. Do not listen to them as they lie about black people all the time. George Floyd was not really killed by a cop, he basically killed himself with that deal.

Before I go, I want to tell you all that if you see a black person applying for a job, please try to stop them. We cannot let these monkeys rule the world. The moral of the story is that niggas are evil and the reason the crime rate is so high.

**I am a Marine Biologist. We Have Awoken the Nigga Whale.**

Our most recent deep-sea expedition was an especially dangerous one. It left me contemplating whether or not I should quit my job as a marine biologist. My career has always been interesting since our ambitious team constantly discovers new-deep sea life left and right. Our management would usually report an unknown sound or silhouette from the bottom of the ocean, and it is our team's job to drive down there on a submarine to see if it is a sea organism causing it. Usually, the creature we end up discovering is smaller than anticipated, due to our radio receivers being oversensitive. But what we saw on that recent trip still sends chills down my spine.

On September 2, our management called all of us to a meeting.

"I think we have detected something big," our director said. "Our radar has picked up an extremely low frequency sonar coming from the Mariana Trench. No man-made submarine is capable of sourcing such frequency. We have a verdict that something out there, unbelievably large, is causing it."

This was major news for us, as we have never been aware of echolocation this significant.

My coworkers and I were then sent, along with our submarine, to uncover whatever was making these sounds. The coworkers who were coming with me were Curtis and John. Curtis was in charge of navigating and driving the submarine to the destination. John was in charge of monitoring the health of our operations. He would watch for our limited oxygen supply and is there to fix any power outages. My job was to document any of our findings. It may sound lame and effortless but being responsible for the other tasks simultaneously is easier said than done.

The radio receiver estimated that the source of the sonar sourced from 40,000 feet deep. So far, this is the deepest our team was ordered to travel down to. As we went closer and closer to the destination, the absence of light was becoming apparent. John started to turn on our dimmest lights, so that we can have some basic source of vision. There was no need to turn on our bright lights at the time, to preserve our electricity. We rely mostly on our submarine's radar screen to navigate, but it doesn't hurt to observe some undetected small organisms in proximity.

Once we started to scrape the crust of the Mariana Trench, the more interesting sea creatures came into view. All sorts of colorful jellyfish, eels, and octopus swimming around, playing their part in the ecosystem. We even discovered a couple new smaller organisms. They were just relatives within the phytoplankton family, so nothing interesting enough to mention.

We were getting very close to our point of interest, and I noticed that my lungs started to feel a subtle vibrating sensation.

"Hey, does anyone else feel a strange buzz on their chest?", Curtis asked.

John and I both answered yes to that question at the same time. Have you ever lied down with your shirt tucked so tightly against your chest, that whenever you breathe, it feels as if you are inhaling liquid? We had the same sensation, except it was happening in pulses versus only when we breathe.

The vibration we felt became more intense and painful as we travelled closer to our destination. We shrugged it off to the air pressure. However, what happened next changed our minds. We were only five hundred feet away from our destination, when we heard a very loud clicking sound. I listened closely to the rhythm. I noticed that the vibration pulses I felt in my lungs were scarily in sync with the clicking noises. John and Curtis noticed that too. We just thought it was a coincidence and continued driving deeper. God, I wish we just turned back.

We finally made it to the exact coordinates in which we were ordered to arrive. At this point, the clicks were ear piercing, and the vibrations I felt in my lungs felt pain comparable to kidney stones. But we didn't want to give up.

We were basically touching the source of the sonar. We were ready to observe whatever we were next to. I grabbed my pen and notebook, ready to jot down some new discoveries. Curtis turned the submarine to the direction of the source. And finally, John turned on our external lights to maximum brightness.

I looked at the front observation window of the submarine.

I saw a giant face... a giant humanoid face. To put into perspective, our submarine's observation window has a radius of twelve feet. The window barely covered enough distance to showcase what we saw. Now to the specific details of the face. It had dark skin, a human nose which makes up at least thirty percent of the area of the face, and large lips to complement the nose. The face perfectly resembled George Floyd's facial features. Its eyes were staring into my soul, communicating that it wanted something from us. Somehow, I knew exactly what it wanted, as if it could telepathically tap into my brain. It wanted our air.

It finally opened its mouth, revealing human teeth. Then, it quickly recoiled its jaw, clicking its teeth together. It produced a vibrating sensation, in the form of echolocation. At the exact same time, I felt the intense pulsing vibration on my lungs. That was when I realized: the pulsing feeling we felt wasn't from air pressure. It was due to the sonar of this creature. I heard a loud thump behind me. I looked back and saw that John collapsed. Blood was leaking from his mouth.

Curtis drove the submarine back, so that we could get a better idea on the shape and size of this creature. I resumed looking at the observation window. The creature looked to be a giant sperm whale, except it had George Floyd's face as its head. I estimated it to be at the very least ninety feet long. It opened its mouth again and clicked its teeth together to echolocate again. My lungs felt as if it was going to explode this time. The George Floyd whale then swam at the speed of light, to the back of the submarine. Then, the oxygen tank alarm went off. I looked at the bar, which indicates the oxygen supply of our submarine. It was going down very quickly. I glanced at the rear observation window and saw that the George Floyd whale was chomping on our oxygen tank. It was trying to steal our air!

Curtis decided we needed to leave this area, or else we were going to run out of oxygen before we would make it back. He steered the submarine up and tried to drive it at full speed, but it wouldn't move. The George Floyd whale was biting our submarine's air tank too hard. We thought it was going to be the end of our lives.

But then, our submarine started to finally move forward. I looked back. There was a giant squid, latching its tentacles around the George Floyd whale's body. It was holding on tighter as time went by. At the same time, it was getting easier for the submarine to move.

"Ah shit, giant squid I can't breathe!" the George Floyd whale said.

We were now able to freely escape. We began to ascend at full speed. I looked back once again. I saw the George Floyd whale giving me a burning stare, while it was being asphyxiated by the giant squid.

The pulsing vibration was completely gone for all of us, once we made it to the surface. We brought John's body to the medical Center of our headquarters. He was pronounced dead. Our nurses performed an autopsy of John. The cause of his death was due to lung rupture, caused by the George Floyd whales echolocation clicks. Sonar is capable of vibrating people's bodies to death. The George Floyd whale's sonar is at a specialized frequency which is capable of targeting only the lungs.

Somehow, Curtis and I were lucky to survive. I documented almost every detail I could remember and worked on an analysis. I couldn't come close to coming up with any conclusions, which conforms to standard biological rationale.

But I did manage to come up with a theory, which explains every event in a unified way. It may sound crazy, but reincarnation is a real thing. After his death, George Floyd reincarnated as a sperm whale. Due to the challenges of living in the ocean, he now seeks revenge for his death. With his echolocation abilities, he is able to shatter other organisms' lungs, until they rupture. He feeds on seeing others not being able to breathe. This also explains why he tried to steal our air, by biting into our oxygen tank. He did succeed in his motive by killing John. My condolences to his family.

This doesn't count as a new species, since this can only be considered an anomaly of a sperm whale. We officially named it the nigga whale.

This was everything I recall about this expedition. We have no plans on going back there. It is simply too dangerous. Hell, I can no longer see myself exploring the ocean any longer, since PTSD is getting the best of me. The takeaway of this document is to spread awareness of the nigga whale, to all the fellow marine biologists reading this.

**I Got A Life Size George Floyd Toy for Christmas**

I am a huge fan of the George Floyd toy franchise. I own a collection of over 100 George Floyd plush dolls and pillows. I even support the creator by purchasing the Elon musk toys as well.

Lately, the human size George Floyd toy was announced on the website. I took a look it it's specific features. The human size was no joke. It stood at a height of 5'5. I instantly wanted it, even though its price was $500. Unfortunately, though, I could not afford it. But luckily, since Christmas was coming up, I knew to ask Santa for one. I made myself a Christmas wish list, which I mailed over to Santa. I requested for items, such as a device which completely vaporizes all niggers in the area, a Ronnie McNutt toy, a Hitler toy, and finally, the human size George Floyd toy.

A couple days before Christmas, I drove over to the post office. It was time to mail over my list. I went up to the receptionist counter, to get my envelope stamped. I got unlucky, however, to have a snitch service me. The receptionist opened the envelope, to see its contents.

"We don't want you asking for a nigger destroying device, from Santa!" the receptionist said.

At that moment, I could tell he was a nigger lives matter supporter.

I called in the manager of the post office, because I knew that no matter what kind of information an envelope contains. Regardless, a nigger detonating machine shouldn't be a bannable offense. The manager came in.

"Your receptionist won't allow me to send my Santa wish list. Get that nigger bitch fired!" I demanded.

Luckily, the manager isn't a nigger supporter, so he listened. He then proceeded to mail the envelope. In the days before Christmas, I was thinking about my new gifts from Santa. I had dreams of exterminating every nigger on the planet.

Most importantly, I dreamed about using the human size George Floyd toy as a sex doll. I imagined myself tying it up by its neck, until it couldn't breathe. And then stroking my penis on the human size George Floyd toy's face and inseminating all the tiny pores on its fabricated head. I was probably getting ahead of myself at the time, but my excitement got the best of me.

Christmas morning arrived. I found it extremely difficult to sleep the night before. I'm pretty sure every person as a Santa believing child related to this. I ran over to my Christmas tree for the presents. There were two wrapped packages. One was a rectangle, and the other was a large humanoid shape.

I knew the humanoid shaped package was going to be the human size George Floyd toy. I still had my morning wood, so I felt very horny. It was time to start having sex with the human size George Floyd toy. I unwrapped it and saw it. The toy maker did a pretty good job of putting it together. It was essentially a scaled-up George Floyd toy. I knew it was every BBC whores dream, to attach a life size black dildo on it. We all know They don't even support nigger lives matter genuinely. They're just trying to get easy cock.

My intentions of having sex with the George Floyd toy isn't because I am a queer. I just get pleasure from ruining niggers' lives, by raping them. I took the human size George Floyd toy out into my backyard. I tied it onto my fence post by its neck. I unzipped my pants, and then started rubbing my penis against its face. I've been doing this for 10 hours, making sure it can't breathe. I was holding back my cum, to make sure I don't accidentally create cum stains on this valuable object. Since I was edging for so long, I decided to finish by pulling up some porn.

It was already getting late, since I raped it for so long. I brought the human size George Floyd toy back into my bedroom, while I slept. I place it in the corner of my room, facing the wall. I do admit, it's a bit creepy to have any life size doll facing you while sleeping. I was still excited from raping the human size George Floyd toy, so it was not easy to sleep. I decided to go on my phone, browsing through funny George Floyd memes. I eventually dozed off to sleep.

Right around 2 AM, I woke up, covered in sweat. I didn't dream of anything, so There was no obvious reason why I did. We have all heard of this saying, where you know when you are being watched, even when you don't see any eyes. This holds true, when I peeked at the corner of my bedroom. I saw it. The human size George Floyd toy was no longer facing the wall. It was facing directly at me. Chills ran down

my spine. I was quite creeped out, but it was in the middle of the night, so I just shrugged it off to me forgetting how I positioned it. I went back to sleep. Boy, I wish I hadn't ignored it.

I woke up at 7 AM. However, when I looked at the corner of my room, I didn't see the human size George Floyd toy at all. My brain went alert. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was seeing things correctly. Nope, I still didn't see it. The only way it could have been gone, was if some burglar broke in to steal it. But there's no way, since my windows and door are left untouched. And I would've woken up to the break-in anyway. I decided to accept the loss and go shopping for Boxing Day.

Unfortunately, because of Covid, I couldn't physically go out, so I had to shop online to take advantage of the Boxing Day deals. I pretty much received all I could ask for, from Santa, so I decided to shop on the deep web. There's this online shop, called Niggers R US. It sells all kinds of DVDs of niggers getting tortured, by nigger hating white people. I took advantage of the 33% off deals and copped this video of a white dude throwing smoke grenades on a bunch of niggers visiting George Floyd's tomb stone. It was so funny, I laughed until I couldn't breathe.

There was nothing else to do, so I binge watched some Netflix. Nothing beats Netflix and chill. Of course, I watched all the Home Alone movies. It's a tradition I always do every holiday season. I always wished they used niggers as the burglars, because it's entertaining to watch niggers in pain.

Night arrived quickly. As usual, time goes by fast when binge watching Netflix. I settled myself into bed, and then turned off the lights. But the seconds the lights went off, I saw a silhouette at the corner of my room. I squinted to see what it was. It was the human size George Floyd toy; it was back. This time, it was closer to my bed than it was the previous night. I was very confused. I had no idea how an inanimate object was capable of appearing out of nowhere. I turned on the lights. Sure enough, it was still there, looking at me intensely with its eyes. The human size George Floyd toy wasn't moving at all.

I was very tired, and I didn't want to waste any more energy on some imaginary nigger, so I just turned off the lights and slept. Big mistake.

I woke up at 2 AM. Creepily similar to the previous night. But this time, the human size George Floyd toy was leaning very close to my face. I even felt it's breath against my face. Quite ironic, since this nigger isn't supposed to breathe. It then finally started to move. It placed its head right next to my ear and whispered: "fart on my face please", and then pointed a gun at my belly. I was now very concerned. Now, I am very against the fart fetish community, so I really didn't want to do it. But I was at gunpoint, so I didn't know what to do.

But all of a sudden, I heard a loud thump coming from the roof of my home. I thought it was just the wind from outside causing it. The human size George Floyd toy seemed to have heard it as well, because it looked up, wondering what it was too. The thumping noise then travelled to the inside of my home. I thought I was a burglar, but I didn't care. I'd rather get shot by a burglar, than be clapped by a nigger doll. The thumping became louder, as each second passed by. I closed my eyes and expected the worst. The door creaked open. I then opened my eyes. Who I saw was not who I expected at all.

It was Santa Clause.

"HO HO HO! I've been watching you, and I see your new human size George Floyd toy is being naughty!" he said.

The human size George Floyd toy then looked at Santa, and then pointed the gun at his belly instead.

"HO HO HO! Not so fast, you nigger bastard. Do not underestimate the power of my belly!" Santa said.

Santa jumped up, and then belly flopped on the human size George Floyd toy.

"Santa, I can't breathe," the George Floyd toy said.

Santa waited until the human size George Floyd toy passed out. Then, he put it in his giant bag which he usually uses to store presents.

"I'm sorry about the toy. There was a mishap when my elves were manufacturing it. Our elves were also experimenting with George Floyd's corpse as a side project. They were trying to find out why that nigga couldn't breathe, even with that fatass nose. George Floyd's soul somehow crept into the toy," Santa explained.

I was about to respond, but when I began, Santa disappeared instantly. I turned on the lights. There was no trace of him, nor the George Floyd toy. However, I knew that everything I saw was real.

These were all the events which I could recall. From that point, I love Santa even more, because I learnt that he is a nigger hater as well. Although my human size George Floyd toy was now gone, I am glad I at least don't have to have that nigger, George Floyds spirit in my home any longer.

Moral of the story. If you request a human size George Floyd toy from Santa clause, beware. Make sure to cleanse the toy, or else you might have to deal with the nigga monkey, George Floyd.

**My George Floyd Snowman Came to Life**

My favorite season of the year is winter. It is the time when snow falls, and more outdoor activities arise. Sledding, skiing, snowman building. But it's not just limited to that. You see, I have a powerful hatred towards niggers. My favorite part of the winter season is that I could look at the white snow. The white snow symbolizes the superiority of white people. Every time I am on a steaming rage from thinking about niggers, I take a look at the snow.

Unfortunately, my family recently moved away from Canada to California this year. That meant I could no longer observe the snow. Therefore, the existence of niggers will bother me again. I tried to convince my family to move back, but unfortunately, they are all nigger lives matter supporters.

This year, there was this one nigger named George Floyd, who got clapped by overdosing on fentanyl. The media tried to manipulate the truth, by making it look like he was killed by a cop. That only led to the cop getting in trouble, for nothing This made me hate niggers as a whole even more.

Winter was arriving, so now that we live in California, I was missing the opportunity to enjoy winter. I asked my parents, requesting for a road trip. But Due to their fear of Covid, they refused to. The fact that a single nigger caused a large amount of damage to the United States infrastructure made me even more desperate to look at snow. I decided to take things in my own hands.

That night, I planned to take a taxi to the nearest town where snow fell. Minneapolis. I dialed the number of the California cab service and told them my address details. My parents were already asleep, so it was the perfect time to sneak out. I opened my bedroom window, and then jumped out like a ninja.

I found the cab at the front driveway of the house. I entered the vehicle. But then, I saw the driver. He was a nigger. I instantly exited the car. There was no way I was going to be in the same car as a nigger.

"Get out of my property you nigger bitch!" I spoke. He quickly drove off.

California's taxi service is mainly employed by black people, so my chances of being driven by a nigger is too high. I needed to think of another way to get to Minneapolis.

I ended up taking one of those greyhound road trip buses. They cost a significant amount more for a ticket. But it is all worth it if it means that I don't have to be close to a nigger for hours.

I was tired on the way, since it was nighttime. I fell asleep. Once I woke up, we were in Minneapolis.

I saw all the snow on the ground. The snow was at least 6 inches deep. I admired the whiteness of it, already being reminded of how inferior niggers are.

I jumped out of the bus. I needed more of the nice view. I found an open field with even deeper snow. That's when I got an idea.

I wanted to build a George Floyd snowman to use as snowball target practice. The snow here was perfect for building, just at the right temperature. It had the structural integrity of a skyscraper.

I started to work on the George Floyd snowman. I had no difficulty building the lower body of it. However, I started facing challenges building the head. George Floyd's nose is so large, I can't even find a carrot big enough to represent the snowman's nose. You would have to genetically engineer carrots in order to grow them to the size of George Floyd's nose. So instead, I decided to sculpt George Floyd's nose manually. Damn, it took a lot of snow. The nose was the body part I spent the most time on, besides the George Floyd snowman's fat lips.

Once I finished building the snowman, I laughed at how ugly it was. Not because it was poorly made. George Floyd is simply an ugly nigger, that no artistic representation of him can make him good looking. I threw snowballs at the George Floyd snowman's neck so that it couldn't breathe.

A few hours later, I got bored. I made the decision to go back home. I repurchased a bus ticket back to California. Once I arrived home, I was greeted by my father at the front door. It was 12 o'clock in the morning, so the rest of my family was asleep. I was tired, so I went to bed. It was a fun day, clapping snowman Floyd.

I woke up at 3 AM. For some reason, I felt a cold breeze in the air. I also heard a strange sound downstairs. I left my room to investigate. I tiptoed down the stairs. And then I saw it. I saw my father, and the George Floyd snowman. My father appeared to be unconscious. But when I looked at the George Floyd snowman, what I saw still haunts me to this day. The George Floyd snowman was stuffing my father's mouth full of snow.

"Hehehe, now you can't breathe in the snow!" the George Floyd snowman said.

It was suffocating my father with its own snow, to get revenge. I needed to do something. I grabbed my kitchen knife and ran at the George Floyd snowman. I sliced off its nose and lips.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe without my nose!" it said.

It then collapsed into a pile of snow. My father at this point, wouldn't wake up. So, I called 911. The paramedics arrived shortly and picked up my father. I was asked questions on what happened. I doubt that they would believe the George Floyd snowman incident, so I just told them he got into a snowboarding accident.

They told me that my father was going to be alright. But the snow was deep inside his lungs, so they needed to surgically remove the snow.

The rest of the night, I couldn't sleep. I was firing myself with questions on how the George Floyd snowman came alive. But then, realization hit me.

I thought back at the open fields where I built it. I just realized it was the Minneapolis graveyard, where George Floyd was buried. His soul must've been angered, so it possessed the snowman, and then followed me home. He wanted to get revenge by suffocating my family members, one by one.

Moral of the story, do not build a snowman on George Floyd's cemetery. He will take the form of the snowman and he will steal your air.

**My Encounter with the Floyd Creature**

So one day my dad was practicing his daily routine, he was butt naked and meditating while using georgle floyd toys as knee pads while listening to hitlers speech, my dad said that all nigger monkeys should die, around that time 2 weeks ago I was really into witchcraft, so I decided to do a ritual to bring george floyd back to life so my dad can beat that stupid monkey nigger with a metal baseball bat so me and my dad decided to drench our george floyd toy in pigs blood in order to bring him back to life, we had to do the entire ritual and sing through 2 poems written by monkey killer in 1786.

The poems were written by him while he had 2 niggers' captive in his basement.

the poems go:

*walking through a forest*

*a glimmer of hope as we walk through there*

*a nigger of mope when we got attacked by a creature*

*it seemed to be a large black monkey*

*we wacked that monkey with our chains and beheaded him*

*we later realized it was a nigger*

*to all those dead nigger whasps I kill*

*I am not sorry*

*to all those dead nigger whasps I kill*

*its your fault for being a nigger, its your fault for existing*

*you disgusting fucking nigger whasps*

*I hope to kill every single one of you stupid big dicked monkey niggers*

*kill the niggers*

*slam their asses*

*stomp their heads on a rock*

*they don't deserve respect*

When we recited that poem our dicks immediately became longer, almost the size of George Floyds penis that we saw in the porn we saw him in, almost as if we started transforming into him

We suddenly got the urge to rob a pregnant woman at gunpoint, but we had a ritual to do.

we read the second poem:

*goddamn fucking niggers*

*I hope they all die*

*before they die they need to die my dick with a diy cum*

*kill the niggers.*

Now our skin started turning black and we wanted to start taking fentanyl, we started robbing innocent pregnant women at gunpoint and starring in nigger porn and then we felt a sudden breathtaking moment. I was panicking. I was in a temporary bliss state. I couldn't breathe, neither could my dad. George Floyds ghost went up to me and told me that he was the superior, he wanted us to feel what he felt, he wanted everyone to know he couldn't breathe. my dad's neck deflated, and I told George Floyd I'm sorry, he disappeared

Months later in bed I saw that George Floyd was growing on my dick, I knew what I had to do. I went to the bathroom and grabbed a knife, and I chopped my entire dick off. I then saw George Floyd crying in the fetal position in my closet, I knew what I had to do. I laid him on his back, took my George Floyd toy and wrapped it around his neck.

He couldn’t breathe. He was breathless again. Knowing I had killed that monkey Jew who fucked my father in the cumhole is incredible and I hope to never see this creature again.

**Five Nights at Floyds**

Before I got this job, I had just graduated college with a business degree. You all may be wondering why I didn’t start my own business. You see, I was part of a workshop program, where I could establish a miniature business funded by my college. I started a firm, which sells toys of Ronnie McNutt. Unfortunately, though, the workshop did not approve of that. I called the director a nigger snowflake as a result. The thing is, a license is required to start a company. My rights got taken away after that.

My parents already kicked me out of the house before I started college, so I needed to get a job. Unfortunately, business school does not teach a ton of skills in the employee sector. I had a narrow range of jobs to choose from. Since I had to start from scratch, I needed a job with the highest wage possible.

Working as a cashier at McDonald’s was an option, but the pay was too low. I could work at a Walmart, but there are too many LGBTQ community members hanging out there, so I passed.

Eventually, I came across a job ad for a pizzeria security night guard. It was called Floyd’s Pizzeria. What caught my eye was the pay. $37.00 per hour. 8-hour night shift. It was, by far, the highest paying job I had found. Another bonus was the easy skill requirement.

I wrote out my resume, and then mailed it over. After a week had passed, I was called over for a job interview. The pizzeria was near the border of my town, so it was a fairly long drive.

Once I arrived, I saw the Floyd's Pizzeria building. It was a purple cube with a giant George Floyd toy face on top. There was a giant logo at the front that read “Floyd’s Pizzeria”. I entered the building.

The call described the interview room to be at the security office. On my way there, I saw a George Floyd toy animatronic. It looked to be a life size George Floyd toy, but with mechanical parts inside of it. It waved at me.

It creeped me out a bit, but I was about to be interviewed so my focus was toward that. I finally found the interview room at the end of the west hallway.

I entered the security office and was greeted by a man wearing a burger king crown. He asked me: "Do you hate niggers?"

"Yes, I do," I said.

"Great, you're hired!" he exclaimed

I was happy. I was now hooked up with an easy job, with a good pay.

"Show up at 10:00 PM. No earlier, no later," he said. He then left the building. I spent the rest of the day hyped for this job.

10:00 PM came to be. I made sure to arrive at the security, at 10 on the dot. The security office was full of technical equipment. There was a giant screen, which was labelled "surveillance". There were two doors on both ends of the room. They appeared to be electrically powered.

I spotted a letter at the front of the security camera monitor. It read:

*"Welcome to your first night of your security night job, at the Floyd's Pizzeria facility! This is a list of rules you must follow. Read carefully!*

*Rule 1: do not leave the security office, unless instructed to do so.*

*Rule 2: leave the doors open, to preserve power.*

*Rule 3: if you hear footsteps near you, close the doors immediately, and do not breathe. Or else it will hear you.*

*Rule 4: if you see a George Floyd animatronic stare at the camera directly, don't be alarmed. It is normal.*

*Rule 5: if you hear, "I can't breathe", from a camera's audio feed, leave the office, and go into the corresponding room. Use the oxygen tank in the room, to refill the George Floyd animatronic with air, until it is recharged.*

*Rule 6: if you feel cold air, stay as still as possible. Do not close the doors. It means that the George Floyd animatronic is just enjoying the fresh air.*

*Rule 7: if you hear breathing near you, run out of the facility as soon as possible. Do not look back. Drive away, as far as you can!"*

After reading the list of rules, I was a bit nervous. But then, I remembered the high pay. It should be worth it as long as I follow the instructions, I thought to myself.

I turned on the cameras. There were various rooms to inspect. The auditorium, the kitchen, the tables, the birthday room, and the ventilation room.

I took a look at the auditorium room. There was a stage with a George Floyd toy animatronic, staring eerily at the observer. But I remembered rule number 4. It's not harmful. I switched to the kitchen camera. There was a ton of pizza. But I noticed some odd ingredients used. Fentanyl tablets were used in replacement of pepperoni.

I was cut off by the sound of footsteps. Rule number 3 popped into my head. I closed the doors and held my breath. I heard a knock on the door. I just froze still. 8 minutes and 46 seconds of silence passed. I then called it safe. I opened the doors back up.

I continued looking through the cameras. I switched to the birthday room. There was leftover pizza on the tables. I then saw the George Floyd animatronic come into the room. It gobbled up the fentanyl pepperoni. It then started choking.

"I ate too fast, can't breathe!" it said.

I remembered rule number 5. I went to the party room. There was an oxygen tank at the corner of the room. I grabbed it, and then plugged the end of the tube into the George Floyd animatronics' mouth

opening and pumped. After it was refilled, the George Floyd animatronic said; “yay, I can breathe again!”

I ran back to the security office. It was now 2:00 AM. I was not expecting to be this tired. I was dozing off, closing my eyes. I was trying to fight my urge to fall asleep but failed. I went out cold.

I knew I slept for around twenty minutes, when I woke up, and looked at the clock. 2:20 AM.

I noticed a special button at the top right of the security feed. I clicked it and saw that it was a camera of the security office. I saw myself on the screen. I decided to play around with it. Just for fun, I rewound it, to watch myself sleep. I was a surprisingly quiet sleeper, and I hardly move at all when I sleep.

But what I saw made my blood run cold. I noticed that the thermometer, mounted at the wall, instantly went from room temperature, to -10 degrees. The air went cold. I then saw the George Floyd animatronic walk across the security office while I was still asleep. The George Floyd animatronic did not seem to notice me at all. It appeared to be enjoying the cool air. That's when I remembered rule number 6. That was the moment that sent chills up my spine. If I hadn’t been such a sound sleeper, I don’t think I would be alive right now.

An hour passed by. I was still thinking about the whole it. But then, I heard breathing near me. It was rule number 7. The rule which burned into my mind, after I read it. I sprung out of my seat, and ran as fast as I could, to the exit of the facility. When I made it to the front door, I pulled the handle. But it didn’t open. I forgot the keys at the office. I turned back but met the George Floyd animatronic. It said;

“Give me your air!” My adrenaline shot up. It ran at me and tackled me. This thing weighed at least a ton. I could not get close to getting it off of me.

It then pulled its pants down and revealed a strapped on black dildo on its crotch.

“If you don’t give your air, I will rape you!” it said.

I’m against gay people, so I didn’t know what to do. It was pinning my neck, and I was running out of air. I then saw an oxygen tank. I reached in and managed to grab it. I then stabbed the sharp nozzle into the George Floyd animatronics’ chest. I heard air rushing out.

“Ah shit, I can’t breathe!” it said.

It’s weight on me started to reduce. I was then able to escape its pin. I ran to the security office to grab the key and then I managed to open the front door. I rushed out, never looking back. I went into my car and sped out of the parking lot. I drove for hours, and hours. Continuing to follow rule number 7.

I am writing this on my phone, while still driving on the highway. I have no idea where I’m going to stop, but it won’t be anytime soon. I want this to serve as a warning to you all. If you, for whatever reason, ever decide to work as a security night guard at Floyd’s Pizzeria, quit. It is not worth risking your life.

**The George Floyd Toy**

Ever since my son got that doll our lives have changed for the worst.

It was an ordinary day in October. My son’s birthday was right around the corner and he kept demanding this one toy over and over again. It was some kind of stuffed doll of this criminal who died of a fentanyl overdose and became a political icon. You know which one I’m talking about. My son, Riley, was only 10 and I didn’t want him to get involved in the world of politics yet. Not only that but the doll was very controversial. I have no idea why my son wanted a toy of some random dead guy, but I was not going to buy it for him.

Riley asked multiple times during the week and we told him no every time. I offered to buy him an Elon Musk toy from the same website, but he didn’t want that. This birthday was going to be difficult. I decided to buy him a really big Lego Ninjago set and was sort of hoping he and I could put together the hundreds of pieces to create the temple. We’d have some father and son bonding time with it. My wife and I hosted a really fun birthday party at our house for our son.

He had a ton of friends over. They had a Nerf gun war in the woods and then came inside to play Xbox. I remember it was at around 3:00 when we had the cake and presents ready. All of Riley’s friends had a slice of cake right before we opened presents. I spotted an extra one I hadn’t seen before when setting them up on the table.

I assumed one of Riley's friends forgot to bring the present in until then. He started with the biggest present, which was the Lego set I got him. He then worked his way down to the one I hadn't seen before. It was a plain bag. My son looked excitedly as he reached down into it and pulled out a George Floyd toy. I was shocked. He must have told one of his friends he wanted it but whose parents would let them get that?

"YES!" Riley said, "A George Floyd toy! Thank you! Thank you!" I looked around. The other kids were smiling and laughing. Something didn't feel right.

"Hey Riley," I asked, "Who got that for you?" he looked through the bag but there was no card. All of the kids said they didn't get him the Floyd toy. I pulled my wife into another room and asked if she got the toy. She hadn't. This was strange. I walked back into the dining room to see them playing with it, mocking it and chanting "I can't breathe".

They started playing the song Wishing Well by Juice Wrld and kneeling on its neck (the song that goes "I can't breathe, I'm waiting for the exhale [...] etc). I figured one of his friends was being sneaky and lying. Nonetheless, I just decided to let him have the doll as long as he hid it in front of guests at our house and never took it out in public.

Things were normal for a few days. Until one Thursday morning. Riley left his George Floyd toy sitting on the shelf. I looked at it while working from home on my desktop. I went to get a sandwich. When I got back, the Floyd toy's head was facing toward the door. That was really odd. Given how it basically had no neck, I found it strange. I walked over to it and picked it up. It was a little bit heavier than I thought. I gave it light pressure and the texture was like that of a stress-relief toy. But it was heavier than it should have been. I brought it back to Riley's room and set it on his bed.

The doll looked really weird. George Floyd's face was stretched out. His eyes were dark and soulless. His lips and nose were way bigger than that of a regular human. It looked like Humpty Dumpty with Floyd's face on it. I then left the doll alone. While it had a funny face, something about it creeped me out. When my son came home from school he asked where the Floyd toy was. I told him it was on his bed. He ran up to it and didn't come downstairs until dinner. But when I passed by his room to go to the bathroom, I could hear him quietly talking to someone. He didn't have a phone and our computer wasn't in that room.

"Riley?" I asked, opening the door a little bit. He turned to face me, George Floyd toy in-hand.

"Yeah, what dad?"

"Who are you talking to?"

"Uh, no one. Just my Floyd toy," my son had never exhibited this kind of behavior before. He wasn't really the type to make imaginary friends or talk to himself.

"Okay well uh... alright," I didn't know what to say. I closed the door and walked away. I started doing research on the George Floyd toy that night. The thing costs 50 dollars! Whoever the hell bought him that toy had cash to waste. That reminded me; I still never figured out who bought it. As I suspected, it was a stress-relief toy. There were all kinds of memes and pictures of people's George Floyd toys. I could not understand the motive behind owning one - other than the face looking funny. But now that my son was literally talking to it as if it was a real person, there wasn't much I could do at that point.

As I was browsing the internet, I could hear my son get up and go into the kitchen. If he was hungry, I didn't want to stop him from eating. But the next day, he left a mess. There were crumbs all over the table and floor. I quickly sweeped it all up and told him to try and be less messy as he was heading out the door for school. He left his Floyd toy on the couch. I eyed it. The silence between us suddenly broke when I heard a sound come from the toy;

"Low battery," a robotic female voice said suddenly. It scared the hell out of me to be honest... battery? This thing was electronic? I didn't know that but that must be why it costs half a hundred dollars. I walked over to the Floyd toy and squeezed its body. There was some kind of device in the chest. I think it was one of those plush dolls that could talk if you squeezed it. I tried. I couldn't find the buttons. I looked for a place on the doll where I could open it up and replace the batteries. But there wasn't one. I figured I would ask my son when he got home. I searched what kind of batteries I would need. I couldn't find any information on it. I asked on a George Floyd message board how to open the toy and what type of batteries it needed when suddenly I heard some noises from upstairs.

“Crystal?” I called my wife.

“Yeah?” she answered from the kitchen. She was not upstairs. I ran up there to see if some kind of rodent had gotten into our house. There was no animal I could find. Sometimes I have bouts of anxiety in life, and I’ll get really paranoid. I chalked it up to that.

“I think I’m getting some anxiety attacks aga-” but before I could finish, I looked at the couch to see the Floyd toy was gone. Now I knew it wasn’t just my anxiety. Something was definitely going on. I freaked out and told my wife about the Floyd toy and how it had been acting weird. She calmed me down and said I was getting worked up over nothing. I tried to relax. When my son came home, I heard him talking to no one again. I opened his door and there, in his hands, was the George Floyd toy.

“Oh, hi dad,”

“Riley, where did you find that?”

“It was sitting on my bed when I got home from school,”

“Does... that- thing move on its own?”

“Uh... well sometimes it’s head tilts a bit. And it talks,”
“Talks?”

“Yeah, listen,” he held the toy up only for me to hear absolutely nothing.

“Riley are you... okay?”
“Dad, I’m serious... maybe he just doesn’t wanna talk to you right now or something... I don’t know, but I swear he talks,” I threw him a confused look and walked away. There was something definitely going on. Then came the weekend. I am the leader of the local boy scout troop and this weekend we had a campout planned at some forest in Oregon.

Me and some other leaders taught the kids how to grill burgers and hot dogs. We also went fishing and made a scavenger hunt. We had some hiking planned but it was too cold and windy to venture as far as we wanted. When my family got home, several foods from our fridge were gone.

“Crystal, I think we were robbed,” I said. This time, she couldn’t just chalk it up to my anxiety. There were undeniably copious amounts of food that had seemingly disappeared. But I didn’t know who to call. Nothing else was missing. I left my wallet and other valuable items out in the open and none of it was gone. Nothing was broken into. There were some crumbs right outside my son’s room. And sitting on his bed was the George Floyd toy.

There was no feasible way the toy could have moved on its own. I thought about all of the terrifying things I had overlooked. This toy was an anonymous gift that seemed to move on its own and even tilt its head. There was no way to reach in and replace the batteries but there were electronic devices within the toy. That reminded me. I checked the message board and got 15 responses telling me there were no electronic devices in anyone else’s George Floyd toy. That was it. I didn’t care if my son had grown attached to this doll.

Everything about it was disturbing. Our attic has one of those ladders that comes down and out onto the floor. I didn’t even look into the attic. It smelled disgusting. I just chucked the Floyd toy in there and closed it up... So, you can understand how absolutely livid I was when I caught my son talking to the toy again the very next day!

“Riley! Where was the toy?”

“Dad you’re acting weird-”
“WHERE WAS THE TOY, RILEY?”

“It-it was on my bed,”

“No, I’ve had enough of this,” I confiscated the toy and asked him to stay in his room. I walked into the kitchen and grabbed a pair of scissors. I cut the toy open. Hundreds of tiny balls of foam poured out like sand. It hurt me to have to do this to my son’s favorite toy but it’s something I should have done a long time ago. It didn’t take long for me to find multiple devices in the doll - a walkie talkie, wiretaps, a fucking camera, and some other electronics. This was suspicious. I put the devices in a box and decided who to call. My wife walked into the room and told me I needed rest desperately.

"You can figure out who to call in the morning. Just get some sleep," Crystal said. She was right. We walked into our bedroom and I tried to sleep. But I heard my son eating a midnight snack again. He was particularly loud that night so I started walking downstairs... but I heard him snoring in his room. Now I was in full panic mode.

I snuck quietly downstairs. I could hear the refrigerator open. I took a peak and saw white hair on the back of an old man's head. He was about 6 feet tall and kind of thin. I felt so disgusted watching this intruder in my house. I went back up to my bedroom and told my wife to call the cops because there was an intruder in our home.

I grabbed the gun and walked downstairs. Something about this guy looked familiar. By the time I got down there he wasn't there anymore. I heard a small thud though. He was hiding around.

"Alright, who's there?" I called out. There was no answer. I turned on the lights and searched with my gun. Out of nowhere, the man suddenly jumped at me, screaming. I didn't have time to react. I didn't have the courage to shoot yet and kind of froze up as he tried to tackle me. I pushed him off of me and shot toward his foot. I accidentally missed but he stood still with his hands in the air so I didn't shoot. Instead, I waited for the cops. He seemed to be unarmed. I finally looked up at his face.

"No way," I said, instantly recognizing him, "Jeffery fucking Epstein... I thought you killed yourself.. Or didn't kill yourself... I mean, ugh, it's-it's complicated," He didn't say a word. Crystal came downstairs to see what was happening. Jeffrey Epstein quickly grabbed a device from his pocket and pressed a button on it. The power in our house went out and I could hear him run out the back door. I tried to follow him, but I nearly tripped on my way out. He got away into the woods. When the cops showed up, I explained everything to them.

After a thorough investigation, they found that Jeffrey Epstein had been living in the attic. I would have even seen him if I had actually gone up there when throwing the George Floyd toy in. He had blankets and a laptop which had an entire zettabyte of illegal porn on it. He had used the George Floyd toy to stalk my son. He talked to Riley through the walkie talkie and watched him through the camera. Those nights where I'd hear my son go get food, it was actually Epstein getting food. He is the one who gave my son the toy and he had been living in our house for so long. The police never caught him and I'm thinking of moving out soon.

**The Floyd Fish**

The big brown fish maneuvers through the ocean, slowly swimming past seaweed and much smaller aquatic life. He watches as they swim away from him. He wonders if it's because of the color of his hide. This fish was much bigger than others in the ocean and soon pose a serious threat... the Floydfish...

Timothy and Lyla sat down by the beach. Timothy played ukulele as Lyla roasted marshmallows in the fire. It was a relaxing summer night, past midnight, and the two young adults were relaxing by themselves.

"You're good at that," Lyla said.

"Thank you," Timothy replied, "feel like I was born with a ukulele," Lyla giggled, "and once our child is born, I wanna teach it to play," Timothy patted her pregnant belly. Lyla watched the waves from the ocean hit the sand and really wanted to swim.

"Baby, let's go swimming,"

"Nah, it's too cold for me. I'm relaxed here. I was surfing all damn day. Let me rest,"

"Well... I wanna swim for a few minutes. Is that okay?"

"Yeah," Timothy sighed, "I'm not gonna stop you. Just try not to drink much ocean water. I don't know how that will affect the pregnancy," Lyla started running toward the water. She threw off her hoodie and got in as fast as possible to get used to the water's temperature. Timothy started laying down between the log he was previously sitting on and the fire, easing into sleep. Meanwhile, Lyla was all the way out in the ocean past sight. She swam around underwater, free and happy... but she wouldn't be for long...

The Floydfish was just beneath her, watching her. He could sense her presence and had a hunger for pregnant women. Floydfish started swimming up. He bit her foot and tried to drag her down. In shock,

Lyla froze. When she realized the large creature was trying to eat her, she flailed her limbs, attempting to escape. But the shark had a lust for that pregnant blood and wasn't gonna let go. He came up and sunk his teeth into her pregnant belly. The rush of pain hit Lyla only then and she screamed for help.

However, she was way too far out into the ocean to be heard. She screamed and moaned in pain as the Floydfish continued eating her. Blood was gushing all around the ocean. Lyla let out one last scream before being consumed and killed by the giant vicious creature. After eating her, the large fish swam back into the depths of the ocean, and would find its next victim later...

Derek Chauvin sat in the cop car, eating donuts and drinking coffee. His friend and partner, Ronnie McNutt, was in the seat beside him.

"Well, I guess that's it," Ronnie said. Derek looked at him, confused.

"Hm?" Derek asked him, with a mouthful of donut.

"I don't know, I just- this job just sucks. It wasn't anything I thought it would be. I guess that's it - as in THIS is our life now. We sit and wait for someone to pass the speed limit by one mile to ruin their day with a fine. And sometimes if we're lucky, we get to bust people using fake 20-dollar bills at corner stores,"

"Eh," Chauvin responded, "It really pays the bills though. I mean my wife and I are about to buy a new house down on uh, Shekel Road,"

"I mean it does pay well but the ONE thing we're supposed to be doing, catching people speeding, is boring and it's honestly hard. Some poor kid who's just trying to get from point A to point B going a little over but not hurting anyone has to appear in court and pay,"

"Well, these laws are here for a reason. Us doing this keeps people safe," Just as Derek finished the last donut, his phone rang. "Hello?" he asked.

"Derek! My man! Where are you at?" their boss asked.

"Side of a freeway. We are patrolling the area giving tickets close to Burger King and-"

"Come down to the station as quickly as possible," the boss interrupted.

"Yes sir," Derek said. The boss hung up. Derek pulled out of the area and got to the station in only a few minutes. As they got out, Ronnie McNutt was adjusting his gun and put it under his face. He almost pulled the trigger on accident, but Derek Chauvin quickly snatched the gun, "Watch it man! You're gonna blow your own brains out if you're not careful with that thing!"

"Whoops, sorry," Ronnie said. They both walked into the station. They found the boss's office and walked in. Two chairs awaited them. The two tired cops sat down.

"So, Derek, you used to be in the military once between 1996 and 2000, right?" the boss asked.
` "Yeah, that's right,"

"Well listen, we basically seem to have no coast guard around here. They don't do their fucking job so I'm gonna see if you and McNutt over here can find out what's behind the disappearances at the beach,"
"I'm sorry, what's going on?"

"5 people have gone missing this week by the beach. We don't know if it's a serial killer, kidnapper, earthquakes, sharks... I have no idea. But I'd like you to investigate and see if you can find the source,"

"Alright. Sounds cool," Derek said, "do you have any files you can forward to me? Like all the information so far?"

"Well one person here, Timothy, uh, I can't pronounce that last na-"

"Timothy Faggot," Ronnie read out loud with no shame or guilt.

"Yes, well he said his girlfriend went to go for a swim and

after he passed out, she was gone. Another guy here, Shooter Tweets, said his wife went missing around that area. Just days before. And this one mom, uh, Bita Nigga, says her son went missing there on Sunday. All 3 of these people happened to be swimming on that day,"

“Well damn, do you think it was sharks?” Ronnie asked Derek.

“Uh,” Derek thought, “well this rate of disappearances by the beach has never happened before. This is very unusual. I doubt sharks could have killed that many people in one week. I mean only 50 people die of shark attacks per year,”

“Well what else could it be?”

“Not sure. Maybe a mass murderer or kidnapper. I mean you’ve heard stories from that weird island up north right?”

“Uh... all of those legends about that island are false. Not real. Moving on,” the boss said nervously and suspiciously, “in case it’s something out in the water, we’re giving you this speed boat out by the dock. Also, some weapons are in the lower compartment of it. It all uses the same key. It should be the only boat by the lighthouse right now,” After the long conversation, Derek and Ronnie got in their police cruiser and went to the beach to investigate. It was a nice day. The sun was shining, and many local families were relaxing. The children were swimming together.

Derek Chauvin and Ronnie McNutt sat down on two of those folded out chairs and watched the scene. Everything was fine. Derek Chauvin turned on his favorite rapper Chill Cosby and began listening to his music. Ronnie was researching on his computer.

“This area isn’t on any fault lines or whatever. And there hasn’t been a murder in this town since 2002,” he said. Derek Chauvin was too busy listening to Chill Cosby...

Meanwhile, the Floydfish down below was looking up. He could see the kids swimming together. He was hungry. There were so many children to choose. Everyone was watching. The Floydfish was swimming upward toward a kid. The kid had a yellow paddleboard, and the vibrancy attracted the Floydfish. The parents, Chauvin, McNutt, and all of the families surrounding saw the giant creature emerge from the water and chomp down on the small child’s torso, dragging him down under. The kid screamed in pain.

“I CAN’T BREATH!” he screamed before the Floydfish fully dragged him into the water. His blood clouded that area and other kids saw. They began running to the land as fast as they could. Their parents were rushing to meet them and carry them away from the dangerous situation between the land and water. The parents of the now dead kid stood there, tearing up, horrified. Derek Chauvin was shaking in his seat. McNutt sat there, mouth wide open. The Floydfish was big. It had the body of a massive whale but it’s head was a human head. The body was brown and this human-looking face had huge lips and a giant nose.

“Holy shit!” Ronnie said.

“What the hell is that thing?” Derek asked.

“It looks almost like a giant shark with a human head somehow... that’s terrifying, I’ve never seen anything like that!”

“Well with THAT kind of creature in our oceans, we definitely know where these disappearances are coming from,” They started walking to their cruiser to report what happened. Ronnie, being young and less centered than Derek, was having trouble processing such a scene. A child was just eaten by a human-shark thing in front of him.

“Shit get the boss on the phone,” Ronnie commanded. Derek Chauvin just continued looking out the window of the police cruiser, watching horrified parents and other cops run around the scene wildly. He was lost in his own world, frozen in his seat. That wasn’t any shark or whale he knew about, “Derek!” Ronnie yelled. Derek Chauvin snapped out of it and called the boss.

“Sir, uh... yeah we found out what caused these people to go missing. It was a fish with-” before Derek went into detail, Ronnie McNutt stopped him.

“Just say it was a weird looking shark!” he hushed out quickly. Derek nodded.

“Yeah, it was a really big weird looking shark, uh, you said there was a speed boat available with weapons in it. Any keys to that?”

“Yeah, they’re here at the station. But do either of you nippletwisters know how to sail a boat? Or do you need me to find a guy?”

“Find us a guy,” Derek responded. They went to the station and got the key. They were also dismissed to their lunch break. Both officers got back in the cruiser and went to Chick Fil A for lunch.

“You know what I love about this place?” Ronnie asked Derek. Derek looked at him, unamused, “it’s homophobic,”

“Look, will you stop dicking around? We need to get to the bottom of this,”

“I don’t know what to tell you man, I’ve been making Google searches all day. I searched up all kinds of human sharks, brown whales, fish with human heads, but nothing is coming up. This might be some super rare creature, maybe the last of its kind. You know only 5% of our ocean has been explored right? We know more about the moon than the ocean. This big fish could have come from far below or something,”

“Maybe... those are good guesses. Y’know what? I say the hunt starts tonight. We’ll get on the boat, find the weapons, have whoever the hell sail around, and maybe we can look for it among the waters. We can chum,” Ronnie started laughing, “What’s so funny?”

“The word chum. Hey Derek,” Ronnie squeezed the mayo out of the sauce packet, “I’m chumming right now,” Derek facepalmed but laughed a little.

“Chumming is where you use dead animals to attract predatory animals. So, we throw in a bunch of dead fish and wait and see what happens,”

“Alright. Sounds good. So the hunt begins tonight!”

CallMeCarson sat in his canoe. It was around midnight and he had his fishing pole in the water. He looked into the eyes of the sex doll he brought with him. It looked like one of the underage girls he was talking to. He started slowly caressing the doll’s face when suddenly his fish pole just flipped up and into the water. A giant fish below had snatched it and was really strong. Carson looked down, worried.

There was a giant creature underneath his tiny canoe, and he could feel its presence. The Floydfish swayed from side to side as he swam around the man’s boat, preparing to eat it. Carson hugged his sex doll, fearing for his life. Carson started crying when suddenly, the Floydfish rose up, opening his jaw. Floydfish bit down into the canoe, destroying nearly half of it. Carson screamed and grabbed some oars. He saw that the leg was bitten off of his sex doll and got defensive.

“Leave her alone, man!” he yelled. The Floydfish didn’t care. It came up, opening wide. The Floydfish’s open jaw was the last thing Carson saw before it consumed him...

Meanwhile, Derek and Ronnie walked along the boat doc by the lighthouse. The person supposed to be sailing the boat was a 10-year-old Mexican kid.
“Aha,” Ronnie said, “this should be the boat,” he grabbed the key and turned it on. It worked. The speed boat’s engine came on. Derek watched the kid, worried.

“You look a little young to sail this boat,” Derek said. The kid replied in Spanish;

“Odio a los Judios!” he said.
“ What did he say?” Derek asked.

“Uh... he probably said yeah. Now let’s get into this thing and out on the water,” Ronnie leveled the boat and Derek and the Mexican kid got on it. As the kid sped the boat out into the water, Derek and Ronnie looked around. They hadn’t had that much experience on boats. Derek Chauvin reached into the compartment for weapons.

“If there aren’t guns in here, I’m gonna be pissed,” Derek used his phone flashlight to fully look in the compartment. There were Japanese katanas.

“What is this some fucking anime?” Ronnie asked.

“Yeah, what the hell are we supposed to swordfight this thing? Is this political correctness or were they just cheap as shit?”

“It’s okay Derek, remember you have knees of steel. If anyone comes at us, you can use your knee to fuck them up,” Derek Chauvin nodded. And they quietly waited. The Mexican kid started screaming jibberish out loud while pointing at something in front of the boat. Derek and Ronnie got up and looked. There was a broken and bloody canoe in front of them. The pieces of it were everywhere. There was also a

broken sex doll floating about. Ronnie noticed it.

"Hey look! It's a 240 Volt FuckMaster Pro 5000 blowup latex doll with 6 speed pulsating vagina, elasticized anus with non-drip semen collection tray, together with optional built-in realistic orgasm scream surround sound system!"

"What the hell?"

"My dad used to own one,"

"No... I mean that," Derek said, pointing at a splatter of blood on some broken pieces of what was once a canoe, "Whatever creature that was... it was definitely here,"

"PUTO!" The Mexican kid screamed. The two men looked and saw a big brown fin coming their way. As it swam around them, they gulped, knowing they made a big mistake. This fish was WAY bigger than they initially thought. It could destroy the speedboat they were in.

"We're gonna need a bigger boat," Ronnie said. He always wanted a reason to say that famous line that he totally didn't steal from some old movie.

"Shit, uh get the katana!" Derek yelled. Ronnie reached for it and gave it to Derek. Derek Chauvin was too afraid to reach out the katana to poke the Floydfish. The Mexican kid put out his knee. Right as the Floydfish passed by him, he jumped down and tried to kneel on the creature's neck. He jumped onto it, slamming the Floydfish with his knee. But he quickly slid off and into the water. Derek helped him back up into the boat. The Floydfish bumped the boat hard though and all 3 of them fell to the ground, smacking their limbs on the ground.

"Oh- no oh fuck!" Ronnie said, scared. Derek tried stabbing the Floydfish but each trust did nothing. He was merely poking it and pissing it off.

"It's hide is too thick! I can't even cut through,"

"Fuck it. Let's get the hell away from here," Ronnie jumped into the sailor's seat and began trying to figure out how to operate it. He managed to swiftly speed away from the scene. The Floydfish was following them. Ronnie looked desperately for a way to get the fish away from them. He found a half-eaten KFC bucket and chucked it into the water. The Floydfish went after it and that bought Ronnie, Derek, and the kid time to get away. However, the boat ran out of gas in the middle of the water and stopped moving, "SHIT!" Ronnie said, "I accidentally ran out of gas I'm so sorry, it's just-"

"It's fine, don't worry,"

"But now we're stranded here with no food, no sense of direction, we just gotta paddle I guess, row our way home with these katanas,"

"No, there is an island, look!" Derek pointed out the big island in the distance. A temple with blue and white stripes could be seen from where they were, "let's use the katanas to row there," They grabbed the swords and slowly but surely rowed their way over to the island. A sign upon entering said 'Saint James'.

"Damn. I've heard rumors about this island," The three started walking up the sides and onto the island itself. They could hear some partying going on. They emerged from the bushes and were surprised to see tables and chairs filled with famous people like Bill Clinton, Joe Biden, Barack Obama, Kathy Griffin, Tom Hanks, Katy Perry, Beyonce, Hillary Clinton, Bill Gates, and other elites.

"Uh hello?" Derek said. Everybody looked at them like deer in headlights.

"Who the hell invited you two? What is this malarkey?" Joe Biden said.

"Uh, good evening Mr. President? We just ran out of gas while hunting a really big shark... well it's sort of a shark. It's a big brown fish with a human head at the end,"

"Oh... they're after the Floydfish," One of them said to the other.

"So you two and the kid were hunting down the Floydfish and you washed up here with no way out," Another one said to them.

"Yeah that's it. Who owns this island?" One of the guards walked Ronnie, Derek, and the kid into the blue and white temple. They walked down a hall and into an office at the end. The hallway was filled

with bedrooms that looked like asylum cells. There were children in all of them. Jeffrey Epstein was sitting there, reading some papers.

"Jeffrey Epstein?" Ronnie McNutt asked. Jeffrey looked up at him, "I thought you uh... didn't kill yourself?"

"No, that was all for show," he said, what do you want?" Derek was about to say something, but the guard spoke for them;

"These guys said they were hunting the Floydfish when their boat ran out of gas and they washed up here,"

"Oh. Well, interesting. Have a seat, boys," All 3 of them sat down in the chairs, "You were huntin' the Floydish, eh?"

"Floydfish? We had no idea it was called that,"

"Yeah, that's what we named it. It ate some of the children we got here. WE were supposed to eat them and that damn shark, or whale, or whatever the hell it is... stealing our lunch man,"

"Well anyway," Ronnie said, "do you know if there's a way to get back from-" he looked out the window and noticed a giant ship. It looked amazing. It was a really big boat, as big as a pirate ship,

"Wow! That boat! It's awesome,"

"Yeah it is. It's the SS Lolita. Finest boat on the coast. You want it?"

"Yeah! That would be awesome!"

"How much do you got on ya?"

"Uh, we just washed up here," Derek said, "we don't have any money,"

"Well..." Epstein looked at the Mexican kid, "everyone's got something to trade," Derek and Ronnie looked at each other, not knowing what Jeffrey had in mind, "the kid for the boat," he said.

"Deal!" The two officers said at the same time. The kid screamed and cried as he was shuffled off into the back room.

"Now, you guys are gonna need some weapons if you're hunting down the Floydfish. I mean some serious weaponry. There are guns on the boat. I'll go with you guys and we'll kill the Floydfish. We all want it dead so why not? We'll start sailing in the morning. You two can sleep in the uh... hmmm... I don't want you to sleep with the children. They are saved for me and Billy. Bill Clinton. Um, why don't you sleep in this office. I can give you some blankets or whatever. The Wi-Fi password here is ShitFartButthole," Epstein went to go drink with the other elites and left the two in the room. Derek Chauvin called the boss.

"Hey boss, sorry uh, the boat ran out of gas and we didn't kill the shark yet but we washed up on Epstein's island and he is offering a boat,"

"Shit, you guys weren't supposed to find that. And I know Epstein... uh totally not like personally or anything... but he wouldn't be the type to give you a boat for free. What did you give him?"

"The Mexican kid,"

"Oh that's okay. I just found that kid in a crate and told him I'd help reunite him with his family if he helped steer the boat so it doesn't matter to me. Anyway, you got 48 hours to find and kill the shark,"

"You got it,"

"Alright boys, you can sleep in the boat. Every other room is filled with children that are either dead or naked," Epstein said. The three of them walked down the hallway and out to the doc.

"Oh okay," Derek replied nervously. The big boat stood tall on the water. Epstein led the two men inside. He showed them around.

"So here is where you steer and sail the ship from. I'll probably be doing that. Then over here we got this big table with a laptop at the end. That might've been Hunter Biden's. Hope the feds don't find it again. There are some couches over here. Oh, and uh, that is the deck," He continued to show them around and then let them sleep on the couches. The next morning, they got up, ready to catch a fish. Epstein woke

them up early. And they set sail, going out into the middle of the ocean. Ronnie got on Hunter Biden's old laptop.

"Hey what the hell? There's a whole zettabyte of pregnant dwarf porn on here!"

"I don't know, that guy is weird as fuck," The boat moved for about an hour. Derek stared into the water, starting to feel a little bit seasick. He walked out onto the deck and looked out at the water.

"Alright. Looks like a good spot," Epstein said. He stopped it and the boat sat in the water. Ronnie walked onto the deck as well. They both grabbed buckets of dead fish and threw them into the water.

"Hey, throw this in there too," Epstein said, handing them Edward Snowden's corpse.

"What the? I thought he was living in Moscow,"

"Not anymore. We can't have him tell people we're spying on them. Anyway, we'll use his body to attract the Floydfish. Derek threw the heavy body in the water. Minutes later, the brown fish's jaw came up from out of the water, consuming Snowden's entire body. Derek stepped back in fear.

"What the hell?" he said, "that thing is way too big, holy shit!" Epstien saw it and grabbed the gun. He shot at the Floydfish multiple times. The bullets could be seen hitting the blubber but never went through. It was too big and thick to just shoot.

"The gun won't work! This is insane!" The Floydfish ended up getting away.

"Well shit what're we gonna use?" Ronnie asked. The three looked around for items. Ronnie heard screaming. He followed it and indeed up in the bottom of the boat. He saw Mexican immigrant children in cages.

"Uh... Jeffrey Epstein? What is this?"

"Oh we keep those beans in a cage,"

"Hey look!" Derek said, "I found a spear!"

"Woah woah that's not just any spear, man, that's actually a very dangerous spear. It can poison people,"

"Hey that's it!" Ronnie said, "We can use one of these cages, I can go inside, lure him in, and stab him with a spear.

"I don't want you doing that," Derek said, "It's risky,"

"I know but this whole thing is a risk - a risk we signed up to take ever since we put on these badges. I'm prepared to do this. He shouldn't be able to bite this cage open and I'll be able to get close to him,"

"Alright fine. But be safe down there,"

"Don't worry," Ronnie and Epstein spent the day getting the cage ready. They put it on a pulley and set up all of the scuba gear so that Ronnie could breathe underwater. It was about midnight when they finished. Derek was laying on the couch. Ronnie searched up facts about the Floydfish on the internet. There was nothing but he tried anyway. Epstein smoked. They all joked about the situation until they fell asleep.

That morning, Ronnie put on the scuba gear and went in the cage. Derek watched as Epstein lowered the cage into the water. They began chumming around the cage and eventually attracted the Floydfish. Ronnie saw it coming. The big brown creature moved next to the cage. Ronnie tried jabbing it with his spear but it was too far.

"Sup nigga," Floydfish said. Ronnie wasn't aware it could talk but he heard it through the water perfectly fine. Minutes later, he was launched forward and hit the wall of the cage. The Floydfish had swam really fast into the cage, knocking it back and rattling it. It then began biting at the bars. Ronnie tried stabbing it but dropped his spear. He started shaking the cage, hoping Epstein or Derek would pull him up. But they didn't all he could do now was use his hands to protect himself. But that didn't work. The Floydfish bit through the bars. He looked up.

"Well... I guess that's it."

Derek looked at the string holding the cage. As soon as he saw blood in the water, he freaked out.

"PULL UP THE CAGE!" he yelled to Epstein. Epstein hoisted it up using the pulley. The cage was half broken and Ronnie's face had been torn up into a million pieces. Blood was oozing everywhere. Derek almost threw up at the sight.

"Wow... that is something!" Epstein said. But the Floydfish wasn't done yet. Epstein stood up. The Floydfish jumped out of the water. It landed on the boat. The whole boat leaned down, rocking back. Derek ran back into the room. Epstein accidentally slipped and fell. The Floydfish bit his leg and pulled him in. It crunched down. Epstein screamed as he felt the big brown shark's teeth sink into his leg. He cried out for help, but Derek couldn't help him now.

"If I die, give all of my unmolested children to Bill Clinton," he said. The Floydfish kept consuming him until he was gone. His blood was everywhere. The Floydfish dragged what remained of his body into the water. As the fish got back into the water, it realized there was still one more man on the boat. It rammed into the ship, tipping it over. Derek Chauvin grabbed the closest things to him - a Burger King paper crown and a gun. He put on the paper crown but before he could escape the room, the Floydfish swam its way in. Water leaked everywhere. The boar was now sideways. Derek struggled. He saw the jaw of the big fish coming toward him, so he grabbed the closest thing to save him - a big tank of fentanyl.

He smacked the Floydfish with it and shoved it into his mouth. It swam out of the boat and far into the water. This gave Derek time to swim out of the room. The boat was sinking. He got onto the spar - aka one of those big poles on ships. It was the only thing sticking out of the water. He sat on it. The Floydfish wasn't far. It began swimming toward him. Derek pulled out the gun. It was life or death. He shot the fish over and over again, but he kept missing. He saw the fentanyl tank in the mouth. The Floydfish was approaching fast. He got angry. He fit the Burger King crown onto his head quickly.

"NIGGER!" he screamed. He took one last shot, the last bullet of the gun, and it struck the tank of fentanyl.A huge explosion came from the water. Brown pieces of the Floydfish went everywhere, as did its blood. Derek knew fentanyl wasn't even explosive so it didn't make sense, but he didn't care. The job was done. The Floydfish was dead. It was a painful journey, but he remembered what Ronnie said:

*"this whole thing is a risk - a risk we signed up to take ever since we put on these badges. I'm prepared to do this,"*

He remembered those words and kneeled on the deck. He kneeled for Ronnie. "Rest in peace," he said. He turned around and a life raft emerged from the bottom of the boat. Derek got into it and sailed home.

**Always Listen to the Advice of @georgefloydfinance**

If you ever come across the Instagram finance page called georgefloydfinance, always listen to his advice. This statement may sound odd, but what I have experienced lately will convince you to do so. Let me begin by introducing my profession.

I work for a financial institution. I assess the credit rating of prospective borrowers, and I also have the side job of managing mutual funds. I occasionally work on my Instagram social media page, which gives financial and investing advice to my followers. It isn't as big as the top pages, but it is growing quite rapidly so I still have a reason to keep it running. I will not give away the username for your safety.

One night, I was scrolling through the explore tab on Instagram. I had just finished working with all of my clients back-to-back, so it was one of those nights where I had more free time than usual. It has been a long week, so I used this time to relax. By now, it is obvious that my explore tab consists of a large amount of finance posts. I saw a lot of inspirational quotes from well-known business owners, such as Elon Musk and Jeff Bezos. They were all ones which I've seen before, so I just scrolled past them. After scrolling through about 1000 photos, I came across an interesting post. It featured a photo of George Floyd wearing a business suit, on the right side of the picture. On the left side, there was a block of text, with the words having the color of either orange or white. The text was supposedly a piece of financial advice which tells the reader to use counterfeit money, if expenses cannot be covered. I looked at the top left of the post to see what account posted it. The account was called George Floyd Finance. I just chuckled, because it looked like one of those parody accounts which mocks financial and investing advising pages, such as myself. I tapped on the profile of George Floyd Finance to see more of his posts for laughs.

All of the posts had a similar format to the one I just looked at, in that they had that same orange, white, and black theme. It had 2,600 followers at the time. The page didn't have a lot of posts on it, only having 25.

I started exploring it in order, starting from the very first post. There were three photos, the first one containing Bill Gates, the second one being Mark Zuckerberg, and the last one being George Floyd in his tank top. All of them wore basic clothing. You know, the ones that you would not expect wealthy individuals to wear. The caption of the post was, "The goal is to be rich, not to look rich." I've seen that sort of caption thousands of times on other financial pages. It was one of those quotes which we've all seen since the last decade. I went over to the second post. It was a graphic which told the reader not to purchase the eye phone, Starbucks coffee, McDonalds fries, and sports shoes. It instead recommends the reader to purchase George Floyd and Derek Chauvin toys. I chuckled at the post, thinking it's a joke, and liked it. I scrolled through the remainder of the posts. Again, I thought that the page was just a parody account, so I didn't take it seriously.

Frankly, niggers are usually garbage at finance, so it is highly unlikely that a man such as George Floyd, could run a successful serious financial advice page. I gave the page a follow, even though it hasn't posted any new content in almost a month.

I had been looking at the page for a couple hours, so I realized that I needed to cook dinner. I turned off my phone and headed to the kitchen. I decided that steak with ketchup would be a great meal for today. I figured, with how busy I was with clients lately, a hefty dose of red meat will help me recover. I grabbed the uncooked meat from my refrigerator and placed it on the stove. I prefer medium rare, so I set my phone's timer to 3 minutes. After that, I noticed an Instagram direct message notification. It was a message from George Floyd finance. It surprised me a fair bit, since I haven't really interacted with the page, besides liking a few posts and following. I tapped the notification to read what he sent me. The text bubble read: "you must invest in Floyd coin. Visit the website link gfloydcoin.com."

After reading it, I laughed my ass off. If he had just sent me this shortly after I followed his page, who knows how much time he spent messaging that to all of the other incoming followers. Unless I am some special follower to receive this treatment. It was later that night, when I found out the latter is true. I heard a loud beep, coming from the ceiling. I looked up to realize that my smoke detector went off. I had forgotten to turn off the stove, due to being distracted by George Floyd Finances message. I immediately turned off the stove, to find an overcooked steak. With me being so wealthy from all of my smart investment strategies, I threw away the black colored meat and began to cook a new one. This time, I promised myself that I will not be so distracted this time.

After 3 minutes had passed, my steak was finally cooked to my desired state. I turned off the stove to finally enjoy a relaxing dinner for the first time in a long time. As I was taking my first bites of the juicy meat, I heard my phone buzz. It was another Instagram direct message from George Floyd Finance.

My heart skipped a beat. I wasn't expecting a second message from him. I tapped on it to read what it said.

"Listen to me, buy some Floyd coin, or else I will shoot your belly," were the words.

From reading it, I laughed quite hard, to the point where I almost choked on my steak. I took a sip from my glass of water. It was all fun and games, until I read the next message he sent. I saw the speech bubble icon with the three dots pop up, which indicates the recipient is typing a new message. A new message with text had formed shortly. What the text said made my blood run cold.

"Stop laughing at my advice please. Invest in floyd coin right now, or else you will suffer the consequences," the message said.

How did he know I was laughing? I thought. Even though you can't really read emotion from text messages, I had a feeling that it was in an angry tone this time. I quickly finished eating the remainder of my steak and put the plate in the sink. I didn't feel like washing the dishes tonight. I had my mind on that creepy message. I tried to ration things. Maybe the account owner just took a good guess of my reaction to his prior messages. But I still had the feeling of dread, as if he was actually watching me.

I decided that I had enough internet for today, so I switched to reading a book, to distract myself. It was an investing book, which gives up to date information on stocks and other investing instruments. I read

the book in bed to help me doze off to sleep. It took around half an hour, until I finally felt my eyelids getting heavy. I put the book on my nightstand, and then went to sleep.

The following morning, I woke up to my bedroom all scattered. I looked to my left. The window was broken, and my bedroom television screen was shattered. My bookshelf was face down on the floor. I looked at my nightstand. The nightstand itself was left untouched. My charging phone was also left untouched, but the book I read last night had all of its pages torn out. I was very confused, and I was wondering whether it was a dream or not. I pinched my skin and looked at my phone's time. To my disappointment, I didn't wake up from any dream.

On my phone's lock screen, I noticed an Instagram notification. It was a new Instagram direct message from George Floyd finance. I couldn't help myself but open the notification. The message sent shivers down my spine.

"How dare you read that garbage book instead of following my advice. With your book now destroyed and your messy bedroom, I hope this serves as a warning. Invest in Floyd coin now, or else I will do much worse," the text message said.

It was at this point, when I was genuinely horrified. Whoever ran this account knows where I live. I called the police, to do a search through my home, to hopefully find the home invader. They came to my house shortly. They went through every surface of my home, including my secret stash of Ronnie McNutt hentai. They ended up not finding anybody. As they left my house, I slammed my door in frustration. I didn't want whoever invaded my house to get away with this. I decided to check the Floyd coin website myself. I clicked on the link that George Floyd Finance sent me. It had an interface which displays the trend in the value of the Floyd coin. It was rising quite rapidly. I saw the tweets section of the website. One user said it had a lot of meme potential. Now, as an experienced investor who has worked in finance for decades, I learned not to touch meme based crypto currencies. I refused to let whoever runs the George Floyd finance page win. I didn't want to let some meme finance page control my investment portfolio. I thought I was wise for thinking this. However, as I am writing this, I regret being so stubborn.

Throughout the day, I purchased a heavy-duty home security system. It consists of an alarm which sets off when it detects that a window has broken. It also has motion detectors, which are evenly distributed throughout the perimeter of the exterior of my home. I also installed some trip wires at every doorway of my home. I was pretty sure it would be enough to stop whoever is the home invader.

The following night, I had an easier time falling asleep. I was awoken by a very loud ring, at around 1 AM. It was coming from outside. I looked out of my bedroom window, to see who the home invader was. I looked outside at my front yard. I saw a dark figure looking right back at me. The figure was wearing a business suit, I eyeballed the facial features of the figure. It was George Floyd. I have to admit, it is funny seeing niggers wearing business suits, as that particular type of clothing doesn't fit them. Niggers are low IQ monkeys, so they shouldn't deserve to wear that kind of precious clothing. George Floyd stared straight into my eyes with a furious look in his eyes. I then called the police, to catch this nigger. I warned them of the security systems installed in my home. The police were set to arrive in 5 minutes. However, when I hung up, George Floyd was already making a run for it. I took a photo of him before he went out of view. I was going to show the picture to the police.

I eventually saw a police car park at the front of my home. I went downstairs, making sure to avoid the trip wires. I exited my house to meet up with the cops. There were two of them, next to the car, waiting for me. I told them about the man I had just caught with my front yard motion detectors. I then showed them that photo of George Floyd, who was facing away from the camera, running away before the cops could arrive. However, I didn't tell them it was specifically George Floyd, because that nigger is supposed to be dead, and the cops would think I'm joking. One of them assured me that finding the suspect will be easy, since his nose and lips are so distinctively large. He took his own copy of the photo, and then let me go.

I walked back to my home, tired. I wanted to go back to sleep. However, the second I closed my front door, I heard a gunshot, and screams coming from outside. I looked through my front door's peephole. What I saw made me want to vomit. I saw the two cops, lying on the sidewalk dead. Blood was gushing out of both of their stomachs. At the right of their corpses, I saw George Floyd, with a gun in his left hand. In his right hand held a smartphone.

George Floyd turned on his smartphone and looked to be typing something. After he was finished, I felt my phone vibrate. I looked at my lock screen and saw a message from George Floyd finance. I looked back through the peephole. I saw George Floyd, staring back at me, somehow knowing I was looking through the peephole. He looked to be waiting for me to open the message. I felt goosebumps forming on my arm. I opened the message, anticipating a frightening threat. My anticipation was nothing but accurate.

*"I hope you saw what happened to the cops. The same will happen to you if you don't invest in Floyd coin. I will make sure you will do it, right now."*

The words phased through my mind a million times. Shortly after, I heard footsteps coming from outside. They were getting louder as each second passed. As the volume of the footsteps reached its peak, I heard a knock on my front door. I looked through my front door's peephole. At first, all I saw through the peephole was a black circle, surrounded by a shiny white matter. The circle was moving around, slightly. I then had a heavy sense of dread when I realized something. That black circle was actually the eye of George Floyd, looking right back at me from the other side of the peephole. I immediately jumped back, as if I saw a jumpscare from a horror movie.

"Invest in Floyd coin right now!" I heard him yell through my door.

I heard the door creaking open. I have forgotten to lock the door. I tried to push the door back close, but George Floyd was too strong. He easily overpowered my push and sent me flying across. He stepped onto my floor, managing to step over the tripwire. He pulled out his pistol and pointed it toward my stomach.

"I told you numerous times to listen to my financial advice. This will be your last chance to buy some Floyd coins. If you don't within 5 minutes, I will pull the trigger," he said.

I turned on my phone and entered the Floyd coin website. I tapped on the buy button. I was met with an interface, which allows you to swap another cryptocurrency for Floyd coin. I had a large amount of bitcoin already, so I decided to use that to buy Floyd coins. I exchanged 10 units of bitcoin for 6,114 Floyd coins. I then connected my wallet to the transaction.

After the transaction was complete, George Floyd put away his pistol, and then proceeded to leave my home. I looked out of the peephole to make sure he went out of sight. To my relief, he did. I went upstairs to go back to bed. Just when I plugged in my phone on my nightstand, I received a new Instagram direct message from George Floyd finance. I opened it. It was just a simple text which read: "Thank you for listening to my advice. Expect some huge capital profits." I then passed out right at that moment, due to being sleep deprived.

This all happened two weeks ago as I am writing this. I checked the dashboard of Floyd coins performance, so far, it has been doing extremely well. In fact, this was the most successful cryptocurrency I have ever seen with my eyes, in the span of two weeks.

Please, for all of you reading this, if you ever come across the George Floyd finance page on Instagram, listen to whatever he advises you to do. George Floyd himself is truly one of the best investors on the planet. And as mentioned above, the Floyd coin is a very smart investment choice. Buy some when you have the chance.

**George Floyd Administered my COVID Vaccine**

In light of recent events, public distribution of the COVID vaccine had finally started. I myself am against vaccines, so I was not happy about it at all. The vaccine has a chance of causing infertility and herpes, and a larger chance of having negative side effects than surviving COVID. Logistically, it is nowhere close to being feasible to take the vaccine. Unfortunately, all of my family members are liberal pro vaccination faggots, so they are making take the vaccine, even though I am of the legal age to make the decision myself. I am a jobless high schooler, so if they kick me out of the house as a consequence, I would not be able to to financially support myself for long.

My family scheduled our COVID vaccination on a Friday morning. My mom woke me up at 8 o' clock AM, but I was struggling to get up because I spent all night awake, worrying about the vaccination. Eventually, I checked my phone, to check the Liberal Termination group chat I am in. The memes that my buddies sent last night cracked me up, so it gave me a burst of energy to get up from bed.

We had to arrive at the clinic in 10 minutes, so I dressed up as fast as I could and didn't bother eating breakfast. I met up with my mom and dad in the living room, where they've been waiting for me for a long time.

"Looks like you've finally left your little man cave," my dad teased.

"Fuck off libtard," I joked back.

My family went silent after I said that, but I didn't care about it. I am the only person in my family who is against BLM and LGBTQ. Like I said before, they are all libtards. After half a minute of awkward silence, we collectively realized we were wasting time, so we jumped into the car.

On the ride to the clinic, I was picturing all the potential side effects of the covid vaccination, such as infertility and herpes. If any of those happen to me, I would kill all niggers and fags. I hoped that the person who injects me isn't a nigger. As we all know, niggers are low IQ monkeys who mess up everything they do whether its intentional or not.

Eventually, we made it to the clinic. However, the building did not look like a clinic at all. It looked more like a home. It had a lot of worn-down paint and broken windows. I had a feeling that things will not go well in addition to the vaccination itself. We walked to the front porch and then my dad attempted to open the door.

"The door is locked," my dad said, as he tried to turn the doorknob.

He then spotted a doorbell on the right of the door. He pressed the button, hoping that somebody would answer. We heard footsteps coming our way, indicating the doorbell works. A tall black nigger answered the door. He motioned us to come in. The interior of the building smelt awfully like banana sandwiches. I thought it was odd that we didn't get checked for any symptoms before we could enter. As we stepped in the building, the floor creaked very loudly, showing how old the building is. It was at this point when I knew something was off. There appeared to be no one else in presence.

"Who will be the first one to be injected?" the nigger began.

My mom, dad, and I went silent for a few seconds. I think we all took the queue that something wasn't right, but we just continued anyway. I volunteered to be the first one, to get it over with. I stepped forward, to show my desire for my turn.

"Very well, come with me sir," the nigger said.

He went up the stairs and I followed him. His ass smelt reeked rotten bananas, so I tried not to puke on the way. Finally, we made it at the top of the staircase. We then went inside what looked like a bedroom. That should have been a red light. No doctor, or even therapist, performs their work on patients in a bedroom. At this point, I was distracted by the thought of the vaccine, so I still went on.

The nigger sat on a desk and told me to take a seat on the opposite side of the desk. This gave me an opportunity to have a closer look at his face. He had an insanely large nose and lips as I described earlier, but there was something very distinct about him. He had prominent lines percolating from his nose to the sides of his mouth. I was in shock when I recognized who he was. It was George Floyd. This nigger should've been dead by now.

"Alright, pull up your sleeves, man", he said.

I refused to. There is no way I was going to get an injection from that dumb nigger George Floyd. Just when I was about to stand up and leave the room, he pulled out a gun toward my belly. I sat back down in response. He took a needle, which contained an opaque white fluid, which was supposedly the vaccine. Now, I am no doctor, but I knew that a vaccine should not be that color. He was still pointing the gun toward my belly, so I didn't have a choice. He poked the needle into my left arm and injected whatever the fluid was.

The initial feeling was the flow of the liquid on the inner part of my arm. This was strange, since vaccines shouldn't feel this way. Once George Floyd finished injecting it, he stuck a band aid on the spot. George Floyd then opened a cabinet in the desk and pulled out a banana sandwich, then gave it to me.

It looked slimy and disgusting, but I still accepted it, because god knows what he would do with the gun pointed at me if I hurt his feelings. He then let me free. George Floyd led me back downstairs, to meet with my parents. My mom volunteered to be the next one to take the vaccination. She then followed

George Floyd to the bedroom. After they went inside the bedroom, I heard the door lock. This alerted me, as he didn't lock the door when he gave me the injection.

I snuck upstairs and went near the bedroom door to hear what could be happening inside the bedroom. All of a sudden, I heard a muffled scream. I knew that she was in trouble. I ran downstairs to let my dad know about what was happening, and then took him to the bedroom door. My dad and I then worked together to kick the door down. The door went down very easily, which mirrors the worn-out state of the building as a whole. What we saw in the bedroom made me cringe.

Both my mom and George Floyd were naked, except my mom was bound by him. I looked at the desk, where I was administered the vaccine. There was a broken needle. Based on my observations, my mom noticed the suspicious looking fluid and refused it, so George Floyd raped her in anger. Dad was furious. He punched George Floyd in the face, who was too distracted by his dick penetrating my mom's ass. George Floyd went out cold. My dad then kneeled on his neck.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" George Floyd said.

My dad showed no mercy. He kept pressing all his weight on George Floyds neck. George Floyd then went unconscious, with blood flowing out of his nose and mouth

"I fucking hate niggers now," my dad said as he removed his knee off of George Floyds neck.

"Yeah, me too. They are all rapists and criminals," my mom replied.

I lit up. I was glad my parents are now nigger haters. My mom dressed back into her clothes while cleaning her asshole, which was full of nigger cum. We then headed out of the building. During the drive back home, I started to have a hard time breathing, and felt very lightheaded. I also felt a strange sensation in my ball sack. I was immediately angered. These are the side effects of the vaccine. I then remembered that I would kill all niggers and fags if I experienced infertility. However, I noticed the fact that struggling to breathe is not a potential side effect, which is known to be interrelated to the COVID vaccine. I just assumed that I am an anomaly who had just suffered a rare, unknown side effect, so I just ignored it. I began my planning on the genocide of all niggers and fags.

Once we arrived home, I felt somewhat nauseous. I have always been good at holding back vomit, so it didn't worry me too much. It was only a minor impediment to my nigger and fag genocide brainstorming. After around 2 hours, I felt extremely tired, so I laid on my bed and took a nap.

I woke up, feeling quite groggy. At this point, these strange side effects were becoming severe. I went on my computer and googled all of the side effects which didn't match the known afflictions of the COVID vaccine. On the front page, most of the results had the keyword fentanyl. I was very confused at first, but then, I started to backtrack, and everything made sense. I thought back at the strange white color of the needle which George Floyd injected into me. I remembered that George Floyd owns a ton of fentanyl. My difficulty breathing and my nausea are some of the main side effects of fentanyl. It all clicked. George Floyd mixed my COVID vaccine with fentanyl. I felt a sense of dread as I realized this.

I was now pissed at George Floyd even more. I decided that I was going to kill George Floyd once and for all. I grabbed my shotgun from under my bed. It is time to McNutt George Floyd. I went downstairs and asked my dad to drive me back to the clinic.

"Why would you want to visit the clinic again?" my dad asked.

I showed him the shotgun and told him that I am going to kill George Floyd. He approved and then we went into the car. Seeing his wife get raped by George Floyd was enough to want him dead. We drove over to the clinic.

Once we arrived, we rang the doorbell. However, George Floyd didn't answer the door. My dad rang the doorbell once again, but we still were not met with a response. George Floyd knows it is us. He knows that we are trying to get in to kill him. I took the butt of the shotgun and rammed it against the door. The door went down quickly, unsurprisingly. We went inside to look for George Floyd.

We went searching in the bedroom first, but he wasn't there. Dad and I split up to look for him faster. I stayed upstairs, while he went downstairs as his area of search. I looked in the washroom next. I found a ton of pregnant belly pics, covered in cum stains. George Floyd must've nutted to those photos a lot, by the looks of it. I shut the door in disgust from the sight. I then decided to look in the room next door, but just

when I creaked open the door, I heard a scream. It was coming from my dad.

"Help me!" my dad yelled from downstairs.

I was rushed by adrenaline and ran down the stairs as fast as I could. My dad's screams continued, but I still couldn't tell where they were coming from. I poked my ear near the floor, and the screams became more noticeable. My dad was in the basement. I looked around for any stairs leading to the basement. It was a struggle since I was in a state of panic. I opened every door I saw as fast as I could. Eventually, I opened one near the kitchen, and saw a staircase going down. The lights were already on. I walked down the stairs. Once I made it to the basement, I saw dad. He was tied up in a chair. I went towards him, and then began to untie the rope. The second I freed him, a man walked in the room. It was George Floyd, with a needle in his hand. He looked at me, angrily.

"How dare you ruin my plans of giving him the vaccine!" he yelled.

"Nigga, this isn't the vaccine, it's just fentanyl," I said.

I pointed the shotgun to George Floyds head. I then pulled the trigger. I saw all the pellets fire. However, the rounds completely went through George Floyds head.

"Hehehe, I am a ghost, so you can't shoot me!" George Floyd said laughingly.

I was now out of options. I regret coming here in the first place. George Floyd lunged at dad and attempted to stab him with the needle. Dad is a weightlifter, so he pushed George Floyds arm, at a comparable force. I then had an idea. Since George Floyd is in his ghost form, salt is a possible way to stop him. I went upstairs to the kitchen and grabbed the bottle of table salt. I then went back down to the basement. Dad was being overpowered by George Floyd. I quickly poured all the salt on George Floyds head. He retracted his arm, and dad pushed him off of him. George Floyd dropped the needle, now in a weakened state.

I saw a vacuum in the corner of the room. I plugged it into the nearest outlet and started sucking in George Floyd's ghost. I let the vacuum on, to ensure that he can never escape. Dad and I exited the basement and ran away as fast as we could. We then left the building, and then went inside the car and sped away.

We drove for a long time, digesting everything that just happened. I looked at the rear view mirror and saw nothing thankfully. I told dad that it is safe to turn back and go home. He agreed.

Once we made it back home, we told mom everything that happened. She hugged both of us. Mom and dad then apologized to me for being nigger lovers, before this all happened. I had a sigh of relief. I was just glad that they are finally starting to become based. With all my apparent side effects from the vaccine itself, they now believe that vaccinations are a poison. It is something that the government uses to kill off the population, unnoticed.

Moral of the story, do not, under any circumstance, take the COVID vaccination, especially if a nigger is administering it.

**I Know the Real Reason why Derek Chauvin was Found Guilty**

As most of us know by now, Derek Chauvin was found guilty of the murder of George Floyd. I am writing this post, because I myself know the true reason why they deemed Derek guilty. I will begin by putting things into context.

Let me start by introducing myself. My name is Nate Higgers. I am a spy who works at a research company called Golden Nigger Corps. Golden Nigger Corps is an organization that emphasizes their research focus on the study of niggerology.

Now, I will not get into very much detail on the topic of niggerology because I am in a hurry typing this. Niggerology is the science of studying why black people behave the way they do, and how they came to be on this planet. The organization frequently conducts biological studies, some of which I have participated in, such as analyzing monkey DNA to see why apes and niggers are so interrelated. We would also dissect the brains of black people, to find out why their IQs are so low.

Most recently, I was assigned the task of observing the entire Derek Chauvin trial of April 20th, 2021.

On the day before the trial, I was at my day job at the Golden Nigger Corps facility, writing up some reports in my office. As I was finishing up the introduction paragraph, my phone rang. I was on a roll, so the sound startled me a bit. It was a call from my boss, Captain Garland. I picked up the phone to answer it.

"Hello, I have an important proposition for you, Agent Higgers," Garland immediately said, as if it would be a very important order. "Tomorrow is going to be a big day. You need to get over to the court and spectate the final Derek Chauvin trial. They will be announcing the verdict."

"Okay. But what am I supposed to be looking for?" I asked. "I don't see how this has anything to do with niggerology,

"Look, we all know Derek Chauvin never murdered that drug monkey George Floyd. The thing is, the jurors may still verdict Chauvin as guilty. I am assigning you this because there has to be a reason why this may happen. This will be no easy task, so I have assigned agent Ronnie McNutt to come with you."

"Okay, very well. By the way, does Agent McNutt still need to do therapy before every mission?" I asked.

"Nah, he went over his ugly ass girlfriend, Autumn Equinox," Garland replied. "Ronnie has been able to cope with what had happened last summer lately."

"Alright then, I'll go meet up with him and we will sort things out. Have a good day boss."

Many of you reading this are wondering how the hell we have Ronnie McNutt on our team. It was a long story, so I will try to explain things concisely. The Golden Nigger Corps is constantly developing technology in secret. We have all kinds of futuristic equipment being worked on, such as the Nigger Destroyer 3000, and the Liberal Terminator.

Shortly after Ronnie McNutt killed himself, we kidnapped the dog who slurped his blood, and extracted all the blood from his stomach. The blood is very important for collecting Ronnie's DNA. We were in the testing stage of our resurrection chamber, so this was the perfect opportunity to see if it works.

Our lead scientist inserted Ronnie's blood sample into the machine. We got Ronnie McNutt resurrected in the form of a human cyborg. Since Ronnie was a faggot LGBTQ supporter who contributed nothing to society in his previous life, we decided to hire him as an assistant spy to give him an opportunity to finally contribute to society.

I exited my office and made my way to Agent McNutt's office. I saw him in his leather jacket, playing Fortnite on his gaming laptop.

"Hey Ronnie, did you get the call from Captain Garland?" I asked as I barged into his office. Ronnie looked up from his laptop screen.

"Shut up Agent Higgers, I'm trying to get some shotgun kills for the victory royale," Ronnie said, annoyed. He then looked back down to his laptop screen. I heard the typical Fortnite shotgun noises. I walked toward his desk, grabbed his laptop, and cracked it with my knee.

"This is important, Agent McNutt," I said in a more serious tone.

"Okay, yes I got the phone call. I was just waiting for you to come to my office, so I started up a quick Fortnite match to pass the time. Let's get to work."

Ronnie McNutt hesitantly closed his cracked laptop and then I signaled him to follow me. We walked across the facility to get to the equipment room. The Golden Nigger Corps facility is quite a large one, so as usual, it takes quite a while to get there. As we walked the hallways, we were greeted by fellow co-workers. One of the combat specialists, Helena, even waved hello at me. I have always had a crush on Helena. The combat specialists' job is usually to go on mild nigger genocide missions. That combined with her pornstaresque body turns me on at the sight of her. She is a based woman as well. She makes the best George Floyd memes on the planet.

Once Ronnie and I made it to the equipment room, I inserted my key card in the door socket. The light flashed green in response, indicating the door was opening. I let Ronnie in first, then I followed. The equipment room is gigantic, at almost the size of a football field. Ronnie and I went inside the quick-change chamber, which is a machine that can equip users with all the spy gear essentials. I also grabbed the nigger goggles, which allows the wearer to see black people more easily in an infrared interface. I of

course grabbed a nigger destroyer 3000, just in case.

I had a thought that there was going to be a ton of nigger monkeys near the courtroom to riot.

I kept a close eye on Ronnie the whole time. The equipment room has a large range of specialized guns. If Ronnie gets close to one of these, it is possible that he might grab one and blow his brains out again. Cloning him again requires a huge resource cost, so I felt it was best to take this precaution.

Once we were done sorting our gear, we left the equipment room and headed to the airport, where we will begin our flight to Minneapolis.

As we were getting our luggage through the airport security, I heard a loud alarm sound.

"We have detected a shotgun in the bag of Ronald McNutt!" a security guard announced. I looked at the bag. I did see a shotgun peeking out of the zipper. I looked at Ronnie.

"You idiot! Why the hell did you bring your shotgun?" I asked Ronnie angrily.

"I dunno. I brought it in case I see something traumatizing on our mission, so I could shoot myself again," he replied.

"Well it doesn't matter. You know we will bring you back to life again anyway, so why even bother? Also, I thought you already have had enough therapy by now."

"Yeah, good point. I should not have brought my shotgun," Ronnie said apologetically.

The security guard confiscated the shotgun and let us proceed. I was thankful that they didn't kick us out of the airport. We picked up the remainder of our baggage at the end of the airport security room, and then entered the waiting room. The flight wasn't to start until 2 hours, so we still had plenty of time. Ronnie and I decided to troll some LGBTQ members to pass the time.

We had a ton of fun making the colored hair fags cry, so it made the 2 hours go by quickly. We then finally boarded onto the airplane. Ronnie and I sat next to each other. The plane was a 2 seat each side aircraft, so thankfully we didn't have to be too close to any niggers. I looked around the plane and saw a very familiar man. He was wearing a particular cardboard crown. I then immediately recognized him. It was the Burger King crown man. He was sitting by himself. All of a sudden, I saw an obese black girl kick him in the stomach.

"Ah shit, she kneeled me in the stomach! Kick that nigger bitch off the plane!" the burger king man demanded.

The flight attendants were apparently nigger lovers, because they refused to kick her off. This made me quite angry, so I quietly pulled out the nigger destroyer 3000 and zapped the nigger bitch. She instantly vanished into thin air. I quickly hid the nigger destroyer 3000 before anyone could see. I went over to the burger king crown man to get an autograph from the legend himself.

After everybody got things settled, the airplane launched. I pulled out my Nintendo switch and played a video game called Black Lives Splatter. It is a game where you are a character driving a car, running over all kinds of nigger criminals. It has always been my favorite way to pass the time in an airplane. After around 30 minutes, I got air sick, so I took some time to enjoy the view through the airplane window. But when I did, something odd happened. Have you ever got the feeling that you are being watched? Well, I had that exact feeling. You see, I was sitting on the seat toward the window, while Ronnie was sitting on the inner part. I swear I had seen a reflection of a big nose face on the window. I brushed it off as my brain was playing tricks on me. The flight was only 2 hours since Minneapolis is quite close to the town where I live. The plane landed with a loud thud.

"Shiet, I hit my head again, I thought it was going to crack open again!" Ronnie yelled.

Before we exited the aircraft, I greeted the burger king man goodbye. I still couldn't believe I was in the same airplane as that hero. Ronnie and I went through the final airport security process, and then I called for a taxi driver to drive us to a hotel. The taxi driver was a nigger, so I pulled out my nigger destroyer 3000 and told him to fuck off and call me a new driver, who isn't black. The black man then called a white taxi driver for me. The white taxi driver arrived at the same location and Ronnie and I went in the cab.

“Take us to the nearest hotel,” I requested.

He drove away, from the west side of the airport. I looked out of the car window to observe the city of Minneapolis. There were a lot of nigger monkeys rioting, presumably all day. I was honestly grateful that I do not live in this town. We even passed by Cup Foods, which is the place where George Floyd died from his fentanyl overdose. But something caught my eye. It was easy to miss, but right on the exact part of the sidewalk, I saw a transparent figure laying down. I squinted to see its face, and I recognized it was the exact same face as I saw at the airplane window reflection. It was that same face with the ridiculously large nose and lips. I again brushed it off to my imagination, due to my lack of sleep. Nevertheless, I was spooked at such a sight.

Meanwhile, we finally made it to the hotel. It appeared to be a worn out building, with dull colors, because of the torn paint.

It wasn’t exactly somewhere a vacationer would like to stay in. But I knew that we would only stay for one night, so I didn’t care about it too much. I paid the taxi driver, and then Ronnie and I exited the cab.

The hotel lobby looked no different than the exterior. We even saw spiderwebs on the corners of the room. We met up with the receptionist at the counter.

“One single king-sized bedroom please,” I requested.

“Can I get your names please,” he asked.

“My name is Nate Higgers and my mate right here is Ronnie McNutt,” I introduced ourselves.

“Hey man, we don’t have time for jokes here. Please give your real names”.

“Nah, these are our real names. Why do you think we are pulling off a joke? Are you making fun of our names?” I asked.

“First off, the name Nate Higgers is a meme name, as a way to make people think they are reading ‘hate niggers’ instead of Nate Higgers”.

“No, that is actually my name. I legally changed my first and last name to Nate Higgers because I hate niggers. I’ll show you my driver’s license,” I said, as I pulled out my wallet and showed him my driver’s license, with my name on it.

“Okay, fair enough. But your friend's name is Ronnie McNutt. I know that he should be dead. I watched the suicide video myself, and it was hella funny I have to admit. And how the hell does he look exactly like Ronnie McNutt?”.

I glanced at Ronnie. He looked hurt.

“Nah, this guy right here is just Ronnie McNutt’s twin. His father is one of those morons who names his kids the exact same name,” I replied.

I knew we looked like idiots right now, but no way he would believe me if I told him that he was looking at the real Ronnie, who we brought back to life. Ronnie showed him his driver’s license.

“Okay, very well. You guys will stay in room 666, alright? Here are the keys. Have fun,” the receptionist said.

I was a bit shocked at the room number, but we were only going to stay for one night, so again, I didn’t care. We made our way to room 666. The hotel hallways matched the lobby. Spider webs were not uncommon and most of the wall paint was wearing off. It reminded me of the house from the movie The Conjuring. It was especially unsettling due to the room number we were about to go to. The journey to our hotel room was rather time consuming, since the hotel doesn’t have any elevators, and the fact that our room was a high number. We had to walk up 9 stairs in order to get to the correct floor. We were met with a door with the number 666 printed on it. I inserted the key and twisted it. However, the door wouldn’t budge. I kept pressing the key in the keyhole harder, and eventually got the door to open. I was not surprised at all, given how old the hotel looked. Ronnie and I stepped inside the room. To my surprise, the room didn’t look too bad compared to the rest of the hotel. I guessed the hotel cleaners only cared about doing a good job on the rooms and forgetting about the other parts of the hotel. It was 11 o'clock PM at this point, so we needed to get to sleep soon. As all spies know, getting a good night's rest is crucial for being focused for the next day's mission. I placed my baggage on the cabinet beside the king size bed. As we

only paid for a single king-sized bedroom, Ronnie and I had to sleep in the same bed.

As I was closing my eyes to finally sleep after a long day, I heard a weird flapping sound. It sounded a bit close to me, so I turned on the night light. I didn't see anything, until I looked at Ronnie's side of the bed. I saw the lower part of his blanket moving up and down. I then moved my view to the direction of his face. He was looking at his phone. I took a quick peep at his phone screen. There were nudes of his girlfriend, Equinox Autumn, on his phone screen. I then knew exactly what he was doing: he was jerking off to the photos.

"Bro, why are you still jerking off to that ugly ass bitch, right beside me? That is nasty!" I said to him in disgust.

"I am sorry. The reason why I was able to cope without therapy lately, is because I had been nutting to pictures of Equinox every night. It's been keeping me from having suicidal thoughts," Ronnie said.

"Okay, but just don't do it right beside me"

Ronnie put away his phone agreeingly, and we both went back to sleep. However, I was still hearing strange noises. They sounded like they were coming from within the bedroom. I turned the night light back on to see what was happening this time. I looked around the room, from left to right, front to back, and down to up. I then saw it. It was right up on the ceiling. It was a monkey-like creature that was somehow gripping on the smooth walls. I took a closer look at its face. What I saw shocked me to the core. It was the face of George Floyd. It was staring right back at me, menacingly. I tried to wake up Ronnie, but my body was frozen. The creature then opened its mouth to speak.

"I am the ghost of George Floyd. Send me all the pregnant belly pics or else I will haunt you," it said in an eerie voice.

I just shut my eyes, hoping this is just a sleep paralysis dream. I tried all kinds of methods to get out of sleep paralysis, such as wiggling my toes, making my way to my upper body.

To my relief, it worked. The creature was no longer in my sight. I struggled to go back to sleep because of the ordeal, but I still managed it.

The next morning, I was awoken by my phone's alarm clock. I was tired as hell, so I reached out to try to click the snooze button.

"Wake up agent Higgers, todays the big day. Get your ass up," Ronnie demanded me.

I immediately sprang out of bed. Part of me forgot about the mission, since I was so tired. We skipped breakfast because of how quickly we needed to get to the courtroom. Once again, we used a cab to get there. Thankfully, we were met with another white taxi driver.

"Drive us to the Minneapolis courtroom quickly sir," I requisitioned.

He stomped on the pedal and sped. The hotel isn't exactly at an ideal location for somebody who wants to go to the Minneapolis courtroom fast. I sort of regretted simply picking the nearest hotel to the airport. As we were speeding, I remembered what happened last night.

"Hey Ronnie, did you see that demonic creature last night, or was I just dreaming?" I asked.

"Nah, I was asleep," Ronnie replied.

After a 10 minute drive, we finally made it to the courtroom. Ronnie and I exited the cab and ran to the entrance. By the time we were there, I realized that I had forgotten to pay the taxi driver, but when I looked back, he was gone. I guess not every superhero wears a cape.

I cracked open the suitcase which contained all of the spy gear we needed for this mission. Both Ronnie and I put on our invisibility cloaks, and each of us equipped a nigger destroyer 3000. We were expecting a lot of rioting niggers there, so it is best to be safe. Of course, I kept an eye on Ronnie just in case he ever felt the need to shoot himself in the head again. Even though the nigger destroyer was designed to only disintegrate black people, it can still be lethal to other races. We turned on our invisibility cloaks, so that the first line security guard will not suspect that we are trying to sneak in to sabotage the trial or anything sketchy. The invisibility cloak suits which Golden Nigger Corps developed are not perfect to the point where the naked eye could never tell somebody is there. It is only surrounded by cameras and one giant flexible screen which projects the environment. If one looks close enough, they can tell that there are

pixels.

Ronnie and I tiptoed behind the first line security guards. It was rather easy, since they didn't seem to care about their job too much and we did make quite a bit of noise. Now at this point, I had zero clue on how this building is layed out, so I did not know which room the courtroom was. It was going to take some guess work to figure it out. There weren't any signs that indicated which component of the building is where, which makes things even more difficult. Ronnie and I just continued to explore the building. It was the best thing we could do at the moment. I then saw some construction workers working on a renovation. One of them was standing on a ladder, painting a wall yellow. I then had an idea. The ceiling is made up of tiles. If I could climb up the ladder and then detach a ceiling tile, we could enter one of the vents to quickly navigate the building. I pulled out my nigger destroyer 3000 and aimed it at that construction worker.

“Um I don’t know if this is a good idea. Those construction workers aren’t black, so it won’t instantly kill them, and they might know our location,” Ronnie said.

Ronnie was right. We needed another way to gain access to the ladder without suspicion. I shot the paint bucket instead to get it to spill. The construction workers then looked around. Ronnie and I attempted to stay as still as possible. Thankfully, they didn’t notice us. They stopped what they were doing to get another paint bucket. This bought us time to use the ladder to get inside the vent. I climbed up the ladder and then successfully entered the vent. I then motioned Ronnie to get into the vent next. He climbed up the ladder but was not able to fit in the vent easily. He was too fat. I guess he was one of those people who inflate their progress at the gym, judging by his Instagram before and after fitness transformation which show no apparent change.

Eventually, Ronnie squeezed in the vent. We went in deeper, to have a better view of the building. After we crawled about 100 meters in, I heard an echoing voice. Ronnie and I crawled to the direction of where the voice seemed to be coming from. The voice was getting louder and louder, indicating the increasing proximity. We eventually were met with a dead-end with a series of small pores. At this point, the voice sounded as if it were right next to us. I peeked through the hole. The first thing I saw was a familiar looking face. It was Derek Chauvin, sitting at his desk, with a concerned expression. I looked around. I saw the man from where the voice was coming from. He appeared to be a judge. From my observations, we have made it to the courtroom. I pulled out my video camera to record through the vent holes, while maintaining focus with my naked eye as well.

“Ronnie, pass me the nigger goggles please”, I whispered.

Ronnie quietly zipped open the suitcase, and then handed me the nigger goggles. I needed it in case some monkey protesters tried to break into the courtroom. I put on the goggles and turned on the infrared feature. I then peeked into the vent holes again and observed. At first, everything seemed normal. I didn’t see any apparent Black Lives Matter rioters through the walls. However, when I looked at the judge, I noticed a tall yellow light standing right behind him. This is an indicator that a nigger is inside the room. I took off my goggles, but I didn’t see anyone behind the judge with my naked eye. I then put back the infrared goggles. I saw the yellow light indicator behind the judge, once again.

“Ronnie, the nigger goggles have detected something strange behind the judge, you should check it out,” I whispered, handing over the goggles to Ronnie.

Ronnie and I switched places, and then he put on the goggles to observe the courtroom this time.

“Yeah, I see a yellow light right behind the judge, yet there was nobody behind him when I looked without the goggles,” Ronnie said.

I then got an idea.

“Ronnie, give me the goggles. I’ll try to see if i can maybe shoot the orange light with the nigger destroyer 3000,” I said.

Ronnie handed me back the goggles and then I equipped them. I looked through the vent holes, while inserting the nozzle of the nigger destroyer 3000 through another hole. I aimed the weapon towards the yellow light, and then pulled the trigger. I have successfully landed the shot directly on it. The yellow light then started to flash. I then took off the goggles to see what was happening in real time. When I did, what I saw still haunts me to this day.

What I saw was that same George Floyd demon creature which I saw in the hotel bedroom last night. It was there, standing right behind the judge, at a motionless state. Nobody in the room seemed to notice its presence. I was in a frozen state, not knowing what to do. I had this feeling that if I try to notify the people, the George Floyd demon will vanish. I just kept observing closely. Ronnie then joined me on the observation,

"Nate, what the hell is that thing? It does not look human," Ronnie whispered in a panicked manner.

I didn't respond. I was too shocked to say a word. I just kept my eyes on that thing. The George Floyd demon then slowly approached the judge from the back. It was not moving its legs at all. As I am writing this, I wish I had warned the courtroom of what was happening. But at the time, I didn't want to reveal my presence as this was a spying mission in the first place. The George Floyd demon then slowly placed both of its hands on the judge's shoulders. Yet, nobody in the room noticed it at all, including the judge himself. The George Floyd demon then started to ascend into the air, pushing himself even closer to the judge. In fact, it was getting so close that it was starting to merge into his body. I looked at Ronnie with my peripheral vision. He was just as shocked as I was. I returned my full focus onto the judge.

The George Floyd demon at this point had merged most of his mass into the judge. It hasn't been long until it was completely submerged into his body. Something then caught my eye. It was something about the judge's eyes. They no longer had pupils. All that I was able to see was the whites of his eyes. I had not listened to the dialogue of the trial the entire time, but enough time has passed for now being the announcement of whether Derek is guilty or not. The judge looked to be very spastic, yet nobody noticed. I inspected all the jurors in the courtroom and saw that all of them had no visible pupils. The exact same thing had happened to them.

They were now announcing the verdict. I looked at Derek. He was still normal looking, except the fact he looked anxious about the results. All of the jury, one by one confirmed their verdict of Derek being guilty. Derek was then arrested. It was surely a disappointing sight to see, but the only thing I was thinking about at the time was the George Floyd demon.

Ronnie and I felt like we investigated everything that we needed, so I stopped the video camera recording, and then we left the courtroom. At the parking lot, we heard a ton of nigger monkeys celebrating at the results. I shot them with my nigger destroyer 3000 without hesitation, because my anger toward the verdict results was forming.

Ronnie and I then took a cab to the airport to fly back to our hometown, where we will debrief all of the evidence. Meanwhile, 3 hours have passed, and we have returned back home. It was evening, so there was still some time to do some analysis.

Ronnie and I arrived at the Golden Nigger Corpse facility to call for an organizational meeting. Everybody who worked at the company, including my boss, met up at the conference room. I played back the video of what I had recorded of the trial. Since the camera does not have the infrared capabilities of which the nigger goggles had, it only picked up the moment when the George Floyd demonic creature mysteriously placed its hands and then absorbed itself into the judge, and then the rest of the jury. After playing back the clip around 5 times, realization hit me and It all started to make sense.

I had a flashback to when I saw the face of George Floyd when the taxi drove by Cup Foods. I remembered when I saw the big nosed face on the reflection of the airplane window when we were on our way to Minneapolis. I then recalled the exact words which the George Floyd demon creature growled at me in the hotel room:

*"I am the ghost of George Floyd. Send me all the pregnant belly pics or else I will haunt you"*

I had thought it was a sleep paralysis dream, but it turns out it wasn't. I reached the conclusion that George Floyds spirit followed me from the point where the airplane crossed his gravestone, all the way to the hotel room. I did not listen to his request for pregnant belly pics, which led him to haunt me. He followed Ronnie and I to the courtroom, and then he ultimately conducted a demonic possession on the jury, in order to get them to announce Derek Chauvin guilty.

After I explained this all to my co-workers, they ended up just laughing at me for making up a horror story. But I know for myself that it is all real. Because they thought I was trying to pull off a joke about the ghost of George Floyd, my boss fired Ronnie and I from the job.

Ronnie ended up shooting himself with his shotgun again because he couldn't find a new job. Since this organization is supposed to be kept in secret, I had to agree not to share a single detail about this company. But here I am, typing this on the subreddit called no sleep. I just want the world to know the real reason why Derek Chauvin was found guilty. George Floyds spirit is still out there, initiating demonic possessions to get revenge. This should also serve as a warning to you all: if George Floyds spirit ever threatens you for pregnant belly pics, please, listen to him. It is not worth the consequences.

**If you see George Floyd in a Roblox Game, Leave the Server Immediately**

Before I tell you what happened, I have to tell you some information about myself. I am a 19-year-old professional gamer who plays all sorts of games from Fall Guys to Pong. Ok, now I can tell you the story.

This took place at the beginning of June when the Black Lives Matter monkeys were still constantly rioting and looting. No matter where I went, I saw black squares everywhere. I couldn't fucking avoid it. So I decided to play some Roblox to get my mind off of this BLM crap. I played several different games, but the game where this shit took down was an FPS game called Arsenal. Every Roblox player knows this game, it's the most popular shooter game on the site.

I hopped in and played a few rounds. I was on my 5th game of the session when I noticed that a black player with a tank top and jeans appeared on the leaderboard. I didn't think much of it at first but then very abnormal things started happening. I noticed that the same black person who was on the leaderboard didn't have any skin equipped and had his normal Roblox avatar on. Every Arsenal player knows that there are skins in the game and that it's impossible to have your normal character as a skin in the game.

I opened the username leaderboard to see what his username was. It was GeorgeFloyd. I then got mad that I was reminded about the BLM shit that I was trying to avoid, so I tried leaving the game. But it wouldn't let me. I clicked on it several times, but I wasn't leaving the game. I knew it wasn't my computer because my computer has 50 GB of ram, which is absolutely unnecessarily large as 16 GB is more than enough for any computer. I tried to turn my computer off, but then I heard a voice that said, "You cannot escape me."

I figured it was just my imagination playing with me, but then when I tried shutting it down again, the Roblox game forced me into it and a big text displayed that said: "You are all mine. You will not escape until I get Fentanyl and Pregnant belly Pics."

I then noticed that GeorgeFloyd started walking towards a player with a female skin. He then took out a knife and threatened to stab her. I noticed her belly started expanding. What was even scarier is that I could hear him talking in the game, everybody knows that Roblox does not have voice chat. He then started lying down on her belly and said, "This is just as good as a pregnant belly pic."

Everybody in the chat was so confused and scared just like I was. But then GeorgeFloyd took a spinner out, it looked like it had all of our usernames on it. He spun it and it landed on 1993DaihatsuCharade, which is my Roblox username. GeorgeFloyd walked directly towards me and jumped through my computer screen. He pointed a gun at my belly and said, "Give me your pregnant belly pics."

I told him I was a guy and that it is impossible for me to get pregnant. He then started making monkey noises and started throwing objects at me. I tried to get out of my room, but the nigga monkey was too fast. It grabbed me by my throat and slammed down on my neck. He then pulled out a witchcraft book and then started making more monkey noises. I then felt very peculiar, and when I looked down at my body I started panicking. My lungs were being detached from my body. I was starting to choke.

"I can't breathe!" I tried to yell in a muffled voice.

"Yes, finally, all the air in the world," GeorgeFloyd said.

But then the police busted into my room. One of the cops ran in and body slammed GeorgeFloyd and started kneeling on his neck. While GeorgeFloyd was getting kneeled on, the other cops helped bring my lungs back into my body. After a few seconds, I was finally able to breathe again.

After a few minutes, GeorgeFloyd was severely weakened and then one of the cops told me "Wanna finish him off." I said fuck yeah and then jumped up and slammed his neck instantly killing him. I felt so proud of killing that nigga. But then I heard a voice from GeorgeFloyd again.

"I'll be back," he said in a creepy voice.

But I didn't care, I went back to my computer and then left the game. I was actually able to leave it this time. I think it's safe to say I won't be playing Roblox for a while. But I was curious about this GeorgeFloyd Roblox thing, so I went into incognito mode on my computer and looked up George Floyd ROBLOX hacking. I saw several discussion boards about the situation and that to be able to leave the game you have to kill GeorgeFloyd in real life. So from the looks of it, he keeps coming back to life so he can just torture people. Apparently, it's his revenge for being kneeled on. He has also been banned by Roblox over 50 times but keeps unbanning himself by hacking that can only be achieved with fentanyl. I also saw that if you leave a roblox game server within 5 seconds of GeorgeFloyd entering the game, you can avoid all of this shit.

So, to all of my fellow Robloxians out there, make sure you constantly check the leaderboard. If you see somebody named GeorgeFloyd enter, get the hell out of there ASAP. And as always, fuck niggas.

**We Biologically Engineered the Floydosaurus**

It might sound crazy, but I work as a scientist for a company that resurrects prehistoric organisms. This scopes from the earliest living creatures, even before the dinosaurs roamed, to the ice age. Our main reason for doing this is to sell them in the black market. Billionaires would participate in our online auctions, bidding millions of dollars for even a castrated specimen. To be honest, I really loved the job from the start. I took part in several cloning projects, such as the triceratops, mammoth, tyrannosaurus, and the velociraptor. However, what happened recently makes me question whether or not I should quit the job.

As exciting as the job is, there comes nasty dangers. Keep in mind, I am not supposed to leak classified information to the public, so as I am typing this, I will not use my real name. As a placeholder, I will call myself Will Komen. I will also not reveal the name of the organization in any shape or form. Secondly, I will refer to prehistoric creatures as dinosaurs, for the sake of simplicity. Before I tell everything that happened, I need to give some context. Specifically, the process in how we genetically clone these ancient species.

The steps that we undertake in order to do this are not too far off from what you learn in the typical high school biology textbook. In short, we still extract the DNA from the organism — in our case, a fossil. However, there are a few key additional differences, excluding the fact that we use fossils as the DNA source.

For one, we require the brain genetics of black people. You see, ancient fossils lack the cognitive gene, since brain cells tend to dissolve much faster than other types of flesh. The reason why we choose to use black people, is because niggers have a similar brain structure as dinosaurs. Another key difference in the process, is the use of the nigger gene splicer 3000. This is technology which we developed from within the organization, so no one else has access to it. How it works is, it connects the DNA strands of nigger brain genes with the strands from prehistoric DNA. This process can take three to six months. As a result, this creates a nucleic chain, which contains all of the genetic code we need. The last step is to implant this chain into a nigger female ovary, who will then give birth to the baby dinosaur. The DNA splicer is designed to create super-fast developing embryos, which speeds up the gestation process from 9 months to 12 hours. Primarily, we use black prisoner chicks as the birthing slaves. Unsurprisingly, it is an extremely painful process for them, given how large baby dinosaurs are. But who the fuck cares? Niggers deserve the pain anyway. Now, I have provided enough information to be able to explain everything that happened.

It was a late Saturday night, just relaxing from a long week of research work. I was watching some YouTube videos on my laptop. As demanding as being a scientist is, I am not required to do much work-related activities over the weekend. Work life balance is a priority in this organization, which is another reason why I loved it so much.

I was a couple hours into my web surfing, when I received a Gmail notification from the manager of the organization's cloning department, named Vector. Even though we don't really do work at home, it is still mandatory to check corporate emails as soon as possible. I paused the YouTube video and clicked the little notification bubble. The email read:

*"Greetings Dr. Will Komen, our team has just discovered an extremely efficient way to clone dinosaurs. This can save millions of dollars in cloning costs and resources. We visited the tombstones of some*

*of the most known retarded niggers on the planet. After a hefty search, we came across George Floyds corpse. We extracted his brain cells and did some analysis. We dug up some fantastic results. George Floyds brain structure is the most similar that of a dinosaur, out of all the hundreds of thousands of niggers we've tested thus far. We believe this can speed up the DNA splicing process by ninety times. Come to the master laboratory first thing on Monday. I will see you then."*

This was major news. The splicing time reduction was the most impressive thing that I noticed. As I mentioned before, the DNA splicing process takes three to six months. Because of how exciting it is to bring an extinct dinosaur back to life, it will make it much easier to wait.

After the weekend passed, Monday came. I arrived at the laboratory and saw Vector, along with my co-workers. Work has not officially started, so we waited a few moments until we got started.

"Attention everyone! As you've all been notified by email, we found a way to significantly reduce the cost and efficiency of cloning dinosaurs. Today will be a special day. In this initial demonstration of our discovery, I will allow all of you to sit back and relax, while the geneticists splice George Floyd's brain DNA with the fossil fragments of a Spinosaurus specimen."

We watched as a group of geneticists walked into the room. They were all struggling to carry this one large, rectangular box. It looked to be at least seven feet long. Once they were a fair distance away from the walls of the laboratory, they dropped the box, in exhaustion. Vector fished his pocket and pulled out a key. He then inserted it into a socket, which was right on the lid of the giant box. An extremely prominent, rotten smell then emerged into the room, as he lifted the lid. All of us plugged our noses as he continued to open the box. At last, we saw what was in it.

At first, I thought it was a life size chimpanzee statue. But after closer inspection, I realized that it was actually the dead corpse of George Floyd. I looked at it in awe. A female geneticist, named Dr. Heather Wilcock, along with another, lifted his body and then gently placed it on the closest workstation. I eyeballed her facial expressions. She appeared to be staring at George Floyds cock. I tapped her in the shoulder and gave her a disgusted look. She guiltily looked away.

Vector instructed her to start cutting. Dr. Wilcock pulled an Xacto knife from the cabinet and started digging in George Floyds head. Brown fluid gushed from the head.

"You are all welcome to leave the room if you want," Vector said.

I myself am used to watching gore, so this was not a big deal to me. Some of my coworkers did look away, however. The woman finally cracked open George Floyds skull, and got access to his brain. It was a very unusual color. Frankly, the color of the brain alters when a person has been dead for a while, usually a light pale color. But George Floyds brain was a very deep black color. Almost pitch black. Dr. Wilcock cut off a tiny piece of the brain and put it inside a glass container. I almost puked at the sight. Not from the incision though. I was just perplexed at the strange color. She inserted the glass container inside the DNA splicing machine.

I saw Vector motion the other geneticist to grab something from the room next door, which was the master fossil collection.

With all of them putting maximum effort, they managed to bring in a very long, slightly curved piece of bone. I studied it carefully and recognized what creature it was from. It is the sail of a Spinosaurus. Out of all dinosaurs that existed in prehistory, the Spinosaurus has always been the one that intrigued me the most. I looked at the sail in awe, even though I've seen one at least a hundred times during my career thus far.

The group of geneticists who welded the Spinosaurus sail passed it to Dr. Wilcock. She then threw it into the large cauldron of the DNA splicer. Vector had a remote in his hand, which controls the splicer. He pushed a few buttons, which then initiated a humming sound coming from the splicer. The splicer lit up, indicating that the power was on. The George Floyd brain fragment was being pulled into the insides of the machine, while the Spinosaurus sail was being grounded up in the cauldron, until it was in pieces small enough to fall inside of the machine.

"Alright guys and gals, this should take up to 2 days!" Vector said.

We all resumed back to our normal jobs. I went to my office to continue my usual research work. Nothing interesting compared to the new discovery, so nothing worth mentioning. The day went by slowly,

due to my excitement to see the results.

When I laid in bed the following night, I was tossing and turning, unable to get my mind on to something else. I never managed to pass out, because at around 2 AM, I got a phone call from Vector. I answered it, still feeling groggy.

"Hello? What the hell are you doing calling me at 2 O' Clock in the morning?" I asked.

"Come to the laboratory RIGHT NOW!" Vector yelled.

"Tell me what is going on, because I was trying to sleep."

"I'll explain to you when you get here."

Driving there was a drag. I was jaded at the inconvenience. Once I arrived, I noticed that there was smoke coming out of the building. I went in, with growing concern. I ran through the halls, and then into the laboratory. I saw Vector, standing right next to the DNA splicing machine. He had an excited smile on his face, with a small dish in his hand.

"It turns out, the George Floyd brain gene is even more closely related to dinosaurs than we thought. The splicing process was already completed an hour ago!" Vector exclaimed.

He brought the dish closer to my face. There I saw it, the nucleic chain containing Spinosaurus DNA combined with George Floyd's brain genetics. I forgave Vector for calling me here so late. This was truly a discovery that will make history. A man then entered the lab through the door. It was Dr. Jayesh, who is the gynecologist of the organization. Dr. Jayesh is a pajeet Indian, so he made a good candidate to do that sort of work. Vector handed him the dish and directed him to the birthing room, and for me to follow him.

We entered the birthing room, which had a black nigger criminal chick chained into a bed. She appeared to be asleep. Jayesh prepared a syringe which was to inject the nucleic chain into her ovary. Dr. Jayesh first administered anesthesia, so that she doesn't wake up and thrash around which makes it difficult to accurately locate the ovaries. He then finally injected the nucleic chain. We were now to wait half a day for the egg to develop into a baby Spinosaurus. We returned to the laboratory to meet back with Vector. We told him that the injection was a success. He let us go for the night.

When I arrived home, I was quite tired, so I fell asleep quite quickly. The next morning, it was a struggle to wake up. I had to wake up at 7:30 AM to go back to work. However, I was excited to see the new Spinosaurus, so it gave me a burst of motivation to get up.

Fast forward to noon, the birthing process was ready. I arrived at the birthing room, to see that nigger criminal chick in pain. Dr. Jayesh was at the other side of the bed, focusing on the baby.

The baby Spinosaurus squirmed out at last. However, something was off about the baby. Its body was normal, the typical physique of a healthy baby Spinosaurus. However, when I looked at its head, what I saw shocked me.

Its head was not that of a Spinosaurus at all. It was the head of George Floyd. I looked at Dr. Jayesh. He looked as stunned as I was. Dr. Jayesh picked up the strange Floydosaurus hybrid to inspect it closely.

"Behold, the Floydosaurus!" Dr. Jayesh exclaimed. But all of a sudden, it bit Dr. Jayesh's head off, similarly to the death of Ronnie McNutt. I screamed and ran out of the room and locked myself out. I peeked through the bulletproof window. The baby Floydosaurus was staring right at the nigger criminal chick's belly, while salivating. I knew exactly what was going to happen. It lunged at her and ate her stomach. I will spare the details, even as a man who is desensitized to gore. The baby Floydosaurus then turned its head to me. I knew it was seeing me as its next meal. I turned to run away.

Not too long after, I heard glass breaking. It was strong enough to break through the bulletproof window. I looked back and it was already gaining on me. Luckily, I was near a secured door. I entered through it and locked it just before the George Floyd baby dinosaur reached me. It was then banging on the metal door, leaving major dents.

I went to the laboratory and told vector everything that happened. He pulled out his walkie talkie and ordered security to bring this thing down. Before long, I saw four armed men with tasers and guns. They went up in front of the door, which had all the dents caused by the baby Floydosaurus. Something told me that even with all of those weapons, it will not be enough to take that thing down.

Soon enough, I found out I was right. They opened the door and fired at the baby Floydosaurus. The bullets didn't penetrate its hide at all. One of the men used the taser on it, but it was no more effective than the bullets. The baby Floydosaurus killed all of them in a very short amount of time, almost at the speed of light. Vector and I looked at each other, wide eyed. We both instinctively ran to the nearest hiding spot, which was inside one of the laboratory work bench cabinets. It was large enough to contain both of us simultaneously. In fact, it also contained vials of chemicals. I then noticed that one of the vials contained fentanyl. That gave me an idea. As you all know, George Floyd is a fentanyl addict. I hypothesized that if the baby Floydosaurus consumes fentanyl, it will maybe calm down. We were out of other options at this point, so might as well give it a try.

I took the vial of fentanyl and exited the workbench cabinet. To my surprise, I was met with the baby Floydosaurus, which was already right next to it. I grabbed its head and force fed the fentanyl into its mouth. It then smiled, as if it was satisfied. I studied it for a bit longer. It did not show any anger toward me, indicating my plan was working. However, that didn't last very long.

I first noticed that it's spine was growing in height. I then looked at the rest of its body. Its entire body was growing in size as well, very rapidly. I felt an overwhelming dread. Its initially small claws grew into banana sized sickles, the spine was now taller than I am, its tail became the length of a small car. I stepped back to look at the beast. The Floydosaurus's age was accelerated as the result of the fentanyl dosage, which instantly grew it to an adult fifty-foot-long lizard. Vector peeked out of the cabinet and stared at this monstrosity. We collectively got the signal to run away, and so we did.

Vector and I were headed to the exit of the building. I looked back and saw that the Floydosaurus was able to crawl in the narrow hallways. Thankfully though, it impeded its speed. We easily outran it because of that. Once we were out of the building, we were wondering what we should do about this creature.

I then had an idea. At the other side of our property was a football field sized barn, where we store our stock dinosaurs. I remembered that due to their large size, brontosaurus is low in demand. We could perhaps have a brontosaurus fight the Floydosaurus. We ran to the barn and vector unlocked the brontosaurus gate with his ID card. I held some leaves and waved it in front of the brontosaurus to get its attention. It looked at my hand, hungrily. Vector and I ran to the front door of the main building, with the brontosaurus following us. I opened the entrance to let out the Floydosaurus. It was already waiting for me, as if it knew that I was coming. I ran toward the brontosaurus, in order to kite the Floydosaurus toward it.

The Floydosaurus turned its attention to the brontosaurus and scratched its neck. This enraged the brontosaurus, although it was severely bleeding. It swiped its tail, hitting the Floydosaurus which caused it to fly backward. The Floydosaurus let out a loud roar. It charged at the brontosaurus on a quadrupedal stance and bit its front leg. The brontosaurus kicked its leg, trying to pry the Floydosaurus off. Eventually, this weakened it, and the Floydosaurus was on the ground. The brontosaurus then kneed on the Floydosaurus' neck. The Floydosaurus was struggling to breathe as the brontosaurus was dragging it with its knee.

After 10 minutes, the Floydosaurus was finally dead.

I let out a sigh of relief. The brontosaurus was severely injured. Vector and I led the brontosaurus back to its barn for it to rest. Everything that happened went by so quickly, that it was already late at night. I was more than done for today, with Vector being the same. I couldn't wait to get home so that I could comprehend everything that happened.

At last, I took a cold shower and replayed the events through my mind countless times. I mentioned earlier that I am not allowed to speak of anything about this organization to the public. However, since what we did caused a large number of deaths, I can not resist letting the public know. But what disturbed me the most was George Floyds brain, and how it had that eerily black color. This might explain why George Floyd is so retarded, but this is something beyond the understanding of even the most experienced neurologists. Whatever it is, I don't think I even want to know.

I am considering quitting this job as I am typing this. With how close I died because of a scientific discovery we made, I don't think it is worth the risk.

**Do Not Cut the George Floyd Tree**

Being a lumberjack has been quite an intriguing career of mine. Something about cutting trees gives me a nice sense of accomplishment. It is the satisfying feeling of cutting through the splinters of the blunt object, combined with the hoarse sound. The smell of fresh wood also compliments the experience.

Now, after hearing this brief description of lumberjacking, it may seem like it's the perfect job. It is. It really is. However, what happened to me in the jobsite recently made me retire from cutting trees.

It was a nice warm day in August. The leaves were beginning to turn yellow, to prepare for fall. I drove my large semi-truck to the woods to begin my long day of work. I held on to my trusty axe and began chopping. The fresh odor, which was similar to the new book smell, did not fail to please me.

For those who have never had experience with cutting large thick trees, you usually have to make multiple incisions. That's what I had to do for the first tree. It wasn't nearly the largest tree I've found in my years of profession, but it is still important for the story.

After I used my chad-like strength to haul the lot of wood onto my truck, I drove it to the processing facility. Normally, I cut down dozens of trees before I take them there, but because it was a particularly large tree, it simply took up too much space in my semi-truck.

Once I arrived at the processing facility, I met up with the processing manager, Darius Azmayesh Fard.

"Wow, how did you gather this much wood so fast?" Darius asked.

"I have gotten lucky and found a large one quite quickly," I responded.

Darius called in a team of storage men to help carry the load to the curing machines. Once we got all that sorted, I returned to my semi-truck, and drove back to the woods.

Once I arrived back, I looked beyond the front trees which were closest to me. I noticed that a lot of the trees in that particular forest were of a tremendous size, similar to the one I first cut.

I thought I had just hit a jackpot. But looking back, I wish I applied the philosophy that some things are too good to be true and turned back. But my excitement got the best of me, and I proceeded to cut down the gargantuan trees. As efficient as it was to have access to all that high quality wood, it took a lot of stamina for me to cut them. Luckily, I have a lot of built-up strength from lifting weights, so it wasn't too bad for me, compared to the average lumberjack.

It had taken me around four hours to cut down most of the thick trees, which comprised at least half of the entire forest. I went back to my semi-truck with the last load of wood for the morning and drove back to the processing facility to have my lunch break. Because of how much muscle work it takes for this job, eating even a simple sandwich felt like heaven.

After I finished my meal, I headed back to the forest to start cutting down the remaining half of the trees. Once I parked my semi-truck back to the site of the forest, I saw what the largest tree was I have ever seen in my life.

Now, I've been working in this industry for almost three decades, so it was a mighty sight. It was almost as tall and thick as an above average redwood tree. I also noticed that the tree secreted this strange white powdery substance from its branches. Whatever grew from this unknown species of tree was a mystery. I took out my phone to snap a few pictures. I went around the tree to get as many angles as I could. I could not wait to show my colleagues these. When I made it over to the back side of the tree, which faced the remaining half of the forest, I noticed a very peculiar pattern on the tree bark. It creepily resembled a human face, bearing a pair of eyes, a nose, and lips. Specifically, the nose and lips were quite large. It looked insanely like than criminal nigga, George Floyd.

George Floyd's face was a funny looking ugly monkey, so I took a few pictures of that face and sent them to my online racist friends. After having a few more good looks of that tree, I began cutting it. I took a huge swing at the base of the tree. To my surprise, I did not manage to make a dent to the wood. I thought that maybe my swing was a faulty one. I tried again a few more times, but still hadn't come close to making a noticeable cut.

I figured that even a large axe is not capable of cutting a tree of that size at all, so I went back to the processing facility to fetch stronger equipment. I parked there and browsed the storage room. It contained

all of the gear which us modern lumberjacks need, such as chainsaws and paper cutters. I picked up a heavy-duty chainsaw for a start.

I drove back to the forest and set up the chain saw. I set it to maximum horsepower, and then slowly began to slide it into the large tree. To my surprise, it did not come close to making a dent. I tried to think of other ideas, but none of our other cutting equipment is stronger than a chainsaw. That was when I came up with the idea of pulling the tree out of the ground, by its roots.

I luckily had a shovel sitting in my semi-truck, so I grabbed it and began to dig a deep hole. To my luck, the soil was extremely easy to dig into, since it was both soft and sticky. I dug down towards the roots of the tree. It took me a while, but I finally reached the bottom of the roots. Because this was such a large tree, I carefully scraped off the residual soil off of the roots one by one. I positioned my semi-truck so that the tree would fall into the back of the truck. As I continued to cut the roots away from my direction, the tree angled closer and closer to the truck. My plan was working.

After I finally shaved off the last bit of soil, the tree fell into the truck with a loud thud. As it slid into the truck, I heard this very faint whisper. It was somewhere along the lines of, "AH SHIT, I CAN'T PHOTOSYNTHESIZE!"

I brushed it off to the sound of the wind, so I just ignored it. God, I wish I had just listened to the whisper and left the tree in the woods. Unfortunately, though, hindsight bias doesn't work in the present. If only I knew what was to come.

The tree was so large that it barely managed to stay on the truck. I went in the truck and started driving back to the facility. On my way there, I heard the log toss and turn a lot. The truck was shaking side to side often. It was to the point where I thought it was going to flip over. I constantly looked at the rearview mirror to make sure the log wasn't falling off.

Eventually, I finally made it to the processing facility without the tree falling off on the way. I called Darius and told him that there is a large log coming in. Shortly after, I saw a figure exit from the facility through the garage door. Darius looked quite impressed by the size of the tree. He took out his walkie talkie and ordered the storage department to bring the tree to the cutter.

The team of storage men came out, along with a large vehicle which is designed to carry giant logs. They rushed toward the semi-truck and then they carefully rolled the tree into the vehicle. One of them then attempted to drive it through the garage door. However, because of how long and thick the tree was, it was not able to fit inside. The storage team tried to position the tree in various angles, but were still not able to drive it in.

Darius had the idea of cutting the tree in half. I knew already that it is impossible for any of our technology to do such a thing. The team of storage men brought out that same chainsaw that I used, and then they attempted to slice the tree in half. Unsurprising to me, it did not work. We decided that if we can't convert that tree into processed wood, it is essentially useless. Darius ordered the storage men to just store the tree in our facility's backyard. And so, they did.

It was now getting quite late, so I, along with every facility worker, began to pack up and prepare to go home. I looked down to my uniform and discovered that I had a lot of dirt on my uniform. It must've been due to all that digging I had to do, to cut the roots of that tree. A policy of this wood cutting business is that we are responsible for the condition of our uniforms. That meant that I had to stay in the facility to wash my uniform. I tossed my uniform into the public washing machine. It usually takes a couple hours to completely clean and dry clothes, so I had to wait for a bit.

I played on my phone to pass the time. Around half an hour of waiting, I began to hear this loud crashing sound. It sounded a bit like wood rubbing against each other. At first, I thought it was just the sound of our wood processors, but it sounded like it was coming from outside. Specifically, the backyard.

I grabbed a flashlight and decided to investigate. I exited the facility through one of the regular doors, and then made my way to the backyard. When I arrived there, I saw a very tall silhouette. It sort of resembled the shape of a tree, except it had thick stumps as its roots. I walked closer to it to further decipher its details. I highly regret it to this day. This was truly the moment I wish I just turned back and went home.

Once I was about ten meters away from that thing, I pointed my flashlight at it. What I saw still haunts me to this day. It was that same gargantuan tree that we couldn't cut, except its face was a lot more prominent than when I found it. It was now identical to that of George Floyd. I looked down and saw that the stumps were actually thick roots, which behaved as legs.

"I AM THE GEORGE FLOYD TREE! HOW DARE YOU TAKE ME AWAY FROM MY HABITAT!" The George Floyd tree boomed.

I stared at it in shock. I could not believe I was witnessing a talking tree, let alone a George Floyd reincarnation.

The George Floyd tree moved its branches around in anger, as if they were arms flailing. More of that mysterious white substance began to secrete from them. The George Floyd tree then moved the ends of its branches near its face, and then snorted the white substance into its nostrils. That's when I realized the substance that grew from the George Floyd tree is actually fentanyl.

"Now that I am calm, I will now steal all of your air, by absorbing your carbon dioxide and then photosynthesizing it for my own oxygen!" the George Floyd tree said.

The George Floyd tree ran at me at a great speed, much faster than I could process things. It then grabbed me with its branches and then met its mouth with mine. It proceeded to suck all of the carbon dioxide from my lungs. It caused me to feel severe pain in my chest.

"Hehehe, now I can undergo photosynthesis so I can finally breathe!" the George Floyd tree said.

I tried to escape from its branch's grip, but it was simply too strong. Wriggling my body only made its grip even tighter. Its mouth was still in direct contact with mine, as it continued to suck out all my carbon dioxide. That was when I got an idea.

I attempted to force myself to vomit, by touching the back of my mouth with my tongue. It wasn't easy to stretch it all the way back, but I managed to trigger my gag reflex. I felt the burning stomach acid rise through my esophagus, and then out my mouth. I vomited into the George Floyd tree's mouth.

"AHHH SHIT, I CAN'T BREATHE IN THE VOMIT!" the George Floyd tree screamed.

It let go of me as it suffered the asphyxiation. I then ran away as fast as possible. I grabbed my car keys out of my pocket and then sped away from the worksite as fast as I could. The wood processing facility is quite a way from the city, which is where I live, so it was going to be a long time until I reached civilization.

I looked to my rearview mirror, and to my surprise, the George Floyd tree was chasing my car. It was running unbelievably quick. So fast that it was gaining on me. I hit the gas pedal hard one last time and went at max speed. However, the George Floyd tree ran even faster. My heart rate rose above the ceiling, and I was prepared for my unfathomable fate. I've never heard of such a case of a person losing all of their carbon dioxide, and I knew by intuition that it would be a super painful death.

The George Floyd tree was now on the verge of touching my car. Fuck, I thought. I heard the scratching of its branches rubbing against the back window. My brain sort of went on autopilot, quite unfocused on the actual driving. All I was thinking about was what I should do.

I knew that attempting to run over it would be suicide for me. Such a large object would have backfired it. I turned on the headlights to see if there was anyone who I could call out to for help. There wasn't a single fellow driver, nor a hitchhiker.

It was then, I noticed a very tall tower to the left. It had a large propane tank right beside it, with a lit-up fire on top. That gave me an idea. Since wood is flammable, maybe if I drove my car over there, I could maybe have a chance to light the George Floyd tree on fire.

I turned my steering wheel, once I made it to an intersection, and headed toward the propane tank. The George Floyd tree then laughed. "Hehehe, I am getting so close to you. I am running out of air trying to keep up, but I am getting so close!"

I watched my rearview mirror, as the George Floyd tree jumped right on top of my car. It made a massive dent on the top of my car. Its weight severely slowed it down, rendering it driving at only 5 kilometers per hour.

We were nearly at the propane tank, just a minute or two close. The George Floyd tree then began to shake my car. It twerked its ass side by side, which caused my car to flip over. I was now screwed. Given that it gained on my car so easily, there is now way that I could outrun it. All I could do was hide inside the upside-down car and wait for my death. The George Floyd tree rammed its top against the driver's seat window, trying to break in. It was struggling quite a bit to break the glass but was making cracks. I shifted my body over to the right passenger seat, and then made a run for it while it was distracted.

I ran to the propane tank. I looked back, to see that the George Floyd tree had just noticed that I exited the car. It then made a very terrifying growl. It sounded like wood being grounded up, mixed with the roar of a gorilla. It then charged at me. I looked to my front, to see that I was pretty well at the propane tank now.

Once the George Floyd tree arrived there as well, it made a wide grin with its tree bark mouth. I heard the wood creek as it widened its smile. It balled up the end of its branched arm and attempted to grab me.

Just as it was about to land its hand on me, I ducked, and successfully dodged it. The George Floyd tree then ended up punching a hole through the propane tank. All of a sudden, the George Floyd tree's branch caught on fire.

"AHHHHH SHIT, THIS IS TOO HOT FOR ME!" the George Floyd tree said.

The fire expanded in size, percolating around the wood of the George Floyd tree. It spread like a wildfire.

"AHHHH SHIT!, I CAN'T BREATHE IN THE SMOKE!" the George Floyd tree screamed.

I watched as its wood started to lose its durability, hardening to brittle charcoal. Once it had completely turned black, the fire died down. The George Floyd tree was surprisingly still alive, except it was barely mobilized. It was hardly able to move its branches, because it was now made entirely out of charcoal.

I took my trusty axe out of my pocket, and then wacked that nigger tree. The axe completely obliterated the brittle material, causing the entire George Floyd tree to completely fall into pieces. I was now certain that it was dead.

My car was flipped over and I did not have the physical strength to flip it back up, despite being a chad lumberjack. I called a towing company to help pick my car and myself up. They allowed me to stay with them on the line, so that I could pinpoint my exact location.

I later saw a large towing truck on the horizon. I told them that I was at the propane tank. The towing truck then turned toward my direction, at the intersection.

The truck stopped right next to my upside-down car, then a man exited the truck. I ran to him to greet him. He asked me how I managed to get into this mess. Obviously, there is no way he would believe that I was chased by a giant mutated nigger tree, so I just told him that my car was attacked by a bear. He bought into it and agreed to pick my car up.

As we were on our way to my home, I decided that I no longer wanted to work as a lumberjack. This event severely traumatized me and being near forests from now on will trigger PTSD. If you consider becoming a lumberjack, just know the sharp tools and falling trees are not the only dangers.

**The Zombie Apocalypse of the Black Lives Matter Peace Protesters**

This may sound crazy, and you don't have to believe me, but zombies are real. Whether or not this story convinces you, it should shift your perspective on the undead. The real-world zombies are not like how movies and books portray them. They don't possess rotten flesh on their skin. They don't go after people to eat their brains. In fact, there isn't an obvious distinction between normal humans and real-world zombies when it comes to physical appearance. The difference is in the behavior. I will explain the key details as I go deeper into this.

I was at the grocery store one morning. It was my monthly visit, so I was seeking to purchase my basic necessities. Doesn't hurt to buy some lighters, I thought. A common hobby of mine is starting up campfires in my backyard. I would cook up some hotdogs and marshmallows every couple of nights.

Once I was done with my grocery shopping, I figured my car was low on gas, so I went to the closest seven eleven to purchase some gas. One thing I noticed about that particular Seven Eleven is that the cashier is always a black person. When I took the gasoline tank into checkout, I realized I was out of cash.

"Sir, you cannot purchase this, you don't have the sufficient funds," the black cashier said.

I wasn't able to drive any longer if I tried to get more cash from my home, so I decided to rob the store. I pulled my lighter out of my pocket and threatened him.

"Nigga, if you don't give me the gas tank, I'll burn your head off!" I yelled.

He didn't listen. I was furious at this point, so I punched him in the face, knocking him out. Then I lit the lighter inside his mouth and poured some gasoline through his esophagus. His internal organs went into flames, until he couldn't breathe and died. A woman outside of the store passed by and took a glimpse at the window.

"I'm calling the police!" she screamed.

I busted out the window and ran out, driving out of town so they can't track where I live.

It was getting late, so I had to stay at a hotel. Fortunately, they accept credit cards, so I was able to stay for a night. All this got my adrenaline up, so I turned on the T.V to relax. The default channel that popped up was the news. But what I saw on the screen caught my eye.

There I was, lighting the nigga Seven Eleven clerks' innards. It turns out the lady caught the whole thing on video and posted it on the internet. But this wasn't actually the main point of the newscast. The actual news was about an insanely large amount of people, protesting for Black Lives Matter. The news said it was observed that they are headed towards the countryside. I laughed at those braindead monkeys. Since I was getting that much exposure on the news, I decided it is best to leave the hotel in case anyone recognizes me.

I drove off to rent a cabin in the woods. But when I exited the hotel, I saw it. I saw a huge amount of people, facing the hotel. They all wore shirts that read Black Lives Matter and held signs that said the same thing. They were all looking at me with bloodthirsty eyes. Then, it all made sense. I recalled from the news that the large number of Black Lives Matter protesters were all headed to the countryside, which is where I am. They were all after me.

I got into my car and drove off as fast as I could. But Jesus Christ, they ran after me extremely quickly. I was glad I purchased that fresh tank of gas right before this, so I went at full speed and managed to lose them. I had so many questions racing through my head. How do they know my location? How do they know I was the one who killed that cashier? Why are there thousands of them all of a sudden after a specific goal, which is to kill me? This all doesn't seem normal.

All this seemed like a big deal at the time, so I drove back to the city. I didn't care if I got arrested right off the bat. What's more important is surviving these waves of protestors. I drove over to my buddy's house.

"What's up nigga, I need help. I am being chased by an army of nigga lives matter protestors. I need help," I said.

"I saw you on the news. Get out of my house, I don't want to be involved in any of this!" my friend yelled.

All of a sudden, we heard a loud sound. It is hard to describe, but imagine fireworks, at the decibel levels of a jet, and multiplied by a million. It took a while, but I figured it was the footsteps of all the protestors. The sound was getting louder every second, so I knew they were coming towards us.

"LET ME IN!" I pleaded.

My friend welcomed me and shut the door. We hid in the basement. We hammered wooden planks behind the door and put all the furniture we found next to the door. But part of me doubted it could hold the protestors for a decent amount of time. We hear loud banging on the door. We didn't have much time left. The door then flew across the room.

"All the niggas are in here, we're gonna die!" I screamed.

But then, something very surprising happened. The army turned away from us and walked away. I was confused. What were they here for? I thought.

After some thinking, I noticed a little detail: the exact moment they turned away was right after I said the word nigga. I noticed how the entire army did this to the next millisecond. The army acted like they were part of a hive mind. Very much similar to zombies.

I had the idea of speaking to a zombiologist. I went on the deep web to try and see if I could book an appointment with one. I found one named Doctor Hitler. I liked the name, so I chose him.

Because of the pandemic going on, we had to do the discussion online. I described everything I saw that night, every bit of detail.

"Looks like you have awoken the nigga lives matter zombies.", Doctor Hitler concluded. "If you kill a black man, and a mass amount of people hear about it, you awaken the zombies. Then they will return the next night. Once you have awoken them, the only way to get rid of them forever is to get them to hibernate. Here's how.... first, say nigga to weaken them. They are very quick, so immediately, you have to pour gasoline on all of them and put them all to flames. This won't kill the zombies, but fire suppresses the disease to the point it forgets who the target is permanently."

The next night, I heard the million footsteps again. It was showtime. I was lucky to have bought both a lighter and gasoline recently. If I went to a store at this point, I'd get caught for what I did at Seven Eleven.

"BLACK LIVES MATTER, BLACK LIVES MATTER, BLACK LIVES MATTER!" I heard their chants.

They sounded a lot like monkeys to be honest. I stood on my roof and took a view. There had to have been at least 5,000 of them, and my home isn't high enough to pour the gas on all of them, so I had to think.

I then got an idea. Since I am a high priority search for the police, I could call the police on myself, requesting a helicopter to pick me up, by saying I am seen on my rooftop. It seems crazy but it was the only way. The zombies were scratching at my house walls. Luckily the main headquarters of the police force is close to my house, so I saw a helicopter come into view shortly. It landed at my home. I pretended I was the one who called on the quote-on-quote criminal, so I requested a ride. They accepted and I hopped on the chopper. I poured all the gasoline at the zombies and then threw a flame at the gas. Then there was a huge explosion.

Before you ask me how I did it around the cops, they were going to kill those morons anyway. Once we arrived at the police station. The general officer awarded me with a certificate for help clearing a disruptive mob. And they let me free for assisting them in solving a crime.

This is my story of one of the (if not) the only zombie apocalypse on the planet. There are many things out there we haven't seen yet even though most of the earth's surface has been explored. Just because you haven't seen something, doesn't mean it doesn't exist.

**The Floyd Serum**

My name is Will Komen. I was a scientist who used to work at a company called redacted, that studies niggerology. It is a field of science that explores the strange nature of the behavior which niggers exhibit. I am writing this, to describe a terrifying experience that led me to quit my job, both as a worker at redacted and as a scientist.

We conducted this extremely ambitious and dangerous experiment which caused the death of countless employees. The experiment was supposed to be a subset component of an overall project, called the Floyd serum. The objective of the Floyd serum project was to develop a chemical where, when injected into the brain of the subject, can force them to revoke all the memories of George Floyd. A deep analysis will be done to help us discover more about the topic of nigger behavior.

We chose George Floyd as the focused specimen because of how violent he was back when he was alive. To summarize all the shit he did as a criminal, he held a gun to a pregnant woman and attempted to use a counterfeit 20 dollar bill to buy a banana, in order to satisfy his monkey-like craving.

It all started when I was at my office, typing up a long executive summary, which was supposed to be an introductory lab write-up of the Floyd serum project. In short, it was a step-by-step guide on how the lab workers were supposed to execute the experiment. The instructions were derived from thousands of extrapolated scenarios, which were generated by a virtual simulation. One of the lab workers, Doctor Connors, barged into my office cell and asked me for the estimated date of time for when the lab writeup was supposed to be done.

"Don't worry, I just need to do some proofreading and editing. I will release it by tomorrow for sure," I said.
"Awesome. I can't wait to learn more about nigger Floyd," Doctor Connors said enthusiastically.

He left my cell to allow me to continue focusing on the paper. I myself was also excited to get it done. The executive summary was not a long nor detailed paper, but a lot of time and effort still had to be put into it because any mis phrase can lead to a disastrous incident. Similarly, it is a well-known fact that a large percentage of deaths are due to the bad handwriting of doctors. I have a degree in both biochemistry and English, which are both tremendously important for my job.

It had been 3 hours of me working on it nonstop, so it was time for my lunch break. I exited my cubicle and went downstairs to grab a cup of coffee. I was quite exhausted from all the writing, so it was really something I was looking forward to. Nothing like the daily dose of caffeine.

I went to the cafeteria and unpacked my lunch box, which consisted of the Floyd burger and Ronnie McNutt cream soda. I'd always pack this specific meal every day, because it is so damn good. I was just as hungry as I was exhausted, so it did not take long for me to consume the entire George Floyd burger.

I returned to my cubicle shortly and finished up the executive summary.

At the very end of the workday, I submitted the paper to the lead scientist, Mr. Wilcock. Mr. Wilcock was quite an intelligent man, who had already been working in this company since the age of 20. He was the one who inspired the majority of our scientific endeavors and made sure every lab worker followed the correct procedures.

Mr. Wilcock thanked me for my work and excused me to leave the facility. I waved goodbye and headed home.

Not too long before I went to bed, I received an email from Mr. Wilcock, stating that my experiment lab procedure was approved, and we were going to start the Floyd serum experiment tomorrow. I was lightened up with excitement, proud of my work, and was looking forward to the next day.

I met up with the entire lab crew the next day.

"Okay folks! today is the day we advance our understanding of niggerology!" Mr. Wilcock began. "I hope you all read over the steps which Doctor Komen has put together, which I have emailed all of you last night. We will begin in a few minutes."

I saw some of the niggerology lab technicians leave the room to grab some additional equipment, while Mr. Wilcock directed the other work units. The lab technicians brought in numerous colored serums from the storage room, along with this eerie brown colored substance, which was stored in several vials. Mr. Wilcock announced that we now had every piece of equipment that we needed to do the lab procedure.

"Now all we need is the test subject." Mr. Wilcock said, as he left the room.

He was presumably going to bring the person who we were to experiment on. Mr. Wilcock came back into the lab, along with this girl who looked like she was pleading for her life silently. The look on her face looked like she was about to be executed.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to introduce my daughter, Heather. She will be today's Floyd serum test subject."

I heard quite a bit of gasps, and everyone started to whisper to one another. I overheard a couple technicians next to me. One of them was quietly explaining that he was shocked at who the test subject was. I myself was surprised by this. We normally would have prisoners as test subjects.

"That's right, this is my daughter. Because she has been a misbehaving BLM whore lately, I decided that she deserves to be punished, by being our guinea pig, instead of the state's prisoners," Mr. Wilcock said. "Now, let's get started at last. Doctor Phillips, go hand cuff Heather while the technicians prepare the

syringe.

I watched as Doctor Phillips grabbed Heather by the neck, and then aggressively inserted both of her arms in handcuffs. She really tried her best to make a quick escape, but she seemed like too much of a dumb whore to manage it successfully. I saw Doctor Connors and the rest of the technicians extract the Floyd serum into the syringe. The brown oozing liquid bubbled, as it progressed through the sharp cylinder. I swore that I was seeing a faint face of George Floyd, inside the substance. Doctor Phillips dragged Heather into this intricate chair, which had a ton of barbed wire in it, with arm straps to lock in Heather.

The second Doctor Phillips walked away, Heather kicked her feet around with the hope to break free, and was even biting into the arm straps. The straps did not come close to budging. She then started screaming, yelling for anyone to unstrap her. Mr. Wilcock ran over and injected his daughter with this sleep drug.

“Alright, we got her down. Now hurry up and hook her brain to the monitor!” he demanded the technical team.

Doctor Connors and the rest of his colleagues brought over a large 70-inch monitor into the room. It had to have been extremely heavy, as it took multiple men to carry it. They plopped down the monitor into the floor, in front of the rest of the lab workers. The monitor for this experiment was supposed to act as a medium for us to be able to observe the mind of Heather Wilcock, while she is in the influence of the Floyd Serum.

Doctor Connors retrieved a long wire from the back of the monitor. It had a very sharp tip at the end of it, which will be used to hook the monitor with Heather’s brain. Doctor Connors stabbed the sharp wire into the left scalp of Heather, and then injected the same side of her head with the Floyd Serum.

The monitor’s screen all of a sudden flashed a bright light, followed by a static feedback. The static then gradually phased into a timeline visual, which displayed various points in time within the memories of George Floyd. It allowed us to pick and choose any of the areas of George Floyd’s mind, which we would like to explore.

Since I was the one who wrote up the entirety of the lab procedure, I was elected to be the one who got to traverse George Floyd’s memories in my own manner. I wanted to go through this slow and steady to maximize the amount of data we can collect, so I started all the way from the beginning, which dates back to when George Floyd was born.

The screen went dark red and laid out what appeared to be moving fluid. For a moment, I had no idea what we were looking at. But as we continued to observe the monitor’s display, I realized that it was displaying a first person view of baby Floyd, who was just about to come out of his mother’s womb. As the rest of the crowd processed this fact, I heard a few of them beg me to skip this. I then focused my attention back to the monitor, to see a close-up image of George Floyd’s mom’s vagina. It looked meaty and disgusting as fuck, so I quickly exited the channel. A sigh of relief was heard from the back. We didn’t need to see that part of George Floyd’s life anyway. Nothing major to analyze from the brain of an infant.

I scrolled the timeline forward, trying to find a point in time when George Floyd’s brain was at least developed enough, to observe something which we can relate to niggerology. I chose to explore George Floyd’s first day of high school. The screen flashed into a clip of George Floyd first entering his school, called Yates high school.

He went downstairs, directly to the women’s washroom. As he entered the washroom, only one of the stalls appeared to be occupied. George Floyd then crawled under the space, which was below the stall door, to see a girl on a toilet. She immediately noticed him and rushed to pull her pants back up. George Floyd then took out a camera and snapped a photo of her belly, then quickly ran out of the washroom.

He bolted to the men’s washroom with immense speed, in order to remain unseen. George Floyd proceeded to lock himself in one of the stalls and then jerked off to the photo of the girl's belly.

I immediately cut off the video feed shortly after seeing this. I saw the footage analysts jot down notes on their clipboards in disgust. I briefly took a look at their notes. From what they have interpreted, George Floyd had a sexual fetish of the bellies of women. Keeping that in mind, I continued to search for another potentially worthy point in time.

I chose to explore the lifestyle of George Floyd, when he was in his early twenties. The monitor showed a video clip of George Floyd, who was now an adult. In his point of view, he had just woken up for the first day at his job, which was being a porn star.

He drove over to his porn studio, which was called the Khabib show. When he entered the building, he was greeted by numerous agents and backstage managers.

George Floyd entered a curtained room. It had that typical black couch which you would see in every casting porn video. George Floyd was met with this super obese nigress pornstar. I immediately knew what was going to happen. George Floyd was going to fuck this fatass whale. The cameramen entered the room, apologizing for his lateness. George Floyd and the obese nigress accepted his words, and then they began filming shortly.

I looked to the back, expecting everybody to beg me to skip this part. However, the analysts appeared to be interested in viewing this sex scene. I trusted them that they were going to take away something important, so I went ahead and resumed the clip. Now, I will spare the details because of how unpleasant it was to see George Floyd having sex with that whale.

After they were finished filming the entire porn video, I saw George Floyd quickly pull out a familiar looking object. It was that same camera he used as when he snapped the photo of that girl in the washroom, back in high school. George Floyd then took a picture of the obese pornstars belly, without her noticing, and then left the building.

The following night, he printed the photo, and stuck it on his wall. I looked back at the analysts and they looked to be writing a lot in a short amount of time.

I took a quick read, to see where we are at so far with observations. So far, they've made an inference that George Floyd's belly fetish is still continuing to exist and grow, gradually evolving into fat women. It was quite a disgusting thought, but to be frank, scientific discoveries are not really interesting without a degree of unpleasant ideas.

throughout the next couple of hours, we skimmed through George Floyd's entire adventure as a porn star. Most of it consisted of uneventful shoots. However, the analysts and I did notice some interesting patterns. George Floyd's fellow pornstars whomst he would shoot with would be fatter than the last, eventually evolving into 600-pound elephants. Every time he would finish a porn shoot, he would again snap a photo of their bellies in secret, and then add the photos to his growing collection of belly pics.

Near the end of George Floyd's pornstar career, he managed to get into pregnant porn. That was when the analysts proposed our first hypothesis. George Floyd's main motive of being a pornstar was to fulfill his belly fetish. After being exposed to this kind of stuff for years, his fetish grew into a disgusting sexual attraction to pregnant bellies.

This gave me an idea. If it was so apparent that George Floyd found pregnant belly photos super intriguing, perhaps we could confirm our hypothesis by reviewing his memory of robbing that pregnant woman at gunpoint.

I fast forwarded to the year of 2007, when he committed the robbery. The monitor's screen depicted George Floyd, along with his gang, approaching the pregnant lady. As they went closer with their guns pointed at her, George Floyd pulled out a smartphone and snapped a photo of her belly. The gang then threatened the woman that, if she told anybody about this, they would find her and murder her. The following night, George Floyd jerked off to the photo and added it to his pregnant belly pics collection.

This all confirmed that George Floyd's nigger criminal behavior was largely fueled by his sexual desire, for pregnant belly pics.

At this point we had spent all of the workday watching this, so it was getting quite late. We decided to call it a day, so the lab technicians shut off the monitor, and everybody in the lab worked together to clean up. I heard the prolonged sound of glass clinking as we put away the flasks. Finally, Doctor Connors unplugged the monitor's wire from Heather Wilcock's brain. But the moment he did that, Heather immediately opened her eyes in a heartbeat. However, something about her looked rather off. Her eyes eerily resemble those of George Floyd's.

I looked around the room, but nobody else seemed to have noticed. I brushed it off to my imagination, perhaps due to me staring at that screen all day. That was the case, until I noticed that Heather

Wilcock's skin began to turn dark. Followed by her becoming as dark as a nigger, her nose and lips grew to the size of George Floyds. It was then, others noticed her transformation. Heather broke out of the arm straps with ease, and punched her chest like a gorilla, while making chimpanzee noises.

Mr. Wilcock finally noticed this and went into a panicked state. Heather then charged at a random scientist and ate his belly, in one bite. Blood and stomach acid poured from his abdomen, until he collapsed to his death. Heather continued to do this to countless other lab workers, in the snap of a finger. After I broke out of my trance, watching the death of my coworkers, I bolted out of the laboratory, along with the ten remaining survivors.

I chose to run to the left hall in desperation to get as far from Heather as possible. It was just me and this other lab technician who chose that route. For a moment, I wondered why it was only us who picked the left hall, and not the right. I realized our mistake. This was not the hall that led to the exit of the building. I was not able to think rationally at the time.

I glanced back to see Heather, who now looked exactly like George Floyd, running at us at the speed of a pro nigger sprinter. She was now 6'5" and was a full-on nigger. I looked to my front to see a dead end. We anticipated our fate of getting our stomachs eaten, as we reached the end of the hall.

But as Heather was at an arms distance away from us, she pulled out the wire which she must've stolen from the monitor and tied it into the shape of a noose. She then hooked it to a metal light bulb on the ceiling, and proceeded to hang herself, ultimately committing suicide.

"I CAN'T BREATHE!" she cried as she suffocated in the wire.

The lab technician and I looked at each other, confused. We both had the same question in mind. Why the hell did Heather just kill herself?

We stood back on our feet and ran to the right hall, to check if the remaining survivors were alright. We called out some names, saying that the coast is clear. We were greeted by Mr. Wilcock and some other lab workers. They looked to be uninjured to my relief. I told them about how Heather committed suicide just before she could have killed us, for whatever reason. Mr. Wilcock looked both sad and relieved at the same time,

We walked back to the laboratory to find all of the corpses, which were killed by Heather. Every single one of them were killed in the same way, as seen by a giant hole in all of their bellies. It looked very grotesque, even as a person who watches a lot of gore. We spent the night cleaning up all of the bodies, hiding them in our basements. There is no way the police will believe our story after all.

We were free to leave work after that, along with a week of vacation to make up for the trauma of seeing most of our coworkers' mass murdered.

As the week passed, I did not enjoy my vacation at all. I was spending all of my waking hours, trying to think of a reason why Heather transformed into George Floyd. The only organ of Heather which we tapped into was the brain. The Floyd serum was not designed to affect the physiology of the subject. It could have been possible that the Floyd serum had the ability to create cancerous cells, which can alter the body into becoming whoever originally possessed that memory. Maybe one of our stem cell researchers tampered with the Floyd serum.

But there was another thing that particularly stuck with me. Why did Heather kill herself? After putting in some thought, I came to the realization that Heather essentially became a tranny, as a result of becoming George Floyd. Considering that trannies have a forty percent suicide rate, the best explanation would be that Heather was part of that statistic.

I can have all these perfectly rational explanations for what had happened that day, but I decided that it is no longer worth working as a niggerologist. We definitely took that experiment way too far, causing the deaths of almost one hundred intelligent employees.

CEO of redacted, if you are reading this, just know that I wish you the best of luck on future research. I am sorry to say, I will no longer be a part of redacted.

**Do Not Stick Dildos on the George Floyd Statue**

My name is Jordan Kleeman. I was on my laptop browsing the internet one day. It was a very hot summer day in Newark, New Jersey, so I had no option but to stay indoors due to the heatwave. I was scrolling through news articles, reading whatever piques my interest. A lot of them had something to do with the nigga monkey, George Floyd, so half the time, I was looking at images of that big, lipped monkey.

For those who don't know, I have a strong hatred towards niggers. They commit a disproportionate number of crimes and contribute nothing to society. As a result, looking at George Floyds face for a prolonged amount of time started to enrage me. Eventually, I had enough of it, so I closed my laptop to take a break from the internet for the day. I decided to take a quick shower since the heat managed to radiate into my house. Usually, I take warm showers, but since the heatwave was so severe, I took a cold one this time. Once I got out of the shower, I chose to leave the house to go on a walk to help clear my mind.

I drove over to the woods, as the location where I ran my errands. Because of the heatwave, I figured that the trees would help prevent me from being exposed to the sun. In addition to the severe heat, I did not want my own skin to get darker as a result of a tan. Having darker skin makes me feel like I am associated with niggers.

I started my trail in one of the south openings of the forest. The trees were fairly large with thick leaves, so it was an especially good way to escape the sun. However, once I was about two hundred feet in, I heard a buzzing sound. I darted my head back and saw a horde of mosquitoes. I swatted at them multiple times, hoping that they hadn't bitten me already. To my disappointment, the mosquito horde kept coming back. This enraged me. On my list of what species I want eradicated from planet earth, Mosquitoes rank among the top with Jews, fags, niggers, and spicks. I tried squishing the mosquitoes by clapping my hands on them. It managed to kill the majority of them, but a new horde arrived shortly. Having enough of them, I decided to walk somewhere else. The shade of the woods unfortunately attracts these kinds of creatures.

I called it quits and left the woods to walk in the city instead, where there are a minimal number of insects hanging around. I drove over near the Newark city hall, where I wanted to restart my errand. As I exited my car, I noticed that there was a peculiar figure sitting on a bench right next to the city hall building. It looked to be a very stationary monkey, staring into space. I walked toward it, and upon closer inspection, I realized that it was actually the George Floyd statue. My blood then began to boil. The sight of this abomination reminded me of the fact that people still view George Floyd as a hero, when all he did was take fentanyl and start riots. This hatred continued to build up and I immediately snapped.

There was one thing that came to mind: vandalism. I started to brainstorm possible ways to ruin this already ugly piece of artwork. I thought of defacing it, but it seemed too unoriginal to me since it has already been done numerous times to previous George Floyd murals. Another possible idea in mind was to destroy the statue with a drill. However, I felt that it would be too easy for me to get caught because of the loud noise. I also wanted the vandalism to have some comedic appeal. Something that will invoke internet memes. That's when I came up with the idea of attaching a dildo on the George Floyd statue. I stopped examining the George Floyd statue and made my way back to my car. I then drove over to the sex toy store.

As i entered the sex shop, I was greeted by the cashier. He, or should I say, it, was a tranny. He had the stereotypical pink hair which most male trannies have. I saw countless pimples on his face, which persisted throughout his chest which is visible from his wife beater. As I said before, I have a hatred towards fags. It was then I decided that I needed to buy the dildo as fast as possible so that I can get away from the proximity of that disgusting subhuman.

I looked around the shelves and at first sound some anal beads. I at first considered using that instead of a dildo, but quickly dismissed that idea as anal beads are too small to be easily noticed. I continued to walk around, examining all the intriguing objects which some people are willing to stick up their asses and pussies. One of them was supposedly a wax dildo replica of a cactus with thorns made out of metal. I cringed at the thought of whores using that as a pleasure toy. I also came across a Ronnie McNutt themed anal pump, which is a device that is supposed to pump blood colored cream in the anus.

To the right of that product was when I've finally reached the monster size dildo section. Each of the dildos in the section had a specific animal theme. Such as the horse, the dragon, and the gorilla. The gorilla dildo was the one that caught my attention. It had a length of 13 inches and a girth of 10 inches, as said in the packaging. It had a brown tint to its base color of black and was covered in thick veins.

I could not imagine it fitting inside a person. Because George Floyd is a black nigga monkey, I knew that the gorilla dildo would be perfect to attach to the George Floyd statue. I picked up the large package which contained the dildo, and then placed it on the front counter. “

Your total will be $255.00,” the tranny cashier said in a man's voice.

I fished my pockets for money but realized that I had forgotten to bring cash. I told the tranny cashier that I don’t have any money with me and that I also didn’t have a credit card.

“Pay up, or else you cannot leave with the package,” he then said.

My distaste for trannies started to grow, enraging me, so I socked him in the face, knocking him unconscious. He fell to the ground, hitting his head against the floor and bled through his scalp. I then took off with the gorilla dildo.

I bolted out of the sex shop and drove off to the city hall. I could hardly focus on driving, due to my excitement of vandalizing the George Floyd statue. I parked my car into the driveway next to the statue and started unboxing the gorilla dildo. I ripped off the clear tape which reinforced the box and then opened the top flap. There I saw it, a long dark brown cylinder covered in veins with a mushroom shaped tip. I took the dildo out of the box, holding it by its adhesive base to avoid looking like a faggot. I then headed towards the George Floyd statue and then firmly stuck the gorilla dildo on the statue's crotch. I took a step back to get a better view of it.

The George Floyd statue now looked like how he looked in his porn video debut. I pulled my phone out of my pocket to snap a photo of it. Right after I saved the image to my camera roll, I ran to my car and drove off as soon as possible to avoid getting caught in the act. I looked at my rearview mirror and there seemed to be nobody near the George Floyd statue. With a sigh of relief, I slowed down my car.

I arrived home at last and the sun was setting, so the temperature was starting to cool down. It was getting late, so I cooked myself a quick dinner; microwaved some ramen noodles and chilled on my couch.

I opened up my racist Instagram group chat, called the Liberal Termination crew, to send the photo of the George Floyd statue with the gorilla dildo attached to it. It got the whole squad laughing. I hadn’t read the chat since yesterday because I was so busy vandalizing the statue, so I scrolled up the Liberal Termination group chat to enjoy all the based memes which my online racist friends sent today.

After I was done having a good laugh at the fed posts and gore, I finished eating my ramen noodles and then headed for bed. It was yet another day of successful trolling, so I fell asleep fulfilled.

The next morning, I woke up at 5:30 AM. I knew the first thing that I was going to do: check on the George Floyd statue to see if the dildo was still there. I went to the washroom to brush my teeth, while scrolling through the Liberal Termination crew group chat. I always look forward to doing this at the start of each day.

After I was finished cleaning up, I drove over to the city hall to finally check on the statue. I hovered my car by the area and looked at the supposed location of the statue. To my surprise, all I saw was the bench. Neither the George Floyd statue nor the dildo was in sight. I blinked three times and squinted to make sure I wasn’t just imagining things. Sure enough, there was no statue. This puzzled me, mostly because I could not come up with a rational explanation on why it would be gone. If a government official wasn’t happy about the dildo, he could have just ripped the dildo off. The adhesiveness isn’t supposed to be that strong to begin with.

After putting in some thought, I eventually shrugged it off to the government workers not wanting to deal with repeated vandalism, so having the George Floyd statue there wouldn’t be worth the effort.

I checked my watch and realized it was almost time for me to go to my job, so I took a U turn and headed to work. Now, because I am based, I will spare the specific details of my job to avoid getting fired. All that I will reveal is that I am a customer service worker of a grocery store.

After the eight-hour long shift, It was time for me to head back home. I was exhausted from my work. I had to deal with 10 niggers who were trying to steal bananas. I had to try so hard not to call them nigger criminals, but I managed it well. And me being an introvert didn’t make it any better.

When I entered my house, I jumped onto my couch to watch some TV. It is what I usually do when I am too tired to do anything that requires any physical demand. I decided to check out the news channel, to

maybe see if there is any newscast related to the George Floyd statue that I vandalized. There was a female reporter on the screen, who appeared to be discussing a very recent rape case.

“There has been a woman who was violently raped last night, near the Newark city hall. She reported having severe vaginal tears, due to the perpetrators alleged abnormally large penis,” the reporter said. “Numerous rape kits have been applied, but not a single trace of DNA evidence has been found.”

The last sentence caught me off guard. How is it possible that no DNA evidence is found with the rape kit? Even if the rapist didn’t ejaculate in the woman, there would have to be some leftover skin or sweat given how forcefully she had been raped.

“Police around the Newark area are now actively searching for the rapist. The woman described him to have worn a full bronze colored suit, with the subtle facial features of a black man with a large nose and lips. If you find an individual with a similar appearance, please call the phone number, ‘redacted’. Further searching for DNA evidence will be done under the woman's permission.

I was quite fascinated by this newscast. There was something about the abstruseness of the rape case that jumped out at me. It was particularly about how the news reporter described the rapist’s appearance. I couldn’t recall why I found it so peculiar. It reminded me of those moments when I go to another room to look for something but forget what I was supposed to look for once I enter that room. I figured that it was because my brain couldn’t think straight from the long day of work, so I called it a night and went to bed.

The next morning, I awoke to my alarm clock at 5:30 AM once again. I still felt tired even though I slept fairly early. I rubbed my eyes, trying to adjust to the sunlight and then got ready for work. The rape case which played on last night’s newscast was still resonating with me.

It was then I thought of an idea. It would not hurt to check on the Newark city hall, to possibly find anyone who looks anything like how the news reporter described the rapist. I got into my car and headed over there. As I slowed down my car and went adjacent to the pavement, I saw something on the bench that caught my eye. It was the George Floyd statue, which looked to have returned to its original spot, with the gorilla dildo still stuck on its crotch. How could this be? I thought.

I swore that I did not see the statue there yesterday. Since the statue is definitely made out of some type of metal, no random stranger can simply pick up the statue, and then put it back right on the same spot in such a smooth manner. A large pickup truck would probably be able to do it with ease, but it would cause enough of a disturbance where it would be easily noticed by people walking by. I have not taken a single drug in my life, so there was no way I was hallucinating. Despite me still being tired from yesterday's work shift, the statue looked way too vivid to be a figment of my imagination.

I could not come up with a theory on why I didn’t see the statue yesterday, so I simply tried my best to forget about it. No point in worrying about something that you can control. I headed to my job, still trying not to think about it.

At last, my shift was over in the evening. It was a rather relaxing day as the store didn’t have a lot of traffic that day. Therefore, I was not nearly as exhausted from work as yesterday. Lucky for me, it was a Friday, so I got to have the next few days all to myself. Since it was now the weekend, I chose to spend the rest of my Friday sleeping. This is not an unusual ritual for me, as it always feels nice to catch up on rest at the end of each week. I very quickly passed out on my couch once I arrived home.

All of a sudden, I was awoken by a very loud high pitch noise coming from my vibrating phone in my pocket. I looked at the clock above my television and it read 1:30 AM. For a split second, I thought the sound coming from my phone was due to an alarm clock which I mistakenly set at this time, but once I turned on my phone's lock screen, I realized that it was actually an emergency alert. I tapped on the alert notification and entered my passcode to see the full context. I was greeted with the following text:

*“Citizens of Newark, two more women reported to have been violently raped by the same rapist as the one two nights ago. One of them last night and the other one a couple hours ago. Similar to the first rape case, zero DNA evidence were found with a rape kit on both of the rape victims. We suggest that all female residents of Newark refrain from going outdoors after dawn in the near future, until the police force finds the rapist. Both of the recent victims were able to recall the facial features of him in better detail. The police department has produced a rough sketch of the rapist, based on the victim’s descriptions.”*

I saw an image below the wall of text, which depicted the police sketch. It was still apparent that they still don't have a clear idea of what the suspect looks like, because the face lacked some key features, such as the eyes and hair. It only depicted the general head shape and nose and lips. Upon inspecting it, it noticed that it bore a slight resemblance of George Floyd.

I thought it was a funny coincidence that all these raping's happened, by a person who looks like nigger Floyd, right around the same time I vandalized the statue. After I was done inspecting the alert, I went back to sleep.

The next morning, I was able to get away with sleeping in, since there was no work. I went to my kitchen to make myself a large breakfast, because I skipped dinner last night. I opened my refrigerator to find out that I was out of milk. I really wanted to eat cereal that morning, so I stepped out of the house to buy some milk.

As I was driving to the grocery store, I noticed that there were very few people outside. Mind you, it was 11:00 AM on a Saturday, so usually there would be many pedestrians. It almost felt like a ghost town. That emergency alert really convinced people to stay at home, perhaps because the rapist looked like George Floyd.

As I entered the grocery store, I saw that its vacantness matched the outdoors. The only people who were inside, besides me, were the two cashiers, one at each counter. I picked up two cartons of milk and went to checkout at the nearest cashier to the exit.

"It is empty here, isn't it?" he said, as he put the 2 cartons in a plastic bag for me.

"Yeah. That George Floyd nigger looking rapist really convinced people to shelter themselves," I responded.

The cashier then chuckled. "You are a based man. Nice and refreshing to finally see a racist man in this liberal city."

I smiled, to express my symmetrical feelings to the cashier, and then headed out of the store.

I returned home and then proceeded to make a bowl of frosted flakes cereal and a banana egg sandwich. When I was done cooking and started eating my breakfast, I scrolled through the Liberal Termination crew group chat. As usual, the columbine edits never failed to amuse me. I spent the rest of the day making memes and video edits for the group chat, since I hadn't been active for a while.

Before what it felt like long, it was getting darker; the sun was setting. I went on to my regular night routine. Making dinner and taking my second shower of the day. I was too lazy to make myself dinner tonight, so I decided to order pizza instead. I called Domino's pizza and ordered a large pineapple pizza with extra mushrooms. Some of you reading this may laugh at me for ordering such pizza, but trust me, it's actually really good.

Around 25 minutes passed, until I heard my doorbell. I eagerly ran to the front door to finally receive my order. After the pizza man handed me the box followed by a swipe of my credit card, he took a step closer and told me, in a quiet tone.

"When I was on my way here, I saw a strange man wandering around in this neighborhood. He looked a bit like the rape suspect in the police sketch. If I were you, I would lock all your doors and windows."

"Alright man, thank you for the pizza and the warning," I replied.

I closed the doors and locked it, along with sealing all of my windows shut as the pizza man had suggested to me. I then opened the pizza box and snacked on tonight's lazy dinner. I was so concentrated on meme editing that I forgot to eat lunch, so it didn't take me long to eat every slice. As much as I wanted to savor it, I just felt too malnourished.

After I finished my meal, I rinsed it down with the soda that came with it and then went to the washroom to take a shower. I adjusted the temperature to a moderately warm setting. As I reached down to the shower floor to squeeze some shampoo into my hair, I heard a lady's scream through the walls of my washroom. Now to illustrate, my washroom is in the first story of the house, at the front left corner.

I decided to turn off the shower to further investigate the noise. I neared my ear against the wall adjacent to the front side of my house and listened closely. Sure enough, I heard the woman's scream, so I was

not imagining things. Judging by the volume and viscosity of the voice, it seemed to be coming from a source no further than 100 feet away from my front yard. I was quite curious about what was going on out there, so I put my clothes back on and left the washroom.

I then went to one of my front windows and pulled the curtains upward to reveal what looked like a woman getting ass fucked by a mysterious figure. I then heard her scream "help". She was not just getting fucked. She was full on getting raped. This was the first time I've ever witnessed a rape, so I just froze there trying to think of what to do.

I had only two options: risk my life to save the lady, call the cops, or simply just turn away and ignore it. I squinted my eyes to see if I could recognize who the rapist was. He appeared to have a very large nose and lips. Big enough to make him a distinguishable nigger.

At this point, I was quite certain that it was the violent rapist which appeared on the news and the emergency warning. The pizza man warned me of a similar looking man who he saw nearby after all.

After putting in some thought, I came to the decision that I should intervene. My reason for this risky move is the fact that the rapist is a nigger. That would mean the justice system of this liberal city would most likely let him off the hook after all the Black Lives Matter protests.

I went upstairs to my bedroom to open my vault which contained my shotgun to help defend myself and headed out. I opened my front door to see the man was still raping the woman. I was somewhat puzzled by how long he managed to do it uninterrupted for that long. I quietly closed the door and made my way to the hind side of the rapist. I then slowly walked toward him to get a close enough shot without being noticed.

As I went closer, the physical features of the woman were becoming more apparent. Her hair was naturally brown, the majority being covered by blonde streaks. I strafed to the side slightly so that I could see her face. She was a Jew who wore a ridiculous amount of makeup. It was then I recognized who the woman was. It was a former college classmate of mine, named Heather Wilcock. At school, Heather was this annoying BLM whore who dated a pajeet Indian named Jayesh. I always hated that bitch. I then decided against the idea to stop the rapist from attacking her.

I quietly walked back to my front door and yelled out: "Haha! That's what you get for trusting a nigger, you dumb whore!"

The man who was raping Heather looked at me for a split second, which was not near long enough for me to recognize his facial characteristics. I then quickly went back inside my house.

I was quite tired from seeing all that, so I finished cleaning myself in the shower and then headed to bed. However, despite how exhausted I was, I was still not able to sleep because of Heather Wilcock's screams. I had to stuff my head under a pillow while wearing ear plugs, in order to drown out the sound. I have no clue when the screams stopped, but I eventually managed to sleep after 15 minutes.

I woke up the next morning well rested, knowing that I let Heather Wilcock get raped by that nigger. I saw that my clock read 10 AM. It was a Sunday, so I didn't have to go to work. It also meant that the Sunday morning paper was supposed to come.

In our city, the Sunday newspaper contains all the best newspaper puzzles of all the weekdays. I rushed downstairs to my mailbox to collect the paper. The air felt unusually cold, so I ran back shivering. I made myself a cup of coffee and toast with butter, and then sat at the table with the Sunday newspaper. I was about to turn the pages to the puzzle section, when an image on the front page caught my attention.

Upon first glance, I noticed that it was a photo of my house. I looked below the horizon of the ground, to see my exact front yard, confirming that it was really my home. I then realized that the front-page article was about the raping of Heather Wilcock by that nigger, which I witnessed last night. I read over the article even though I knew exactly what happened.

To summarize what it said, it was about a woman, Heather Wilcock that is, who reported to be violently raped by that same man who the police force is still searching for. Again, there was not a single trace of DNA evidence after she got tested. As much as I hate Heather Wilcock, I was starting to get worried about the existence of the rapist.

What human on earth manages to remain untraced, despite committing that many rapes in a short period of time? I asked myself.

At the right side of the front page of the newspaper, I saw a smaller image which depicted an even more detailed police sketch of the rape suspect. There still seemed to be no eyes in the sketch, but the nose, lips, ears and chin were drawn at a significantly higher level of detail compared to the last police drawing. It was starting to resemble George Floyd a lot more. However, I noticed something quite strange about the face. Something about it seemed a bit inhuman.

Normally, the human face should have some form of asymmetry. But in the police sketch, the face felt rather too perfect. Not that George Floyd is not an ugly monkey, but rather the face looked too much like it was sculpted by some digital software. I just shrugged it off to the artist's lack of subtle detail of the face and moved on.

I was done reviewing what the front page had to offer, so I flipped the pages to do some of the puzzles and crosswords. Although it was a rather entertaining experience, I was still quite distracted by that police sketch. It felt as if my gut was telling me something that my brain is refusing to believe, which is blinding myself from figuring out what really was bothering me.

After I finished the final crossword puzzle, I tossed the paper in a garbage bin and then decided to masturbate on my George Floyd toy, because I usually have an easier time figuring things out while I have post nut clarity. After I nutted on the Floyd toy, I attempted to recollect all the past events, since the first rape case.

Of course, the strangest thing that happened was when the George Floyd statue was somehow gone when I visited it the morning after I put the gorilla dildo on it. I then recalled the first rape case, which happened not too long before I found out about the absence of the George Floyd statue. I then remembered a particular detail, which figuratively turned on a lightbulb above my head.

Thinking about the fact that the first raping was committed nearby the supposed location of the George Floyd statue induced me to raise an eyebrow. The idea that I was literally on the exact spot made the hairs of my skin stand up. I knew that I was headed in the right direction with my thoughts, so I kept going. I then further analyzed the nature of the evidence.

The main element of this analysis was the lack of DNA evidence, the only way a sexual assault can happen without, leaving any skin cells is if the sexual contact was completely indirect. But that made no sense to me, when I thought back to when I witnessed the raping of Heather Wilcock last night. The man had clearly stuck his dick in her ass. The only way he did not leave any DNA behind is if he used an inanimate object, to substitute as a penis. Perhaps, he used a pegging toy to do the deed.

It was then, I began to theorize that it was actually the George Floyd statue that had been raping these women. At the time, I knew that the idea of a statue magically coming to life is crazy, let alone sexually assaulting others, but it was the only logical and reasonable explanation that I could come up with.

As I mentioned earlier, I was well aware that somebody could have used a pegging toy to avoid leaving DNA evidence, but that would not explain the sudden disappearances of the George Floyd statue.

Obviously, my theory has no use, without any actual confirmation. I was curious enough that I was willing to spend the following night watching over the George Floyd statue. My prolonged trail of thought had finally come to an end, and I started to brainstorm how I was going to spectate the statue. In the event that it does come to life, it would presumably try to rape me, so I would need something with me to defend myself.

The issue is, there are very few, if any, weapons commercially available that can penetrate whatever material the George Floyd statue is made out of. The idea of running away from it went across my head. However, I considered the fact that black people tend to be faster runners than other races.

I myself have never been involved in any activities which use power tools, so all that I had as a weapon was my shotgun. Again, I knew it does not come close to being able to pierce the George Floyd statue, so I needed to head out and purchase any weapon that pierces, rather than a machine that cuts or shoots.

Later that day, I headed to the local construction store. I saw many power tools, such as the drill, but they were not viable as they felt way too close range to be practical. Chances are, the George Floyd statue

would have started raping me before the tool would reach it. After a few minutes of walking around, I came across this mining pickaxe, which was around three quarters of my height. I felt that it was reasonably long to be able to get a good hit on the George Floyd statue from a safe distance. It was by far the most viable weapon in the store, so I bought it without hesitation.

Once it was apparent that the sun was setting, I placed my pickaxe inside the trunk of my car, and then drove over to the city hall. I arrived there, and saw the George Floyd statue, sitting on the bench at its normal position.

The gorilla dildo was still firmly attached to its crotch, indicating that its adhesiveness had not deteriorated. Looking at it with the knowledge that it could have possibly been the rapist sent some shivers up my spine. At the time, I still did have some thought at the back of my mind that I was a bit crazy for showing up, but I was still committed to finding the truth.

I played on my phone for a bit, as I was waiting for nighttime to completely arrive. Bear in mind, I do have the safety of hiding in my car from the George Floyd statue. However, it makes sense that if a giant piece of concrete is capable of bending, it shouldn't have any difficulty breaking into a vehicle.

At around midnight, while I was watching some columbine edits on YouTube, I noticed a bright light in my peripheral view. I darted my eyes from my phone's screen to the direction of the light source and saw a security night guard walking toward me. When he was close enough to the driver's side of my car, he motioned me to open my door window with a hand. I pulled down the window and then he asked me what I was doing here so late.

"Oh, I am just here to um..." I began.

Before I could finish my sentence, there was an abrupt sound coming from behind the night guard.

It sounded like metal and gears grinding together. This distracted the guard, which caused him to turn back. I was able to see what was behind him. It was the George Floyd statue.

"Let me fuck your asshole please," the George Floyd statue said as it looked at the night guard straight in the eye.

The night guard let out a loud shriek and turned around to run. He managed to get a good 10 meters away from the George Floyd statue. However, the George Floyd statue jumped at an ungodly height, and quickly gained distance on him. It was now in the arms reach of the night guard. The George Floyd statue then grabbed him by the neck and reached for his pants, and then pantsed him with ease.

The night guard tried his very best to pry the George Floyds grip off his neck, but it was simply too strong. It then started grabbing his ass and then proceeded to stick its gorilla dildo in his ass. The George Floyd statue then began to make monkey noises in pleasure. I could not believe what I was seeing. The night guard was screaming in pain, begging the George Floyd statue to stop, but it did not express any form of mercy.

Eventually, it was done raping the night guard. As it removed its dick from his ass, I saw a disgusting amount of blood bleeding out of his ass, along with a little bit of anal prolapse. Accordingly, the George Floyd statue's gorilla dick was covered in blood stains.

I was now deeply afraid of what this thing is capable of. The night guard then waddled away like a penguin, trying to mitigate the pain. The George Floyd statue was clearly done with the victim, because it just stood there, grinning. I could have driven away at any time, but I was too frozen in fear to do anything.

The George Floyd statue then finally realized my presence and looked at me with a horny and menacing facial expression. Its mouth formed a solid evil grin, with the sound of grinding metal accompanying it. I then finally broke out of my trance and remembered my pickaxe in the back of my car.

I shifted to the front passenger seat to my right and then exited the car as fast as I could. Without looking back, I ducked down, to avoid being visible through the car windows. While simultaneously in a crouching position, I snuck my way to the back of my car and took the pickaxe from my trunk. The second I closed the lid of my trunk, the George Floyd statue spotted me and trotted his way toward me.

I held my pickaxe into position and prepared to strike it. The George Floyd statue then began to reach his hand to me, I lifted the pickaxe to the top of my head, and then attempted to land a hit on the George Floyd statue's head. However, it did not leave a dent. Whatever material it is made out of would

have to be extremely dense to resist such a blow.

"Haha, you will never stop my horniness," the George Floyd statue said.

I noted the key word in its sentence. It implied that it is capable of feeling sexual arousal. That was when I got an idea. The source of his sex drive would have to originate in the gorilla dildo that is attached to its crotch. Detaching the dildo would most likely eliminate its motivation to rape people.

I raised the pickaxe above my head once again, to swing at the gorilla dildo this time, and then landed a direct hit on it. I heard a loud metal clunking noise, along with feeling a force of vibration on the pickaxe. I looked down and found out the dildo did not come close to coming off. Upon a closer look, I realized that it was not actually an actual dildo anymore. Somehow, perhaps due to the prolonged contact of the George Floyd statue and the gorilla dildo, the mysterious metallic material of the George Floyd statue melted over the dildo, further reinforcing it to finally form a pseudo penis of the George Floyd statue.

I was now out of ideas regarding the destruction of this abomination. Luckily, the George Floyd statue did seem to have a reaction to the pickaxe strike on its penis, because it was holding on it as if somebody kicked it in the balls. That was when I dropped my pickaxe and made a run for it. I bolted to the opposite direction of the George Floyd statue, running as fast as I could. Around 5 seconds later, I started to hear the familiar sound of grinding metal. I darted my head back to see the George Floyd statue now chasing me at full speed.

I took track and field back in my high school days, so I was running at a significantly faster pace than that fat night guard, but the George Floyd statue was still noticeably faster than me. It was only a matter of time before it would catch up to me and rape me. Me running at my fastest is only just a way to buy me some time before my insufferable fate.

With the limited time I had, I had to think of a way to outsmart it. I looked around the surrounding area. Unfortunately, all the shops in town were closed and everybody was at home, so there was no way for me to cry for help. Not too long after, I was beginning to feel my heart burn and the fatigue of my exhausted legs.

The George Floyd statue was only ten feet away from me now, and it seemed to not have used any stamina at all. I was getting very desperate now, to the point where I would do anything to escape it, I turned my head back again, to see the George Floyd statue was stroking his dick while running. The sight of it sent shivers down my spine, because it painted a picture of the desperation of its sex drive. The only thing separating me from this sex monster was my decent athletic caliber.

I had been chased by the statue for almost 5 minutes when I saw a lake in the distance, which was around half the size of a football field. While running, I saw that I only had two options: jump in the lake and hope that the George Floyd statue is dense enough to sink or keep running and hope to find some help. I looked toward the horizon and realized that there were no signs of other people in the distance.

The lake was only a few yards away, while the distance beyond the lake is so far that the George Floyd statue would definitely catch up, by the time I'm there. I chose to go for the former, so I allowed myself to go full sprint mode and jumped into the lake as far as possible, in order to hopefully land in the deeper end for the George Floyd statue to be able to sink.

I managed to dive into a depth of around half my height, and I swam toward the inner side of the lake as quickly as I could. I looked back for a split second and saw that the George Floyd statue was still following me, except that it was still in a running state, as if it was not in water. Eventually, it reached the point where the water was towering over the top of its head and was now starting to slow down.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe in the water!" the George Floyd statue said in a gurgled voice.

Shortly after, I heard the George Floyd statue drown in the lake. It was simply too dense of an object to be able to swim back up. I watched it as it sunk down, eventually becoming a completely lifeless entity. I let out a sigh of relief. Being raped by a nigger is honestly the last thing I want in life, even though it was really just a statue from who knows where.

I swam back to the shore and returned to my car to dry off. I just sat in the front seat for the rest of the night, trying to comprehend everything that happened. Countless times, I found myself doubting that it all happened. I know for sure though, it had to, because I saw the blood stains to my left right outside of the car, which bled from the night guard's asshole.

When I saw that the sun was finally rising, I realized how long I was sitting in my car, so I turned on the gas and drove back home. I arrived back, feeling quite tired, so I crashed in my couch and fell asleep not long after.

I woke up, feeling like I was hungover. Staying up all night, while being attacked by a nigger rapist statue was a very haunting experience. I still felt as if it happened after my sleep. It was quite traumatizing, so I decided to book an appointment with a therapist later that day, to talk about it.

It was in the evening, when I left for the appointment. I had to fill in some paperwork, which was supposed to outline my personal information and briefly explains why I am in need of a therapist. I then entered the psychologist's office when I was done. My therapist was this lady, named Doctor Falconi. She greeted me and motioned me to sit on the couch, across the desk where she sat. Doctor Falconi pulled out a notepad from a drawer and then welcomed me to tell her who I was and what I am here for. I will leave out what I told her to answer the former question, as it is irrelevant.

Once I was ready to explain to her the whole traumatizing experience I had last night, I took a deep breath. I retold everything that happened, in as much detail as possible, from start to finish. Numerous times, I saw Doctor Falconi make these weirded out facial expressions, showing that she was having a hard time believing what I was saying. After I was done explaining the story, which ended with me crashing on my couch, she spent a moment writing in her notepad for a few moments.

"Well young man, you really seem to have an overactive imagination," she said to me, in a condescending tone.

"Wait what? No, everything I told you is real, trust me!" I yelled back.

"You should be ashamed of yourself for falsely booking an appointment with a professional. All you are doing is wasting time. Our time is now up anyway, and I refuse to provide you with help. Get out!"

I slowly went for the door and yelled out "fuck niggers!" before I slammed the door behind me.

I had a feeling of hopelessness, when I was driving back home from the clinic. If a psychologist is not open minded enough to believe my experience, I don't think anybody will. Heck, I don't think any of my online racist friends would believe me. The only possible witness would be any of the rape victims.

Unfortunately, the reported victims were unaware that it was a statue that had raped them, so it is unlikely that I could convince them that the George Floyd statue was the true rapist out there.

I then came up with the idea to reach out to that night guard, who got ass fuck by the George Floyd statue before I got chased. It was obvious that his job was affiliated with the city hall, so I went in there and asked the front receptionist to see him. I remembered briefly looking at his name tag at the scene, his name being Clayton. I asked the receptionist if he happened to know where a night guard with that name is, and how I could contact him.

"Oh I am sorry sir, but Clayton passed away in the hospital this morning, due to a serious anal infection. If you know him, I give my condolences," the receptionist replied.

"Okay, thank you for the insight. Have a good day".

I left the building, losing hope that others would know the truth, especially in the liberal city that I live in.

I arrived back home to a phone call from my employer. I got a mini heart attack when I realized what it was for. I had completely forgotten that I had to work today. I answered the phone and told him what had happened last night. I know that the chances of him believing this are slim, but at this point, I think that keeping the truth to myself for too long would make me lose my sanity. It was best not to start that vicious cycle too early.

Unsurprisingly, my employer yelled back at me for making up shitty excuses to not go to work, and that I am a racist bigot for accusing the George Floyd statue of doing such a thing. I just told him to shut his faggot ass up and hung up.

I know for sure that I will get fired for saying that, but I would rather spread the truth and lose my job for it. I turned on my TV to distract myself from all this and was met by the news channel. I noticed that the newscast was showing an image of the George Floyd statue. The headline read: "George Floyd statue in Newark city hall was mysteriously found in a lake".

I was alarmed by what it said, so my eyes glued to the screen. The news reporter explained that some unknown criminal must have done this, along with managing to weld a dildo on it. I began to shake my head as I was listening to this. Sure, it was true that I put a dildo on it, but I can swear that I have nothing to do with the welding of the pseudo penis on the George Floyd statue.

I continued to listen, and so the reporter said that there is a $100,000 reward for whoever can prove who vandalized and stole the George Floyd statue. Debate then crossed my mind. I wondered whether or not I should tell the authorities about the story. I had failed to convince the psychologist and my employer. The authorities would have an even smaller chance of believing my experience. I had lost my job, so I figured that I have nothing to lose anymore.

I shut off the TV and then called the number which the newscast provided. I did my best to word the story in a way that would make it more believable, without bending the truth. I actually included the fact that I was the one who attached the dildo and explained the scientific concept of rusting and how it can make it seem like somebody welded the metallic object in question.

The receiver still did not take what I said well, and he said that they have sent some federal agents to come visit me, and then hung up. I knew this could have a few possible implications. I could get further questioned until I reveal the full truth, and then get sent to a psych ward after I discuss the supernatural aspect of the story. Better yet, I could get locked up for simply being a racist. Either way, I accepted whatever the feds would do to me, so I decided to act on my final resort, which was to post my experience on the internet.

I went on my computer and visited the nosleep community on Reddit. I created a new post and wrote this entire story. I replayed every event multiple times in my head, to recall every little detail.

As I was typing this, I did remember noticing something which I overlooked earlier. Going back to when I was watching Heather Wilcock getting raped by the George Floyd statue, I revoked the fact that she looked like she was kind of enjoying getting raped. That being said, it would make sense if she prefers BBC instead of her pajeet boyfriend's small dick. Her loud screams could have been due to the shock which she felt because she was only used to being fucked by Jayesh. This made me wonder, could Heather Wilcock have been involved in the George Floyd statue coming to life?

Anyway, I am running out of time typing this. I peeked through my front window and saw a large black SUV, with a group of nerd stock image looking agents inside. I am sure those are the federal agents who are about to visit me.

**The George Floyd Barnacle**

I have always been a person who paid very little attention to my physical health. I was the kind of person who does not regulate my alcohol intake. The kind of person who would refuse to look at my X-ray results. This all changed one day, when I had an extremely fatal medical condition.

I was at my job one day, as a fisherman. It was just me and the boat driver, Constantine. I had a fishing quota, where I had to catch 200 saltwater salmon. It was normally what I had to hunt for. Nothing out of the ordinary, such as when I occasionally get assigned to catch sea turtles.

I lowered the fishing net, which was hooked onto an anchor to the right of the ship. I know, most fishing firms do not use fishing nets like this. This is something I do to ensure the fragile boat we have doesn't tip over like a canoe, whenever we happen to catch something large. All I have to do is release the anchor to isolate the net from the boat.

As the fishing net reached around one hundred meters below the surface, I felt a slight tug on the boat. It was throwing off the balance of it to the left side. I recoiled the anchor rope, as an attempt to rebalance it. However, I was not able to counter the tug in the slightest. I tried again a few more times, trying even harder. The anchor rope would not budge though. That was when I called Constantine to assist me.

"Hey, I think we've captured a large sea organism or object. It is pulling quite hard on the boat. I might need some assistance rebalancing it," I said. "I really hope we caught a school of salmon."

Constantine and I then grabbed the rope with both of our arms and played a little game of tug of war with whatever thing is on the other end. We pulled as hard as we could, as if we were trying to rip off Ronnie McNutt's head. We heard the sound of the rope's fibers ripping. I was also feeling an intense burn, due

to the friction of my palm.

We almost managed to get the boat back to an equilibrium balance, when the burning sensation got so bad for me, that I let the rope loose for a split second. Constantine could not withstand the opposing force by himself, so both of us let go of the rope.

That backfired. Whatever was down below the ocean exerted a snapping force, which caused the entire boat to flip. Constantine and I fell into the ocean as the boat went upside down. I wiped my face with my hand, to get the painful saltwater out of my eyes.

I looked at the boat, with the feeling of failure as it was now impossible to get it right side up, without special assistance. I pulled out my waterproof cell phone to call in an emergency, when I heard a very deep eerie sound from under the water. It sounded quite creepy. It felt like it was coming from right below where I was floating.

I dove my head below the surface, to try to see what was making that sound. The moment I landed my eyes on what that monstrous being was, I got a near heart attack. At first, all I saw were two very dark holes, side by side. But as that thing came closer to me, I realized that those holes were actually the giant nostrils of a massive black humanoid face. It was the Floyd fish.

"Give me your air, or else I will destroy your boat even more!" the Floyd fish said.

The fact that this massive prehistoric-sized fish was capable of talking, sent shivers down my spine. I always thought the Floydfish was just an urban legend that some edgy teenagers made up. But here it was, right in front of my cold beady eyes. I was prepared to swim away from the best, but I realized there was no point. The Floyd fish is a nigger fish species, so there is no way to outpace it, without being a nigger Olympic swimmer.

The only option I had was to defeat this thing. I pulled out my shark knife from my pocket and attempted to jab it against the neck of the Floyd fish. I, unfortunately, missed due to a miscalculation of my swing.

"Hehehe, you will never fish me!" The Floyd fish laughed.

That pissed me off. Constantine, who also had his shark knife equipped, tried to stab the Floyd fish's neck as well. But the Floyd fish somehow managed to dodge it. I decided that the only way to kill this thing was to block its gills, to prevent it from breathing.

I signaled Constantine that I was going to block the right gill, and that he needed to block its other kill to completely shut off the Floyd fish's breathing. I used both my hands to cover that side, at the same time as Constantine on the other side.

"Oh no shit, please stop plugging my gills, I can't breathe!", the Floyd fish said.

We both kept suffocating it, trying our best to kill it. But just as the Floyd fish began to look weakened, I realized that I could not hold my breath any longer. I needed to swim back up or else I would suffocate as well. Constantine felt the same, let go as well.

The Floyd fish used this as the opportunity to deliver a nasty strike. It swam away from us, until it was nowhere to be seen. Shortly after, I heard that dreaded low ominous sound, which indicated the increasing proximity of the Floyd fish. It was swimming back at us at full speed. I was nearly at the surface, when I saw that ugly nigger face again. At an extremely fast speed, it rubbed its rough body against me, which cut through my abdomen. It was now severely bleeding. Before the Floyd fish managed to get far away enough, I jabbed the shark knife at its eyes.

"Ah shit, I can't see! MAMA!" the Floyd fish cried. It then retreated, never to be seen again.

I was losing quite a bit of blood from the scratch, which the Floyd fish left on my stomach. Once I popped my head above the surface, I realized the excruciating pain, due to the sea salt coming in contact with my wound. I told Constantine to call for backup to rescue us, as I would definitely lose too much blood if we decided to swim back to shore.

A few minutes passed, and I heard the resonance of a helicopter that was heading our way. I don't know exactly when, but I passed out not too long after the chopper lowered in altitude to pick us up.

I woke up, bed bound. I looked around the room that I was mysteriously brought to. I saw all sorts of anatomy posters and an IV, which was inserted into my belly. I quickly realized that I was in a hospital bed.

A woman in a light blue shirt walked into the room. She was my nurse. She looked at me with concern and said the words, "You will be fine. You'll just need to stay here for a few more days, and we will let you go."

Those comforting words relieved me. I looked at my belly and realized how bloody it still looked.

"I know it does not look good. You did suffer a minor infection in your abdominal wound. It looks like it will heal just fine though, so don't be alarmed," the nurse told me calmly.

I nodded and then went back to sleep.

I woke up again and noticed that my abdominal pain significantly worsened. I looked at my belly, to see something that looked very wrong. It was a massive lump that looked a bit like a plantar wart, except it had a brown color. It consisted of around 80 percent of my belly's surface. The infection seemed to have significantly worsened, contrary to what the nurse told me.

I tried touching the lump, but very quickly yelped in pain and retracted my hand. I heard fast footsteps heading toward the hospital room. My nurse came in and asked me what was wrong. I pointed at the lump and told her that it hurts when I touch it. She made a disgusted face. It was as if she had never seen something like this before.

"I am going to call in medical experts," she said, somehow still in a calming voice.

She clearly knew something was very wrong, while at the same time did not want me to panic. A man, who was holding a clipboard, entered the room. He eyeballed the giant lump on my stomach and walked closer to take a clearer look. He raised his left eyebrow and wrote on his clipboard.

"Hello there. My name is Robert Hempel, a biology expert. I have very bad news for you. This right here looks to be a very rare case of a barnacle infection. You were severely scratched by a barnacle, which has a very small chance of reproducing in your body. You will be given antibiotics shortly," Robert said.

Whatever I was going to be given, I really wanted it as soon as possible. The pain was unbearable at this point.

Robert left the room, and then came back shortly to inject anesthesia into my elbow. It caused my entire body to go numb, but it felt a lot better. Robert said that the antibiotics will come in a few hours and that I should just rest. He then had to leave because his shift was over.

But as soon as he shut the door, I heard a very faint whisper. It felt awfully close to me. I looked around the room, but I did not see anyone. I shrugged it off to my imagination, perhaps due to the trauma I suffered, so I closed my eyes. But the moment I did, I heard the whisper again. I was not able to decipher its words, but whatever it said, it sounded sinister.

As I continued trying to sleep, the whispers became louder and louder, to the point where I was able to first understand what it was saying, "I am stealing your air."

That made my eyes jolt open. I looked to my front and saw something that nearly made me vomit. It was a face planted right smack in the middle of my barnacle infection. It was the face of George Floyd. Its deformed eyes locked into mine.

"What the fuck are you?" I asked.

I was not expecting an intellectual answer in the slightest. But to my surprise, it whispered, "I am the George Floyd barnacle. Now that I am a part of your body, I will now hoard all of your oxygen supply."

Those eerie words scared the shit out of me. I tried to blink a few times to test if I was dreaming. But I did not wake up at all. The George Floyd barnacle then laughed at me.

"Shut up nigger, you will be gone once antibiotics will kill you," I said.

"Hehehe, good luck with that man, I will steal all your lung air for life," he said.

I was now overwhelmed with both fear and anger. The idea that I was now stuck with a giant George Floyd barnacle parasite thing on my belly, made me hate niggers even more. It fueled me so much, I raised my hand and tried to slap the George Floyd barnacle. However, I deeply regretted that. The George Floyd barnacle made a large cut on my palm. I looked at it and it was bleeding a lot. A nose and lips, and a pair of eyes then quickly grew from the palm of my hand

That was when I realized I made a huge mistake. I spread the George Floyd barnacle infection onto my hand. The eyes, nose and lips developed very rapidly, until they formed monkey Floyds face on my palm.

"Nice try, but you will never stop me, HEHEHE!" both of the George Floyd barnacles said in unison.

I screamed for help, hoping to be heard. Footsteps were heard to my relief and my nurse came in.

"I really need help, these nigger barnacles in my hand and belly won't go away. Please help me remove them," I begged the nurse.

The nurse looked at the nigga infection and screamed, then bolted out of the room.

I started to feel a very strange lightheadedness. I looked at the George Floyd barnacle and saw that it was making an inhaling shape with its mouth. It was now stealing my brain's oxygen supply. I began feeling extremely dizzy. It felt as if I was being strangled to death. Losing hope, I lost consciousness.

I woke up to what looked to be morning. I was about to rub my eyes, but quickly remembered that my hand has the George Floyd barnacle infection. I took a look at it once again and saw that the George Floyd barnacle was asleep because it was snoring. Thank god its snoring did not allow too much air through its nasal nose.

I needed to go to the washroom quite badly, as I was bed bound for a long time. I stood up and went out of my hospital room. I found a men's washroom next to the room, as luck would have it. I pulled my pants down and relieved myself. But when the piss stream left my urethra, I felt a fuck ton of pain in my dick hole. I looked down and saw that instead of pissing out the normally yellow fluid, I was pissing out this white powder like substance. After the very painful experience, I examined the mysterious dust. It was fentanyl. The thought of excreting this foreign object really turned my stomach. I went inside one of the stalls and puked. After I was done, I went back to my hospital room

I saw a figure waiting for me. It was Robert Hempel. He had a bottle in one of his hands, which were the antibiotics he was about to apply to my infection. He instructed me to roll up my shirt. I did as he said, to reveal the George Floyd barnacle. It was still fast asleep.

"Holy shit, that is one ugly nigger face," Robert said.

In disgust, he quickly injected the George Floyd barnacle with the antibiotics. I felt the needle pierce through the solid layer of dead skin cells, merged with the hard barnacle shells. It hurt like a bitch. So much that I shed a tear. The George Floyd barnacle then woke up. It looked furious.

"How dare you wake me up!" The George Floyd barnacle said.

It made that familiar inhaling form with its mouth and began to exhale. I then felt a severe sense of dizziness. Robert stabbed the George Floyd barnacle again, but that only further angered it.

The George Floyd barnacle then began to grow in size, at a rapid rate. It made me feel even weaker, since it drained me of nutrients to support its tremendous growth. It was expanding both vertically, and horizontally, so it took up a much larger surface area of my torso. It then grew a pair of arms.

"You will pay for this, nerd!" the George Floyd barnacle cried.

It reached out its long arms to Robert, and then gobbled him up like he was candy. I then instantly felt a very heavy weight on my stomach. I essentially shared the same stomach as the George Floyd barnacle.

"Ahhh, that was a tasty human being. Almost as good as banana sandwiches," the George Floyd barnacle said.

All of a sudden, I heard the hospital alarm go off. The room and hallway were now flashing red. An ear-piercing beeping sound played, in sync with the red lights. A bunch of hospital workers and short-term patients ran across the hallway. I wondered what the breech was all about, so I pulled my shirt back down

and followed them. Once we made it out of the hospital building, everyone stopped. I had that eerie feeling that I was being watched, so I looked around, to realize that everybody was looking at me.

A pair of security guards approach me, and then they put me in handcuffs.

"What the hell is that ugly black thing on his hand?", one of the security guards said.

I knew that they noticed that one George Floyd barnacle on my right hand. I then felt something tug my shirt. It then ripped it off, to reveal the giant George Floyd barnacle on my torso. The security guards, along with everybody watching the scene, looked utterly shocked. It looked a lot like I was part of this alien parasite movie. The George Floyd barnacle reached out its hand and then gobbled up the security guard that insulted its brother. Everybody but the last remaining guard ran away. The guard then pulled out a gun, and then aimed it at the George Floyd barnacle.

"Ah shit, please officer don't shoot me!" the George Floyd barnacle said.

The security guard pulled the trigger without hesitation. I thought either the George Floyd barnacle or me was going to die, but to my surprise, I did not feel anything. The bullet completely bounced off of the surface of the George Floyd barnacle.

"Hehehe, you are forgetting that I am bullet resistant. You are next officer!" The George Floyd barnacle said in his iconic laugh.

The security officer pulled out his walkie talkie, and then called for backup. I had a bad feeling about this. Who knows what kind of weapons they would bring, if a pistol did not come close to penetrating the George Floyd barnacle? I was almost certain that I was going to die in the process of getting rid of the George Floyd barnacle.

A few minutes later, several cop cars showed up. A whole legion of police exited their cars all at the same time, and then pointed their gun at the George Floyd barnacle. They all fired, at the same time. All of the bullets bounced off of the shell of the George Floyd barnacle. They kept shooting, until they all ran out of ammo. The George Floyd barnacle remained unharmed.

It then, in a snap of a finger, reached out its now inhumanly long arms, and began gobbling up the police officers one by one. The cops were in a state of shock, so they were immobilized. The George Floyd barnacle expanded its mouth to an unnatural width, and then mass inhaled the cops. However, only one cop remained a survivor. I took a glance at his face, and then what I saw shocked me. It was Derek Chauvin. I could not believe he was now out of prison, let alone being a cop again.

"Well well well, I meet you again ya nigger!" Derek Chauvin said.

The George Floyd barnacle then had a worried expression on its face. Derek then lunged out and tackled me. Derek was not specifically targeting me, but the George Floyd barnacle. Derek kneeled on my stomach, which ultimately began to suffocate the George Floyd barnacle.

"Ah shit, you have found my weakness. I can't breathe!" the George Floyd barnacle said.

I saw the George Floyd barnacle gradually lose its prominent facial features. It started off with his nose and lips thinning out. Next, his eyes faded away. Finally, the remaining lump shrunk, until my belly looked back to normal. I looked at my hand. The George Floyd barnacle there seemed to have had a symbiotic relationship, with the one on my belly, because it faded away as well.

After noticing the barnacles were gone, Derek gently lifted his knee and let me go.

"My work here is done pal, got the nigga monkey, yet again!", Derek Chauvin exclaimed.

I thanked him, and then he left. The hospital was not too far from my home, so I walked there. All of my pain went away instantly, like magic, so it was not too bad.

I self-reflected everything that happened. I remembered that large gash that the Floyd fish left on my belly. It occurred to me that because the Floyd fish was covered in barnacles, that scratch must have been the barnacle that infected me, with the George Floyd barnacle.

For those of you who are reading this, if you go fishing, avoid the Floyd fish at all costs. If it manages to come too close, make sure it does not scratch you with its barnacles. And if you manage to get infected, please get help from officer Chauvin for medical help.

**Do Not Download the Ronnie McNutt Touhou Mod**

Before I tell you what happened, I need to give you some information about myself. My name is Nate Higgers and I am just a random 19 year old who enjoys doing random shit on the internet. I am also a huge fan of gore related videos. I constantly go onto gore sites during the night to see some scary shit before I go to bed.

Believe it or not, I have never had any nightmares that actually scared me before. This is probably because of my gore addiction; I am just so used to seeing fucked up shit that nothing scares me anymore. However, there is one exception, the person I am going to talk about.

Alright, now onto the main contents of the story. I remember the exact date this shit happened. November 21st, 2020. It was in the middle of the night on a Saturday, and I was doing my normal routine, looking through the dark web to find the most fucked up gore video possible. I was on a site called funnygorevideos.com and I found a link to a twitch streamer that went by the name hinderless. I didn't normally see twitch streamer links on gore sites, so I clicked the link and went to his profile. I immediately started laughing my ass off when I saw the profile. It was Ronnie Mcnutt, the MAGAtard cuckservative who committed reset character with a shotgun on a Facebook Livestream.

I've seen his death video over 500 times now and it never fails to make me chuckle when I see it. I went to the video section on his twitch profile and saw a video that was called "HEYGUYS_666666666". This video looked extremely weird, so I clicked on it. When the video loaded, the first thing I noticed was that this footage was marked in the Touhou Project game category. This made me even more confused. What the hell did Ronnie McNutt's death have to do with Touhou? I started watching the video because now I was really interested in this shit.

I immediately noticed extreme differences to the original Ronnie Mcnutt death video. For one, Ronnie Mcnutt had anime posters including Touhou ones all over the back of his wall. At the beginning of the video, he made a bet with his girlfriend equinox autumn on a discord call. We could see Ronnie's screen and equinox autumn had her webcam turned on which meant I had to look at her ugly ass face. God, that bitch is ugly. I think I'd go as far as to say that she's even uglier than George Floyd. And holy shit that is an accomplishment that is hard to pull off.

The audio was very distorted and hard to hear but It was audible enough for me to somewhat hear. Apparently, Ronnie made a deal with his ugly ass girlfriend that he had to beat Embodiment of The Scarlet Devil which is the 6th game of the Touhou Series on lunatic mode.

Now I'm not a big fan of Touhou or anything but lunatic mode is pretty fucking hard. If Ronnie did not complete this task then equinox autumn would break up with him. I started watching some of the video and laughed my ass of as ronnie tried to beat the game, constantly failing over and over again. I have never even gotten close to beating any touhou even on easy mode because of how fucking hard Touhou is.

However at the 35 minute mark of the stream, after dying for god knows how many times, Ronnie's screen turned dark red and black and his voice became demonic. He hung up on equinox autumn and said "Hey guys, I guess that's it," in a super unsettling demonic tone. He then took his shotgun and committed suicide just like he did when he originally killed himself. I was laughing during the video as I saw Ronnie's head turn into a tomato. The video then abruptly ended and I was redirected to a website that had a download link to what appeared to be a Ronnie Mcnutt Touhou 6 mod. I haven't seen many touhou mods, presumably because they're near impossible to make.

Since I had the sudden urge to play it, I downloaded the file onto my computer, extracted it, and then started playing it. I was laughing my ass off the entire time as I was playing it as all the music was replaced with Ronnie McNutt remixes and literally every single asset of the game was replaced with ronnie mcnutt images. It was so fucking funny, I thought I was going to pass out from laughing.

After around 2 hours of laughing my ass off while playing it, I realized it was already 6 in the morning and that I needed to go to bed. It took me another 30 minutes to fall asleep from how hard I was laughing but I finally managed to fall asleep.

That night, I had this really weird dream that I downloaded the Ronnie Mcnutt touhou mod again, but this time I was the first person to download it, please note that in this dream I was able to tell because the site had a download counter for all the download links.

After the download finished, Ronnie Mcnutt became a youkai and went to Gensokyo which is the place where all the Touhou characters live. I can't remember exactly what he did there, but he was a disturbance to everyone.

I woke up a few hours later but when I woke up, I felt weird. I was outside in the middle of nowhere. I was confused about my surroundings, so I started to walk around a little. I tried to go on my phone to see where I was but sadly my phone was dead which meant I had absolutely no way to know where I was unless I found somebody.

I tried screaming "HELLO!" to see if I would get a response. It was pitch black outside so most people, if there actually were any in this area, were probably sleeping at this time. Thankfully, I had a flashlight in my pocket so I took it out to get a better view of this place. I saw that I was right by a lake, and that there was a huge mansion across the lake. But I saw that there was a group of campers near the lake.

I realized that this scenery felt awfully similar to Touhou. "There's no fucking way" I thought to myself. I walked closer to the campers near the lake to see if they could help me. I knocked on one of their tents and said hello. One of the campers asked me "Do you hate niggers?" I said "fuck yeah I hate niggers. Those monkeys are a menace to society."

Everybody opened up their tents and hugged me. "We are the Liberal Termination Crew. We despise niggers, faggots, trannies, and any other degenerate groups. My name is The Liberal Terminator and to be honest we have no fucking clue where we are."

I felt relieved as I had found a group of nigger haters in the area who I could work with. I tried to ask him why we were here, and he said that the Ronnie McNutt touhou mod is cursed and that anyone who downloads it onto their computer gets injected with a curse and gets teleported through a gap in their sleep to this universe. None of us know how to get out of this universe and to be honest we have never tried.

This world is a million times better than the old world as there are no niggers to be seen. I have to admit that living in a world with no niggers sounds like paradise, but I needed to get back home. My family and friends are based as fuck and I didn't want them to be worried about me so I wished them best of luck and we parted ways. I wanted to get to the mansion that was across the lake to see if anybody around that area could help me. If the Liberal Termination Crew was right about there being no way out of this universe, I would probably just Mcnutt myself.

Now I am a good swimmer as I used to be on a swim team a few years ago. My flashlight and phone were both waterproof which meant I didn't have to worry about breaking them, so I started swimming across the lake. After around 10 minutes of swimming, I was finally on the island where the mansion was. Even though I was really worried about where I was, it was nice to not see any niggers around the area. I don't care if I'm in constant pain or not, as long as there are no niggers near me then I will feel alright. That was what I thought at least.

As I got closer to the mansion, I saw that somebody else was climbing over the gated fence surrounding it. I ran near it to get a closer look, and when I saw him my heart skipped a beat. It was George Floyd. Usually I don't get scared, but when George Floyd turned around slowly and menacingly at me with his big ass nose and lips, I felt extremely uncomfortable and scared.

George walked over to me and whispered, "Hey man gimme some fentanyl please man."

I told him that the only things I had with me were my flashlight and dead phone. I could tell George Floyd was pissed at me but surprisingly he didn't point a gun at my belly even though I could tell he had a pistol on him. Instead, he walked over to the mansion and slowly opened a window. He creeped into the mansion where I assumed he was going to stay.

This event completely changed my mind about wanting to go in the mansion as I did not want to be anywhere near that nigger. I felt very tired again so I decided to sleep outside hoping that this was all some dream and that I would wake up in my bed as if nothing ever happened.

I woke up and sadly I was still in this universe. I was so fucking depressed and realized that even if there was anybody in this universe who could help me, chances are they are a Nigger lives matter and LGBTQ supporter who would call me a racist homophobic bastard if I tried talking to them. So, I decided I was going to McNutt myself. But there was one problem, I didn't have a shotgun on me. However, I remembered the lake surrounding the island I was located on, so I started heading towards the lake when I

heard somebody scream.

I went back over to the mansion and looked inside the window, and what I saw made me enraged with anger. I saw a purple haired librarian in a purple and white striped robe with a gun pointed at her belly.

"Gimme all yo pregnant belly pics and books before I bust a cap in yo white ass," I heard a black voice say.

I looked closer and realized that it was George Floyd who was threatening her. I immediately busted down the window and sprinted like there was no tomorrow towards George Floyd. I punched the nigger monkey like Donkey kong and then started kneeling on his neck.

"Ah fuck I can't breathe," George Floyd said.

My knee was so strong that I killed him within seconds. The librarian and her assistant thanked me and said "Thank you so much for killing that monkey, he has been fucking around with this mansion ever since he entered Gensokyo in May."

After listening to her talk, I found out that all of the dead niggers killed by the police who were idolized by BLM all became youkais and lived in Gensokyo.

"All of them are ruining our once precious world. They must be stopped, even though they are very weak compared to us, they have their ways of outsmarting us," the girl said.

Then somebody else walked in, she had blue hair, a white hat and dress, and black vampire wings.

"Hello hero, my name is Remilia Scarlet and I am the owner of this mansion," she said. "I cannot thank you enough for kneeing on Nigger Floyd. He and his gang have been ruining Gensokyo ever since they arrived. As a result, I have decided to choose you to stop the worst of them."

I was so confused, what was she referring to as the worst of them and why was I chosen to kill them? So I asked her why I was chosen and she gave me context on the situation.

"Somebody from your universe created a Ronnie Mcnutt Touhou mod the day after Ronnie Mcnutt committed suicide on a Facebook Livestream. When that mod was created, it triggered Ronnie Mcnutt's dead self which caused Ronnie to turn into a youkai and he has lived in Gensokyo ever since," she said.

These events sounded awfully similar to the events that happened in my dream yesterday. "The moment Ronnie started living in Gensokyo, we all immediately despised him. He has destroyed at least a thousand things in this world with his special shotgun. He is very weak and has no powers at all so you'd think he'd be easy to kill, but right when we are about to kill him he always grabs his shotgun and says Hey Guys I guess that's it before shooting himself. Whenever Ronnie shoots himself with that particular shotgun, he respawns in a random place in Gensokyo where he causes even more trouble. 95% of Gensokyo residents have tried to kill him so we know a lot about this Mcnutt dude. The only way to stop Ronnie once and for all is to steal his shotgun which will not be easy. He constantly carries it around with him and treats it like a wife. If you manage to stop Ronnie Mcnutt once and for all. I will inform the youkai master and she will take you back to your home universe. If you fail, you will become a permanent resident and slave to our mansion. Do you understand?"

I accepted knowing that this was the only way I had any chance of returning home.

"Now this will be far from easy, so you can take several people along the ride with you. Do you know any other based people around here besides us?" Remilia asked.

I immediately remembered The Liberal Termination Crew that was camping by the lake. I said I knew who to talk to and started running towards the lake. Everyone at the mansion wished me luck as I started swimming across the lake again. Once I finally got across the lake, I saw the Liberal Termination crew camping just like they were last night.

"Oh hey there," The Liberal Terminator said. "Hey guys, I need your help with something. Remilia Scarlet told me that if we kill Ronnie Mcnutt in Gensokyo, we will be able to go home."

Everyone in the crew was confused so I had to explain everything to them. After I finished explaining everything, it was a unanimous decision that they were going to help me.

"What's your name?" they all asked. My name is Nate Higgers, I responded.

"You have a godly name bro, I can already tell you are based" a group member named Sex Toys said.

We had to walk since there are no vehicles in Gensokyo. Since we knew nothing about this universe it was going to be near impossible to spot Ronnie. We did come across several other girls along the way, some of whom we truced with due to them also searching for Ronnie. But I remembered that George Floyd apparently had a gang of other idolized BLM niggers. I wanted to keep an eye out for them as well, since now that I had a whole gang of nigger haters myself, we could easily put an end to all of those nigger monkeys.

After a few hours of walking and telling stories about funny Ronnie McNutt memes, we saw a disgusting sight. It was Caitlyn Jenner the tranny. Apparently, she was in Gensokyo trying to gain followers for her campaign since she is running for governor in California. I had no fucking idea why she was campaigning in the fucking touhou universe out of all places, but me and the Liberal Termination Crew ran over to her and yelled "FUCK TRANNIES."

We got out our weapons and started shooting at her. But we couldn't finish her off because we heard a familiar voice. "Stop attacking Caitlyn Jenner and her conservative fans or I will lose brain cells."

We all looked around and immediately felt a wave of joy. It was Ronnie Mcnutt. All of us ran like we were being chased by madmen towards him. The Liberal Terminator started kneeling on Ronnie's neck while the rest of us started reaching in Ronnie's pockets to look for his shotgun. We couldn't find the shotgun in his pockets so we forced him to roll over, but we still couldn't find his shotgun.

We literally looked everywhere in this man for his shotgun but couldn't find it anywhere. But we could tell Ronnie was losing oxygen, so we didn't care very much.

"Fuck fuck I can't breathe my brain is losing the ability to breathe. Time to Mcnutt myself to end the pain." Ronnie said. "Fuck, where's my shotgun ah shit I can't find it."

The Liberal Terminator continued to kneel on Ronnie's neck but then I noticed a black man jogging by us. But this was not any ordinary jogger, I looked closely and realized that it was Ahmaud Strawberry or whatever the fuck that nigger's name was. I got out the pistol that I had acquired from George Floyd and shot him several times all around his body. He was dead, and I was so proud of myself for killing another nigger. But then I saw George Floyd's whole gang coming towards us. They looked very pissed and had lots of powerful weapons.

"Time for all deez white ass oppression bitchez to get caps in dem asses," said Daunte Wright.

We could not escape all these niggers, they kept coming for us trying to prevent us from killing Ronnie Mcnutt. I was about to go extra overdrive on them when I got a bunch of skittles thrown at my face.

"How do you like that cracka?" Trayvon Martin said.

I got out my pistol and shot like crazy. I managed to kill 8 niggers before I had to reload, but thankfully I had my crew members with me to help me out. Sex toys said that he would finish off Ronnie while The Liberal Terminator, our most powerful group member, turned on terminator mode. He yelled "FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK NIGGERS" And went into maximum overdrive mode as he shot lazers upon lazers out of his eyes, instantly vaporizing any niggers that collided with it.

After around 5 minutes, all the niggers were dead. You may be wondering why The Liberal Terminator didn't use that ability on Ronnie Mcnutt to kill him earlier. Well, that's because all of his abilities only work on minorities and since Ronnie is white, he is invincible to the terminator's powers.

After around 15 long and painful minutes of kneeling, Ronnie Mcnutt finally died. Several residents of Gensokyo came over and confirmed he was dead. We then celebrated with a huge party, with everybody in Gensokyo being invited. There were around 5 thousand people at the party. Our party consisted of lots of food, snacks, drinks, but most importantly, the games.

We had games at our party such as Pin The Knee On the Nigger Floyd, Shoot The Black Jogger Simulator, but most importantly, The Ronnie Mcnutt Pinata. That party was probably the most fun I've ever had in my entire life. But once the party was over, me and The Liberal Termination Crew were sent to a room where we were greeted by a girl named Yukari.

For those who don't know, she can create portals between universes. She congratulated all of us for killing Ronnie Mcnutt, George Floyd, and the rest of their nigger gang. She made each of us portals one by one to go back to our respective locations before all this shit happened. Everyone went into their portals one by one; I went last because apparently the best person goes out last.

I walked into the portal and came out into my room. I pinched myself for the 5 millionth time during this experience to make sure I wasn't dreaming. Thankfully I wasn't and this shit was all real. I was so excited to finally be home, so I walked downstairs to meet with my parents. Like I said, I am only 19 so I don't have the money to move out on my own yet. My parents ran towards me and hugged me.

"Nate, we heard about everything. We are so proud of you for killing all those niggers," my mom said.

My dad said that they used to be nigger lives matter supporters before this incident.

"We are so sorry for ever supporting those subhuman monkeys," my dad continued.

"It's ok guys, all that matters is that we are a nigger hating family now."

We all chuckled and watched funny George Floyd Creepypastas for the rest of the day.

In conclusion, I got extremely lucky with this event. Most people would probably McNutt themselves early on in the journey. But I held through and managed to escape which was obviously something I wasn't expecting to happen. Be careful about what you download as you never know what could happen. And if it wasn't obvious enough, don't download the Ronnie McNutt Touhou mod despite the fact that it's super fucking funny. Oh, one last thing, fuck niggers.

**George Floyd Forced my Wife to Breastfeed Him**

My wife Brenda and I have this tradition, where we would go on a major road trip every summer. This ranges from enjoying the views on top of mountains, skiing, exploring the wilderness, and trying out new restaurants. The possibilities are endless.

One of my favorite parts of these road trips is when Brenda and I would have a ton of sex in the hotels. I am also going to mention that Brenda possesses many characteristics, which make her very enjoyable to fuck.

For one, her tits are insanely big. She would constantly ask me to buy her custom-made bras for her birthday. Another reason is her pussy grips my dick so well, that it is very difficult to pull out before I cum. These characteristics of my wife will be very important for the story.

It was a nice sunny day in July. I have recently just graduated from college and received my computer science degree. Very proud of myself, I decided that I much needed to reward myself after all those years of studying. Because of the amazing weather, I proposed to Brenda that I would love for us to go on a road trip to the Minneapolis mountains. The mountains over there are known for having this mystical view. From what I've heard, the meadows there are unforgettable.

Brenda was quite enthusiastic toward the request, and she happily agreed. We got right into packed our bags full of snacks and clothes. We chose to spend three whole weeks on the trip, to further celebrate my hard-earned achievement. Because of the significance of this road trip, I rented us an RV trailer.

Brenda and I live in Winnipeg, Canada so it was supposedly going to take us over two days to drive over to the Minneapolis mountains. I made sure to stock up on a lot of hygiene related products. This included multiple toothbrushes, Kleenex, and bathing products. I know this may seem excessive for 2 days' time, but let me tell you, I did forget to bring something in particular, which would have been very important later in the story. God, I wish I remembered to bring condoms. You'll know why, after hearing what happened to Brenda and I during the trip.

The next day, Brenda and I began on our journey to the Minneapolis mountains. I flicked on the GPS app on my phone, then hooked it onto the RV's windshield. We were approximately 600 kilometers away from our destination. I fired up the gas and followed the directions, which the GPS had given us. It was quite a relaxing way there, as the traffic was relatively peaceful.

A day had passed since, and I was getting quite drowsy. It was right around midnight at this point. I struggled to keep my eyelids from closing completely, as I continued to drive through this mundane road.

Brenda noticed my unfocused gaze, so she offered to take over, while I took a nap. That question relieved me, so I said yes, and we switched seats. I instantly passed out the moment I slubbed on the passenger's seat.

I awoke, to see that we were now only 100 kilometers away. I checked the clock on my phone, and it said, 10:30 AM. I slept for a good 10 hours, so I told Brenda that we were good to switch back our seats. But before we got out of the RV, Brenda told me that she felt super horny, and that she wanted to have sex. I was also horny as fuck, so we did the deed. Oh god, her pussy felt extra good that day, so I ejaculated in that glory hole like there was no tomorrow. It felt so damn good, that I did not manage to pull it out.

Brenda got mad at me, yelling at me, asking me why I came in her pussy. I told her that I could not help it. Brenda told me to go to the nearest gas station to buy a pregnancy test. The GPS indicated that one was only 2 minutes away, thankfully. Might as well fill the RV with gas too, since the gas tank was only at 25 percent. I drove over to that gas station. Brenda filled up the RV's gas while I went inside the convenience store to buy the pregnancy test.

Pregnancy tests have to be used weeks, after unprotected sex. Since the trip will be three weeks, we were going to test Brenda near the end of the trip.

Fast forward around half a day. We finally made it to the Minneapolis mountains. The view was very awes trucking. The way the clouds formed around the mountain peaks was quite a breathtaking sight. Of course, we took a bunch of photos.

During the course of the trip, we went on these long hikes every single day. Exploring the wildlife. It sure was nice camping, especially inside the comfort of the RV trailer. Sure beats sleeping in a tent. Near the end of the three weeks, we got Brenda tested and found out she was pregnant. Even though we had zero intention of having a baby, we still planned to keep it because we are against abortion anyway. Aside from that, I was pretty sure this was going to be our best road trip yet. But that thought was until the end of the vacation, when we were on our way back home.

Just as Brenda and I were about to begin our exit route, I realized some devastating news. I had forgotten to refill the RV trailer's gas tank, in the entirety of our three weeks stay. The tank only had 2 percent gas, which was not sufficient enough for us to drive to the nearest gas station. There was also no cellular service at our campground, so there was no way for me to call a towing truck.

Brenda and I had only one choice, which was to walk around the site for any fellow campers. And that's what we did. We spent hours upon hours searching. It was too bad there were no others close by. Or so we thought.

It was dusk. We ventured so far away from our RV that we got lost. We shouldn't have done this, I thought. That was when we heard this very terrifying screech. It sounded a bit like a mountain lion. Mountain lions are capable of mimicking human screams. Either way, it is best to avoid them.

Brenda and I strode away from wherever the sound came from. However, despite our attempts to distance ourselves from it, it began to sound like it was coming closer. Brenda and I instinctively ran in the same direction to get away from it. The screeching became ear piercing.

At last, it sounded like it was right behind us. I turned my head back and saw a very dark and tall figure. The figure, which was following us, stopped. Brenda and I both stopped running as well to examine that tall figure. It inched closer to us, to reveal its identity. When I finally saw its face, I noticed its unusually large nose and lips. It was George Floyd.

"Ooga booga, I need to suck yo titties!" George Floyd said, looking down at Brenda's breasts.

I put an arm in front of Brenda in a defender's position. I will not let that nigga monkey assualt my wife. However, he pulled out a pistol and pointed it at Brenda's pregnant belly.

"Hey man, lemme suck yo bitches' boobies, or else I will shoot her pregnant belly!" George Floyd demanded. This time, even louder.

As much as she was a sex object to me, I love Brenda with all my heart, so I decided against letting her die. I nodded my head to George Floyd's evil threat. While still pointing his gun at Brenda's belly, he lifted up her shirt, to reveal her extra-large tits. In the speed of light, George Floyd bent down, and began sucking on Brenda's nipples. He looked like he never had any water in days.

“Ah, that is some nutritious sexy women's milk. Now I can finally breathe in that hemoglobin!” George Floyd said.

I was mad as fuck. Watching my wife get assaulted while having no choice to stop George Floyd, is the last thing I want in life. George Floyd then got super into it. He began biting onto Brenda’s nipples. It caused her mammary ducts to secrete breast milk at all angles. Brenda yelped in pain as that nigga chimpanzee caught all that liquid with his mouth, just like a professional nigger basketball player.

I took a step closer.

“Hey nigger, when the fuck will you stop drinking my wife’s tits?” I asked George Floyd.

George Floyd stopped for a moment, then looked at me.

“I need more hemoglobin air,” he responded as he continued drinking through Brenda’s nipples.

He had to have drunk a crap ton of breast milk, because I saw Brenda begin to look very malnourished. George Floyd was depriving her of hemoglobin oxygen, so that he could breathe. George Floyd somehow remained his gun accurately to Brenda’s stomach, despite his excitement. I did not know that nigger was still so desperate for air. If George Floyd needed it that much, I can only imagine how much he’d suffer if there was the absence of oxygen.

It was then, I got an idea. Given that Brenda has tits the size of volleyballs, perhaps squeezing them against George Floyd’s face will cause him to suffocate to death.

However, with Brenda being extremely malnourished at this point, almost to the point where she’s falling unconscious, there is no way she can smother George Floyd on her own.

While George Floyd was still snacking on her nipples, I grabbed the back of Brenda’s shoulders, then began ramming her tits against George Floyd’s face. I did this repeatedly, until I started seeing bruises on George Floyd’s face. As a final blow, I grabbed George Floyd’s head, then smeared his face on Brenda’s breasts for two minutes, until he passed out from the lack of air.

Brenda looked like she was in critical condition. Probably even worse off than if she had gotten shot in the stomach by George Floyd. I had to drag her back to the RV trailer, and then I turned on data roaming on my phone so that I could call an emergency in a remote location.

It took several hours, but an ambulance finally arrived at the campsite. They took Brenda into the back. When we made it to the hospital, we were assured that Brenda was going to be okay. She just needed to have extra nutritious meals for the next few weeks, to compensate for the amount of breast milk that George Floyd drank out of her.

That was our encounter with the nigga monkey, George Floyd. He is definitely still out there seeking out women for breastmilk hemoglobin. Beware of him when you go out to the Minneapolis mountains.

**George Floyd Haunted my Zoom Class**

I live in the city of Edmonton Alberta. It is one of the most regulated cities in Canada when it comes to covid. Recently, every citizen in Edmonton received this emergency alert on their phones, which stated that heavy covid restrictions will be imposed, starting the following Monday. This means that nobody is allowed to eat inside restaurants, and schools will have to resume online lectures again.

I was not too happy about the news. Learning is already hard enough in person. I find it very difficult not to get distracted during online classes. I thought it was bad enough, until I experienced this very terrifying event during one of the online classes.

Before I begin, I will provide some context. I go to this university in Edmonton, called Concordia. It is this religious-based school, where taking a religion course is mandatory. Anyway, this is beside the point. I am pursuing an English degree, because I want to become a professional George Floyd Creepypasta writer someday. I am not saying this story is false though, because this all actually happened.

Monday had finally arrived. It was both my first day of class of the semester, and the day the heavy covid restrictions were imposed. I had to go through this overly complicated process so that I could attend my English class. I had to integrate my learning institute into my zoom account.

I eventually figured it all out before class began. Pretty well all of the other students were already in. We were five minutes early, so we all waited for our professor to join the zoom call.

Finally, a man named Reginald Weeb arrived. He was the supposed professor. He unmuted his microphone.

"Hello everyone, my name is Reginald Weeb. I will be your English instructor for this semester. Today will just be an orientation class. Let's start by introducing ourselves," Reginald Weeb said.

All of us were to tell the class our names and describe a fun fact about ourselves. I groaned. Introducing yourselves to class activities is the most boring thing ever. We went in alphabetical order based on the last name. My last name started with a B, so I had to be one of the first ones. Now, I won't be revealing my name in this story, so I will just call myself Nate Higgers.

"Hello, I am Nate Higgers, and a fun fact about myself is that I hate niggers, fags, Jews, and spicks," I said proudly.

I was immediately cut off by Reginald Weeb when I finished my sentence.

"We do not allow hate speech in this class. Say anything racist one more time, you will be kicked out from the class," Reginald Weeb said.

"Okay liberal", I said.

We then continued through the rest of the students. When we got to the letter F, a new student joined the call. His name was George Floyd.

"Oh, perfect timing, We are just introducing ourselves. Tell us about yourself, George Floyd," Reginald Weeb said.

George Floyd then turned on his camera and microphone.

"Hey, my name is George Floyd and I like taking fentanyl." George Floyd said.

George Floyd then immediately left the zoom call. The entire class looked very confused. Reginald Weeb just shrugged it off as some prankster who used a hyper-realistic deep fake, to impersonate George Floyd. Reginald Weeb then allowed the class to resume the introduce yourself activity.

We came across this one male tranny, who was one of the last ones to introduce himself. He looked like Benjamin Franklin with his fake wig on. I was extremely tempted to turn on my mic and bully that fag, but I resisted the urge because I did not want to get kicked out of the course.

The rest of the lecture was uneventful. All it really consisted of was Reginald going through the course syllabus, and going through the ground rules, which included the no racism policy. He used me as an example of a racist person for that, which made me proud. Hard to believe that people call me racist, as if it's a bad thing. When Reginald Weeb ended the class, I took a nap for the rest of the day since I had no other classes scheduled that Monday.

The next day, I had that same English class early in the morning. For that lecture, we were to do this extremely boring poetry study. It was quite long, so each student in the class took turns reading each part of the poem. I myself hate reading, so I dreaded my turn. We went in the order based on how early we showed up to class. I was an early bird, so I had to read relatively early. Pretty good evidence that racist people aren't inherently evil, in my books.

After I read my part of the poem, all of a sudden, George Floyd joined the zoom call. His camera showed him fully naked.

"Hey, we do not allow jokesters in our class. May you please get out of here, whoever is pretending to be George Floyd?" Reginald Weeb asked.

George Floyd Seemingly jolted his pupils around, as if he was scanning every student's camera in the zoom call. His eyes landed at the bottom part of his eyes, which indicated he was staring at the lower section of the zoom call. George Floyd then began to jerk off. I looked at whoever he was possibly jerking off to and saw that this BLM chick, Heather Wilcock was the only one who had her camera on, in the bottom section of the zoom call.

George Floyd then turned on his mic and said, "Hey Heather Wilcock, you better show me your pregnant belly!"

Heather finally noticed George Floyd's creepiness, because she turned off her camera immediately after hearing his comment. Reginald Weeb got fed up with this.

"Okay stop playing games, I am going to kick whoever is impersonating George Floyd," he said.

I heard the mouse click which Reginald Weeb made, to boot out George Floyd. But somehow, he remained in the class. This was followed by a bunch of subsequent mouse clicks. None of them worked. George Floyd was still in the zoom call, jerking off to Heather Wilcock.

"Okay, I am just gonna mute you and turn off your camera!" Reginald Weeb said in a frustrated tone. Shortly after George Floyd was muted, and his camera was disabled. We continued to read the poem after that. We were then supposed to answer questions based on the poem. I'll admit, I hadn't paid attention to what we read the whole time, so I just went on my phone, while the class went over those questions.

Right after Reginald Weeb read over the first question, George Floyd somehow unmuted both his microphone and camera. Reginald Weeb looked at the top right of the screen to see the unpleasant surprise.

"How dare you mute me. I will now strangle you man!" George Floyd said.

I watched George Floyd's camera, as he reached out into the screen. I was quite confused about what he was trying to achieve. But what happened next both clarified my wonders and scared the shit out of me. George Floyd's arm somehow phased through his screen, to the screen of Reginald Weeb's. I now saw George Floyd's hand within Reginald Weeb's camera. Reginald appeared frozen, just as confused as I was. George Floyd's spider-like arm then reached into Reginald Weeb's neck, and then grabbed it. George Floyd was now strangling my professor, through his screen. It was so unbelievable to see. I watched Reginald Weeb try to pry George Floyd's fingers off his neck, but George Floyd seemed to have some ungodly strength. Everybody else in the class looked stunned.

Reginald Weeb struggled to breathe, looking like George Floyd himself when he was under Derek Chauvin's knees. Eventually, Reginald Weeb dropped dead. George Floyd then retracted his arm back and continued to jerk off to Heather Wilcock. I wondered, if he was capable to strangling Reginald Weeb to death through computer screens, why wasn't he raping Heather Wilcock instead?

But that was what George Floyd did next. He quickly jumped out of his chair, then into Heather Wilcock's room. Heather screamed and attempted to run the fuck away from that nigger, but George Floyd pulled back her hair too quickly and then began to lick her belly.

"OH LA LA, I shall have your baby!" George Floyd said. I will now spare the details of what happened next. After George Floyd nutted inside Heather Wilcock, he pushed her away. I swear, I heard Heather say, "fuck niggers," under her breath. Good that she finally discovered the evilness of niggers.

George Floyd jumped into Reginald Weeb's room.

"Hey, I will now be your guy's teacher, I will now teach you guys how to make fentanyl," He said.

George Floyd blew his nose, to reveal fentanyl coming out of his nostrils. Everyone looked at him in disgust, because the fentanyl was covered in snot.

"Okay guys, I will now give each of you a sample of my fine fentanyl," George Floyd said.

He then handed everybody some of his booger-covered fentanyl, through their screens. Everybody strayed away from their desks, as if they were looking at ground-up vegetables. When George Floyd was about to hand me that disgusting drug, I punched his hand away, while saying "fuck you nigga monkey!"

George Floyd then Got very mad.. My heart stopped when he landed his eyes on my camera feed.

"How dare you insult my beautiful fentanyl. I will now steal all your air," George Floyd said angrily.

I knew that he was going to phase into my room, so I ran away. I closed the door and locked it to make sure he could not open it. But right when I was going to run downstairs, George Floyd completely phased through my bedroom door.

"Hehehe, I am a ghost, so you can never stop me. I will now strangle you next," George Floyd said.

He reached into my neck and pressed it against the wall behind me. He was breathing quite hard, to asphyxiate me as fast as possible. I smelt his banana fentanyl breath. It was nasty as fuck. I thought I was going to die. I truly underestimated the abilities of a nigger ghost. I thought back on how I got myself into this mess. All I did was slap his hand, as he tried to hand me the fentanyl. But something about that did

not make sense. How was he able to phase through the door, yet he is physically able to touch me physically?

My mind was going all over the place, as I was losing my air. But my fight or flight mode got me thinking of how to get out of George Floyd's grasp. With my quick thinking, I phased my hand through George Floyd's chest, and then grabbed his lungs, and pulled it out as hard as I could.

"AH SHIT, MY LUNGS!, I CAN'T BREATHE!" George Floyd screamed. George Floyd then completely disappeared in thin air. I have defeated the Ghost of George Floyd by taking advantage of the fact that he can only phase through objects if he intends to.

I have no clue whether the ghost of George Floyd was just sent to hell or if he is eliminated completely. I'd still advise you all, if you are in an online lecture, beware of the ghost of George Floyd.

**George Floyd Tried to Steal our Hot Air Balloon**

I live in a very multicultural city, Edmonton. It has too many non-white people, such as niggers, Jews, and spicks. Those people are not my only concerns. I also have a powerful hatred towards trannies. It is very much unfortunate that hate speech is illegal in this city.

You may be wondering why I haven't moved from this liberal hell hole. Well, that's because I am still a broke college student. Once I finish my business degree, I will start a George Floyd Creepypasta book company. But for now, I have to deal with all these subhuman degenerates.

One day, I was on my way to the bank. I was going to use one of those ATM machines so that I could retrieve some funds. Specifically, I wanted to purchase a grenade launcher that costs $70,000. My intentions of using one are obvious at this point. If you haven't been paying attention thus far, I was going to use the grenade launcher on niggers.

I entered the bank and inserted my bank card into the ATM. The machine accepted it and prompted me to enter my four-digit pin number. I entered it slowly and casually, without suspecting anybody was looking.

I heard this whisper behind me, so I turned around to see a nigger who was writing something down on this sticky note. He was suspiciously close to me, so I quickly glanced at the front surface of his sticky note. Sure enough, I saw my exact pin code combination written on it. I asked the nigger what the fuck he wrote that for.

"Ooga booga, I need money to buy weed," the nigger said.

I tried to snatch the sticky note from him, but he put it in his pocket too quickly. I know it is already easy enough for most people to memorize a four-digit pin number, but you have to consider that niggers are too retarded to memorize shit.

I was about to beat that nigger up, but of course, he ran away at the speed of light. Niggers have to rely on their speed to compensate for their low IQs. I had no choice but to go to the front desk of the bank and request them to disable my bank card.

I went to the front desk and saw that both of the banking clerks working there were niggers. Of course, I needed to disable my bank card as soon as possible before that nigger spends any of my funds, so I spoke to one who looked the least black.

"Hello, I would like to disable my bank card please," I said, trying to resist the urge to say nigger.

"No, you cannot. Our card service is undergoing maintenance for a week from now. Please return then," the nigger bank clerk said.

I got very pissed off at his response. I yelled, "FUCK THIS NIGGER BANK!" and left.

The following night, I went on my computer to visit the website that keeps track of the expenditures on that bank card. I discovered that the nigger spent ten thousand dollars on drugs, which left me with only $5,000.

I was broke as fuck now. My rent was due in a couple of days. There was no way I could make enough money with my job at McDonald's. I decided that I wanted to end my life, in a similar fashion to Ronnie McNutt's suicide. I had a pump-action shotgun in this vault that I kept under my bed. I originally

intended to use it to commit a mass nigger shooting someday, but I procrastinated. Now was the perfect time to use it.

I wanted my suicide to be executed in a meaningful fashion. I brainstormed the ideal location where I should do it. Somewhere far from all niggers and trannies would definitely be ideal. That was when I came up with the idea to McNutt myself in a hot air balloon. I would fly up as high as possible, far away from the liberal city, and then blow my brains,

I drove over to the hot air balloon company. Since I was going to die anyway, I chose the most expensive option, which allows me to fly at the maximum height. It cost me $1,500 as a lone flyer. No need to worry about debt when I am dead. I swiped my bank card and was granted access to the highest-grade hot air balloon.

I was driven to an open field where the flight had to be initiated. The balloon was quite massive, especially in person. Pictures don't do hot air balloons justice.

The assistant helped me with the initial fueling of the balloon. I was already within the basket, with the shotgun secretly hiding in my baggy jacket. The balloon rose and rose, to a great height, in a surprisingly short amount of time. I never realized hot air balloons were that fast.

Several hours passed, and I was already at an altitude so high, that the air density here was getting noticeably thin. Didn't matter to me, since I was going to McNutt myself anyway. I decided that this was the perfect spot to kill myself, so I pulled out my shotgun from the inside pocket of my jacket and aimed it toward my head.

But just when I was about to pull the trigger, I noticed this very strange dot on the horizon. It appeared to be headed in my direction. At first, it looked like a black crow, but something about it did not look right. For one, its head appeared a bit too flat to be a bird. Another thing I noticed is that it did not possess feathers. I resisted shooting myself, so that I could identify what the fuck that thing was.

It flew faster the closer it was. It was as if it was accelerating. When it flew close enough, I was able to distinguish its basic appearance. It had a very dark human face, instead of a bird's face. I wish I had already shot myself at this point, but because of my curiosity, I wanted to wait for a bit so that I could identify this flying entity.

Eventually, it occurred to me that this flying organism was in fact not a bird at all, but it was a humanoid figure. I spotted a propeller on the top of it. It was flying in quite a similar way to a helicopter.

Once it had gotten close enough, I was able to identify what this thing actually was. It was George Floyd, fully naked. He wasn't wearing anything at all. I looked at the so-called propellers which allowed him to fly, to find out that they were not actually real propellers. It was actually his twelve-inch black cock that was spinning clockwise, behaving like a pseudo helicopter propeller.

I watched in horror, as it flew too close for comfort, and landed on the side of the hot air balloon.

"Hello, I am here to steal all of the hot air from this balloon so that I can breathe," George Floyd said.

George Floyd poked a hole through the balloon with his dick, which then caused the balloon to deflate. George Floyd inhaled the hot air which was leaking out of the hole.

"Ah much better, feels good breathing in that fresh warm air," George Floyd said.

The hot air balloon was losing stability. It tipped over toward the side which George Floyd was clinging onto. I watched as the balloon began to slowly descend. George Floyd kept ripping bits off the balloon with his dick, further destabilizing it.

"I need more hot air man, I NEED AIR!" George Floyd screamed, as if he hadn't stolen any air at all yet.

The balloon fell down faster, as its structural integrity broke down. It was now descending so fast that I was not able to aim my shotgun toward my face accurately enough. We were almost in a state of free fall. I had the knowledge that I could die due to the impact of the fall, but that would mean a death too close to the degenerate subhumans, which defeats the purpose of flying in the hot air balloon in the first place.

I looked above me, and George Floyd appeared completely unphased by the fact that we were falling. He was too focused on breathing in all the hot air. It was quite an unsettling thing to see. We were now only around 5.000 meters above the ground. I needed to think of a way to potentially survive the crash. I desperately did not want to die near a nigger. My plan was to purchase another hot air balloon ticket to re-attempt my suicide.

I attempted to grab onto the last remaining bit of the rubbery material of the balloon. It took a lot of effort to pull my weight, without instantly ripping off the piece. I then tore off a large chunk of balloon to isolate it from the part which contained the basket. I used that large chunk as a parachute to mitigate my fall. On the other hand, George Floyd was stuck on the part of the balloon which carried the basket. He was still falling extremely fast, while I was for certain going to land safely.

Eventually, George Floyd's weight tipped the balloon upside down, which caused him to hang at the bottom of the massive basket. The basket was going to crush him on impact. While I was still a few hundred meters high, the entire mass squashed George Floyd like a bug.

I landed near him a few minutes later, completely unharmed. I walked toward George Floyd, whose body was completely covered by the balloon basket.

"AH SHIT, I CAN'T BREATHE UNDER THE BASKET!" George Floyd said.

"Haha, take that nigga, that's what you get for trying to steal the balloon's air," I said mockingly.

Later that day, I rented another hot air balloon. I am typing this right now on my phone as I am ascending into the air. I for sure won't give a shit about the world once I reattempt suicide, but I hate nigger Floyd so much, that I just want to warn you all. If you go extremely high on a hot air balloon, and see George Floyd flying at you by whipping his dick like a helicopter propellor, fly down as soon as possible.

**George Floyd Was the Third Columbine Shooter**

I was one of the students who witnessed the Columbine shooting with my own eyes. It is common knowledge that there were only two shooters, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold. However, this is not actually the case. Many of you might not believe me, but there was a third shooter in the Columbine shooting, which was the nigger George Floyd. The media tries to convince the general public that he wasn't involved, because we live in a cucked nigger loving country that tries to defend these monkeys. I will now retell the Columbine shooting from my point of view.

I was in math class that day. We were learning about the super hard and boring quadratic formula. I was never the best student, so I just zoned out and did not give a fuck about my high school performance. Our math teacher was smoking hot. She would wear an insanely tight skirt everyday, which really didn't make paying attention easier. My boner grew as I stared at her visible ass crack. Of course, I would only look at it with my peripheral vision to avoid looking like a creep. Whenever she'd write or erase the board, her ass cheeks would jiggle, which made it even hotter.

I eventually could not resist the urge to jerk off. I slowly put my hand in my pocket and began to rub it off. Because I sat in the front middle seat, I had to try not to make it obvious, so the best thing I could do was edge. I was rubbing my dick to her ass for a good 15 minutes, when I really felt the need to nut to the teacher's ass. I got so desperate that I raised my hand and excused myself to go to the washroom, to which the teacher said yes.

She handed me the hallway pass and I left the classroom. As I made my way to the washroom, my boner was fading away. Because of this, I had to re-jack off once I made it to the washroom. Eventually, I busted a nut while thinking about the teacher's ass. It felt so damn good. Almost as good as nutting on the George Floyd toy.

I spent the next few minutes cleaning myself up, and spraying deodorant on my ball sack to ward off the smell of cum. I realized how much time I had spent jerking off, when I heard the bell ring. The class was already over.

Right as I was about to leave the washroom, I heard some loud cracking sounds. All of a sudden, the students began to run and scream in panic. I watched as they hid under whatever large enough objects were available. I soon realized that some sort of drill was happening. However, I didn't have the knowledge that it was an actual school shooting at the time. Me being a student who hated following the herd mentality, I

refused to follow the lockdown procedure. I just thought practice lockdowns were pointless retarded processes to follow.

I wandered around the school, while the hiding students surrounding me were eyeballing me as if what I was doing was stupid. I just assumed they were gullible freshmen who take lockdowns too seriously.

I continued to hear the super loud cracking sounds. I just assumed they were fake gunshot noises, which the principal played in the announcement speakers, in order to scare the students. I heard some students scream as well across the hallway. I shrugged it off as those same gullible freshmen, who truly believed those quote-on-quote fake gun sounds were real. Mind you, I was quite a distance away from the cafeteria, so I was not near Eric and Dylan at all. I eventually stumbled upon the teacher's lounge. Despite it being very quiet there, there were a lot of teachers hiding under desks.

I went in there. As I walked in, I noticed that there was one adult who was not actually hiding. At first, I thought he was a teacher. He was a nigger who stood at an astounding six foot five. Sure, there were a few nigger teachers in Columbine, but the weird thing was none of them were as tall as him. He was also wearing a dirty basketball jersey and jeans. It did not look like the kind of outfit a high school teacher would wear. He was holding a very large sniper with his right hand. That was when I began to question my initial thought that this was just a drill.

The tall black nigger turned on the sniper's laser scope and began aiming it across the various teachers. Eventually, he stopped right when he pointed the sniper at the pregnant belly of a female teacher. It was one of the chemistry teachers.

"Please teach me how to make fentanyl, or else I will shoot your belly!" he yelled at the chemistry teacher.

She started to break into tears. I watched George Floyd as he loaded up this very interesting-looking ammunition into the sniper. It looked kind of like a tranquilizer dart, except its contents were white. He shot her in the stomach. What surprised me was that the chemistry teacher didn't seem to be affected by it right away. She did not show any signs of pain, nor did she pass out, from whatever drug was injected into her stomach.

After a few seconds though, she started to have a really hard time breathing. That was when I realized, the tall nigger actually shot her with a fentanyl gun. He continued to flash his sniper's laser from teacher to teacher. After he checked the last one in the far-right section of the master desk, he left the lounge. He didn't even seem to notice me. That left me wondering why he only targeted the pregnant teacher.

I was curious about who the fuck that nigger was. Keep in mind, I was not aware of Dylan and Eric at the time. I was wondering why he would shoot up this school if he isn't a student nor a teacher. I called it safe when he did not bother shooting me, so I followed him. He was looking around vigorously, as if he was looking for specific victims.

As I was quietly stalking him behind his back, I noticed that there was a name sewn on the back of his basketball jersey. It said, George Perry Floyd. At the time, I'd already heard about his crimes back in 1997 from the news, so he was not exactly an unfamiliar face.

George Floyd went up to one of the chemistry labs doors and knocked on it hard. Of course, nobody answered. He knocked twice. Still no response. George Floyd got angry, so he rammed the butt of his gun on the door. It was completely demolished. He entered and walked in, stomping like a monster. Despite everyone's best efforts hiding under lab benches, it was still pretty obvious that they were there.

"Hey, does anyone here know how to make fentanyl?" George Floyd asked.

George Floyd turned his laser scope back on and began scanning all the chemistry lab students. Keep in mind, there were a lot of whore students in Columbine, because it didn't take George Floyd long until he spotted a pregnant girl.

"Please make me some fentanyl, or else I will shoot your belly," George Floyd demanded her,

"NO! PLEASE DON'T SHOOT MAH BABY!", the pregnant girl said.

Without hesitation, George Floyd shot her belly with that fentanyl sniper. Seconds later, she was struggling to breathe. I noticed a pattern. He appeared to be exclusively targeting pregnant victims. He did not seem to care about non pregnant people at all. George Floyd then exited the chemistry lab. Again, he walked past me without even acknowledging my existence. I followed him.

George Floyd started to make his way to the cafeteria. When we arrived there, I saw that there were dozens of dead students already. They were not pregnant, however. That was when I realized that George Floyd was not the only shooter.

George Floyd then cherry-picked certain duffel bags. He grabbed a handful of powdered fentanyl and sprinkled some in each of the bags. He then leaked out this certain type of gas from each of them. I quickly took a peek at the insides of them and saw that each of them contained a propane bomb. George Floyd essentially replaced the propane with fentanyl.

He spent the next few minutes repeating this process on a few hundred other duffel bags. Shortly after, I heard the sounds of guns reloading from a distance, along with some footsteps. I knew that it was the other shooters coming. Even though George Floyd completely ignored me despite me watching all this. Given that it was evident they killed non-pregnant students, I quickly jumped inside a recycling bin to hide right before Dylan and Eric entered the cafeteria.

My line of sight lined up perfectly with the gap between the recycling bin and its lid, so I was able to spy on them. Eric and Dylan were talking amongst themselves, about how the supposed propane bombs failed to detonate.

“Hey George, can you please explain why you didn’t detonate the bombs?” Dylan asked George Floyd.

“Ooga booga, I tried to fuel them with fentanyl instead, but I guess it made it even worse,” George Floyd said.

“YOU IDIOT!, WHY THE FUCK DID YOU REPLACE THE PROPANE WITH FENTANYL?!” Dylan shouted, angrily.

“Also, why are there still a lot of kids alive?” Eric questioned George Floyd.

“I only targeted pregnant women,” George Floyd said.

“I knew we shouldn’t have hired a nigger for this shooting,” Eric said.

Eric snapped and tackled George Floyd. He punched that nigger in the face several times, before kneeing on his neck.

“Ah shit! Eric, I can’t breathe!” George Floyd said.

While Eric was busy trying to suffocate George Floyd to death, I noticed that there was a shadow of policemen that were walking towards the cafeteria. Eric, Dylan, and George Floyd noticed them shortly.

With his god-like speed, George Floyd ran the fuck away from the scene, before the cops could see him. Dylan and Eric were too slow to react, so once the cops arrived at the scene, Eric and Dylan Ronnie McNutted themselves.

The cops pointed their flashlights at their dead corpses. I did not want to look suspicious when they did eventually find me, so I exited the recycling bin and straight up told the cops everything that happened, in detail. I explained how George Floyd was also one of the shooters and that he only targeted pregnant women, and the reason why they don’t see him here is that he ditched the crime scene before they arrived. They nodded.

Nice try kid, but your story is too hard to believe,” one of the cops said.

I guess they thought the whole pregnant women target part of the story sounded too ridiculous. One of them put me in handcuffs and arrested me. I was later brought to the police station, because they suspected that I was involved in the shooting by lying to them.

In the following weeks, I was investigated as a supplementation to the crime scene examination. They eventually came to the conclusion that I had no direct contribution to deaths, but I was put in prison for 21 years, because they still thought I assisted Dylan and Eric in their plans.

As of now as I am writing this, I just got released from prison recently. After all those years I've been prison raped by 7 feet tall niggers named Tyrone for 21 years, I am eager to put this up online to finally reveal the truth that George Floyd was actually the third Columbine shooter.

**We Should not Have Resurrected the Woolly Mammoth**

I am a scientist who works at a genetics company called redacted. For over a year, our leading geneticist, Robert Hempel, showed interest in pursuing this project called the nigga mammoth project. The whole idea of it is to splice a nigger's genes with the preserved fossils of a mammoth, to create an altered version of the woolly mammoth. The only thing that halted us from starting the project was the fact that it was very expensive.

Now, you might be wondering why we would bother using the genetics of a nigger. You see, the mammoth preserves we've found so far are incomplete. In other words, the DNA which we extracted from mammoth remains in permafrost are fragmented. This means we need to complete the puzzle, by splicing it with the genes of a species with a similar genetic makeup.

Our team has done years and years of research, trying to find the ideal specimen, which we could use to help resurrect the woolly mammoth.

Back in 2020, that criminal nigger, George Floyd, killed himself by overdosing on fentanyl. After hearing the news, our team noticed that he had an enormous nose. An abnormally big nose is a great indication that a specimen is closely related to the woolly mammoth. We didn't have sufficient funds for resurrecting extinct organisms at the time, so we only took note of it.

In September 2021, we announced to the public that we've made a fifteen-million-dollar investment. Now that we had the resources to resurrect the woolly mammoth, it was a good time to extract a sample of George Floyd's DNA from his grave.

We sent a team to locate George Floyd's corpse, using this device called the nigger detector three thousand. They dug up his grave and scraped off a chunk of his big fat nose. Once they brought that sample into our laboratory, we were now ready to begin the cloning process.

Robert Hempel congratulated the team for their precise care of George Floyd's DNA sample. We had to go through this lengthy process of splicing it with the fragmented mammoth DNA. It took us three entire days to completely merge them together. As a result, a nucleic chain was formed. It was supposed to comprise the basic genotypes of the woolly mammoth, and the subtle characteristics of George Floyd.

The expected result of this is an organism that possesses the general bone structure of a mammoth, large tusks, and thick fur. Now, for the meat of it. The remaining portion of the nucleic chain will be of the intelligence of George Floyd. Not that it would've made a difference anyway, in terms of how smart a mammoth is. George Floyd's IQ is low enough to rival that of a woolly mammoth.

We then had to begin the gestation process. We initiated this by injecting the nucleic chain into the uterus of an elephant. It would have been much easier to use a nigress as the birth giver instead, but our company has to conform to certain government regulations, which prevents the testing of niggers.

After we injected the elephant with the nucleic chain, we had to wait a few hours for the fetus to mature far enough.

After we waited that painfully long period of time, we noticed the elephant perform this birth-giving position. Our scientists eagerly stared into its ass, as it began to give birth to the mammoth. The rear of the baby mammoth went out first. This was followed by its front legs.

However, once it finally got its entire body out, it was halted by its disproportionately large head. The newborn mammoth's head was stuck in the vaginal canal of the elephant, It wriggled its legs as it tried to escape. I then noticed it was making this muffled sound. It was the sound of suffocation. The rest of the team noticed this sound, so all of us worked together to attempt to pull this big-headed thing out of the mother elephant.

It took around 20 of us to finally pop its head out. The mother elephant winced in pain, as the small tusks to the baby mammoth scraped its vaginal canal. As the baby mammoth turned to face us, I swear, I just saw the most grotesque thing in my entire life working in this field.

The mammoth's face. I am trying to hold back my vomit as I am about to describe it. The baby mammoth had the face of George Floyd, but with some key differences. For one, instead of a simply enlarged human nose, it bore a trunk that was twice as long as its six-foot long body. Its head was not furry at all. It was pure black nigger skin. Its ridiculously large tusks complemented its trunk. I looked around the room, to see the rest of the team in shock.

Robert Hemple barged in and said, "Oh my goodness. What kind of abomination have we created?"

"Oh shit, kick that nigger mammoth off the laboratory!" I heard one of the team members yell.

Just as we were about to collectively approach it, the baby George Floyd mammoth let out this ear-piercing honk with its trunk. It subtly sounded like the phrase, "I can finally breathe."

It startled us a bit, but we carried on and attempted to drag this beast out. But all of a sudden, the baby George Floyd mammoth rammed one of the scientists. It landed a strike directly in his lungs. Its overdeveloped tusk then finally retrieved out of his chest. He suffered a severely punctured lung and died due to asphyxiation from choking on his blood.

Everybody then evacuated the laboratory. Fortunately for us, the baby George Floyd mammoth was extremely slow, so it had no chance of catching up to us. Once we were sure that everyone had left, we locked the door, so that the baby George Floyd mammoth was now locked inside the lab.

Once the door was completely sealed, we began to brainstorm ideas on how to exterminate the baby George Floyd mammoth. One guy suggested that we should feed it fentanyl to calm it down. I cut him off and told him that it was a dogshit idea, since it wouldn't be a long-term solution. Another guy suggested we wait for it to starve to death. It was a viable option. Newborns are typically malnourished at birth, so it shouldn't take long. Theoretically, it should take one day max for it to die off completely. Sadly, we were wrong.

The next day, we returned to the research facility, to check to see if it's dead. Obviously, there is no guarantee, so we went to the surveillance room to view the laboratory through a camera. We looked at the camera feed, to find an unpleasant surprise.

We saw the George Floyd mammoth, still alive, perfectly healthy. Except it was no longer a baby. It was now a fully grown adult. We also noticed that the mother elephant was now just a skeleton. We were shocked as we realized the George Floyd mammoth had eaten the entire mother elephant. This implied the George Floyd mammoth was carnivorous. It must have inherited the diet of George Floyd himself. We had to think of another way to defeat it.

We had the idea to tranquilize it, then slowly kill it while it's asleep. We assigned the security team with this task. They went into the laboratory. The George Floyd mammoth then noticed them and let out that same ear-piercing horn. It was deafening even for us who were just watching this through a camera. The entire security team spam-fired tranq darts at the George Floyd mammoth. However, its hide was so thick, the darts did not come close to penetrating it.

Once they realized their powerlessness, the security team made a run for it. But before they reached the door, the George Floyd mammoth grabbed all of them at once with its stupidly large trunk and began to asphyxiate all of them.

"I CAN'T BREATHE!" all of the security guards said in unison.

Once they all dropped dead, the George Floyd mammoth sucked all of their lungs with its trunk to steal their air.

We were running out of options. If tranq darts were insufficient to break through its skin, I don't know what weapon we had that could. It was then, I had an idea. If the George Floyd elephant had to suck all the security guard's air to breathe, its evidently weak breathing capabilities were a must to capitalize on.

The real question though, is how do we prevent it from breathing? I told everybody that obvious weakness. To be honest, it was definitely something we should have thought of earlier.

"Perhaps we could supply it with a large dose of fentanyl," I said.

Really, I just thought of that at the top of my head, but everybody agreed that we should give it a shot. I guess since we were in desperate times, anything can look like it would work.

Fortunately, we have a large fentanyl reservoir in our pharmacy department. We've never really used it, besides some minor experiments that have little impact on our research endeavors. Now was the perfect opportunity to take advantage of our overflowing supply of fentanyl.

We went downstairs and delivered numerous carts of powdered fentanyl, next to the laboratory, where the George Floyd mammoth was still roaming.

We slowly opened the lab door and pushed all of the carts inside the lab. The George Floyd mammoth noticed it, because it sniffed the air with its trunk. It then turned around to face what looked like heaven to it. Not that George Floyd has ever been to heaven. The George Floyd mammoth charged toward that massive pile of fentanyl and smiled. It was rather unsettling to see such an ugly nigger creature perform that human characteristic, but I knew the plan was going to work. The George Floyd mammoth expanded the nostrils on its tusks and snorted all of the fentanyl powder in an instant.

It left the floor completely clean of fentanyl. Within seconds, it emitted this terrifyingly loud and hoarse sound that was coming from both its mouth and trunk. It was now unable to breathe. It smashed its trunk against walls, destroying lab equipment.

After two minutes, it dropped dead. We entered the laboratory to check its pulse. Sure enough, the George Floyd mammoth's heart was no longer beating.

Now that this nigger creature was dead, our team celebrated in victory. Even though this was ultimately a failed experiment, we were relieved that our insurance company was not totally fucked.

The moral of the story. Do not play god. You never know what kind of lifeforms you can create.

**Minecraft Has Fentanyl Witches**

Playing Minecraft has been a passion of mine, ever since the beta was released. Ever since 2010, there were very few days when I played less than an hour.

Throughout the past decade, most of that play time was spent on my own survival or creative worlds. Playing on public servers was never my thing. Because of my solo playstyle, I am willing to say that I am highly experienced at the vanilla side of the game. I know mods exist, but I am an old school type of person.

That being said, it would make sense that there is little to no content that I've yet to explore. However, I've recently experienced something in Minecraft that makes me question this. Before I begin telling this terrifying video game tale, I need to provide some context.

Firstly, I have never used addons before. Like I said earlier, I like to play the game in an old school way. Never have I ever installed mods, nor applied any texture packs. Secondly, I do not have any friends who play the game. So, there is no way anyone can join my world, without having a lan party.

Given these conditions, I am pretty sure there is no external essence that could have led me to discover whatever I've just witnessed in game. Now that you know I haven't skewed the game in any way, I may begin.

I was going about my normal day, playing on my main survival world. Killing mobs, exploring new caves, breeding animals, and much much more. I could do this all day.

That day, I wanted to try something new. I've come to realize that exploring high in the skies was never a thing I've done before. Obviously, It is easy to overlook that component of Minecraft worlds because of its vacant nature. But I figured that because I've been playing this game so long, why the fuck not?

I know, it is very easy to simply fly around on creative mode to do this, but I wanted the personal achievement of venturing the skies in survival mode. Of course, it won't be an easy task as there aren't any items that allow free flying in survival, but from my years of playing in this very same survival world, I've accumulated hundreds of thousands of cobblestone blocks. With these building materials, I can definitely cover a huge distance by using them to build sky bridges. This was the time to put these ugly blocks to good use.

I first created a super tall cobblestone pillar. I added height to it, until I was just about to reach the world's ceiling. I then began the skybridge. The way I set it up was by simply placing a block in front

constantly. I knew that travelling adjacent was not a realistic goal, so I just kept going straight. Really, it was quite a repetitive process.

After a couple hours of doing this nonstop, both of my hands started to feel exhausted. It was time for a break.

I went downstairs and made myself a cup of coffee. I sat on my kitchen table and daydreamed as I sipped my coffee. It was quite refreshing to rest my hands on the table, after doing such a mundane task.

After I was done with my coffee, I went back upstairs to continue working on the skybridge. As I slipped my hands onto the keyboard and mouse, I had this sense of tiredness. I really did not want to spend the rest of my day doing this. As a man going into his thirties, I really don't want to develop arthritis.

That was when I came up with the idea of using an auto clicker and macro to assist me. The scheme was to program the macro to control the game, setting it up so that it left clicks every time it walks my character a certain distance. It was not a complex script to program at all, so I only had to do some copy and paste work to get it to function at an acceptable level.

I ran the script and it worked perfectly as intended. I monitored it for about 30 minutes, to make sure it could sustain without eventually desynchronizing and causing my character to fall off the sky bridge if a block is misplaced. Sure enough, everything went as intended.

I have a backup gaming laptop, so that was what I used for doing other things. I left my main desktop PC running the sky bridge macro. I made sure to turn off my monitor so that it doesn't overheat for being on for so long. The plan was to only turn it on once per day to check on the sky exploration progress.

It had been around seven days when I turned on my monitor, to discover that my character was stifled by what looked like a block of quartz. I stopped the sky bridge macro and took a step back to try to see what exactly was in front of me. To my surprise, it was a gigantic floating island made of what I thought was quartz. However, it did not quite have the exact textures that a block of quartz would exhibit.

I placed dirt blocks below me, to make my way to the top of the island. Once I made it atop, I saw a witch's hut. There appeared to be nobody in the outer yard.

At the time though, I was mostly curious on what the white quartz like blocks actually were. I equipped my diamond pickaxe and mined the block below me. It took a surprisingly short amount of time to break it.

Upon destruction, I picked the block. When I opened my inventory and hovered my cursor over it, it read "block of fentanyl". This alarmed me. I have never seen a block of this type in my entire Minecraft career. Not even in creative mode.

I wondered about its potential uses, other than being placed. Right after I exited my inventory, I heard the sound of a door opening. I looked at the witch's hut, to see a dark-skinned witch running right at me. When it came close enough, I noticed that its face was much much different from the standard witch, but still had the usual giant nose. It had the face of George Floyd.

It was a couple blocks away from me when they stopped running. Shortly after, a chat message popped up. It read, "how dare you mine our precious block of fentanyl. You must repay by trading us nine fentanyl ore and an air block". The message came from a name, called the George Floyd witch. I was awestruck. There was no way this was happening.

The George Floyd witch sent another chat message which read, "If you don't trade me nine fentanyl ore and one air block by the next day, I will corrupt your world".

That statement alarmed me. Three years were invested into this Minecraft world. For it to be corrupted would destroy countless precious memories. I needed to heed its threat. I right clicked the George Floyd witch, to open the trading interface. Sure enough, it showed that I had to exchange both nine blocks of fentanyl and a block of air, for nothing.

The real question was, where the hell do I find these? I've never come across fentanyl ore; therefore, I would not know where to find it. Also, the block of air is unobtainable, without using world editors or mods. I thought this was just a joke easter egg, so I just punched the George Floyd witch for laughs. But when I did, it pointed a gun to the stomach of my character. It then sent me another chat message. "If you punch me again, I will shoot your belly and corrupt your world".

That made me begin to think this was not a joke after all, because guns never existed in Minecraft.

I opened up my internet browser, and tried googling key terms, such as George Floyd witch, or fentanyl block. However, I did not see any results that were related to those. I really didn't want my world to get corrupted by these nigger NPCs, so I decided that I needed to figure out how to obtain the fentanyl ore since there wasn't an option to trade the block of fentanyl back. I also needed to obtain one block of air. That was the easy part though.

As much as I hate using mods and cheats, I would rather not have my world corrupted. I installed Minecraft world edit on my PC and opened it. With ease, I added a block of air into my character's inventory. Upon doing this, I had the thought that I may as well delete the George Floyd witch, or give myself fentanyl ore with the world edit mod. However, it did not show any options which have anything to do with those. I was disappointed, as I realized the world edit mod isn't updated to be compatible with George Floyd witch content.

I returned to my world, and sure enough confirmed the block of air was now in my inventory. I right clicked the George Floyd witch to open the trading interface and give it the air block. It then sent the chat message, "Thank you for the block of air! Now I can breathe! Now please give me nine fentanyl ore within a day, or else this world will be corrupted!"

A Minecraft day only lasts for 20 minutes, so I essentially only had that many minutes to mine and retrieve nine fentanyl ore. I did not know what to do. 20 minutes is nowhere near a reasonable timeframe for me to find one, let alone nine, because I have no idea where they exist. There was no way I could directly kill the George Floyd witch before it could corrupt my world, because none of my weapons can compete with his gun.

That being said, the only way to stop the George Floyd witch was to come up with a way to indirectly kill it.

For the next few minutes, I brainstormed possible courses of action. A lightbulb clicked, as I came up with the idea to place two gravel blocks above its head to suffocate it. I climbed down the sky bridge, to try to find gravel.

After some digging, I managed to find a chunk of them. I quickly dug them and returned to the George Floyd witch. Quickly, I vertically placed three blocks beside it, and then placed the two gravel blocks above the George Floyd witch's head.

When the gravel landed on it, it began to take suffocation damage. "Ah shit, gravel is my worst enemy! I CAN'T BREATHE!" an in game chat message said.

It shortly died due to asphyxiation. Upon death, it dropped a bunch of items that I've never seen before. One of the items was a potion with a white liquid in it. I picked it up and it was labelled, "potion of fentanyl". The remaining items were counterfeit bills. I then received an achievement pop up. It said "achievement unlocked! Kill a nigger!"

I was extremely relieved for two reasons. For one, my world hasn't been corrupt, since the George Floyd witch was slain. I was also relieved by the fact that the developers of Minecraft are based nigger haters after all.

I am now going to post this in numerous Minecraft community forums. Please, if you come across the George Floyd witch, suffocate it with gravel. Do not bother finding the fentanyl ore, since nobody knows where to find it yet.

**The Floyd Martians**

I am a researcher at Nasa. My job is to observe the vast space with our giant high-tech telescopes. In my line of profession, all I've mostly seen from countless hours spent on the telescope, are asteroids and the occasional planet discovery. Usually, they span far beyond the milky way. It makes sense that most of the interesting stuff tends to be farther away from earth.

Most people do not believe there is life within the solar system, besides life on planet earth. However, we had recently discovered something which contradicts this. There really is life out there in the solar system. You just need to know where to look.

I was going about my job staring into my telescope, inside the Nasa observatory. It may seem like a boring job, since I am looking at pure darkness most of the time, but I listen to Columbine music to keep me going. I was focusing my field of view on the outer galaxies. I spent hours doing this.

The only interesting points of interest I was seeing that day were a few constellations, and meteor showers. It really did not feel productive at all.

When it started to become late, I had to leave work. Now, the telescopes owned by Nasa are unique. When a user of our unique telescopes is finished using them for the day, it is a mandatory practice to completely zoom out until there is no longer any magnification. In other words, everything you've seen with the telescope from the beginning of the job, will have to be viewed once more when you are done using it. That meant I had to catch a glimpse of the solar system once I was done with work.

I was all the way into exploring andromeda, when I began to gradually degrade the magnification. It is thankfully not a long process. It only took a few moments for me to zoom back to observing the solar system.

It was only for a fraction of a second, but I noticed this very peculiar bright dot in between earth and mars. At first, I assumed it was just a star. But because of my long-time experience with this job, I've developed this very precise attention to detail. Shortly, I came to the realization that the bright dot did not exactly possess a shape that any ordinary star should have. I magnified my telescope back to that specific section of space, between earth and mars. Sure enough, it looked way too odd to be a star.

Even though I was running late for dinner, I was too curious to stop at that. I turned on the super magnification setting, to garner a better idea of what that thing was.

It was shaped like a spaceship and making its way to earth. Something wasn't exactly right though. Nasa has connections with every other space organization, which enables us to oversee every outgoing space mission, regardless of it being an organization other than Nasa. The thing was, there were no scheduled missions involving mars at the time. I called in the research head, named Hardeep Singh, as he leaves work later than lower-level employees.

When he came into the observatory, I told him about that mysterious ship. I allowed him to look into the telescope. Sure enough, he had a perplexed look, as he finished observing it.

"What the fuck is this? We will need to look further into this," Hardeep said.

I opted into working overtime. As much as the pay is good, I love my job.

Hardeep and I conducted several distant experiments on that ship, overnight. Firstly, we measured its wave frequency and radiation levels. This allowed us to get an idea of what kind of chemicals it was composed of.

From what we've observed, there appeared to be a large amount of fentanyl spraying from the back of the ship. It appeared to run on some sort of a fentanyl powered motor. In addition to this, we measured the velocity of the ship. Assuming it would continue to go in a perfectly straight line, it would take approximately six months for it to arrive on earth.

Hardeep thanked me for my hard work and let me go the following morning. I was very tired from the lack of sleep, but it was definitely worth the additional knowledge of whatever that ship was. The conclusions I drew based on our measurements, was that some brand-new competitor of Nasa was doing a mars expedition in secret. That can result in some legal issues, but if they are technologically advanced enough to fly to mars, I don't see what could stop them.

Six months had passed. As expected, the ship did travel in a straight line from mars to earth. That was when it was about to scratch our atmosphere. The ship was reported to have an estimated landing location on Cup Foods, Minneapolis. It was only a day away from reaching the crash site. I've been elected to participate in studying it, since I was the one who first found it, so I, along with a team of other elected researchers, travelled to Minneapolis.

We caught a flight there and arrived at Cup Foods just in time to see the ship flying among the clouds. It painted a much clearer picture of what the ship actually looked like, compared to when we measured its waves and radiation six months ago. There was a mass of white powder steaming from its engines, which confirmed it is a ship that is powered by fentanyl.

After waiting some time, we finally heard a loud crash a few blocks away from Cup Foods. We got our measuring instruments ready and headed there. Once we arrived, we were met by the gargantuan ship. It was quite similar to the shape of a UFO, except it did not have a perfectly symmetrical shape. It functioned more like a standard space shuttle from earth than a flying saucer.

The doors at the rear side of the ship automatically opened. Our research team braced ourselves, as we prepared to meet the people, or entities, that were exiting the ship.

Three very tall figures emerged from the doorway. They were definitely not human. Their extremely slender proportions were far too unrealistic. Their faces were what really got my attention. All three of them had the faces of George Floyd, except that two holes were in place of the usual big fat nose. They were equipped with advanced weaponry. One of them, who was presumably the leader, stepped in front of the other two.

“Greetings earthlings. We are the Floyd Martians. We’ve come here to collect an extremely precious and valuable resource, which is oxygen,” the leader Floyd Martian said. “Our home planet, Mars, has been suffering a severe decline in oxygen levels, due to too many of our inhabitants smoking fentanyl, which polluted our air. Please give us all of the earth's air supply, or else we will blast your entire planet”.

Our research team was confused. Hardeep chimed in and tried to negotiate.

“Hello Martians, I see that you seek our very useful and limited air. Unfortunately, we can’t do that. That would obviously jeopardize OUR living inhabitants. There are many other planets out there which have air quality just as good as earth. Please leave us alone,” Hardeep said.

Without hesitation, the leader Floyd Martian pulled out its laser gun, and blasted Hardeep’s belly. It instantly fried his abdomen and he fell dead. Our research team gasped.

“Give us all the earth’s air now, or else we will do the same to every other earthling,” the leader Floyd Martian said.

All of us in the research team really didn’t want to die. Of course, we had to work our asses off to get into our jobs. Even then, most of us still have future aspirations on top of our success. It was way too soon to die. None of us wanted to further argue with these nigger aliens

“Okay, we will now proceed to steal all of your planet’s air.”

The Floyd Martian leader and its companions walked back into the ship, and then the ship started to become afloat. A very large compartment at the bottom of the ship opened, to reveal a massive device which was labelled “The oxygen sucker”. The oxygen sucker was essentially this funnel shaped gadget which seemed to have a similar function to a lung, except it had an unfathomable capacity. It made this whirring sound, and we felt a tremendously strong wind going into the direction of the funnel. We began to struggle to breathe.

We ran the hell out of the area, because the Floyd Martians were using the oxygen sucker to vacuum all the oxygen in that cubic kilometer. We sped away from the direction of the ship. Once we came to a comfortable location, we notified the US military about what the Floyd Martians were trying to do. We informed them that we would likely need maximum power to stop those nigger aliens.

Not too long after, hundreds of fighter jets and tanks showed up. This was our line one defense. They fired thousands of rockets into the Floyd Martians ship, but dealt minimal damage. The Floyd Martian ship then fired fentanyl force fields within the mile, which instantly wiped them all.

It baffled me that they could have used their super advanced technology to colonize another planet’s oxygen, instead of having to fight us. I guessed it was due to that fact that they are nigger aliens and niggers always feel the need to commit crimes, even when it’s completely unnecessary. It also baffled me to think that a nigger civilization managed to develop this kind of technology in the first place

The remaining lines of military defense were later called in. Our biggest mobile explosives were used on the Floyd Martian’s ship. Again, it was completely immune to our comparatively primitive technology.

Brute force alone was not enough to stop those nigger aliens. We needed to innovate. What would be the ultimate weakness of the Floyd Martians?

Our team returned to headquarters and brainstormed. Obviously, their technology would overpower us so much to prevent us from simply kneeling on their necks. So that idea was out of the window. But then, I had an idea. Floyd Martians would have to have some kind of pregnant women kink. It would then make sense that if we played pregnant alien porn videos on giant billboards, it could perhaps get the Floyd Martians so horny, it might distract them and get them to crash their ship.

I brought up this idea to Nasa. Surprisingly, they agreed to it. Our headquarters has this giant screen display, which is able to show whatever we program it to.

We searched up some of the hottest pregnant alien porn on Pornhub, and then broadcasted it to our headquarters giant screen. We displayed a montage of this pregnant chick dressed up as an alien, getting her ass fucked by a BBC. Of course, we turned up the sound frequency to its highest, so that the Floyd Martians will notice it and follow the sound.

Shortly after, we saw that huge ship coming to our headquarters, which then faced our giant giant screen showing the pregnant alien porn. I looked to the front window of the Floyd Martian ship, as the driver jerked off to the video, and eventually drove the ship to the billboard and crashed it.

We examined the crashed ship, along with the debris. All of the Floyd Martian passengers, including the driver, were now dead due to the impact. We cleaned up the mess and hid the dead Floyd Martian corpses in our underground laboratories for further research purposes.

This is everything that I am able to recall from the George Floyd Martian invasion. Nasa is trying to hide this information from the public, because of the liberal cucked world we are in. Nasa is too afraid of the possibility of more and more people becoming racist, if they hear about the Floyd Martians. I myself believe that racism is good, so I will be posting this online.

Once I submit this to reddit, I will shoot my head with a shotgun, similarly to Ronnie McNutt. I know I will lose my job after, but I truly believe the public has the right to this information.

**The George Floyd Mermaid**

I live in a house next to a beach. Naturally, my lifestyle involves a lot of swimming and surfing. I feel very blessed to have grown up there. Throwing parties while my parents are out of town was my favorite thing to do. We would do all sorts of fun stuff, such as large-scale pool parties on the shore of the ocean.

Assuming you aren't afraid of the deep, this may seem like the ideal place to live. But keep in mind, there are many great things out there that appear perfect from the outside but aren't actually as amazing as they seem. There is this creature out there that lives in the depths near my home. I will tell you about my encounter with the George Floyd mermaid.

Lately, my town has been sending frequent emergency alerts, which report missing people. Specifically, they were all last seen near our beach. Not close-close, but maybe around a few blocks away. Because of this, my father told me to keep an eye on my surroundings when I am out on the beach. Not that I have a problem with it anyway.

I've grown up in a fairly sheltered home, so having decent spatial awareness is not out of the norm for me. For example, I'd always feel uneasy whenever I am alone near niggers.

I was quite bored that day because I was constantly alone, due to the pandemic. I will not reveal my location for your safety, but the covid regulations in my city forbid being in large crowds. Hanging out with a few friends is acceptable though. I hit up a couple of my nigger hating friends, Mattias and Nico. I invited them over, to hang out at the beach. Both of them accepted and were heading over in a few.

Mattias drove up here first, followed by Nico. I welcomed them in and offered both of them a can of Ronnie McNutt blood soda. We went through a glass door at the back of the house, as we popped our Ronnie McNutt soda cans open.

We dipped into the ocean water and enjoyed the bitter-sweet flavor of our sodas.

"Hey, look at all the pajeets over there," Mattias said, pointing toward the south side of the coast.

Nico and I landed our eyes there, to see this Indian family. It was a family of a wife and husband, and their son. They appeared to have a hard time swimming in the shallow water. They were splashing the water with their arms, as if they didn't have the ability to float in water without a life jacket.

Mattias, Nico, and I laughed at them because they perfectly fit the stereotype that pajeets are dog shit at swimming.

“Hey, look at that one sink in the water,” Nico noticed.

I saw it too. The son appeared to have quickly submerged in the ocean completely, never floating back up. Moments later, the same thing happened to the father. He instantly fell into the void of an ocean and did not show any sign of return. The mother was then completely submerged as well.

We watched intently, to see if any of them were going to return. Ten minutes passed, and nobody in the pajeet family returned. They’ve mysteriously drowned due to an unknown cause.

“Well, the world doesn’t need pajeets anyway. I call this an absolute win!” Matthias exclaimed.

I agreed. All pajeets do for society is leave their poop in the streets, for dung beetles to feed on. We briefly celebrated the death of those disgusting pigs. As we got ourselves excited, Matthias accidentally spilled his Ronnie McNutt soda into the ocean.

“Whoops, my bad. That shit was mind-blowingly tasty,” Mattias jokes.

Nico and I laughed, as we watched the soda dissolved in the ocean. It made a fair bit of bubbles. We spent the rest of the evening laughing at those now drowned pajeets. When the sun was about to set, it was time for Nico and Mattias to leave.

As we were about to leave the water, Nico seemed to have tripped over something. Mattias and I looked back, and saw Nico sliding backward into the water, as if he completely forgot to swim.

“HELP ME, I AM SINKING, SOMETHING IS PULLING ME DOWN!” Nico screamed.

Mattias and I thought he was just imitating the pajeet family. We both laughed.

“NO, I AM SERIOUS, PLEASE PULL ME BACK!” Nico said, looking even more panicked.

Nico continued to slide back. Both of his hands were gripping onto the sand. Somehow, he looked like he was doing the moonwalk, except in a crouching position. Half his body was submerged in the water. It did not take long for Nico's head to be forced down the water. His hands were still above the surface, flailing. He was now drowning.

Mattias and I took the cue that Nico was not actually pretending. We each held onto both of Nico’s hands and pulled as hard as we could. However, whatever thing was trying to drag Nico into the ocean had some ungodly strength. We were easily losing the tug of war. Eventually, Mattias and I got fatigued and we both let go. Nico then flung into the ocean, never to be seen again.

Mattias and I looked at each other, shocked. The first thought that came into mind was that maybe Nico was committing so much to his act, that he slid himself too far into the ocean, and got unlucky to be pulled into the current.

Mattias was still too busy trying to digest everything that happened. I tapped his shoulder and told him about my theory on why Nico drowned himself.

Mattias thought about it for a second, and then said “No, I don’t think so. There is no way the ocean currents are strong enough to pull Nico in, despite both of our combined efforts to save him. I think some creature must have done this.”

I looked at him.

“What? I don’t think such a large creature would just come to shore like that. It would have beached itself easily,” I said.

“You’re right. I am going to take a look down there, to investigate,” Mattias said.

Mattias dove back into the ocean. He did a quick swim around the area. All of a sudden, he snapped his head above the water. He had a very shocked look on his face. He looked like he just witnessed a traumatic event.

“What the fuck is this-” before he could finish his sentence, Mattias was immediately pulled into the ocean.

I instinctively jumped into the water. Once I was completely in, I saw what was the most unbelievable thing. I saw Mattius, except he was being held down to the sand by this long dark arm. My eyes

followed the arm, to see that it belonged to this very ugly humanoid creature. Except that instead of legs, it possessed a fish-like tail. I froze, as I watched this mermaid-like creature lock Mattias's face onto the sand, until he suffocated.

After Mattias's body was completely lifeless, the creature connected his lips with those of Mattias, and began to kiss him while making this suction noise. Mattias's body turned pale.

"Ah, that is some nice lung air," the creature said.

Once the creature was done kissing Mattias's lips, it noticed me. Its mouth formed this unnatural grin that still haunts me to this day.

"I am the George Floyd mermaid. For years, I've been cursed by that white cop, Derek Chauvin. He told the devil to reincarnate me into a mermaid, in order to make my second life miserable. It is very hard to breathe as a mermaid, so I am here to steal everyone's air," the George Floyd mermaid said.

He bolted in my direction to try to grab me. Thankfully, I built up good swimming skills growing up living on this beach, so I successfully dodged him. The George Floyd mermaid then used his long tail to wrap around my torso. He was now constricting me like a giant snake.

"Hehehe, now it is time for me to breathe in all your lung air," the George Floyd mermaid said.

He locked his big fat lips with mine, and then began to inhale. I felt my oxygen deplete very quickly, as he used his vacuum-like abilities. I suffered a severe case of lightheadedness, and my skin was turning pale. I was pretty damn sure I was going to experience the same fate as Mattias and Nico. I splashed the water, in hopes that I would get lucky enough for somebody to notice.

It was then, I felt the tail of the George Floyd mermaid loosen. After a few kicks, I was able to completely break free of its grip. I finally rose my head above the water and took some deep breaths. I opened my eyes, to see my father stomping on the George Floyd mermaid. He was full-on jumping onto its tail. Mind you, it was only its tail that was visible above water, so he looked like any ordinary large fish.

After a while, the George Floyd mermaid could not take anymore hits, so he gave up and swam away. My father turned to look at me and said. "It was very stupid of you to play with these big fish. You are now grounded from swimming in the ocean for one month."

"It wasn't a fish dad! It was the nigga mermaid, George Floyd!, he tried to steal my air!" I cried out.

"Haha, what a wild imagination you got there. Now go back inside and take a shower."

I was at a loss for words. He did not notice the George Floyd mermaid's upper body this whole time. All he saw was its tail.

Once I was done my shower, I retold the entire story to dad. I explained how both Nico and Mattias got pulled in by the George Floyd mermaid, and that we saw it drown that pajeet family. He still did not believe a single word of mine.

Throughout the following month, I would beg him to lift my swimming ban, still trying to convince him that it was actually the George Floyd mermaid that attacked us. Eventually, he got fed up with my claims and made me visit a psychologist.

I told the therapist everything that happened, and that I hated niggers even more because of it.

"I think you are having hallucinations. Might want to get that check out bud. I am going to call in a psychiatrist to help you with that," he responded.

I was frustrated. Now they're going to force me to take meds, for nothing. Just as I stood up to leave the appointment, I noticed something in the window. Upon a closer look, I saw the George Floyd mermaid, showing that same unnaturally wide grin. He was staring at me through the barbed glass.

"Look! I see the George Floyd mermaid! It's right there behind the window!" I shouted to the psychologist, while pointing at the window.

But as soon as I darted my eyes back to the window, the George Floyd mermaid was no longer there.

"Nice try bud, but I don't see it. Good luck with your meds."

"Fuck niggers!" I spoke.

Ever since, I've begun to develop a fear of the ocean. Even when I was allowed to swim at the beach, I wasn't able to get myself to touch the water. Not even the shallowest parts. There are very terrifying creatures lurking in the depths. Living near the ocean is not as good as it sounds.

**The Liberal Terminator Saved my Life from George Floyd**

Before I tell you what happened, I need to provide some context. Recently, news outlets were reporting that the nigga monkey, George Floyd, is still alive and committing crimes. They featured copious amounts of low-quality George Floyd sightings. Really, they looked a lot like bigfoot sightings, because of how much George Floyd looks like an ape.

For those who don't know, George Floyd was this disgusting roach who apparently died due to a fentanyl overdose. I thought that it was much easier to believe than the former, so I took the news outlets with a grain of salt. I did see the footage of George Floyd in the ambulance, breathless, so I was pretty sure he was dead at the time.

I browsed around the internet, to listen to hundreds of George Floyd Creepypastas. They all had this underlying theme, that suggests George Floyd is still out there. I also remember seeing this one George Floyd iceberg meme, that lists a bunch of conspiracies involving the nigger. This included the theory that George Floyd was able to breathe, and that it was just a misunderstanding. I just thought of those as edgy meme creators, who are trying to get internet clout. Boy was I wrong.

Another thing that news outlets are covering is that a tech company, called Golden Nigger Corps, is working on developing a nigger, fag, spick, and Jew hating robot. They called it the Liberal Terminator. They were developing this robot, in hopes to finally eradicate liberalism. Development of the Liberal Terminator sped up exponentially, ever since the George Floyd sightings were reported. Okay, I will now get into the story. My breathtaking encounter with George Floyd.

I was on the highway, driving to a hobby store one evening. I was interested in purchasing a 3-D printer so that I could print weapons. The particular hobby store I was going to is right around the outskirts of the city, so not many people know about it.

I pulled up to the large grey blocky building. It was definitely a store for hardcore hobbyists, as it had that warehouse look to it. Definitely the kind to have the best 3-D printers on the market.

I entered the building, to be met with the heavy rubbery smell of paint. The odor caught me off guard, bringing me back to the memories of when I used to paint pictures of niggers getting their heads chopped off, as a kid.

I searched through the aisle that contained their fine selection of 3-D printers. A lot of them had the capability of printing super intricate, functional weapons. Along the shelves, I noticed that there were a lot of pregnant lady 3-D printed models, which were used as demonstrations. It seemed like an odd choice to use to market 3-D printers.

Being the white privileged man I am, I decided on buying the $30,000 printer. It was only a package on display, so I had to let an employee know that I was interested in purchasing it.

I looked around and found the one and only person who worked at the store. He was a very tall nigger who wore a black apron on top of a black tank top, along with jeans. On the top right corner of his apron was a uniform name tag, which read "Perry".

I was kind of bummed out by the fact that a nigger worked at the store. Niggers are usually dogshit at their jobs, whether it be customer service or selling. I went up to him and described that particular printer I wanted. He nodded and led me to the 3-D printer aisles. He took keys out of his pocket and unlocked the cabinet that contained my selected printer. The nigger employee then picked up the massive cardboard box and handed it to me.

"Ooga booga, that shiet will be thirty thousand dollars. You must pay in the form of fentanyl," he said.

I scratched my head. I've never touched a gram of fentanyl in my life, let alone having some on me right now. There was no way I could pay for the printer.

"Sorry nigger, but I do not have any fentanyl with me. Could I pay with my card instead?" I asked.

"NO! YOU MUST PAY WITH FENTANYL!"

I showed the nigger both of my pockets, for him to see that I do not possess any of that nigger drug at all. He then looked very angry. He grabbed this remote that was attached to his belt, and then pressed a large red button. As a result, all of the doors were locked and every window in the building was sealed by a thick metal layer.

"Hehehe, you cannot leave until you pay me the fentanyl," the nigger employee said.

It was then, I realized something. I hadn't really paid attention to his facial features thus far. I inspected his face and noticed how familiar it was. It was George Floyd. I was in shock, unable to comprehend this.

"George Floyd, I thought you were in hell nigger!" I yelled.

"No, I was actually able to breathe. I faked my death in order to get all the BLM bitches to hop on my dick and riot. IT WAS ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING!" George Floyd said.

He then grabbed me, and then tied my arms to my body with a rope. He made sure to tie my neck as well, to make it harder for me to breathe. Finally, he tied me to a chair, rendering me completely immobile.

"If you don't pay me fentanyl within a day, I will shoot your belly," George Floyd said with an evil grin.

I was completely helpless. That dumb nigga monkey really expected me to magically pull fentanyl out of thin air. Not a chance I would be able to obtain it. George Floyd put a giant stopwatch right in front of me, which was set to 12 hours. I had no idea what to do. George Floyd did a surprisingly good job tying the rope, despite being an 80 IQ monkey.

George Floyd then shut off the lights and left me there. A part of me was ashamed for being outsmarted by a dumb nigger. But I was mostly focused on how I was going to escape. The rope around my neck was very slowly tightening, so breathing became an increasingly difficult task. I noticed that each time I attempted to untie the rope, it tightened even further. I tried not to touch it because of this.

There was genuinely nothing to do, other than sit and stare into space. I eventually got too bored of this, so I dozed off and fell asleep.

I woke up in the exact same position as when I was last awake. I looked at the stopwatch and saw that I now only had two hours, until George Floyd was going to shoot me in the stomach. I heard footsteps that were coming from behind me. It was George Floyd, coming out of the storage room to check on me.

"Oh Oh EE EE AH AH! you only got two hours to pay me my fentanyl," he said as he made chimpanzee noises.

I was about to have a panic attack, both from being bound for so long, and the insufferable fate I was about to experience. After he was certain that I heard his chimp out, he went back to the storage room.

Two uneventful hours had passed. The stopwatch was about to hit zero, when George Floyd came back. He now had a gun in his hand.

"You did not adhere to the deal. Now I will shoot you in the belly!" George Floyd exclaimed.

I closed my eyes shut. I was prepared for the worse. I heard the clicking sound of his finger pressing on the trigger.

All of a sudden, I heard a very loud exploding sound. I knew it wasn't the sound of George Floyd's gun, because I didn't die. I opened my eyes, to see that the outer metal layer which sheltered the hobby store, was broken into. To the right of it, I saw this very large robot-like figure. It stood at eight feet tall. Its body was exposed, revealing wires and metal parts.

I looked at its face, which looked particularly interesting. Its face looked very similar to that of the George Floyd toy, except its eyes glowed red. It opened its metallic mouth and said "Greetings niggers, I am the Liberal Terminator. I used my built-in nigger detector three thousand to find the nigger, George Floyd. I will now terminate him."

The Liberal Terminator looked at George Floyd, and its eyes glowed brighter. It began to generate this very bright red beam, which then formed a powerful nigger destroying laser. The Liberal Terminator then aimed and fired it at George Floyd. But George Floyd had the athleticism of the pro nigger sprinter, Usain Bolt. He managed to run away from the sight, before the laser hit him.

"Hehehe, I am too fast for you Liberal Terminator," George Floyd laughed.

That angered the Liberal Terminator. He yelled out "FUUUUUUUCKKKKKK NIIIIII-IGGGEEEERRSSSSS!" and then lunged at George Floyd.

George Floyd was too stunned by Liberal Terminators' battle cry, so he was not able to dodge it. The Liberal Terminator then punched George Floyd in the face ten times, while reciting the Columbine shooters' quotes.

"Natural selection," the Liberal Terminator said as he gave George Floyd a nosebleed.

"Ah shit, I am now losing blood. I can't breathe!" George Floyd cried.

The Liberal Terminator then kneeled on George Floyd's neck. He did it so hard, that it was tearing George Floyd's flesh. I saw blood gushing out of his neck.

"OOGA BOOGA, MOMMA MOMMA, I CAN'T BREEF, I NEED FENTANYL!"

George Floyd eventually choked on his blood and died. The Liberal Terminator let go of his lifeless body.

"My work here is done, fuck niggers," the liberal terminator said.

He then shot a laser to the rope that bound me, which freed me from the chair. I thanked the Liberal Terminator for eradicating yet another nigger. He then headed out, through the giant hole on the metal layer of the store.

I stood up from the chair and recollected everything that just happened. It was damn crazy that the Liberal Terminator arrived, right before George Floyd was going to shoot me in the stomach. Whoever engineered the built-in nigger detector three thousand must've did an amazing job.

Now that George Floyd was now dead, I was able to take the 3-D printer, without paying. I hauled the large package to my car, and then drove home.

I am now typing this and posting everywhere online, to let the world know that all the conspiracies about George Floyd being alive were all real after all. It was truly a misunderstanding that the nigger lives matter supporters delved into.

**Do Not Enter the Floyd Temple**

I am a historian who travels around the world, discovering mysterious ruins. My research team would go from country to country, visiting points of interest. These areas range from temples, pyramids, artifacts, and so on.

My team consists of a journalist, a cameraman, and a stockpiler. Tomasso is the cameraman. He records everything, as we explore. Jason is the stockpiler. He is in charge of collecting and carrying the artifacts we find. Finally, I am the journalist. I am the one who writes down the dossiers of any noteworthy findings.

We were in Africa for the summer. You know, the poor-ass third-world nigger country. Jason drove us in our jeep in the savannahs, as Tomasso filmed his video camera around, trying to create a beautiful cinematic.

Mind you, we don't actually know exactly where we go. We really just drive around unknown areas, scouting out for never-before-seen ruins.

We passed by a variety of wildlife. Lions, elephants, giraffes, zebras. They were fulfilling their niches in the ecosystem, as normal. Occasionally, we'd pass by local African villages, which comprise these very fragile straw huts. You know, the kinds that can get wiped out by the wind. However, we still consider the African village people's wildlife, because black people are monkeys.

Sometimes, we would shoot up some of these nigger villages, whenever we get hangry as fuck. I think we can collectively agree that killing African villagers is a great way to relieve anger. Anyway, I am

getting out of the topic. I just like to write every single thing in this notebook.

The journey had been about three weeks worth of driving, when we eventually drove far enough and reached the end of the savannah. We were met by this vast jungle biome. The trees were as tall as large apartments. I heard the sound of crickets chirping, which indicated the liveliness of the ecosystem.

"Since we did not find anything remotely interesting in the grasslands, I think it's time we switch gears and begin walking about this jungle," Tomasso suggested.

All of us were easily bored by the blandness of the African savannahs. Three weeks without a single ruin to explore was rather unproductive. Because the pathways in the jungle were super narrow, driving the jeep wasn't a feasible mode of transportation. We had to do this on foot.

We exited the vehicle, and I took out my machete. As we trenched the greenery, I hacked and slashed the giant leaves that obstructed our view.

We ventured deeper and deeper into the jungle, almost losing a sense of where we were. It concerned me a bit, but I knew that we could always call our research company for backup. As we stepped into the vast darkness, it was becoming evident that nobody has been here before. The trees were so large and abundant, they covered the sunlight.

It was getting as dark as nigger skin, even though it was daytime. We felt the soil below our feet sink, as we continued to walk forward.

Eventually, our steps started to feel like a hard, concrete-like floor. I looked down, and noticed that we were now walking on stone. It looked manmade.

"Hey, looks like we've finally found something," I announced.

Tomasso and Jason looked down as well. They nodded.

"Oh shit, I think we've bumped into a temple," Jason said.

He turned on his flashlight, to reveal this gigantic stone structure. It definitely looked manmade, because it formed a shape that looked like a carved face. The face resembled a big-nosed monkey. Not any ordinary monkey, but the face of George Floyd. However, I didn't think whoever built this temple intended for it to be the face of George Floyd, because ancient ruins are typically built thousands of years ago.

We took a few steps closer, to examine the exterior of the temple. It had a large open entrance, which formed the big-lipped mouth. The nose was what really made me think of George Floyd. It was as wide as a school bus and the nostrils could probably fit four people.

"So, should we go in, or..." Tomasso questioned.

"No shit, we should! we've come so far for this. We can't just turn back!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah, you're right. It's just that I have a feeling it isn't safe there. I mean, the temple looks like a niggers face, and I always feel unsafe near niggers, whether they're dead or alive."

"Oh, don't be such a pussy. It's just a carving, no need to overthink it."

Tomasso and Jason nodded in agreement, and so we proceeded to enter the temple. It smelled a lot like bananas. The corridors were lit up by white torches. It was the first time we've seen flames of this hue, so Tomasso focused his camera on them. I went fairly close to one of the torches. Close enough to have a good view, but far enough to not get burnt. I noticed that there was this strange white powder on the base of the torch. It looked a lot like fentanyl.

The hallway persisted downward, which formed a slight slope. We were brought underground as we followed the way. Just when we reached the bottom of the slope, I noticed some carved-out text on the right wall.

"Hey, I wonder what that says," I said, pointing at it.

We examined the ancient writing closely. It read "keep out". It looked like the cliche message in every horror movie. We ignored it though. Like I said before, we've come so far for this, that leaving would make us feel like we've wasted our time. We continued our way through the hallway.

I felt this sense of dread, the further we went. My gut was telling me that there is something in this temple lurking, but I ignored it. Looking back, I wish we'd just turn back, even when considering the

monetary and sunken costs of coming here.

We came across this medium-sized room. As we stepped in, it looked like a plain regular room. We didn't see any furnishings.

"I wonder what this room is for," I said. I took a step closer. When I landed my foot, I felt it press on this hidden pressure plate. It clicked, and then I heard a very loud rumbling sound that was coming from above the room. All of a sudden, the ceiling started to crack, and then a mass of a white powdery substance broke through the ceiling, landing on Tomasso.

"OH SHIT!, I CAN'T BREATHE UNDER THE PILE OF FENTANYL!" Tomasso scoffed, wheezing.

The pile of fentanyl that was asphyxiating Tomasso, looked like it weighed at least a ton. There was no hope for Jason and me to save him. Eventually, Tomasso was killed. This temple has a fentanyl trap. Jason and I looked at each other.

"Okay, let's be honest, I sort of wanted Tomasso to die anyway, because his name is cringy," Jason said.

"Yeah, and it's not like video recording takes any effort at all," I beamed. "I wonder. If there are deadly traps in this temple, chances are, there is probably a valuable artifact here somewhere."

There weren't any other doors in this room, other than the one we entered from. I doubted this was the only room in the temple. Because looking at the exterior, it looked to be way much more massive than this.

I looked around, searching for any possible ways to advance our journey. There were no obvious exits, so we needed to be creative. I looked up at the ceiling, to see the massive hole which the fallen fentanyl trap formed. I looked up at the cavity, and saw that it was actually very, very deep. It led into complete darkness. I said to Jason "I think we might find something if we climb the upper tunnel. I am pretty sure it leads somewhere."

We searched our bags to equip our climbing pickaxes. It was a completely vertical hole. Since I am jacked as shit compared to Jason, I went in first. I stabbed the canal with my right pickaxe and began to climb. The further I advanced the hole, the darker it got. It didn't take very long for it to get pitch black.

After a few minutes, I finally saw a light at the end of the tunnel. I called Jason, that there was a room up here. I continued to make myself up there.

Finally, I heaved myself into the mysterious room. It was rather pleasing to look at. The walls and ceiling were jade green, decorated with beautiful patterns. There was a large doorway on one of the walls, which acted as an exit. I peeked my head down the hole and called Jason to come up here.

Jason finally made it up here, and we looked around. I noticed this silver treasure chest at the corner of the room. I tapped Jason on the shoulders to notify him of it, and we went to the chest to examine it. It surprisingly did not have a keyhole. I lifted its lid up with ease, to see a bunch of counterfeit twenty dollar bills. They were all piled up on each other, forming a lump in the middle. It looked like there was a hidden object under all those counterfeit bills, so I brushed them off.

What I saw under the counterfeit bills was probably the coolest looking artifact I've seen. It was a George Floyd toy, except it was made of gold.

"Holy shit, It's the golden George Floyd toy!" I exclaimed. "Jason, put this in your bag."

I handed it to Jason, who then put it in the large pocket of his bag. But shortly, we heard a rumbling noise, coming from the walls. I had a bad feeling about this. The rumbling then turned into monkey noises.

I thought it was just wild monkeys that were outside of the temple, minding their business. But then, I looked down the hole, to see a group of giant monkeys climbing up fast. They all had the face of George Floyd. I retracted my head and said "run".

Jason and I bolted to the doorway, running like there was no tomorrow. It led to this very long bridge, which extended to the length of a large football field. As we continued to run, I looked back, to see the group of George Floyd monkeys.

If you ever played the mobile game, temple run, the George Floyd monkeys looked a lot like the temple run demon monkeys, except they had George Floyd's head instead of the white skull. I was running significantly faster than Jason, because the Golden George Floyd toy was quite heavy for him.

The George Floyd monkeys eventually caught up to Jason, and one of them grabbed his leg.

"OH SHIT, THEY GOT ME!" Jason screamed.

I looked back, to see them devouring Jason like an army of hungry pigs. They were primarily going for his lungs. Lucky for me, they were all too busy with Jason, while I made my escape.

I was extremely exhausted, once I made it to the end of the bridge. With both Tomasso and Jason dead, I had almost no chance of finding my way to the jeep. I just called my research company to come pick me up using the GPS tracker I was wearing.

When I got back, I told everyone about the George Floyd temple, and the George Floyd demon monkeys that were protecting the golden George Floyd toy artifact. However, they did not believe me. I wasn't surprised. The bad thing was, they suspected I killed Tomasso and Jason and that I was using a made-up story to cover it up. Jason was carrying the Golden George Floyd toy, so I wasn't able to retrieve it, or else I would've been eaten by the George Floyd monkeys as well.

I got fired from the company for breaching the honesty and behavior clause. To be honest, I would've quit my job anyway. Seeing my research team die on this expedition was traumatizing enough.

For those of you reading this, whatever you do Do not enter the George Floyd temple in Africa. It is full of deadly traps that asphyxiate you, and the George Floyd demon monkeys will try to steal your air.

**The Derek Chauvin Toy Ritual**

One day, I was surfing the dark web looking for paranormal rituals to do. I usually go on this forum called niggerrituals.com. It is a website, where nigger haters alike can connect and share based rituals.

At the time, I didn't believe they were anything more than games to play while being high on drugs. To be frank, that goes for almost every other ritual website.

Most of the posts in niggerrituals.com were either too extreme to be real, or the instructions were impossible to follow. The website has this feature that allows you to narrow down results. It gives the user the option to select a category of rituals. For example, there are Columbine rituals, Brenton Tarrant rituals, and George Floyd rituals. I selected the George Floyd category. It is loaded in a list of forum posts that are related to the Minneapolis monkey.

I scrolled down, to see many of the rituals had to do with either George Floyd, or Derek Chauvin. The Derek Chauvin rituals aren't quite as popular as the George Floyd, so naturally it was George Floyd dominant. Almost all of those George Floyd rituals had the recurring objective of bringing him to life. It seemed quite redundant to me, so I further narrowed my search to Derek Chauvin rituals.

There were only two Derek Chauvin-related games, which were the Derek Chauvin toy Ritual, and the Derek Chauvin sex slave summoning ritual. Of course, I am not a fag, so I didn't bother checking out the latter.

I clicked on the Derek Chauvin toy ritual post and was met with this long string of text. It was very specific instructions on how to summon the Derek Chauvin toy. I read over the entire thing. It was quite wordy, so I will just dumb it down for this story.

The goal of the Derek Chauvin toy ritual is to bring the Derek Chauvin toy to life. It will attack and knee on every black person you command it to. The required materials for this game are: one Derek Chauvin stuffed toy, a long string, a wooden cross, a lighter, a pair of knee pads, and the blood of a nigger. This ritual must be done outdoors, at around 3:00 AM.

Step one. Place the wooden cross in an upright position, by stabbing it into the soil. Make sure it is perpendicular to the ground. Do not stick it too far into the ground, or else it will not work.

Step two. Prepare the string by cutting it into three pieces. Hold the Derek Chauvin toy against the cross, by meeting its arms with the respective arms of the cross. Twist the legs so that they wrap around the base of the cross. Once you get it in the correct position, tie the Derek Chauvin toy by the arms and legs.

Step three. Pour the nigger blood all over the cross. But make sure the blood does not touch the Derek Chauvin toy. Failing to do this may result in summoning a nigger demon instead.

Step four. Using the lighter, set the cross on fire. Make sure the fire spreads throughout the cross completely. This time, allow the Derek Chauvin toy to burn. It should turn to ashes before the cross does.

Step five. Once the Derek Chauvin toy has completely become ashes, bury it into the soil directly below the cross. Do not move the cross anywhere during this process. Doing so will disrespect the nigger hating energy of officer Chauvin.

Step six. Go back inside. Make sure to lock your bedroom door, but leave your front door unlocked. Set an alarm clock to 10 o'clock AM. You may now go to sleep.

Step seven. While you are in bed, you might wake up to hearing footsteps going around your house. Don't panic. It is just the Derek Chauvin toy assessing the worthiness of your hatred towards niggers. Just leave your eyes closed and try to go back to sleep.

Step eight. You should wake up to the 10:00 AM alarm. Immediately get out of bed and go to wherever you left the cross and the Derek Chauvin toy ashes. If the Derek Chauvin toy deems your nigger hatred worthy, congratulations. You've completed the ritual. The Derek Chauvin toy will dig out of the ground and will act as your nigger-killing slave. If the Derek Chauvin toy deems you unworthy, nothing will happen.

Okay, that was the summary of the Derek Chauvin toy ritual. After reading it over, my response was nothing short of intrigued. I really wanted to try it out. The only thing I was missing was the Derek Chauvin toy and the nigger blood. All the other materials I already had. I went to the George Floyd toy makers website, and ordered the Derek Chauvin doll for $50. Quite pricey for a 16 inch doll, but it was well worth it.

Collecting the nigger blood was the tricky part. Because of how much our political system favors niggers, it will be hard to kill one for their blood. But I had an idea. The house next to one of my neighbors is owned by a single nigger. I could sneak into his house and stab him to get the nigger blood.

I went to my kitchen and picked up a large steak knife. Perfect for stealthy murders. I hid it under my armpit in my hoodie, to avoid looking suspicious. I walked up to the nigger neighbors house, and knocked. The nigger answered the door. He was one of the ugliest black people I've seen. It was no wonder he is single, that not even a BBC whore would date him. I took out my knife, and stabbed him in the heart. It killed him very fast, as the blood poured out of his chest.

I opened a Ziploc bag, and held its opening against his wound, to fill it up with the nigger blood. After that, I hid his body inside his freezer.

Now that I've obtained the nigger blood, it was only a matter of waiting for the Derek Chauvin toy to come in the mail.

Two weeks later, I found this large plastic bag in my mailbox, which was from Russia. I opened it, to find the Derek Chauvin plush. I have to admit, it was lowkey adorable no homo. I found two wooden planks in my garage, and I used those to construct the cross. I already had a lighter, a roll of string, and knee pads so I was all set.

When the clock hit 3:00 AM, I went to my backyard and stabbed the soil with the cross. I then attached the Derek Chauvin toy to the cross, by tying its limbs to each side of the cross. I got my bag nigger blood and poured it onto the cross, making sure to avoid the Derek Chauvin toy itself.

With the lighter, I lit up the top of the cross. It didn't take long for the fire to spread throughout the entire set. After the Derek Chauvin toy turned completely into ashes, I picked up what I could of it, and dug a hole that peeked under the cross. I put the ashes in the pit, and then buried them. I double-checked the setup, to make sure I dialed everything correctly

Once I was certain I did everything correctly, I ran back into the house, and made sure to leave the front door unlocked. I entered my bedroom, locked myself in, and remembered to set my alarm clock to 10:00 AM. I then went to bed, and passed out.

I woke up and looked at my clock. It was only 6:30 AM. Just as I was about to close my eyes again, I heard very loud thumps coming from outside my bedroom. I had just woken up, so it startled me a bit.

But I remembered it was just the Derek Chauvin toy, roaming around the house. It sounded like it was coming closer to my bedroom. I resumed trying to go back to sleep.

All of a sudden, I heard banging on my bedroom door. The Derek Chauvin toy was wanting to come in. But I ignored it, as the ritual instructions told me to. I'll admit, it was creepy as fuck. But I can only imagine what would happen if I answered the door. The knocking stopped after a couple of minutes, so I was able to go back to my slumber.

I was awoken by my 10 AM alarm clock. I immediately jumped out of bed and went to my backyard. As I made it there, I was met by the Derek Chauvin toy. It was standing up on its own. That was when I knew I had completed the ritual.

"Hello, I am the Derek Chauvin toy at your service. I will knee on any nigger in your command," the Derek Chauvin toy said.

It then did this very strange dance, as if it was celebrating. I was lit up with excitement. I did not actually expect the ritual to work. Finally, it could the time I can eliminate all niggers in this town. I kneeled down to the Derek Chauvin toy, and said "Hey, I kindly request you kill every nigger you see from now on. I would very much appreciate it".

Right after I finished my sentence, the Derek Chauvin toy went into this combat stance, and began to walk toward me. It looked to me with pure hatred.

"Um, what are you doing?" I asked.

"Oh, I am just doing my job, as you requested," the Derek Chauvin toy snarled.

I stepped back, as it went closer and closer. My back eventually hit the fence post. That was when the Derek Chauvin toy lunged at my neck and began to hold my neck against the fence post, with its knees.

"WHY ARE YOU KILLING ME?!" I yelped.

"Because you are a nigger, thats why," the Derek Chauvin toy said.

I was confused. I was pretty sure I was a white person. I hate niggers with all my heart. As it continued to knee on my neck, I was beginning to regret doing the ritual.

That was when realization hit me like a truck. I had this flashback to when I was younger. I remembered that I took this ancestry test, which tells you the percentage of each race you are. I was ninety-nine percent white, but one percent African.

Crap, I thought. I had a feeling this ritual was going to have a catch. The fact that I had a small portion of nigger in me, automatically triggered the Derek Chauvin toy to target me. With all my strength, I pried it off my neck. I then ran back to my house with a burst of speed. The Derek Chauvin toy was extremely fast, because it managed to enter through my front doorway, before I could close it.

I sprinted into my bedroom, and then locked the door before the Derek Chauvin toy made it in. I had a sigh of relief.

I looked through the small gap between the floor and door, to see the legs of the Derek Chauvin toy. It was now waiting for me. The only thing separating me from the Derek Chauvin toy was my wooden door. I waited and waited all day, to keep seeing the silhouette of the doll's legs under my door.

Hours then turned into days. I am both dehydrated and starving. The Derek Chauvin toy still hasn't left. I am now writing this on my computer and will post this to my town's subreddit. Hopefully, some generous soul will believe my story and rescue me. If too much time passes,

I will probably shoot myself with a shotgun, similarly to Ronnie McNutt. I would rather end this with a gun than suffer asphyxiation. Being one percent black is also too depressing for me to continue living. For those of you reading this, if you consider doing the Derek Chauvin toy ritual, please make sure you don't have any nigger genes in you, or else the Derek Chauvin toy will knee on you.

**George the Cucumber**

It was my wife, Brenda, and I's tenth wedding anniversary. We wanted to cook us a special dinner that night. With the covid restrictions here in Edmonton, Alberta, we can't eat inside restaurants.

We spent a large portion of the night, trying to come up with ideas on what to eat. We flipped through multiple cookbooks, struggling to decide. Eventually, I suggested to Brenda that we should just settle for something simple. A good meal for a special occasion doesn't necessarily have to be complex.

I had this craving for cucumbers, so I flipped the cookbook to the cucumber section. Fortunately, there were many of them to choose from. I thought the cucumber pizza was a tasty recipe, so I asked Brenda how we were doing with the ingredients. She looked through the pantry. Brenda retrieved pizza dough, hot sauce, and pepperoni.

"Looks like we are only missing the cucumbers," Brenda said.

I sighed. That meant we were going to have to head out to buy some.

"Alright then, since it is quite late, I am going to check to see which grocery stores are open."

I googled "open supermarkets near me". I was shown a list of stores that Brenda and I were unfamiliar with. We usually go to the superstore or Safeway, but those were closed at the time. The only ones that were open were quite far away. I decided on the closest one, which was called Foodliner.

We drove up to Foodliner and began our search for cucumbers. We went to the fruit aisle and looked around. We walked past every refrigerator but could not find any of those long green dildo-looking fruits. We asked an employee about it, and he said that they did have cucumbers. He led us to the section which supposedly contained the cucumbers.

I looked at them and saw that they did not really look like cucumbers at all. They had that usual dildo shape, except the color brown instead of green. There was a sticker label on them, and each of them read "George Floyd's Cucumbers". They also had a cartoon depiction of George Floyd printed on them. If you've ever heard of Aunt Jemima's syrup, it is very similar. Except it is George Floyd instead of Aunt Jemima. It looked like they used food coloring to make the cucumbers George Floyd themed.

Brenda and I hesitated to decide on it because it puts monkey Floyd on a pedestal, but it was getting too late and the other open grocery stores were miles away.

We picked up a dozen George Floyd cucumbers, and bought them for $128 in total. Though quite expensive, it was well worth it because of the occasion. We drove back home, very excited to start making our cucumber pizza.

We arrived back at last and prepared the pizza dough. We sprinkled slices of the cucumber, and then finally added the hot sauce and pepperoni. The pizza looked so damn good. We cut the pizza in half and finished each piece within minutes.

Even though the recipe was good, something about the cucumbers tasted a bit odd. Brenda also found it strange. It must've had something to do with the brown food coloring. I shrugged it off to the fact that the cucumbers were from a BLM supporting company. Black people are just dogshit at processing food. Nonetheless, the rest of the pizza was top-notch.

Brenda and I then went to bed. While I was trying to sleep, I noticed that I was having a hard time breathing. Every time I inhaled, I'd feel this vibrating sensation in my throat, and it felt like there was a knee on my neck. It was something I've never experienced before but I thought it must have been due to us eating too late, before lying in bed.

I woke up the next morning to Brenda complaining about breathing difficulties last night. I rubbed my eyes as I got out of bed, since I hadn't slept much last night. I told her that I had the same breathing problems too. She told me it had gotten so severe, that she thought she had sleep apnea.

We decided to go get this checked by our doctor. We went to the clinic and had to wait in line behind a bunch of trannies who were about to get their genitals mutilated.

Brenda and I yelled out "40 percent suicide rate, you can't change your gender!"

The trannies began to chimp out, leaving the clinic. We were at the front of the line now, so we met our doctor shortly.

We told Doctor Stover everything that we felt last night, and how hard it was to breathe. He took note of everything and provided us with a brief check-up. He looked into both of our throats and had a shocked look on his face, as if he saw something very strange.

Doctor Stover then asked both of us if we took fentanyl, because that was what he found on the roof of our throats. Brenda and I told him no.

"Okay then, well I'd suggest both of you lay off the fentanyl addiction, because I don't believe you guys," Doctor Stover said. "I saw fentanyl in your throat with my own eyes."

He pulled out this pocket mirror and showed us what was in our mouths. Sure enough, I saw this white powder. Brenda and I looked at each other, confused. Neither of us remembers taking any recreational drug, let alone that nigga monkey drug. We had no way of explaining this, so we paid Doctor Stover the bill and left.

"I am thinking. Maybe the fentanyl came from the George Floyd themed Cucumbers, because George Floyd died of a fentanyl overdose," I told Brenda.

We drove home, and inspected the leftover pieces of the cucumbers. Because of how moisturized they are as a vegetable, it is hard to find something like fentanyl in them. We had to put them in the oven, in order to dehydrate them. It took around five fours to completely dry them. I then took out the tray of dehydrated cucumbers. Upon closer inspection, I spotted specks of powdered fentanyl on them. Alarmed, I showed Brenda, who had a similar reaction.

This confirmed that the George Floyd cucumbers are fentanyl infused. We were now very furious at the company that processed them. I took a look at the sticker label of one of the cucumbers and figured out that the name of the company was "Big Floyd's Cucumbers". I told Brenda that we should raid their factory as a way to retaliate.

I googled the address of their processing facility. It was located in minneapolis. Brenda and I lived in Canada, so we were going to have to take a flight there. The challenging part of doing this is smuggling weapons through airport security. We had guns for hunting purposes. Because they would be confiscated upon airport security procedures, buying weapons within Minneapolis was going to be the only way,

I bought both of us a plane ticket, and so we headed over to Minneapolis. I realized that because we weren't citizens there, buying a gun wasn't allowed. We made do by purchasing pocketknives. I figured that if the Big Floyd's Cucumbers company was run by niggers, we could easily outsmart those monkeys in combat without a gun anyway.

The Big Floyd's Cucumbers processing facility was located somewhat near Cup Foods. Quite reminiscent of George Floyd's drug-related death if you ask me. We took a cab there.

We arrived there, and the building looked very old and rusty. It was an instant giveaway, since businesses run by niggers are always filthy.

Brenda and I snuck in the back of the facility. I used my pocketknife as a key to easily pick the lock of the back door. Of course, niggers are too dumb to invest in a strong security system. We then entered quietly.

Low and behold, we found piles upon piles of brown-colored cucumbers. I took a whiff of the building, and it stank like nigger fart. Curious about where the odor originated, we followed it. The further we went, the more intense and stinky the smell was.

Eventually, we had to take the stairs to the top floor. It was a bit odd that we hadn't seen any factory workers. \

When we made it to the top floor, I saw what was the largest cucumber in my life. It was around eight feet tall. It had that very same brown hue as the regular George Floyd themed cucumbers, except it had very ugly ridges on its surface. Brenda and I stepped closer. The stench got significantly worse, so it was evident it came from this gargantuan cucumber.

The moment we were about a couple of meters away from it, the giant cucumber all of a sudden moved. It turned to face Brenda and me. What I saw sent shivers down my spine.

If you've heard of Kevin the Sea Cucumber from the jellyfish episode in SpongeBob SquarePants, imagine him as a nigger. Well, that was what Brenda and I saw. It even had glasses and that yellow glove at the top of its head. The giant brown cucumber then opened its mouth to speak.

"Ooga Booga, I am George the cucumber. How dare you enter my premises!"

Brenda and I stepped back, as George the cucumber stepped forward. It went for Brenda and pulled her pants down. I was paralyzed with fear, while confused. George the Cucumber then inserted itself into Brenda's asshole.

"Ah, nice breathing in all that ass air!" George the cucumber said, as it was eating out Brenda's asshole.

I drew the pocket knife out of my pocket.

"Oh shit, knives are my weakness!" George the Cucumber exclaimed. It then pulled itself out of Brenda's asshole, and started to run away. It was very fast, given how stubby its legs were.

However, before it reached the stairs, I was already there. I jabbed George the cucumber's neck with my knife, and sliced it bit by bit.

"Ah shit, now I can't breathe with the knife in me!" George the cucumber said.

I continued to create slices of the giant George Floyd cucumber, as it called for its momma. I eventually fucked it up so much that it died, forming hundreds of little pieces of cucumber. I let out a sigh of relief. That nigga cucumber was about to rape my wife. Thankfully, it was vulnerable to knives.

The moral of the story, if you find food in the grocery store that was processed by a nigger company, do not eat it. Nigger food is low quality, and you'll never know what monstrosities really run the company.

**George Floyd was my Sleep Paralysis Demon**

Good old sleep paralysis. One of the scariest experiences most people will encounter in their lifetime. That vulnerable feeling you get, when you cannot move. The pins and needles are all over your body. Sometimes, you will hear voices or even see demonic entities in your bedroom. Occasionally, they will physically interact with your body.

This raises debate on whether they are just a figment of your sleep paralysis dreams, or actual spirits haunting you.

I myself believe they are real, because of a recent sleep paralysis encounter. Now, you don't have to believe me. But if you read this, I am sure you will be convinced.

I recently got accepted for a night job at Cup Foods. You know, that convenience store notorious for the death of that monkey man, George Floyd. I did not want to work there since niggers hang around there frequently, but I was fresh out of college at the time and was desperate to pay off debt. I post racist memes constantly under my real name, so my job options were limited.

When I first entered Cup Foods to begin my cashier shift, I was greeted by the manager. I went behind the counter to do my work. It wasn't easy, because there were so many nigger customers chimping out, but having student debt in mind kept me going.

Because I was one of the only white people working there, I had a higher pay than the nonwhite cashiers. My manager became a nigger hater, ever since the death of George Floyd caused many of those riots. Of course though, we have to keep this a secret, since this cucked country requires equal pay throughout diverse ethnic backgrounds. I am only telling you this here for context purposes.

My shift ranges from 1 PM to 9 PM, ending right before Cup Foods closes. Not exactly a pleasant time to end work because by that time, I am very sleepy.

When I was getting ready to leave work that day, I swear I saw a tall, black figure in my peripheral vision. I shrugged it off to my imagination due to my drowsiness, so I just ignored it. I got in my green Lamborghini, which was a major contribution to my debt, and drove off.

As I was driving to my apartment, I swear I heard a subtle whisper that said, "I can't breathe", but it was quite hard to notice because of how loud my Lamborghini's engine was.

I arrived home at last and could not wait to go to sleep. I even skipped dinner. I guess seeing a bunch of niggers at work ruined my appetite for the day. I hopped in bed and chilled on my phone, as I dozed off to sleep. And from there, I passed out.

I woke up somewhere in the middle of the night. It pissed me off, since I hate having gaps in my rest. I felt quite thirsty, so I was going to grab a glass of water. But just when I was about to leave my bed,

I realized that I could not move at all. I tried to move my arms and legs, but to no avail, nothing happened. That was when I realized I was experiencing sleep paralysis.

I knew of this strategy to break free of this state of consciousness, which was to wiggle my fingers and toes. I tried it, but it did not work this time. That meant I would have to wait it out. I tried closing my eyes, but I couldn't. It was as if some invisible force was constantly prying my eyelids open.

That was when I began to hear my bedroom door creak open. Out of curiosity, I darted my pupils in that direction. I saw this tall, pitch-black shadowy figure emerging into the room. It looked exactly like the dark figure that I saw in the corner of my eye at Cup Foods. I thought it was one of those regular shadow people that I've heard from the internet.

If you don't know what shadow people are, look them up. There are plenty of YouTube videos that explain them.

As the pitch-black figure was making its way to my bed, it was doing this very creepy-looking monkey dance. It was getting uncomfortably close, and I started to realize that it was no ordinary shadow person. It had the usually tall and slender silhouette. But when I looked at its head, I saw that it had an unusually large nose and lips. It had the face of George Floyd.

Once it made it to the side of my bed, it bowed down. It stared at me with this menacing, wide gorilla-like grin. At the time, I thought it was just my imagination, due to sleep paralysis. Because of this, I did not think much of it. But then, the George Floyd shadow person leaned to my ear, and whispered "Leave Cup Foods please". I smelt its rotten banana breath as it let out the somewhat confusing sentence.

I had no idea what it meant exactly. His ominous request could have implied that he wanted me to quit my job, or simply stop being a customer at all. It was quite vague.

The George Floyd shadow person then stood up and danced its way out of my bedroom, without closing the door. For a bit after that, my sleep paralysis persisted, but I managed to fall back to sleep.

I woke up the next morning, feeling very drowsy. It felt as if I only slept for two hours, even though I was in bed from 11 o'clock PM to 7 AM.

I got out of bed and changed my clothes. But when I was about to exit my bedroom, I got a near heart attack. I remembered that I always leave my bedroom door shut. However, I noticed that the door was wide open, as if somebody went in while I slept. This alarmed me because I live alone.

I looked back and remembered my sleep paralysis dream last night. I thought back to that George Floyd-looking shadow person. That was when I began to question "Was this really my imagination or not?" I then quickly snapped back to reality and went on with my day. Maybe it was just the wind, I thought to myself.

I quickly brushed my teeth, and then made myself some pancakes. I tried to stay positive, despite the weird shit that happened last night. "Another day of waking up white!", I recited the quote from Peter Griffin from The Family Guy.

After I was done eating, I did some dishwashing and headed to work, zooming over to Cup Foods. Thinking about Cup Foods reminded me of whatever the George Floyd shadow person whispered into my ear last night. Even though I still shrugged it off as my imagination, something about it unsettled me as I thought about it.

The fact that the George Floyd shadow person's banana breath was so prominent just made it seem so real. Growing up, I was never a kid with an overactive imagination, so this experience was so surreal to me.

I went into Cup Foods, and saw my manager reading the newspaper. He looked up to see me.

"Hello, welcome back to work. You look tired, I hope that you are doing well," my manager beamed.

I told him that I was just out late. I did not want to tell him about my sleep paralysis experience, because I thought it would have made me look like a retard.

Throughout my shift, I continued to see the same dirty black customers. A few of them tried to steal food, but with my superior white genes, my perfect twenty-twenty eyesight was able to catch them red-handed. But of course, I was more tired than usual from dealing with those big lipped thugs. As a result, I

was trying my very best to stay awake near the end of my shift. But fighting my urge to fall asleep proved very difficult, when I finally rested my head on the cash register. I ultimately lost the battle and fell asleep.

Not too long after, I opened my eyes. I was facing toward the wall that had a clock hanging. It was 10:30 PM. I realized that my shift was supposed to end over an hour ago, so I tried to haul myself off the counter and leave. However, I was unable to move at all. I was experiencing sleep paralysis again. I was now anticipating the worst, because of last night's experience.

I then heard footsteps coming towards me. I looked, and saw it was that same George Floyd shadow person. I was filled with a sense of dread, as it went up to me.

"Greetings, I am the Shadow Floyd, the most niggerest sleep paralysis demon in hell. You did not listen to my request of quitting your job at cup foods, so I will now asphyxiate you by sitting on you," it said in a raspy voice.

The Shadow Floyd grabbed my arm and dragged my paralyzed body from the counter. I was completely helpless, with no hope of escaping. I felt Shadow Floyds slimy nigger hands grip my arm tightly. It opened the front door of Cup Foods and took me outside the building. Shadow Floyd then dropped my limp body on the road, which was the same exact place where officer Derek Chauvin kneed on George Floyd. I knew exactly where this was heading.

It is commonly reported on the internet that sleep paralysis demons would sit on the sleeping person's stomach.

Shadow Floyd sat on my neck, preventing me from breathing. Saying that suffocating while having sleep paralysis is extremely tortuous, is an understatement. I'd almost prefer drowning to this. Shadow Floyd then let out a silent, yet nasty, banana fart on my face. I was not able to gag, so I had to smell the aroma of rotten bananas against my will.

I was almost certain that it was going to be my demise. I mentally said my goodbyes to my family and friends.

Just when I thought about my cousin, I got an idea. I remembered that a lot of people who see sleep paralysis demons think about a loved one or close friend, in order to keep the demon at bay. From what I've heard on the internet, it works well.

So that's what I did. My cousin is a nigger hating cop, so I decided that he would be the perfect family member to think about.

With all my heart, I pictured my cousin killing Shadow Floyd. Low and behold, it actually worked.

On the horizon, I saw a police car driving over. It pulled up next to the Shadow Floyd sitting on me, and a man in a police uniform came out of the car. It was my cousin. I could not believe what I was seeing. My cousin pushed Shadow Floyd off of me, and then began to knee on his neck.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe! get off my neck man!" Shadow Floyd yelped.

Eventually, my cousin kneed Shadow Floyd long enough, until the nigger demon vanished completely. My cousin looked at me and gave me a thumbs up. He, along with the police car, vanished into thin air as well.

I then blacked out.

After what felt like an eternity, I finally woke up. I was on the sidewalk next to Cup Foods. I checked the time on my phone, which read 11 o'clock AM. I had some trouble trying to collect my thoughts and memories, but when everything phased me, I was starting to have more questions than answers. That was when I was beginning to wonder, are sleep paralysis demons actually real?

I thought back to where I was when I began sleeping, which was inside Cup Foods. The weird thing is, if sleep paralysis demons are just an imaginary entity, how on earth did I end up outside of Cup Foods? The Shadow Floyd had to have actually dragged me out.

I then had the idea of checking the security camera feed to confirm this. I stood up, and went back in. I recalled that I began that sleep paralysis episode at 10:30 PM. I skipped the time stamp of the security feed to that time and watched. What I saw on the monitor almost made me jump.

The moment I saw myself open my eyes during sleep paralysis, I saw Shadow Floyd enter Cup Foods from the front door. And from that, everything I experienced last night happened in the camera feed. Except for the moment when my cousin was kneeling on Shadow Floyd, at least.

I was barely able to see what was going on outside, but all I saw in the window was Shadow Floyd vanishing. No police car, nor my cousin, was seen on the camera feed. After I was certain that I'd seen everything, I shut off the monitor and left.

This experience completely altered my perspective on sleep paralysis. As I've said earlier, you don't have to believe me. But for those who you who do, if you see a nigger demon in your dreams, imagine a close nigger-loving relative killing them to get rid of it.

**George Floyd Reincarnated as a Black Hole**

I am running out of time. As I am writing this, I am not sure whether or not our planet will be doomed. All I really want is for this post to circumvent the web. To warn the rest of the world of what's coming. If by some miracle somebody is reading this, please adhere to the fact that black holes are living and breathing entities. And they are much more sinister than we can imagine.

I know for sure; this will be hard to comprehend as you read this, but I beg you, take my word for it. Chances are, you also don't have much time.

It all started when I was sitting on my couch, watching the City of FuckNiggerTons local news. It was a relatively warm fall day, on October 14th. The news was showing some liberal locals downtown, celebrating George Floyd's birthday. They were painting his ape-like face on private property and setting up murals. It pissed me off, so I reached for the remote to change the channel. But just when I was about to switch to a different program, I saw the newsfeed shift to a different topic. I recoiled my hand, to see what was showing this time.

The channel depicted video footage of this bright orange aura of light in the night sky, which was apparently last night. A couple of years back, an image of a black hole was already released, so it did not strike me as crazy. I then read the headline.

*"Blackhole is headed in our direction."*

I spit out my coffee. I read that sentence again to confirm. The news reporter discussed the implications of that giant mass and how it could impact us.

"Scientists estimate that it will first affect our city, by the time it gets close enough to alter planet earth. We don't know exactly when, but it will hit us very soon. We suggest citizens of FuckNiggerton prepare for what's to come soon. We will keep you updated."

I have to admit, the news slightly unsettled me. Whenever warnings like this show up on television news, they usually end up being overhyped. But something about this induced a gut feeling that something horrible is about to happen. The same feeling I get whenever I get physically close to niggers. After that, the news channel resumed back to showing those LGBTQ trannies celebrating George Floyd's birthday.

I had enough television for the day, so I turned it off. My anxiety over the blackhole news got to me. I needed to do something to distract myself from this, so I booted up my PS4 to play a cracked version of Black Lives Splatter.

As I was gaming, I noticed that my living room was getting quite warm. I turned on the air conditioning to mitigate this. It was a bit strange, considering the fact it was fall. Even the hottest summer days over here in HateNiggersTon weren't as scorching. I thought that maybe it had something to do with my home's insulation.

I walked around the house, inspecting the walls to see if any of them were damaged. There was not a single sign of wreckage anywhere. I could not think of a reason why it got so hot all of a sudden. Perhaps it was due to my overpowering anxiety, I thought. The air conditioner was suppressing the heat well enough, for now, so I didn't really think much of it.

For the rest of the evening, I continued to play Black Lives Splatter. I eventually got sleepy from running over virtual monkeys all day, so I turned off my PlayStation and got ready for bed. I realized I was quite engaged in the game, because I just noticed that my house got even hotter after I was done playing.

Sleeping would be one hell of a task in such a burdening temperature, so I simply raised the air conditioner setting. It was just enough for me to lie under my blanket comfortably. It was in the margin of perfection which allowed me to sleep easily.

I woke up sometime in the middle of the night, to this very painful burning sensation all over my body. I quickly threw the blanket off my body. It felt as if there was a giant microwave above my house. I went to the furnace room to re-adjust the air conditioner but realized that it was already at the maximum setting.

I went back to my bedroom and went on my phone because it felt completely impossible to sleep at this point. I logged on to see an emergency alert notification which was sent an hour ago. Somehow, I slept over it. I tapped on the bubble to read the full details.

*"Citizens of HateNiggerston, the black hole has come very close to earth, accelerating at great speeds. Due to this, it is emitting a strong source of heat that is reaching us as of now. Seek shelter as soon as possible. Only God can help us at this point."*

My stomach sank as I read it. The reason why my house was overheating was that the black hole was emitting heat. That had to have meant everybody else in this part of the world is experiencing the same thing.

Curious, I went up to my bedroom window and opened the blinds. I then looked up at the sky. It wasn't difficult at all to notice this very bright vortex-like circle. It was the exact same body of light that I saw on the news. It was the black hole. To put into perspective, it appeared the size of an ant from my view. Still fairly far, but definitely the closest a black hole has ever been to earth.

I don't know how, but staring at it enticed me into this trance-like state, which reminded me of my hatred towards niggers. I imagined all the crimes that those subhuman degenerate monkey men do. Specifically, I narrowed it towards visualizing all the crimes that George Floyd did in his life. It was as if the black hole possessed some strange energy that implanted those thoughts into my mind.

I don't know how long it took, but I eventually broke out of the trance. It might have been a few hours, because by the time I comprehended what just happened, I noticed that the sun was already rising. The heat of the sun combined with the energy emitted by the black hole made my skin itch. I instantly retracted my head back in and closed the blinds. I looked at the patch of skin that got burned and saw that the burn mark was a very dark brown hue. It was as dark as a nigger's skin.

All of a sudden, I began to hear this raspy voice inside my head. It started with a whisper that called my name repeatedly. Eventually, the whisper turned into an actual vocal, which sounded like the voice of George Floyd. After this strange voice somehow knew it had gotten my attention, it said "Come out main."

Now, I'm not usually a pushover, but for some reason, that voice gave me a strong urge to leave my house. I was still well aware of the dangerously hot temperature outside. But that voice. It seemed to take control over my body like a brain parasite. and so I strode to my front door and exited my home.

I stumbled into my driveway, to see that all of my other neighbors were doing the exact same thing. They were being controlled by that same George Floyd voice. They all stood in the exact same position as I was, relative to their own homes.

I felt the intense burn, as I watched my skin rapidly burn into nigger skin. I then had a sudden urge to look up directly at the sky. I tried to fight it, because I knew it was going to hurt my eyes, because of how bright it is. But I still followed the voice.

My eyes met with the black hole, which was still easily visible in the sunlight. It was now noticeable closer, easily towering the sun from my point of view. But I noticed something about the black hole that I hadn't before. Right smack in the middle of it, in between the actual donut of light, there was a very subtle image of a fat nose and lips. The lips. I saw the lips move. Whatever that thing was, it opened its lips, and began to speak.

"Hello mans, I am the George Floyd black hole. I have returned to earth to suck in all of your air and fentanyl supply."

One thing I noticed was that the voice did not actually come from the George Floyd black hole itself. It was the voice playing inside my head, which was perfectly in sync with the movement of the George

Floyd black hole's fat lips. It was telepathically communicating with everyone.

"Your young generation will be clearly lost man, clearly lost," the George Floyd black hole recited to us in that echoey nigger voice.

The George Floyd black hole then opened its fat lipped mouth, at an astronomical width. All of a sudden, I felt an insanely strong wind pulling upwards. I watched, as every one of my neighbors began to be pulled up with the wind. Because I am a three-hundred-and-twenty-pound racist chad, I was slightly immune to this force. I looked at the homes near me, and some of them had fentanyl being sucked toward the George Floyd black hole.

"Hehehe, I am now stealing all the earth's air and fentanyl supply", the George Floyd black hole said.

As it continued to suck, I felt the oxygen levels thin out, and it became increasingly difficult to breathe. While that nigger hole was distracted, I ran back into my home to take shelter.

As I went inside, I felt the structural integrity of my home slowly fall apart. It was only a matter of time before my home was ultimately demolished and I have nowhere else to hide. All I could do at this point is warn the rest of the world. I went on my phone and began to type everything that I could recall of this event.

I am not sure what to suggest to those of you reading this, but as I am writing this, I came up with some theories on how the George Floyd black hole came into existence. Maybe the devil developed a powerful hatred towards niggers to the point where he no longer wants them in hell, so he forces niggers to reincarnate into the niggerest matter in the universe, black holes.

Either way, I am posting this on reddit in hopes the other side of the world knows about this soon enough to take action.

**George Floyd Caused the Facebook Outage of 2021**

As most of us know, Facebook was down for a day on October 4, 2021. People on the internet have come up with theories on why it happened. Some say it was a cyber-attack. Some believe it was a way for Facebook to cover up a data breach. Facebook itself said that the outage was caused by a configuration change. However, none of those are true. I myself know the real cause of it.

Before I begin to explain my side of the story, let me introduce myself. My name is Andrea Presti, and I work as the housekeeper of Mark Zuckerberg. To describe what I do exactly, I wash their dishes, cook their food, and clean the interior of their home. Because Mark Zuckerberg is a rich-ass robotic lizard, he has high expectations of my job.

It is not uncommon for me to stay overnight just to get the entire house spotless. Mark Zuckerberg has this spare guest room, which enables me to sleep in whenever I am too tired to drive back home. My house is a two-hour drive from there, so I use it frequently.

The job can get quite tiresome, but it sure gets more than just the bills paid. Mark Zuckerberg pays me a salary of one million dollars, so I am able to not only have a comfortable lifestyle, but also afford tons of ammunition with the specific purpose of mass-murdering niggers. Please don't tell this to Mark Zuckerberg because if I lose my job, I am screwed.

Anyways, onto the story. I was in the kitchen preparing dinner for Mark Zuckerberg and his wife. They requested me to cook them a medium-rare steak with mashed potatoes. It wasn't an out-of-the-ordinary meal of theirs, but what they asked for dessert came across as odd to me.

"Please bake us a banana cake," Mark Zuckerberg requested, as he rubbed his pregnant wife's belly.

I sort of questioned their craving for banana cake because it is nasty to the general public, and only nigga monkeys would eat that. I just shrugged it off to the fact that Mark Zuckerberg is half-lizard, which is probably why he likes eating nasty shit.

After I served Mark Zuckerberg and his wife their main course, I began to work on the banana cake. I grabbed a handful of bananas from the pantry and blended them with some bread to create the banana bread. As I watched those ingredients fuse, I gagged from looking at the disgusting mess. I was even beginning to question that Mark Zuckerberg might have some nigger in him to enjoy eating such a thing.

After the banana bread was finished drying, I added a layer of whipped cream and yellow icing, forming the shape of a banana. I watched Mark Zuckerberg finish his mashed potatoes, as he licked gobs of it with his lizard-like tongue.

After both him and his wife were done with their dinner, I served each of them a slice of the banana cake.

Just when Mark Zuckerberg was about to lick the first bit of icing, I heard a knock on the door. Because I am a class-A housekeeper, I am also responsible for answering doors. I went up to the front door and opened it.

I was met with this tall, black nigger. He had this familiar large nose and lips and wore a black tank top and jeans. It was the nigga monkey, George Floyd. I asked him how the fuck he was alive and why he came here.

"Ooga booga, I am here because I smelt banana cake. I need some please!" George Floyd chimped.

I told him "no nigga" and slammed the door on him and locked it. I looked through the peephole to make sure he was leaving but saw that he remained to wait at the front door. George Floyd was drooling, as he sniffed the putrid scent of banana cake.

I heard the footsteps of Mark Zuckerberg heading to the front door. I told him that George Floyd was the one knocking, and that we should not let that criminal chimp inside. Unfortunately, Mark Zuckerberg was a nigger loving cuck who bans racist memes from Instagram, so he still demanded me to let him in. I had to heed, so I opened the door.

George Floyd then rushed in, running towards the dining room. Mark Zuckerberg and I followed him. Of course, George Floyd was a fast nigger sprinter, skipping through the hallways. We were barely able to keep up with him.

At last, he made it to the dinner table, with Mark Zuckerberg's wife eating her slice of banana cake. George Floyd pulled out a pistol from his pocket and aimed it at her pregnant belly.

"Please give me your banana cake slice, or else I will shoot your belly," George Floyd said.

Mark Zuckerberg put his hand in front of his wife, to protect her. He kindly asked George Floyd to put the gun down.

"NO MAN, I NEED TO CONSUME THE BANANA BREAD MAN!" George Floyd screamed.

He pulled the trigger. But before the bullet could land on the pregnant belly of his wife, Mark Zuckerberg used his metallic arm to deflect it. It happened to be George Floyds last round, so he slammed his useless pistol on the ground and began to make monkey noises in anger.

George Floyd then ran off upstairs. Curious as to where he was headed in the Mark Zuckerberg household, I followed him. He climbed the stairs on all fours, as if he was a quadrupedal gorilla. He looked behind me and tried to kick me as I was chasing him, but he missed me since he is a dumb low-IQ monkey.

George Floyd then went into Mark Zuckerberg's work office. He began to throw every piece of expensive digital equipment that he saw. His eyes become bloodshot, as a result of his banana cake craving rage.

George Floyd then finally found Mark Zuckerberg's main work computer, which happened to be left running. He searched vigorously for the most important and confidential projects. Eventually, he found the source code of Facebook and launched it.

"Hehehe, I will now mess up the programming of Facebook," George Floyd giggled.

Even though he is a computer illiterate ape, he somehow figured out how to delete each of the programming components of Facebook. He highlighted random bits of the code and hit the delete button. He celebrated, looking as if he performed an impressive act of hacking.

Mark Zuckerberg then walked into the office. He looked at his work computer screen, to discover what George Floyd did to Facebook.

"You fucking nigger wasp! How dare you shut down Facebook!" Mark Zuckerberg yelled. He lunged at George Floyd, attempting to tackle him.

Unfortunately though, Mark Zuckerberg's physical body was too scrawny to compete with the 6'5" 220 pound body of George Floyd. George Floyd tanked him like it was nothing. He then resumed to fucking with other social media websites.

George Floyd deleted both Instagram and WhatsApp. This alarmed me, because I primarily use Instagram to access my racist group chats.

At this point, I was too stunned to do anything. I was still trying to digest the fact that George Floyd was still alive, let alone shutting down Facebook. Mark Zuckerberg got up, and then did the one finger death punch on George Floyd's neck, with his metallic finger.

"Ah shit, one finger death punch! I can't breathe!" George Floyd yelped.

George Floyds body went limp, which made him vulnerable. Mark Zuckerberg successfully tackled the nigger, and then repeatedly shoved his built-in robotic dildo in George Floyd's mouth, which prevented him from breathing,

"Ah shit, dildo in my mouth, I can't breathe!" George Floyd said.

But suddenly, he built up his inner chimpanzee-like strength, and managed to push Mark Zuckerberg off of him. He went flying across the room, and landed with a loud thud, which caused Mark Zuckerberg's battery pack to malfunction.

George Floyd then went back to Mark Zuckerberg's work computer to continue messing with his projects. I saw George Floyd begin to perform these surprisingly impressive keystrokes.

I looked at the computer monitor, to see him accessing the account databases. He searched up all of the existing George Floyd meme accounts on Instagram. I knew where this was heading. He highlighted all of the accounts that contain offensive and racist George Floyd posts. He was going to delete them.

Just before George Floyd hit the delete button, I ran at him and punched him in the face. He fell over, similar to how the George Floyd statue collapsed after being struck by lightning.

"Momma momma, I got punched! I need fentanyl and banana cake!" George Floyd said.

I then saw Mark Zuckerberg finally recover from his battery loss. He got up, and then stood over George Floyd. He looked very furious. Mark Zuckerberg stomped on George Floyds chest, and then let out a loud lizard-like roar on George Floyds face. It was reminiscent of Godzilla versus Kong, when Godzilla roared on Kong's face. Mark Zuckerberg being the lizard and George Floyd being the ape. The loud roar caused George Floyd to breathe in Mark Zuckerberg's carbon dioxide.

"Ah shit, carbon dioxide! I need oxygen!" he cried.

Mark Zuckerberg then unraveled his extremely long lizard-like tongue and wrapped it around George Floyd.

"You hoo hoo! Let me go! I can't breathe!" George Floyd cried.

Mark Zuckerberg tightened his tongue's grip, choking George Floyd even harder. Eventually, blood gushed out of George Floyds mouth. He was suffocating in his blood. Mark Zuckerberg eventually crushed George Floyds neck, which sent his head flying upward. Blood poured from the bottom of George Floyds head like a rocket ship. It looked very similar to the Ronnie McNutt suicide video.

After Mark Zuckerberg was certain that George Floyd was dead, he began to eat him, just like how a lizard would eat an insect. Sure, it was an overall grotesque sight to witness. But what really made my stomach churn was the fact that Mark Zuckerberg ate a nigger. Niggers are disgusting unsanitary monkeys, so who knows what kind of diseases Mark Zuckerberg would contract. But to be fair, he is half lizard, so it is possible that he's immune to nigger diseases, which normal humans could get.

After Mark Zuckerberg was done eating George Floyds corpse, he went on his computer and started to fix everything that George Floyd broke. I left him be, to allow him to concentrate on restoring Facebook.

Well guys, this is everything that I am able to recall, regarding the Facebook outage of 2021. George Floyd was the real reason for why it happened. Facebook is only hiding this, to prevent themselves from getting cancelled. But there is one more thing that I would like to bring up.

As I went around the house cleaning, I would occasionally pass by Mark Zuckerberg's work office for a brief moment. When I do, I would hear him mumble words along the lines of "I hate niggers", in this

monotone robotic voice. I was thinking that perhaps, this ultimately red pilled Mark Zuckerberg into believing that niggers are actually an evil to our society. I hope this means he will stop banning racist meme pages from now on.

**Floyd Game**

Being in debt is one of the worst situations one can get themselves into. Especially if you have a low-paying job, there's a sense of overwhelming hopelessness. These rough times can really motivate a person to go through far measures, just to get out of the situation.

Well, this is something I never thought I could relate to, until recently. What happened was, I adopted this unique hobby where I would troll faggots on Instagram. I found it funny as fuck watching these degenerates get triggered at my anti-LGBTQ comments. I'd go as far as spamming them with gore videos of trannies getting slaughtered.

As fun as it is to troll faggots, I highly regret it. You see, the employer of my former job at McDonald's looked up my name on social media. I forgot that I affiliated my full name on my Instagram trolling account, so he was easily able to find out that I owned the page with the sole purpose of bullying fags.

I was called into the office on the day at work, and he told me to explain everything that he saw on my page. I was not able to come up with an excuse for my posts, besides saying that trannies are a true detriment to society. It was too bad my employer is a libtard, because he instantly fired me.

I stormed out of the McDonald's restaurant. This was extremely devastating news to me, because I still had a Lamborghini and a mortgage to pay down. This led me to have a debt of over a million dollars. I genuinely did not know what to do, so I got into drinking which further messed up my finances.

Even though I removed my name from my Instagram trolling page, my reputation was still bad enough that no other job was willing to accept me.

It eventually got so bad that I could not afford gas. I began to have very bad suicidal thoughts. Becoming a homeless person made me feel very ashamed of myself.

It came to the point where I tried to attempt suicide. Since I didn't have a gun, I decided to lie down on a train track to get run over by a train. I went to the local train station and positioned only my head on the railroad track. I only wanted my head to get hit, so that my suicide could at least look a bit like the Ronnie McNutt suicide video. I said, "hey guys, I guess that's it", and waited for an oncoming train. But before one showed up, a man went up to me and pulled me off the train track.

"Who the hell are you, and why did you save me?" I asked him.

"Greetings young man, I see you are going through some troubles. I would like to challenge you in a thumb war. The rules are, the loser has to say, 'officer I can't breathe', when he loses. If you win, I will give you a hundred dollars. Deal?" he offered.

I was so broke at the time, that I was willing to cancel my suicide plan for the one hundred dollars. I agreed to it and met my hand with his.

"One two three four, I declare a thumb war!" We chanted. We jousted at each other's thumbs, trying to pin one another down. Lucky for me, I am a built 320-pound racist chad, so I easily out strengthened him. This combined with my desperation for a little bit of money, enabled me to pin his thumb down.

After I had him down for ten seconds, he cried out "officer, I can't breathe!" to accept his defeat. He congratulated me for winning and handed me a one-hundred-dollar bill. It felt like a million dollars to me, even though it was not nearly enough to pay down all of my debt.

He then handed me this fancy-looking business card. I took a quick look at it and saw that it was an invitation to this game that has a twenty billion dollar prize money. It had a phone number, which I was to call if I am interested in participating.

Looking at the prize money figure really tempted me. I thought, why not? and called the number. How it worked was, I had to be picked up and taken to a confidential location. As sketchy as it sounded, I agreed to take part and arranged a pickup with the speaker on the other end.

The following night, I arrived at our agreed-upon pickup location, and found this large black car parked on the driveway. I walked toward it, and then a gang of niggers rushed out of the car and grabbed

me. They took me into the car, which turned out to be a people carrier with a dozen other people who appeared to have also been abducted.

One of the niggers in the pack handed each of us a vial of this white powder. They were all labeled "fentanyl". He instructed all of us to overdose on fentanyl. In each of the vials, there were just enough to render us unconscious. I snorted the vial and shortly blacked out.

I woke up on a bed, in this brightly lit room. I looked around, to see a few hundred other people in similarly organized beds, which were neatly placed in lines. We were all wearing this brown tracksuit, each having numbers that labelled us a particular number. I was number 420. We all seemed to have woken up at the same time and rose from our beds.

There was this gigantic screen on the wall facing our beds. It turned on and showed this man who was wearing a gas mask connected to an oxygen tank.

"Welcome to the Floyd game," he greeted in a muffled voice. "Everyone here will participate in six games. The winner has to win all of them to win a twenty-billion-dollar cash prize. If there ends up being only one person left standing in any given game, he will automatically win. Good luck!"

We were all sent into this large colorful room, which was where we had to get our pictures taken. We were in a line, walking through this complex system of staircases. Once we made it to the top, we entered this very large square shaped room. It was decorated, so that it had the appearance of being in an outdoor open field.

I looked at the opposite end of the room, which had this giant creepy looking scaled up George Floyd toy in front of a painted tree. There were two masked men next to it. Just looking at the giant George Floyd toy sent chills down my spine. The masked men began to walk to our side of the room, and they handed all of us this strange looking inflatable costume.

All of the costumes had the appearance of a pregnant lady. Each of us had to put it on for this very first game. I looked at everybody, and god damn, they all looked hilarious in the pregnant lady costume. This intercom speaker chimed in, and a voice started to speak through it.

"Welcome to the game Red Light Hide your Pregnant Belly," he began. "This challenge works very similar to the standard red light green light game, except there are a few key differences. As all of you are equipped with a pregnant lady costume, you must try not to let the George Floyd toy look at you. When it calls out a green light, you are free to run towards the finish line. When the George Floyd toy calls out a red light, you must turn away to prevent it from seeing your pregnant belly. If it catches you, it will shoot you with a real gun. You have two minutes to get to the finish line. Good luck!"

The second last sentence caught my attention. Real gun? At the time, I was not sure what that implied.

"On your mark, get set, go!" the speaker announced.

"Green light!" the giant George Floyd toy chimed.

All of us waddled like penguins. It was sure as hell awkward running in this inflated costume. Like I mentioned before, I am a 300-pound racist chad, so I was one of the slower ones. This concerned me, because it didn't look like I was going to make it to the finish line in time.

"Red light!" the George Floyd toy said.

We all tried to turn around as fast as we could. Despite my size, I was able to on time. My anxiety rose over the roof anyway, because I was a bit scared that the inflatable belly might have protruded.

I then heard a loud gunshot from behind. I darted my head back, to see that one of the contestants must've forgotten to turn back. He was shot dead. Blood was pouring from his mouth as he was struggling to breathe. This alarmed me. I was wondering whether he was acting or not. Was the gun actually real?

"Green light!" the George Floyd toy announced.

We all turned back and continued to run towards the finish line. I noticed that I was not even halfway done, and the timer was already indicating that we only had one more minute to get to the end. That meant that at the rate I was going, I wouldn't make it on time.

I was being outrun by at least ninety five percent of the players. I then had an idea. If me sprinting forward was not fast enough, then perhaps I could just run backwards the whole time. My chances of winning would be statistically higher if I do, despite the reduced speed. And so that's what I did.

“Red light!” the George Floyd toy cried.

I was instantly considered by the George Floyd toy to be turned around, and I noticed how delayed everyone else was to turn. A few dozen gunshots were heard, along with the sounds of flesh being pierced.

I turned, to see that half the entire sample of contestants were shot dead. It seemed like the George Floyd toy progressively reacted to the sight of pregnant bellies faster, as the game proceeded. This gave me a competitive edge, given the strategy I employed. The George Floyd toy then announced the green light once again.

Apparently, the George Floyd toy is also capable of scanning people who turn around too early into a green light, because just when I was about to continue to run backwards, I heard even more gunshots.

“Game over!” the speaker announced. I looked around and saw that everybody except me was dead.

“Congratulations, it looks like you are the last man standing. You are the winner of the Floyd Game!” the speaker continued. “You will be escorted to the main office to collect your prize money.”

Two masked men walked up to me and injected me with a sleep drug. I felt very sleepy and dozed off.

I woke up in a sitting position, on a chair. It was a very dimly lit room, with a giant glass ball hanging from the ceiling. I heard the door next to me open, and a tall man barged in. It was that same man wearing that gas mask, who introduced us to the Floyd game on that giant screen when we woke up. As he walked, he was dragging along that big oxygen tank that was attached to his gas mask.

“Hello man, I am the game master. I present you with your twenty-billion-dollar cash prize,” he said.

I noticed that his voice sounded a bit like George Floyd. He pulled out a remote and pushed a red button.

The hanging glass ball began to vibrate, and a large stream of cash poured into it.

“There you go man, go take your money,” the game master said.

The glass ball containing the cash started to descend toward the floor. When the ball finally dropped to the ground, I looked at all the cash piled up. They were all twenty-dollar bills. A billion of them.

I took a closer look and noticed that something looked rather off about the twenty-dollar bills. The paper looked a bit too crispy, and the ink was far too dark to constitute real cash. It looked as if somebody produced it with a home printer, using regular paper.

I turned to the game master and asked him about it. He told me that it was probably just the lighting, which gave the bills a weird appearance. He looked very nervous as he responded to my question. Because of his body language, I did not believe him. I demanded he show me a close-up sample of one of the bills.

“Hehehe! those are all actually counterfeit bills, you’ve been bamboozled,” the game master said.

I was furious. I went through all that just to win a bunch of fake twenty-dollar bills. In response, I asked “who are you?”

“I can’t tell you that, for confidentiality,” he said.

This further angered me. I stepped closer to the game master and ripped off his gas mask. When I looked at his bare face, I could not believe who it was. It was George Floyd.

“Shiet man! put my gas mask back on. I can’t breathe!” he yelled.

He tried to reach for the gas mask in my hands, but he was too stupid to, due to his oxygen loss. An alarm was set off, and I heard the footsteps of security guards running. I grabbed the oxygen tank and bashed George Floyd’s head with it. It knocked him unconscious. I then made a run for it.

What happened next was a blur. I ran as fast as I could, as the security guards went after me. They were gaining on me fast so I decided to whoop their asses. I yelled out “fuck you nigger!” each time I bopped them in the head.

After they were all out cold, I searched for a hiding spot, where I could catch my breath. I spotted a locker, somewhere in the halls, so I opened it and sealed myself in.

I am now typing this on my last bit of battery power on my phone. I have no idea where this institution is, so there is no hope of me escaping. I just want you to learn from my experience, if you get invited to the Floyd game, do not accept. The prize money is really just counterfeit bills.

**The Panty Sniffer**

Before I tell you about my scary experience, I need to provide some context.

There is an urban legend in my town called the panty sniffer. It is essentially this nigger humanoid creature that feeds on the fetus of pregnant women for its food. It allegedly possesses a nose and lips so large that they cover its entire face. This enables the panty sniffer to inhale the aroma of pregnant women's panties much more efficiently, allowing it to detect pregnant women from a far distance. It does not have a set of eyes, which further makes its extremely sensitive sense of smell more useful.

Now you may be wondering: why does this creature have such a strong desire to detect pregnant woman's panties? According to the legend, the panty sniffers diet consists exclusively of the baby embryos of pregnant women.

The weird thing about this legend is the panty sniffer is an evolved mutant that originated from George Floyd. George Floyd was the nigger who couldn't breathe because he overdosed on fentanyl. What the media didn't tell you is that he actually survived. George Floyd suffered a permanent breathing disorder, which makes it ten times harder to inhale air. It wasn't severe enough that it killed him, but it made his quality of life shitty. As a result, George Floyd sought after medical treatment. Because he is a drug monkey, no public hospital was willing to provide him the care he needed, so George Floyd had to resort to underground clinics. The particular one he visited was a medical lab that employs failed medical school students, who would've otherwise been rejected by standard clinics. George Floyd begged them to fix his breathing problems, to which they were willing to help him.

The medical worker who operated on George Floyd speculated that his breathing problem was due to his narrow nasal canal. He had to surgically enlarge George Floyd's nose to extreme proportions, in order to solve his breathing problems.

Here is where problems began to arise. Because George Floyd's nose became so oversized, his body underwent an evolutionary process that forced the rest of his organs to adapt to his newly sized nose. George Floyd was no longer able to afford fentanyl from his dealers, so he evolved into a creature that feeds exclusively on the embryos of pregnant women, to compensate for his thirst for fentanyl.

This is pretty much everything you need to know about the panty sniffer, so I may begin my story. My wife and I had been toying with the idea of having a child, ever since we got married. I was still finishing up school, and she works at a grocery store, so we were not certain about our financial stability. That was what held us back.

One day, we sort of got too horny in the bed, so we had unprotected sex. Two weeks later, we received the news that she was pregnant. Even though it was unintentional, we still decided to keep the baby.

A couple of months later, I came home from a long day of school. Because my school is owned by niggers, my class schedule ends at 8 o'clock PM. I was therefore very tired.

I opened my front door, carrying my textbook-packed backpack. I could not wait to see my wife. I was thinking of asking her for a blowjob to help relieve my stress.

When I went upstairs to get changed, I saw her crying in the corner of the hallway. I ran to her and asked her what was wrong while trying to comfort her. Upon a closer look, she seemed more scared than sad.

"I lost my favorite pair of panties," she sobbed.

I knew the particular one she was talking about. It was a gift that I gave her on one of our wedding anniversaries. It was something that meant a lot to her, because it had a picture of Ronnie McNutt. I rubbed her back and promised her that we would find it.

“No, you don’t understand. I’ve already looked everywhere,” she said.

I was a bit skeptical of that because we live in a fairly complex home. Not exactly big, but it was one of those homes that have a lot of little compartments. I told her that I will spend the night looking for it. She hugged me, thanking me for what I was going to do.

After I knew my wife was sound asleep, I snuck out of the bedroom to begin my search for the panties. I started in our washroom because that is where we’d sometimes change our clothes. I pointed a flashlight to every cabinet and under every stool. Nothing.

I then continued my search in the second most likely room where she could’ve lost it. The laundry room. It is in the basement, so I was a bit scared since it was night. But I told myself not to be a pussy ass faggot, so I made my way downstairs.

I turned on the light and looked through every laundry basket, and even every compartment of the washing machine. Still found nothing.

As I was making my way upstairs, I heard this very eerie animalistic noise from behind me. It sounded particularly like a monkey. Because of my fear of the basement at night, I just shrugged it off to my mind playing tricks on me. However, I still ran the fuck upstairs and slammed the door behind me anyway.

For the remainder of the night, I looked everywhere else in the house that I was able to think of but did not manage to find the pair of panties. It was morning by then, so once my wife had already woken up, I told her the devastating news. I told her that I could always buy her a new pair of the same design, but she refused because it wouldn’t be the same for her.

I said “honey, nothing lasts forever. I will order you another pair for our next anniversary. I promise”.

And from there, we spent the rest of the day watching nigger death compilations of the deep web.

The following night, my wife and I finally went to bed together. But when I was about to close my eyes, I heard the sound of footsteps and loud breathing. It startled me a bit, so I told my wife that I was going to inspect it. She nodded, and so I tiptoed out of the bedroom.

When I stumbled into the hallway, I looked to the ground and saw this strange white residue on the ground. It formed a trail which led downstairs. I followed it. As I walked along the residue, the breathing noises became more apparent. It continued through the basement door. I opened it, and sure enough, it persisted down the stairs. I turned on the lights and tried to see where it ultimately led to.

But all of a sudden, I heard my wife screaming from upstairs. I was filled with an immeasurable amount of adrenaline and dashed back upstairs. My heart pounded fast, because of the idea of uncertainty. I was not even sure what the mysterious white residue came from at the time, and it was in the back of my mind as I ran. But what mattered to me the most was making sure my wife was okay.

Once I made it back to our bedroom, I saw this tall nigger-like figure standing in front of my wife, who was in a crouching position. I yelled out “Hey, what are you doing in my house?!”

The tall figure then turned to face me. Its face. Its nose and lips took up its entire face. I looked at it in disbelief. What the fuck was that thing? It then turned back to my wife and cried out “I have finally tracked you down bitch, now I shall eat your pregnant embryo!”.

It reached its arm out to her crotch, and began to fist her pussy. It was reaching out for her baby's embryo. That was when I realized this was the panty sniffer. This whole time, I thought it was just a made-up story made up by fellow George Floyd memers. My wife motioned me to help her. I ran over and then punched the gargantuan nose of the panty sniffer. Its nose felt very solid as I hit it, because the impact hurt the surface of my knuckles. The panty sniffer did not appear to react to my blow. I needed a stronger blunt object to attack it with.

I looked to my side and found a large glass alcohol bottle. I grabbed it, and then used it to whack the giant nose of the panty sniffer. Upon impact, the glass broke. However, the panty sniffer did not even flinch. It was as if its giant ass nose was made out of steel.

Because of how easily it broke the glass, I doubted a knife would have been able to penetrate its flesh. I needed tro think of a crafty way to defeat this nigga creature. I then had an idea. I took into

account that the panty sniffer is extremely sensitive to the sense of smell. Given this, I could exploit it to invoke it to suffer sensory overload.

For those who don't know what sensory overload is, it is when one's brain is overwhelmed by smell. I went to my wife's wardrobe and grabbed as many of her panties as I could. I then returned to the bedroom and stuffed the panties against the nostrils of the panty sniffer.

At first, he was like "Ah nice breathing in all that embryonic aroma". But after a while, the stench of my wifes panties got too much for it to handle. It started to twitch in a very creepy manner, and then suffered a seizure.

"Awe shiet man, sensory overload! I can't breathe!" it cried.

As it continued to sniff the panties, its nose began to expand in size like a balloon.

"Oh shit, you hoo hoo! make it stop please!" it pleaded.

Once its nose was about the size of a refrigerator, it exploded. Bits of its nose flesh were launched everywhere, similarly to the Ronnie McNutt suicide video. I looked at the panty sniffers limp corpse and gave it a kick to make sure it was dead. I then strode to my wife to check if she was alright. I saw a lot of blood coming out of her vagina.

"The baby is dead" she announced, sadly.

"Wait what?" I asked.

She stretched her vaginal canal, to show me the dead fetus that the panty sniffer tried to eat. We were both devastated.

Moral of the story, the panty sniffer is a real creature, not just a rumor. If you ever come across one, overload it's oversensitive sense of smell with used women's panties.

**George Floyd was my Lung Transplant Donor**

I've been living on life support for the past few months. Undoubtedly, being bedridden for this long has been a miserable time for me. The only good times I get are when I get to see the hot nurse's tits bounce, whenever she takes care of me. But anyway, that's beside the point.

You may be wondering how I ended up in this mess. It happened on the first day of pride month. I was driving to work one day and found a group of these cringe faggots who were doing an LGBTQ parade in the middle of the streets. The parade caused a traffic jam, and I was getting late for work, so I got out of my car and told those degenerates to get off the road, or else I would run them over. They didn't listen to me, despite my chad-sounding voice, so I ran at them and socked one of the trannies in the face. The disgusting thing was knocked out cold. The remainder of the LGBTQ group got triggered at my attack, so they all at once charged at me. I was able to knock a few of them out, but one of them was equipped with a knife. Of course, those pussies need weapons to fight. I was stabbed in the chest. The blade reached in quite deep and punctured my lung. As a result, I struggled to breathe, feeling like I was George Floyd. And all I remember from that was being rushed to the hospital. God damn, I hate faggots.

The lung puncture was extremely severe, so the medics estimated that I would have to stay on life support for the rest of my life. On top of that, I have to lay in the hospital bed all day and night knowing the fact that a tranny did this to me. As each day passed, my desire to Ronnie McNutt myself grew.

One day, I had enough of this, so I requested a lung transplant. The hospital gave me a number of pricing options. The cost of receiving a lung from a very healthy donor was in the millions. For a donor of moderate health, it costs hundreds of thousands for the lung. And finally, for a functional lung that came from a heavy drug user, it only costs a few thousand. I am not exactly a wealthy person, so I was eyeballing the latter option. Call me stupid all you want, but I was in the mindset that any functional lung is better than a failed one.

I happily paid for the unhealthy lung donor option, which was $3,000. I was then tested in a variety of ways for the hospital to assess my compatibility with each available donor. This process took a few days, ranging from X-rays, ultrasounds, and blood tests.

After all of that was out of the way, I had to wait for the results which included the specific information of my prospective lung donor. Thus far, I was well aware that the lung I was going to receive will not

be from a healthy person, but I was still excited to finally get out of the trap I was in.

On the day the results were ready, a nurse handed me a pamphlet that contained all the information I needed to know about the transplant.

The first page contained the legal profile of the lung donor. Because I am a racist who primarily judge people by race, I looked at the section that stated the donor's race. It said he was black. I looked at it in disgust. Niggers are the last people I would be willing to receive an organ from. I then took a look at the rest of the donor's information. I didn't think it could get any worse. But when I read the donor's name, my disappointment was now immeasurable. It read "George Perry Floyd". That was the nigga monkey who was killed by a fentanyl overdose. I am willing to bet that no lung out there could be any unhealthier.

Later that day, I was taken to the surgery department of the hospital. They made me take an anesthetic and then shoved a large breathing tube down my throat.

Before I was completely put to sleep, I briefly saw George Floyd's corpse brought into the room. Damn, he was one ugly nigger. Even uglier as a dead monkey.

Shortly, I finally passed out.

I have no idea how long it took. Maybe a few hours. But when I woke up, I had this feeling that a heavy object was on top of my chest. I looked below my neck to see nothing was there.

"Hello, the lung transplant was successful. You are now free to leave," a nurse to my side declared.

I thanked her and left the hospital. Because I had been there for months, I no longer had a home and a car. I had to move in with my brother Carlos. I know Carlos is a nigger name, but we are actually a white family. My parents were just brain dead when they named Carlos.

Carlos pulled up to the hospital driveway to pick me up. On the way to his house, he asked me how I was, during the course of my hospital stay. I told him that I was thinking about how much I hated trannies most of the time. He nodded.

"Yeah, those subhumans need to go. I can't wait until the forty percent suicide rate becomes one hundred."

As we kept going, I noticed that the pressure I felt on my chest was still ongoing. I did read through the specific procedures on the pamphlet that I may feel a bit strange post-surgery, so I ignored it.

We then made it home, and I could not wait to finally live a normal life again. I went into the washroom to get cleaned up. Nothing like a warm shower after not having one for months.

After I took off my clothes, I gazed into the mirror and noticed something on my chest. On the exact spot where my post-operation scar was, there was a large dark circular spot. It was of a similar color as George Floyd's skin. I thought that it was probably just a bruise from the bleeding during my surgery.

During my shower, I realized that I hadn't jerked off in a while because my life support didn't allow me to. Because I was naked, I took this as an opportunity to relieve myself. I tried to visualize hot women in my brain. But for some reason, whenever I tried to think of any fap material, my brain automatically filtered them as naked pregnant women.

Now I don't have a pregnant women kink, so I tried to get those images out of my head. However, I was not able to. As I thought of those pregnant women, some kind of rage inside of me began to build up. I then had this strong urge to murder them. Eventually though, I managed to bust a nut and the post-nut clarity helped clear those thoughts away.

After I was done showering, I went downstairs to the kitchen to go make myself some food. All of a sudden, I had this strong craving for a banana sandwich.

I looked through every shelf in the kitchen to find bananas. When I landed my eyes on a stack of them, I grabbed them instantly and peeled them. I stuffed them inside my mouth. But I ate too fast, because I was not able to breathe as the bananas went down my esophagus.

"I can't breef!" I said.

It took a while, but I finally got all the banana slices down. I grabbed a Kleenex to wipe my mouth, but when I touched my lip, I noticed that it felt much larger than normal.

I looked through the reflective surface of a microwave, and sure enough, my lips were fat just like George Floyd's. Not only that, but I saw that my nose also looked like it belonged to a nigger.

That was when I began to wonder about the lung transplant. Was it turning me into George Floyd himself? I was really hoping that I wasn't, because being a nigger is even worse than being a down syndrome retard, let alone that fentanyl chimp.

As the day went by, my desire to shoot pregnant women continued to build up. Even just looking at round shapes triggered the rage.

I snuck into my brother's room and stole a gun from under his bed. I was mad. I busted out of the house and ran to the nearest hospital like a manic monkey.

Once I made it there, I hid the gun in my hoodie and walked in. The maternity ward was where I needed to go to find all the pregnant women. As I was walking there, there were a few hospital staff that questioned me on where I was headed to. I just told them that I was visiting a relative who was having a child.

I eventually reached a dead-end in the hallway of the first floor and had to take an elevator downstairs. I walked into the elevator and set the destination to the maternity ward. But when I looked up, I saw the elevator's reflective wall, and discovered that my face now looked exactly like that of George Floyd. I looked at myself in disgust because like I said before, George Floyd is a disgusting monkey.

When I left the elevator, I searched around for the birth room.

"It has to be here somewhere," I thought.

After some time, I finally found a sign that was labeled, "Maternity ward". I tried to open the door, but it was locked. I used my nigger-like strength to break in. The door collapsed like cheese, and I found a dozen pregnant women about to give birth. I pulled out the gun and started shooting at all of them. They all screamed while I was killing many of them.

"Hehehe, die bitches," I blurted out in this nigger voice.

The hospital alarm was then set off. After I was satisfied with how many of them I killed, I made a run for it, while making monkey noises.

Because I was now a nigger, my running speed was now inhumanely fast compared to others, so I easily escaped the hospital unnoticed. It appeared that they called the police because I heard sirens from afar. As much as I enjoyed shooting those pregnant women, the dopamine wore off and I now came to the realization of what I've done.

It is now only a matter of time before the authority catches up to my nigger speed. I am typing this r/nosleep post as I am running.

I plan on shooting my head with the gun once I get to a hidden area, because I'd rather die than be a nigger. The moral of the story, if you are thinking of undergoing a lung transplant, make sure you don't get one from a nigger. You might become one.

**I was Invited to George Floyds Birthday Party**

Throughout my childhood, I have always been a person who hates going to other people's birthday parties. You know, one of those kids who gets annoyed at the cringe happy birthday song, or the birthday cakes that usually taste like nigger balls.

A lot of my schoolmates would question my opinion on birthday parties. When it comes time for some of my friend's parties, they would constantly pressure me to come. Almost always, my response would be "I'd rather spend my time playing black lives splatter". Thankfully, they would adhere to that excuse, because all of my friends are based racists.

Sometimes though, there are the occasional birthday parties that are very difficult to avoid, such as my grandparents. I am still willing to go to those because, well, obviously grandparents don't last forever. I'd prefer to spend as much time with them as possible, given that they hate niggers, which all my grandparents do. But recently, there was a birthday party I was invited to, that I was unable to shy away from. It is a bit of a complex story, but I will try to explain it clearly from start to finish.

It was a nice fall day on October 14th. I was looking through funny George Floyd memes on Instagram because it was George Floyd's birthday. When I say George Floyd memes, I mean the ones that make fun of that monkey. Of course, I am in no way celebrating it.

As I was looking through the epic edits, I was constantly thinking about how much it would suck to be at George Floyd's birthday party, if he were still alive. His house probably has poor air quality. In a way, I had a sense of pity when I thought of his former birthday party guests, even though almost all of them are niggers, and I usually never feel sympathy for those apes.

After I had a good look through all of the George Floyd memes that day, I was tired from sitting on my ass for hours, laughing until I couldn't breathe. I decided to take a nap. After all, it was yet another good day of trolling, so a king needs to rest. I rested my head on the couch and dozed off to sleep.

I woke up later to my phone vibrating in my pocket. I took it out to discover it was from an unknown number. It pissed me off because it woke me up from my nap. I answered it to see who it was.

"You hoo hoo man! It is my birthday at last! You are invited to my party. My address is redacted. Be there or be square!" the other end exclaimed.

It sounded like the nigga monkey, George Floyd. Although I wasn't aware it was him at the time, I was certain that it was a nigger inviting me to the party, so I hung up.

Just when I was about to resume my nap, I felt my phone vibrate again. I opened my lock screen to see that it was that same nigger calling me again. I answered it and yelled out "Look nigger, I don't want to visit your monkey playground birthday party. Please shut the fuck up!"

"Ooga booga, me angry! you will go to my party man! I will make you!" he replied.

I laughed, because how could a low IQ monkey force me to go to his dumb birthday party? But while I was laughing, I noticed this subtle sound of footsteps coming from behind my living room wall. At first, I thought it was just the sound of leaves falling.

But when I stopped laughing, it became more apparent that the sound was more than just leaves. I began to realize the noise was too heavy. As time passed, the sound seemed to be traveling toward the front side of my home. I was thinking that it was a wild deer or something. Not too uncommon here in Minneapolis. But when the sound reached the front, I saw this tall humanoid silhouette behind my curtains. It was a person.

The silhouette went in front of my door and then knocked. I had the suspicion that I was the nigger who invited me to the birthday party, so I just ignored it. But the knocking continued to persist.

I went up to the front door and looked through the peephole to see who it was. I saw this dark, big-nosed face staring back at me. It was George Floyd. He was wearing this party hat that was labeled "birthday boy". I immediately looked away, because seeing that ugly face close up nearly made me puke.

"Come on, please let me in man. It's cold outside!" George Floyd cried out behind my door.

I told the nigger to get out of my property or else I would shoot him with my rifle. But after waiting some time, he did not budge. That was when I made my way to my gun room to grab my fully functional limited edition Ronnie McNutt rifle replica.

As I walked there, I heard banging against my door. George Floyd was trying to break in. I took the McNutt rifle out of the large golden vault that contained it, and then returned back to my front door. But when I reached the front corridor, George Floyd had already broken in.

"Hehehe, you will go to my birthday party man. Nothing will stop me!" he exclaimed as he made monkey noises.

I aimed my rifle to his head and fired. However, the shot missed. George Floyd managed to dodge the bullet with his nigger speed.

"Hehehe, I am too fast for you man!" he giggled. "Do not underestimate the speed of a nigga monkey!"

George Floyd then pulled out his fentanyl sniper rifle and shot me in the head point-blank. I passed out.

I eventually woke up, sitting at a dinner table. I looked around and saw various African-style decorations. On the top side of the wall in front of me was a ribbon that said, "Happy birthday George Floyd!" They looked pretty ugly because Africans are dog shit at making artwork.

On the table was a variety of party food. There was a pie that was labeled "fentanyl cream pie". I then looked to both my sides and noticed that there were other guests at this birthday party. They were all big-nosed niggers who were obviously George Floyds family members. George Floyd then walked into the dining room. His family members chanted the happy birthday song.

"Ooga booga. happy birthday to you, happy birthday you, happy birthday to George Floyd. Happy birthday to you".

Damn, they sounded like a group of obnoxious apes singing that song. The nigress beside me who was supposedly George Floyd's mother, Larcenia Floyd, then lit up a candle on a birthday cake. George Floyd then leaned in and tried to blow out the flame. However, no air came out.

"Ah shit, I can't blow out the candles because I am all out of air," George Floyd complained.

He tried to blow a few more times, but the flame never went out. George Floyd then cried like a baby gorilla. "Wah wah, momma, help me blow out the candle".

Larcenia Floyd blew out the flame with ease, making George Floyd look like an even bigger dumbass.

"Okay mans, we should now eat!" George Floyd chimped.

He cut the cake into slices and handed each one to each of the guest's plates. After he was done, George Floyd took the entire fentanyl pie for himself. I looked at my slice up close and realized how disgusting the cake really was. It was a slimy banana cake. It appeared to be homemade, given that it had that messy look to it. I pushed the cake away from myself. Suddenly, George Floyd glared at me with that ugly monkey face.

"Ooga booga, how dare you insult my cake. You must eat it and I will make sure you do!" he yelled.

He went up to me and brought my cake closer to me, and then returned to his seat. He was now watching me intently while he ate his fentanyl pie, to make sure I didn't waste his shitty ass monkey food.

I had enough of this. I stood up from my chair and made a run for it. But George Floyd chased me at the speed of light and grabbed me by the shirt.

"No man, you will enjoy my birthday party," he said tiredly.

He then pulled me back into my chair.

"Now eat your banana cake," he said as he pulled out a pistol and aimed at my stomach.

I didn't want to die knowing that I was clapped by a nigger, so I had to force myself to eat it. The first bite was painstakingly nasty. The banana's sliminess felt like nigger cum. And no, I am not a fag to know what nigger cum feels like. I just know this from intuition.

It took me twenty minutes to finish the small slice of cake, while George Floyd held me at gunpoint. The whole Floyd family waited for me, staring at me creepily.

When I was finished with the last bite, George Floyd arranged for everyone to meet in the living room. He wasn't nearly finished eating his fentanyl pie thus far, so he brought it with him.

"Alright everyone, we will now play a game of pin the dart on pregnant women!" he announced. "I will be right back."

George Floyd went to the basement to go get something. A few minutes later, George Floyd returned to the living room carrying a large heavy crate. I heard a muffled scream coming from it.

"Ah phew, I couldn't breathe for a second from carrying this bitch!" he said, relieved.

He opened the crate, to reveal that a pregnant lady was inside. She looked very malnourished. George Floyd vertically tied her to the living room wall, while pointing his pistol to her pregnant belly. She cried as her wrists and ankles bound her. George Floyd then handed everybody a blindfold and a fentanyl needle.

"Okay everybody, so the rules for this party game are simple," he declared. "Everybody will take turns attempting to throw their fentanyl dart at this bitch's pregnant belly, while blindfolded. The winner will win this bitch as a pregnant sex slave!"

The last sentence made me sick to my stomach. I already know niggers are fucked up in the head, but this was on another level of messed up.

"Aye, let the white boy go first!" George Floyd said, pointing at me.

I did not want to play this game, because I felt sympathy for that pregnant lady, even though she looked like a BBC whore. I looked to my side and saw George Floyd still enjoying his fentanyl pie while watching my play. I then had an idea. I bolted to George Floyd and grabbed the fentanyl pie from his hands.

"Hey, give my pie back man! I need fentanyl!" he begged me.

With my right hand, I slammed the pie directly into his face, covering it entirely.

"Ah shit! pie in my face, I can't breathe!" George Floyd panicked.

All of George Floyd's family members then crowded around him to make sure he was okay. I used this as an opportunity to untie the pregnant lady and escape. I cut all of the ropes with the fentanyl darts serrated edges, and then we made a run for it.

We ran as far as we could, without looking back. All that mattered to us was getting a safe distance away from that pack of monkeys.

Once we were sure that we were far enough so that nigger Floyd would have run out of air running to us, we stopped to catch our breaths.

We introduced ourselves and talked about how we got into this shitshow birthday party. She told me that she'd been raped by George Floyd, which was how she got pregnant in the first place. She was very grateful that I saved her. So much that she asked me on a date. I rejected her because I refuse to date women who have had nigger dicks in them in the past, whether it was rape or not.

This was the birthday party I had to visit against my will. Because of how much I hate birthday parties, I had to go through months of therapy.

The moral of the story, George Floyd comes out of his grave every year on his birthday. If you get invited to his birthday party, drive away from home or else he will break into your home and kidnap you.

**George Floyd was the Real Christchurch Mosque Shooter**

Most of you believe that Brenton Tarrant was the one who committed the Christchurch shooting. Though partially correct, there was somebody else that everyone is forgetting about.

Before you discount me as a troll on the internet who is just making up a story for funsies, just know that I am an FBI agent. Concretely, I investigate suspicious activity, which includes planned attacks. I would get pinged whenever there is any keyword on the web that associates with mass shootings.

Another important piece of information about myself is that I work in the niggerology department of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It is a field of study where we study the behavior of niggers and why they chimp out. I have access to a large-scale database, where I am able to watch over suspicious nigger internet activity. Please note that I am only allowed to do this to individuals who are flagged as suspicious, even though it is a known fact that all niggers are naturally criminally insane.

I'll have to admit, spending so much time each day looking at all the awful shit niggers do on a daily basis disgusts me, but the pay is great.

It was about a couple of months before the Christchurch shooting, when I was on duty at my niggerology job. One of my superiors emailed me a memo. It detailed a case of possible nigger criminal activity. I took a look.

I was first presented with a photograph of this ugly black man, named George Floyd. I took a look at him for a second and holy shit it looked like a person took a shit and built a Minecraft poop golem with it. Below the image underlined his criminal activity, which included the infamous moment he threatened to shoot a pregnant lady for her pregnant belly pics.

All of that happened years ago, so it wasn't relevant information. However, the section after that described the reason why my superior sent me this.

Because of George Floyd's history of monkey-like shenanigans, law enforcement requires him to attend periodic psychiatrist appointments. Even though appointment material is supposed to remain confidential, they've secretly sent us the psychiatrist notes because the things that George Floyd disclosed were very messed up. The next section of the memo summarized the notes.

It all started when George Floyd got into this odd phase of wanting to be white. He constantly told his psychiatrist about how he is sick and tired of being a nigger and he is toying with the idea of being a trans race. He'd complain about the size of his nose and lips, which are big even for nigger standards. Obviously, the idea of being trans in any aspect is degenerate as fuck, so that raised a red flag.

George Floyd was prescribed some useless meds to treat it. In the next session, he told the psychiatrist that the meds weren't working.

"Shiet man I wanna be white because I hate my fat nose man." George Floyd would say reoccurring.

As time passed, George Floyd began to become deluded to believe he is white. His mental state went deeper and deeper into the rabbit hole.

After months passed since then, he fully believed he is white, despite still being the monkey who takes the nigger drug fentanyl and eats banana sandwiches. George Floyd adopted the habit of dying his skin white whenever he'd go in public because he was too poor of a nigger to afford trans race surgery. He would even go as far as wearing wigs with the appearance of white people.

The psychiatrist saw this as a big problem, which is why we got this info in the first place. But believe me, it gets crazier.

You know how trannies would suffer these psychological episodes of depression after their transitions? Well, George Floyd exhibited similar behavior because he was a trans race. He would overdose on fentanyl due to his suicidal thoughts but would fail all the time because of how much of a loser he was.

A lot of people who passed by him would snicker and make fun of him. Whenever that happens, George Floyd would experience these ego deaths which gradually shattered his delusion.

George Floyd knew that deep down, he is still a nigger. As a result, he got furious and blamed his own race for the fact that he's not white. He would turn against other niggers, seething their existence. This led to him committing a chain of black-on-black crimes. But that wasn't enough.

Eventually, George Floyd expressed hate toward other nonwhite races such as Asians, pajeets, Muslims, and so on.

Now, this was everything from the psychiatrist's notebook. I was quite intrigued by this whole thing, so I decided that I wanted to dig deeper into this. I emailed my superior back, saying that I wanted full access to George Floyd's internet activity. Because I was one of the long-time workers at the FBI, I was granted approval. I was then given the access key which allowed me to hack into George Floyd's computer.

I observed George Floyd's online activity for the next few months leading up to the Christchurch shooting. I'll provide a brief summary as follows.

George Floyd realized that he doesn't want the production of non-white people in the future. Despite his primitive brain, he actually expressed sympathy for the future generations to come. George Floyd then joined numerous nationalist communities.

After some distant networking, he bumped into Brenton Tarrant himself. Through online forums and video calls, they would exchange the details of their beliefs.

As said before, George Floyd's main motive was to completely eradicate all non-whites from the planet to prevent all of the future generations from suffering the feeling of being dumb low IQ nigga monkeys. Brenton Tarrant was a bit different. He only hates other cultures that come to his land. Invaders.

Early on, they both had already begun discussing plans on committing a mass shooting someday. With George Floyd's wider range of hatred, his ambitions were higher when it came to how large of an attack he wanted to start.

Brenton Tarrant took notice of how far George Floyd was with this and questioned him. He was leaning towards just shooting up the Christchurch mosque. On the other hand, George Floyd was more so interested in a larger-scale genocide.

"Oo Oo ee ee Aa Aa, me want to kill people!" George Floyd would chimp out.

He and Brenton Tarrant spent a lot of time each day sorting things out, negotiating a plan. George Floyd wanted to be the one to do all the killing. Brenton Tarrant wasn't fond of that idea. Niggers are almost always bad at using guns because they have trash aim.

After some mediation, they eventually settled for the idea of George Floyd being the main gunman, while Brenton Tarrant will be the overseer.

To elaborate, George Floyd was going to be the one to carry out the initial attack. Brenton Tarrant knew that because George Floyd will most likely get his ass clapped early on, chances are he can take over. The deal is that George Floyd still has to take some of the blame. He had to promise not to run away in the act.

After that, they discussed the juicy details such as the specific location and time. Christchurch mosque, New Zealand on March 15. I took note of that and set up a ton of hidden cameras in that area. At the time, I didn't know that they were going to do this on Facebook Live.

George Floyd wanted to be remembered as a white person, in the event he gets killed during the shooting. So, he went into the dark web and visited this online store called custommasks.com. It is an e-commerce company that sells custom-made hyper-realistic masks of real people. How it works is you upload an image of the person you want a mask of, and pay an amount depending on how detailed you want it to be.

George Floyd had saved a screenshot of one of his video meetings with Brenton Tarrant. He cropped it and sent it over to custommasks.org. He picked the maximum realism option, which cost him $100,000. George Floyd used all the money he got from all of his prior robberies to pay that amount.

Days later, he received the mask in the mail. George Floyd put it on and tested it on his web camera. Even though I was able to notice his large nose protruding from the rubbery mask, it still looked pretty damn real. Enough to look exactly like Brenton Tarrant from a quick glance.

On the day of the shooting, I braced myself, ready to watch this epic event unfold. Please note, when you supposedly see Brenton Tarrant show his face near the beginning of the Facebook live stream, it was actually George Floyd wearing the Brenton Tarrant mask.

At 1:40 PM, I saw the van pull up to the Christchurch mosque. George Floyd in his Brenton Tarrant costume exited the vehicle and grabbed the guns from the trunk. As I watched him head to the building, he walked in this very strange way, as if he was exhausted.

He entered the church and did the deed. Well, at least the first three-quarters of it. He was doing an excellent job shooting down those Muslims for being a nigger. But as he continued, the peculiar way he walked became more apparent.

For those of you who've watched the live stream, notice how when he returns to the van, you can hear heavy breathing noises. This was due to George Floyd not being able to breathe through the Brenton Tarrant mask.

You won't be able to hear it through the Facebook live feed due to his raspy voice, but through the cameras I installed, I heard him say "Oh no shit, I am suffocating in the Brenton Tarrant mask. I can't breathe!"

George Floyd was at his breaking point, so he had to quickly hand over the camera to Brenton Tarrant, for him to finish the job. Precisely, it was at the time stamp when he accidentally dropped the gun.

Because George Floyd ran out of air, he ditched the scene, never to be seen again. He pussied out, breaking his promise of staying in the scene.

Those of you reading this probably have this question in mind. Why didn't we see George Floyd run away, or why didn't we see Brenton Tarrant take the camera? Through my own cameras, I saw George Floyd do this crazy-looking monkey jump, where he went on all fours and leaped on top of the mosque like a ninja.

George Floyd was the real Christchurch shooter. Brenton Tarrant would for sure want to knee on that nigger's neck so badly because he ditched him. The moral of the story. Niggers are cheeky scam artists who will exploit people. Never trust those poop-colored subhumans.

**Beware of Medusa Floyd**

I think I've just had one of those experiences, where something out of the realm of explanation happened. As I am about to write this, I can feel my brain tying in knots trying to comprehend all the events that I experienced. It all felt very surreal, so as of now, I am contemplating whether it was a hallucination, a dream, or reality.

Honestly, I don't exactly know why and how this all started, so I guess I'll just begin from the very first point of the experience that I am able to recall.

It started with my friends and me trudging through a field, within this very large valley. The grass was yellow and tall, having grown up to the height of my torso.

Despite a mass of dark clouds covering the entire sky, it was somehow bright. The clouds were as dark as black niggers, so it was a very odd sight.

Looking over the horizon, the valley appeared to be spanning for miles. We were just walking and hanging out, talking about how much we hate niggers.

"I can never overstate this, but niggers are just rats who contribute nothing to society," I said. "I would rather Ronnie McNutt myself than be black."

"Yeah yeah of course, it is not rocket science," Jimmy replied. "I cannot wait until we finally get rid of those apes."

I snickered. Never gets old correlating niggers with primates. Frankly, they are genetically related, compared to other races.

We continued to blabber and rant about other minorities for the rest of our walk. But that was until Mattias noticed this dirty-looking cottage on a hill. He pointed at it.

"Look at that. It looks like a dirty nigger owns it," Mattias said.

Jimmy and I glanced at it. Holy shit, to say that a nigger owns it is an understatement. But judging by the natural greenery on it, it was most likely abandoned. It sort of looked like a weird combination of one of those small bungalows in a poor neighborhood in Mexico and an African village hut.

As dirty and sketchy as the cottage appeared, we wanted to go inside. It had been a long walk, so we figured that it wouldn't hurt to rest under some shelter for a while. Or so we thought.

Jimmy, Mattias, and I went up the hill. The hill was a fairly steep one, so it took quite a bit of effort to advance up. Once we finally made it to the top, I went for the door. But as I grabbed the handle and pulled, it wouldn't budge.

"God damn, I can't open this. I need help." I said.

Jimmy and Mattias went up to the door. Both of them attempted to pry it. However, nothing worked.

"Oh well, this cottage was probably touched by a nigger anyway. It's probably best not to touch it to avoid getting germs," Mattias rationed.

We turned back and began to walk away. But the moment we stepped onto the downward slope of the hill, I heard the sound of wood creaking behind me. We turned back to see the door of the cottage was now open.

"Shall we go in?" I offered.

Jimmy and Mattias looked at each other. I know, Mattias said that it is best not to contaminate ourselves with nigger germs by touching the cottage. But I was pretty damn curious about what could be inside it.

We eventually agreed to it because nigger germs are no match for our genetically superior immune systems anyway. No wonder niggers invented aids.

We walked inside. Every step we took produced a somewhat irritating high pitch squeak. Really goes to show how long this place had been abandoned.

I looked around to check out the interior. There was a worn-out couch next to the back wall. Above the main door was an old-looking clock. I looked at it closely and saw that it was already 8:00 PM. Even though it was getting quite late, We were so intrigued about this place and we had already walked quite far, so we decided to stay here for the night.

Throughout the night, we watched nigger gore videos saved on our phones and shared funny Ronnie McNutt and George Floyd memes. It was a blast. Eventually, though, our devices ran out of battery, so we just did some old fashion small talk. You guessed it, we yet continued to talk about how much we hate niggers.

Time went by fast, because after what had felt like only an hour, I checked the old clock above the door, and noticed that it was 3 AM. Spooky, I know. At this point, Jimmy, Mattias, and I were tired, so we called it a night and tried to go to sleep on the couch. It was thankfully large enough to fit all three of us. And if you are wondering, we are not faggots for sleeping on the same couch.

A second after I began to shut my eyes, there was a knock on the door. It made my heart skip a beat and my eyes jolted open. I was thinking it was just the wind. But then, the door got knocked again, this time even more intensely. I shook Jimmy and Mattias awake and told them about it. Mattias told me to shut up because he was dreaming about marrying his crush and didn't want to be woken up.

It was then, the knocking shifted to banging. It startled us. What happened next sent chills down my spine.

"You hoo hoo, open the door," a raspy voice objected from behind the door.

Because of the fact that we were in such a sketch place, none of us volunteered to answer it. We just ignored it and tried to fall back to sleep. However, the banging continued, becoming so loud that it was impossible for us to sleep. With having our rest thrown out of the window, we just tried not to acknowledge it. But doing so proved difficult.

The banging was ear piercing, which surprised me because the door was somehow able to withstand it.

Eventually, Jimmy was not able to handle the noise any longer, so he stood up and went for the door. I tried to reach out to stop him, but it was too late.

Jimmy opened the door and was met with this big fat naked serpentine figure. He saw its face and ran back into the cottage. The serpentine figure then slithered inside. I looked at its face and saw how ugly it was. It had a big fat nose and lips, resembling the nigga monkey, George Floyd. But it's hair. It was a clusterfuck of snakes, each of them having a miniature George Floyd face.

"Cowabunga, I am Medusa Floyd. I need all you mans fentanyl," it said.

I scratched my head because we didn't have any of that drug with us. But after that thought, I had this very strong urge to look at its topless boobies. As ugly as that thing was, the urge was very difficult to fight. To put you into my perspective, it was as if there was some invisible force trying to make me gaze at its fat tits.

You may be wondering why I was resisting it. Something in me, perhaps a gut feeling, was instinctively telling me not to. Like an evolutionary behavioral adaptation.

I looked at Jimmy and Mattias, and they both seemed to be trying to resist it as well. Their eyes appear bloodshot, slowly twitching towards the boobs of Medusa Floyd. At the time, I was not aware of the implications of this at all. But I still signaled both of them not to look. This persisted for seconds, but felt like hours.

Eventually, I noticed that Mattias's pupils were inching scarily close to the Medusa Floyds boobs.

"Mattias, No!" I cried out.

But I didn't react fast enough. Mattias locked his gaze directly to both of its nipples. All of a sudden, he grabbed his crotch and let out this blood-curdling screech.

“Oh fuck oh fuck! my dick is getting so hard!” he cried.

It phased me, and I snapped back into reality. I knew that something was very very wrong. Matthias kept hyperventilating while squeezing his dick, as if he was suffering the worst pain in his life. After that, he pulled his pants down, to reveal that his dick now looked like a pure, white-colored rock dildo.

Medusa Floyd looked at Mattias’s solid pure white dick and then grabbed him. Medusa Floyd kneeled down towards Mattias’s crotch area and then began to suck it, until it became this white powdery substance known as fentanyl.

“Yippie! I am now sucking in your penis fentanyl!” Medusa Floyd said excitedly.

Mattias then dropped dead.

That was when things started to make sense. Gazing at Medusa Floyd’s breasts will cause its victim to get a raging boner so severe, his dick will turn into fentanyl stone. Medusa Floyd would then feed on it.

Jimmy and I realized the threatening situation, so we made a run for it. However, Medusa Floyd’s fat body blocked the main door, so we couldn’t get out of the cottage. With no other option, I noticed that there was a trap door in one of the corners. It was the only way out of the room.

I pointed at it and said, “this way!”

Jimmy and I hurled the trapdoor open, which revealed a staircase leading underground. Quickly, we went in and shut the trap door before Medusa Floyd could reach us.

The stairs continued for a long distance, but we saw a dimly lit room at the end of the staircase. Even though it was clearly a bad idea, we walked down the stairs to investigate it. Curiosity got the best of us.

As we continued, I noticed that there were grass and roots growing through the walls. Makes the cottage seem well-groomed in comparison. I looked up. The ceiling was made out of glass, which gave this futuristic vibe to the corridor at the same time.

Jimmy and I made it to the bottom of the stairs at last. Right smack in the middle of the underground room was this massive pool. The water contained in it was very murky, sporting the color black. Even blacker than the darkest nigger on the planet.

The water began to bubble, which looked like somebody was farting and shitting in it.

What happened next was a blur. These demonic-looking George Floyd mermaids floated to the surface of the pool.

“Ah, now we can finally breathe,” they said at the same time.

They looked like they were trapped underwater for decades, drowning. But that is beside the point because suddenly, I heard footsteps behind me. I looked back to see Medusa Floyd. I then entered a fight or flight state. I ran at the medusa Floyd and grabbed its snake hair, then pulled.

“Oh shit, I can’t breathe,” the snakes all said in unison.

I kept pulling trying to kill this fat nigger serpent, suffocating all of its George Floyd-faced snake hair. I eventually heard a loud snap. I looked at the snake hair and saw that I asphyxiated them to death. Apparently, they are vital to Medusa Floyds respiratory system, because Medusa Floyd whispered, “I can’t breathe,” and died. I then blacked out.

I woke up outside, next to the cottage. The first thing I did was look around, trying to find Jimmy. But he was nowhere in sight. I walked around the perimeter of the hill, but there was no trace of him. That was when I turned back and ran the fuck away.

I am not sure how long it took, but I finally made it home. I realized that somehow, I did not feel a sense of tiredness from all that running.

After I regained my composure, I tried to text both Jimmy and Mattias. However, days have passed without a reply. I know for sure that Medusa Floyd killed Mattias by turning his dick into stone fentanyl. But what I am wondering is what happened to Jimmy. Whatever it is, I hope he is okay.

**Do Not Ingest the Floyd Shroom**

Magic shrooms. One of the trippiest experiences one can have. For one, there are fascinating visuals. The fancy contrasting of colors, Hallucinations, and warped objects. It also affects your emotional state. However, it really depends on the environment and dosages. Of course, these effects will vary depending on the type of psychedelic you are using. At the far end of the spectrum, we have these crazy unique ones that can really overload your senses.

But let me tell you. Even though evidence shows shrooms have been used as far back as 9000 BC, we've barely scratched the surface when it comes to our knowledge of all the existing shrooms. I know this for myself because I think I just discovered an unknown species. Don't believe me? Read my story and see for yourself.

I was chilling with my friend, Robert, in the streets of Minneapolis. We were talking about how much we hated the nigger George Floyd. Even just living in the same city as he made us feel ashamed. But living here presents some opportunities, trolling-wise.

There are countless murals of George Floyd that people put up on a daily basis in Minneapolis. Because of all the apparent nigger lovers here, we would vandalize their work without hesitation. Their chimp-like reactions make us laugh our asses off.

But that day, Robert and I were bored out of our minds. At this point, we've already vandalized over four hundred George Floyd murals, so it was getting a bit old. It was about time we tried something new. Something beyond just scribbling all over monkey Floyd paintings. Something even crazier than sticking a dildo on the George Floyd statue, bringing it to life.

"Hey Robert, we should do some epic trolling today," I said.

"Yes. Fuck niggers and faggots. We will push the limits today, shall we?"

We brainstormed for a bit. "Perhaps, we should take a shit on George Floyd's grave," I suggested.

"Sounds like a plan. We should go eat something big to prepare the biggest shit in our lives," Robert said.

We headed over to the nearest George Floyd cafe and ordered a Floyd burger for each of us. They were big as fuck, so it took a damn long time for both of us combined to finish them. The amazing taste of airless patties and buns was breathtaking.

After we were done, we had to wait around 2 weeks for our mega shits to prepare. The Floyd burger causes constipation and an insane build-up of fart air, which is why it takes so long.

After a long two weeks passed, our stomachs hurt so much, we couldn't breathe. It was now time to take our mega shits on George Floyd's grave. Robert and I walked to the graveyard, which has hundreds of other dead niggers along with George Floyd. Once we located his particular gravestone, we braced for the epic moment. Robert and I pulled our pants down and bent over Floyd's gravestone. Poor dead nigger doesn't know what's coming.

We both took our impressively large shits and let out our two-week-old farts, which have the ability to kill any living thing in a two-meter radius. I swear I thought I was going to have a prolapsed anus, but thankfully it did not happen. It's really only the faggots that have those disgusting-looking assholes.

We looked below us, to see the nasty mess we've dropped on that niggers' grave. No way George Floyd's dead corpse could breathe in our pile of chad-like feces. Upon a closer look, I noticed that the brown mass was sinking into the soil. It was a bit odd because poop doesn't usually move that fast. We snapped a few pics of it for the gram and then left.

A few days later, Robert and I were curious enough to see if our shit was still there. We arrived back at the graveyard.

We went up to his gravestone, to see a bunch of these very bizarre-looking plants on the ground. They looked to be a kind of mushroom, except their top parts looked like a big fat nigger nose. Quite a similar color to the Goomba from the Mario brothers. They were only scattered around George Floyd's tombstone. Precisely where we took out shit. Our poop must have acted as a fertilizer, which allowed the mushrooms to grow. I then had an idea.

"Robert, we should eat them nigger mushrooms because I am bored as fuck," I said.

"Nah I'm good. You go ahead," he said, shaking his head.

I called him a pussy for being scared of eating some weak nigger spores.

I took the mushroom closest to me and pulled it off the ground. But the second I ripped it off the stem, I swear I heard a little voice saying, "I can't breathe". I thought it was just my mind playing tricks on me.

I took a close look at its nose-looking cap. It appeared to be breathing. No, not just plain old photosynthesis. I literally saw the mushroom's nostrils expand and contract. Holy shit it was creepy looking. Because of this aberrant characteristic of the mushroom, I had to mentally prepare before eating it.

A part of me felt like whatever this was, it is extremely dangerous to consume. Much stronger than the most potent known magic shroom out there. But I didn't listen to my gut feeling, so I chucked it in my mouth. It tasted awful. I don't know how many people have had the unfortunate experience of licking a niggers skin. Tastes super bad, eh? Well, the mushroom tasted similar, except one hundred times worse.

It took every bit of me not to vomit. But I managed to swallow it whole. It genuinely made me feel as if I had a nose in my mouth. My eyes watered as I suffered the wrath of nigger tasting flesh.

After I swallowed the rest of the mushroom residue in my mouth, I waited for half an hour to see if it had any neurological effect. I then noticed a very tiny dot at the center of my field of view. No apparent shape. Just a dark tiny speck. I was thinking that the mushroom was one of those very weak ones that have little to no effect.

I just went on with my day as normal.

After I was finished with my job, I headed home. I noticed I felt more exhausted than usual. Must've been one of the minor side effects of the shroom.

I passed by my wife in the hallway leading to the master bedroom and noticed that she looked rather ugly today. I called her back, to confirm what I barely saw. When I looked at her face, I had a near heart attack. She had the face of George Floyd. I pointed it out and stammered.

"Honey, what happened to your face? why do you look like nigger Floyd now?" I asked.

"What? What are you talking about?" she responded confusedly.

"Your face has a big fat nigger nose and lips. Go look in a mirror."

She went to the washroom to check herself out and then returned shortly.

"What are you on? I look like my normal self," my wife said, slightly offended.

But still looking at her face, all I saw was George Floyd. Not the beautiful wife that I know of. I went into the sink and washed my eyes. But it didn't work.

"Maybe you should rest sweetie," my wife advised.

Maybe she was right. After all, it had been a long day at work, and I was very sleepy. I lied down in bed and fell asleep fairly quickly.

I woke up the next morning with a headache almost as bad as a migraine. When I opened my eyes, I noticed that the dot at the center of my vision increased in size. It now comprises around ten percent of its area. Its pattern resembled the face of George Floyd. I squinted a couple of times, but to no avail, it didn't disappear. I was filled with panic, because seeing this niggers' face everywhere I go disgusts me.

I decided to take the day off work and visit the doctor. But when I pulled up to the clinic, I saw that every single person inside had the face of George Floyd. It was impossible to distinguish them because they all had the oversized nose and lips which detract from all of their other characteristics.

It was difficult for me to speak to the clinic receptionist. It was very hard for me to think straight, so my words were nothing short of gibberish. Luckily, the receptionist knew that something was cognitively wrong with me, so she booked the appointment for me.

When it came time to meet my physician, he gave me a questionnaire that consisted of basic mental evaluative questions. Not that it helped my situation at all.

After I had finished filling it out, we had a conversation discussing my specific symptoms. Holy shit, it wasn't easy. It was difficult to concentrate when I was hallucinating the doctor's face as George Floyd. I told him about my hallucinations. The static George Floyd face in the middle of my field of view, and that every person I see has the face of George Floyd. It was driving me insane, and I had the urge to gouge my eyes out.

After the floppy communication, he prescribed me some anti-nigger meds, which are designed to distract me from the mental burden of acknowledging niggers.

I would pop a pill every day, as I was instructed.

For the first few days, the George Floyd face in the middle of my view was slightly fading. I thought the meds were working.

However, after about 2 weeks into the meds, they just stopped working. The George Floyd face grew in size and now took up eighty five percent of my vision.

I have no idea how much longer the side effects of these mushrooms will last, but it doesn't look like it will be anytime soon at this rate. My vision is now completely obstructed by that giant Floyd head hallucination. My brain is turning into mush. It is only a matter of time before the concept of Floyd faces completely takes over my mind.

With the last bit of my deteriorating verbal skills, I asked my wife to do me a special favor. I wanted her to Ronnie McNutt my head with a rifle. I can no longer handle seeing all the George Floyd faces everywhere I go. I was certain that death is a much more peaceful path. As I am typing this on my phone right before my assisted suicide, my last words were "Fuck all niggers and kikes!"

Please take my words. If you see nose shaped magic mushrooms growing next to George Floyd's grave, do not ingest them.

**Do Not Carve the George Floyd Pumpkin**

Halloween is coming up very soon. That being said, it is a good time to begin decorating our homes for the spooky holiday.

One of the most popular means of Halloween embellishments is pumpkins. I know, kind of bland nowadays when we have access to advanced animatronics. As of now, I think they are a great start since they are cheap and easy to set up. Sounds good and all right? Nope. In my opinion, it is not exactly perfect. The flaw that I speak of is rather complicated. I know of this because of a recent experience that still shakes me to the core.

I was in the grocery store around a week before Halloween, shopping for candy to give away. I bought large boxes of chips and skittles because of course, those are the best treats. There is no arguing against that.

As I was pushing my shopping cart toward the checkout, I noticed that there were pumpkins being sold at a 25 percent discount. I thought, why the fuck not?

With how disposable pumpkins are, it is best to buy them when the prices are low. They're only going to be used for this year's Halloween since they'd spoil by New Year. I chucked one into my shopping cart and then proceeded to checkout.

I checked out my groceries at the self-checkout, as I always do. You see, I live in Canada, a libtard country full of trannies and Jews. Almost all the minimum wage workers here are either of those two categories, so I'd rather avoid them. When I was done with my payment, I shoved all of my groceries into one bag, carrying all of them at the same time since I am a 300-pound racist chad.

I drove back home to start Halloween preparation. I opened the large boxes of treats and put them in baskets. After that, it was time to decorate the new pumpkin. I called over my wife, Brenda. She arrived at the kitchen and I showed her the almost perfectly round pumpkin. I told her that I needed help with ideas on how we should carve the pumpkin.

"We should carve the words 'fuck niggers,'" Brenda suggested.

I laughed and was turned on at the same time. Her racism never fails to make my dick hard. As good as an idea that it was, I wasn't fond of it, due to how risky it would be. Because of how many liberals live

around here, chances are, our house would get tons of eggs thrown at.

I explained to Brenda that being more subtle about our racism would be a much safer means of spreading our hate. Explicitly carving the words "fuck niggers" is way too obvious.

"We should probably carve George Floyd's face on it or something," Brenda said.

I thought it was a fantastic idea. His big nose would look hilarious on a pumpkin carving.

"Yeah, I love that idea sweety. Let's do it".

She lit up in excitement. We took out the kitchen knives and began to outline how we would cut each edge. George Floyd has quite a distinguishable ugly face compared to other niggers so overall, it wouldn't be too hard to carve his face into the pumpkin.

However, I realized that there was one problem. This pumpkin might be too small to have George Floyd's big nose and lips carved in. The ridges would be so deep, to the point where it would split the pumpkin in half. I pointed this out to Brenda.

"Oh, maybe we should buy a bigger pumpkin then," she said.

I thought back at all the pumpkins that I saw back in the grocery store. None of them would have come close to being big enough to fit George Floyd's nose and lips. In fact, I don't think pumpkins in general can grow to that size.

"Perhaps, we are going to have to purchase a genetically modified one," I said.

I fired up my computer and went into the deep web. I knew of this website that sells genetically mutated crops that grow up to four times larger than normal. Barely large enough for us to carve in George Floyd's nose, but it should be sufficient.

I browsed through the online store. It had pretty much every fruit and vegetable out there, so finding the plus-size pumpkin wasn't difficult at all. When I finally found its page, I saw that the price was seven hundred dollars per pumpkin. Quite expensive, but it is well worth it to me because I was so eager to carve George Floyds funny-looking ape face. I paid for it in a heartbeat. The estimated delivery time was within three days. Perfect, only days before Halloween.

Two days later, I found a large parcel in our mailbox. Judging by its size, I knew for sure it was the genetically modified pumpkin I ordered. It was barely able to fit inside. To put into perspective, our mailbox has the length and width of a refrigerator. I tried to lift up the pumpkin, but despite my racist chad strength, I was not able to hold it any longer than three seconds. It had to have weighed at least 800 pounds. I called out to Brenda to help me out. She is also a racist, so perhaps our combined strength should be enough to bring this monstrous pumpkin inside.

We both tried to lift it up at the same time. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. That was how many seconds we managed to lift it.

It wasn't until we made it to the sidewalk when my hand slipped and dropped my side of the pumpkin. It tipped over from Brenda's hand and fell onto the sidewalk, with a loud crack, forming a large hole.

Thankfully the pumpkin fell only on its bottom side, so we'd still be able to carve a face with it. All of its guts leaked out. Not that it would've been a problem anyway. With all its insides out of the way, it was now much easier to carry.

After we cleaned up the sidewalk, we brought the hollow pumpkin inside.

"Holy crap it looks even bigger inside the house," I said, impressed as we rested it on the kitchen table.

The pumpkin looked exactly like how the GMO store portrayed it on the website. Except, pictures didn't do it justice when it comes to size.

We spent the rest of the evening carving George Floyds big ugly nigger face into the pumpkin. I have to admit, it wasn't easy. The damn nigger has a complicated face facial structure with all those cheek lines.

But after hours upon hours of hard work, we've created an impressive work of art. It was even more impressive than the George Floyd statue head. Most importantly, we nailed his infamous nose. In fact, it looked almost too real. We snapped some photos of it and then Brenda began to prepare for dinner. I was

tired from all that word, so I settled myself on the living room couch.

Just when I was leaving the dining room, I swore I saw the George Floyd pumpkin move a little to the side. But I just shrugged it off to distorted peripheral vision.

I was watching some television when I heard a muffled scream coming from the dinner table. I took off my headphones and ran there. I arrived with a very unpleasant surprise.

There I saw Brenda. Except she looked like she was wearing the George Floyd pumpkin as a mask. She had both of her hands on it, trying to pry it off.

“Brenda! what is going on?!” I cried out.

She just let out more muffled screams, sounding like she couldn’t breathe. The George Floyd pumpkin was locking her head inside of it. I ran up to her and tried to help pull it off of her head, but it didn’t budge. It was as if it was alive, forcing itself to mask onto her head with immense strength.

I grabbed my kitchen knife to try to cut it. As much as I valued our time and effort carving the George Floyd face, I needed to get rid of the nigga pumpkin because Brenda looked like she was dying from asphyxiation. I took a jab at the front surface of the George Floyd pumpkin, making sure it wouldn’t directly reach Brenda’s face. However, its skin was as tough as nails. The knife didn’t even leave a scratch.

I saw the George Floyd pumpkins face carving begin to move by itself, forming a menacing facial expression. It then opened its mouth to speak. “Ooga booga, how dare you try to cut me with your pathetic knife. Your wifey must suffer the wrath of my suffocation.”

I needed an even stronger weapon. I grabbed my rifle from the closet next to the pantry and aimed it at the George Floyd pumpkin.

“Okay nigga pumpkin, you shall now get McNutted by my rifle,” I said.

I pulled the trigger. I was expecting it to explode, similar to the Ronnie McNutt suicide video. However, the bullets didn’t even penetrate the George Floyd pumpkins skin at all.

“Hehehe, my skin is too tough for that. Try harder man.”

I saw this foamy substance being secreted from the space between the pumpkin's skin and Brenda's neck. Brenda was suffocating to death. I needed to think fast. If physical force isn’t enough to stop the George Floyd pumpkin, then I needed to do the one thing that can stop that nigga vegetable: prevent it from breathing.

If you didn’t know this, pumpkins are covered by very small pores on their skin, which allow them to breathe. I had this idea where I could cover all of the George Floyd pumpkins pores with a cloth to prevent it from breathing

I went to the kitchen to grab one of the large cleaning towels. It was finally time to defeat this nigga pumpkin and save my wife’s life. I went up from behind Brenda and then wrapped the cloth over the George Floyd pumpkin, making sure no surface of its skin is exposed.

“Ah shit, lift the towel please, I can’t breathe!”, it cried.

I had no mercy. I just kept pinning the towel.

Eventually, I felt its skin begin to soften, indicating its deflation and lifelessness. After it was completely dead, I took off the towel and tore open the leftover pumpkin skin from Brenda’s head. I had a sense of relief to find out Brenda was still alive. But her face was tainted with the color blue due to being asphyxiated for so long.

Moral of the story. If you are interested in carving George Floyds face in a pumpkin, just know it isn’t possible to do so safely. No organic pumpkin out there is physically big enough to fit his nose and genetically modified ones will be brought to life.

About the authors

Jordan Cleeman is a passionate Floydologist, having written 55 of the stories in this book. He is the former owner of the @georgefloydfinance page on Instagram. Jordan is also a long-term member of the Liberal Termination Crew. He lives in Toronto.

Tom J wrote *The George Floyd Toy* and *The Floyd Fish*.

IGotQuality wrote *If you see George Floyd in a Roblox Game, Leave the Server Immediately*, *George Floyd was one of my Coworkers He tried to Steal my Air*, and *Do not Download the Ronnie McNutt Touhou Mod*.

Acknowledgements

Big shoutout to The Liberal Termination Crew for being the best people in my entire life.

Thanks to Ray Cistman for helping moderate the George Floyd Creepypastas Telegram channel.

Thanks to Elijah Smith for helping edit, set up, and manage the Telegram channel.

Thanks to Tom J for editing.

And thank YOU reader for supporting George Floyd Creepypastas.

**Subscribe to the Telegram channel to access the audio versions of all our George Floyd Creepypastas!**

https://t.me/georgefloydcreepypastas

[IMAGE: Qr code Description automatically generated]

Before I begin this story, we thought now was a good time to put something like this out in light of the recent complete and total ban of both of the tate brothers from social media outlets. A few months ago I ran into a video clip of andrew tate, probably one that you yourself have seen, full of bragadocious, douchebaggy rhetoric about his 3 bugattis or some shit. Anyway, I didn't agree with him at first, until I saw one of the clips where he talked about how men are marginalized in society and treated as nothing more than paychecks, etc. After I saw this, I dived into his content, watching almost every stream, clip or edit of him that I could find.

Recently, I found out how he made his first million, which some of you may know, but for those of you that do not, Andrew Tate's first million was made off of a camgirl website, where he himself would scam desperate men into giving his models thousands of dollars for something which we all know made them worse off in life. Now he preaches a male positive message to the same desperate men. This is just one of many completely niggerlike behaviors exhibited by him.

I know his message is attractive to young men, but remember that propaganda can come from anywhere and to always check the backgrounds of the people you are listening to.

On top of that, remember first that pride is a sin, or if you aren't religious, remember the flight of icarus and remember not to be a dick, because it doesn't matter what andrew tate may or may not be like in person, its about what you are being shown in public, which is the asshole who screams at you about breathing air every time you open social media, its about what you are learning from aforementioned asshole about how to carry yourself. Disrespect for the people around you is just simply acting like a nigger.

By now most of you know the name Andrew Tate.

He and his brother Tristan Tate have experienced a boom in popularity this year, due to the pyramid scheme they run known as Hustlers University, where they pay people on tiktok and instagram to spam their content and recruit new members to the university, among other “programs” that Hustlers University has to offer.

I first saw one of Andrew Tate’s videos in July of 2022. It had been posted by one of the thousands of tiktok accounts that were being paid to spam Tate livestream clips.

I watched him obsessively for months,even going so far as to join hustlers university and even moving to Romania, until one day, when I saw a clip where he talked about being half black, along with another clip where he talked about making his first million from a camgirl website. Just then I received a message from the Hustlers University discord server that read, “I have an announcement. There will be a meeting for Top Gs only this weekend. Andrew Tate himself will be present. Attendance is mandatory. See you there.”

Hearing that I was going to see Andrew Tate himself made me forget about the video clips I had just seen. I immediately jumped up and started packing my bag, grabbing my laptop and clothes for a few days, and getting into my old toyota camry, I pulled out of my driveway and onto the main road.

I received another notification right as I was driving onto the highway. The notification contained a location where the meeting was being held. Somehow, the notification automatically programmed my phone's GPS system, which I assumed to be a hiccup from my phone, which was getting old and had started doing things like that anyway.

I followed the GPS instructions until I reached a place I recognized from some of the tiktok clips I had watched. It was the tate mansion. In person, it was smaller and the lawn was severely overgrown with broken front gates and trash everywhere. I pulled my car in beside the other old, beat up cars parked on the driveway, which was cracked and broken, and I could see what looked like a bugatti chiron parked by the front door of the mansion.

As I got out of my car, I saw other members of Hustlers University lining up outside the door to the mansion, waiting for the top g himself to answer and let them in. However, the man that answered the door did not look like andrew tate. He was black as night and was wearing a blue dew rag that said "Top G" in cracked, fading white lettering and he was smoking a gas station cigarillo that smelled like a urinal cake. I recognized his facial features immediately, having been a racist for a long time, as resembling the features of the criminal nigger George Floyd, who was supposedly dead of a fentanyl overdose, although there are hundreds of accounts that seem to prove that he is in fact still alive.

Even though it was clear to me that this was not Andrew tate, all it took to convince the rest of the Hustlers University members that it was was him saying "Ayo maynes it be da top G heah an shit". They all filed into the house, almost in a trance. I followed them in purely out of morbid curiosity and saw that the living room was trashed, filled almost completely with burrito wrappers from taco bell, cognac bottles and cigarillo butts.

In the light of the living room I was able to somewhat confirm that the man claiming to be andrew tate had his tattoos in all the right places. It seemed almost as if the clips I had seen were this man in front of me with a skin tone filter on.

There, in the tate brother's trashed out living room, I considered the last two months of tiktok clips I had consumed. It all fit. He was a massive prick, he hit women, he thought way too much of himself and he thought cheating on women was a good thing to do.

Just then, I heard the nigger that was supposed to be tristan yell "ayo cracka mayne I bes talkin tah you an shit. You aint boutta be ignorin me wit yo raysits ass."

I looked up and recognized the face of rayshard brooks, a nigger who had been shot by the police after getting drunk and falling asleep in his car in a wendy's drivethru. Police officer Devin Brosnan had shot brooks when the nigger had reached for his tazer, resulting in the dumb nigger dying.

"Wait," I said, "aren't you rayshard brooks? That dumb nigger who got himself shot by taking a police officer's tazer?"

"Ooga booga mayne this nigga done found us out an shit." the man claiming to be andrew tate said to his brother.

"Yeeuh mayne we bes joge flawd and rayshawd brook" the nigger said, "whaboutit?"

"Ray, you dumb nigga, we wuz sposed to fool these niggas, now i gots ta bend space time again because you gots a big mouth an shit." Floyd said.

I laughed in my head because the dumb nigger had blown his cover without being tricked and he didn't even realize it, and then I sprang into action. I turned around to face a blank wall where the door used to be. All of a sudden, all of the Hustlers University members were gone and when I looked out the window to see if all of their cars were outside, it was completely pitch black.

In fact, it was also pitch black inside, probably because niggers can't read, so it is impossible for them to pay bills without a white helper to explain to them what they have to do.

Because it was pitch black in the house, I could no longer see George floyd or Rayshard brooks.

I started to panic because the floor was covered in trash and I kept almost falling over, and I could hear floyd and brooks laughing and speaking in ebonics even the most experienced racist could never hope to decode. Every few seconds I could see a lighter start burning something and the smell of burning tires would fill the room, making me nauseous and filling my head with a cloudy haze where I couldn't focus on

anything. I could tell the two niggers were smoking fentanyl. After 5 minutes of silently shimmying along the walls to try and find a door, I eventually passed out from the fentanyl smoke that had all but filled the room completely.

As I felt myself fainting, I saw the lights come on in the house and the real tate brothers walk out from a back hallway, handing the two dead niggers a suitcase full of money and shaking their hands before starting to clean up their house.

I came to tied in a chair in a dark basement, but as my eyes adjusted to the darkness I could see the same two niggers sitting on a couch in front of a TV watching ghetto gaggers. I almost threw up, as the chair was pointed directly at the TV. I tried to get out of my restraints, but the niggers heard me, even over the sound of the disgusting show they were watching, and stood up, walking around the couch to stand in front of me.

George Floyd crouched in front of me until we were at eye level with each other.

Then he said something I couldn't even begin to understand.

"Speak english, nigger." I said when he was done.

"Ah sheeit mayne." floyd said, shaking his head, "Imma go get misser tate."

A few minutes later, andrew tate himself walked in. He looked at me and said "you are my slave now. You are not a top G. You allowed yourself to be enslaved, you failed the test."

Just then, floyd walked in with a vape sticking out of his mouth. I knew what was about to happen and my belief was confirmed when andrew tate turned around and made eye contact with george floyd.

He stood up to full height and said "BREATHE AIR, YOU DONT NEED A VAPE."

Floyd walked over, putting his hands close together by his waist and getting into a fight stance.

I took my chance while I had it and popped the ropes holding me down, due to having gone to the gym every day since my teen years. I could see that rayshard was smoking a joint and watching andrew tate and george floyd square up to each other.

He spotted me as I ran out the door and yelled to the other two about me.

"Go get him then." andrew tate yelled at floyd and brooks.

I heard running footsteps behind me as I ran up a staircase into a very expensive looking mansion. I ran into a dining room to see tristan tate sitting at a computer at one end. He looked up with a confused expression on his face and stood up, his computer keyboard falling to the floor.

As I ran past him, he reached over to try and trip me, but I dodged him and kept running.

It seemed as if I had been running forever when I finally reached the front door. I turned back around to see George Floyd coming right at me at lightning speed. I tried to turn the door handle, but it was locked. I felt George floyd's greasy hands grab my throat and I could smell the full can of axe body spray attempting in vain to overpower his body odor as he picked me up by me neck.

I started to panic as rayshard brooks came into the room screaming "yeeuh cracka you gon feel what us niggas done felt an shit".

"Ah sheeit momma I cant breathe." I said as I felt my airway close.

Just then, the door behind me was kicked open and two police officers, one in a dark blue uniform and one in a very light blue uniform, who I recognized to be devin brosnan and derek chauvin. Devin brosnan shot rayshard brooks in the forehead, killing him, and derek chauvin tackled george floyd, kneeling on his neck until he was dead.

I am writing this right now from my phone in the back of an ambulance.

You have probably seen the pictures of the tate brothers being arrested by now, and you may have also heard the video claiming that the human trafficking case was a fraud where a woman had a fight with her boyfriend and reported the tate brothers saying that they kept her there against her will. Don't believe any of it. This story is the real, honest truth.

**George Floyd Creepypastas**

Volume 2

George Floyd Creepypastas

Volume 2

**Jordan Cleeman**

**Copyright © Jordan Cleeman**

The moral rights of the author have been reserved.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Front cover image by Jordan Cleeman.

Book design by Jordan Cleeman.

Editing by Toast Man

ISBN (paperback)

This paperback first edition first published in 2021

Published by Jordan Cleeman

https://t.me/georgefloydcreepypastas

To Josh Spronk

**Table of Contents**

George Floyd's Breathtaking Christmas Special 10

Do Not Buy the George Floyd Burger 20

George Floyd Went Trick or Treating in My Neighborhood 24

We Hunted the Floyd Witch 30

George Floyd Is the True Solution to the Fermi Paradox 38

SpongeGeorge FloydPants 45

Papa Floyd's Pizza 51

George Floyd Caused the Travis Scott Astroworld Deaths 59

George Floyd Was the True Perpetrator of the Holocaust 65

We Accidentally Released King George Floydorah 85
Do Not Climb Mount Floyd 93
The Lung Fairy 100
King of the Apes: The Peculiar Slave Owning Negro 107
Mosquito Floyd 120
Shadows Over Minneapolis 128
The Real Reason Why Roblox Went Down for Fifty Hours 140
Ronniezilla: King of the Cucks 145
Ronniezilla vs Floyd Kong 152
The George Floyd Parasite 158
George Floyd Tried to Kill Kyle Rittenhouse 166
I investigated George Floyd's Former Home 173
Man of Fentanyl 182
George Floyd Was the Second Parkland Shooter 188
A George Floyd Thanksgiving 194
George "Nigmund" Floyd 200
George Floyd's Basilisk 212
My New Next-Door Neighbour Is George Floyd 220
I Killed George Floyd in Warzone–it opened a portal to hell 226
The George Floyd ATM Machine 234
George the Jew 241
The Turncoat Negro at the Battle of the Somme 247
Floydoge the Pitbull 258
Keep Your George Floyd Toy Away From Other Plushies 270
George Floyd Is XI Jinping 277
George Floyd Caused the Extinction of the Dinosaurs 284
Do Not Let Fruit Rot for Too Long 293
Michelle Obama's TRUE Identity 301
Do Not Bust a Nut to the George Floyd Toy Maker's Onlyfans 311
A Cozy Christmas Love Story 317
The Masque of the Brown Death 345
I Know the Real Cause of Sleep Apnea 351

**George Floyd's Breathtaking Christmas Special**

By Georgemonke

Christmas, it is that magical time of year. The season of giving. The Christmas season is my favourite time of the year because I can enjoy a long two-week vacation at home instead of going to my liberal school. I spend most of my time playing Black Lives Splatter and vandalizing the George Floyd snowmen that the nigger kids in my neighbourhood build.

You see I have a powerful hatred towards niggers and George Floyd is the one nigger I hate the most. I had a very scary encounter last year where my dad was almost killed by a George Floyd snowman which only deepened my hatred towards the nigger. However, I plan to thoroughly enjoy my Christmas this year.

My liberal family was out of town visiting my relatives back in Canada so I had the house all to myself. I was watching a Christmas movie marathon which included the movies Krampus and The Grinch. I

was enjoying some popcorn and Papa John's pizza when I heard a loud crash from the roof followed by a voice that said, "I guess that's it."

"What the fuck was that?" I said out loud. Suddenly a fat man with glasses in a Santa costume came down my chimney.

It was Ronnie McNutt.

"Hello young man, I am Santa!" Ronnie McNutt said.

"Santa?" I said in a confused tone. "Santa is a jolly man with fair skin, he also happens to be the most nigger hating and racist person on the planet who gives niggers coal for Christmas, there is no way a dirty little cuck like you could be Santa."

"Ho Ho Ho but I am Santa," Ronnie insisted. "Come outside to see my reindeer as proof."

I walked out my front door and to my surprise, there were indeed nine reindeer on top of my house. Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, Blitzen and the most famous one of them all, Rudolph the nigger hating reindeer. Now I was convinced that Ronnie McNutt was in fact the one and only Santa Claus.

"But Santa, Christmas isn't til Friday, there's still 2 days left and it's the middle of the day, why are you here?" I asked.

"Ho Ho Ho, well you see, I need your help boy, the evil nigger George Floyd is trying to ruin Christmas you see," Santa McNutt said in a stern tone.

"George Floyd, I thought that nigger's spirit was put to rest when Darius destroyed the golden George Floyd toy," I said.

"George Floyd is an immortal creature, present in the mythologies of many cultures, Hanuman and Wukong are all depictions of George Floyd," Santa McNutt said. "Earlier today, George Floyd infiltrated the North Pole by masking himself as one of my nigger elves and stole all the presents, now he plans to ruin Christmas by only giving niggers presents and ***based*** racist chads coal. If he succeeds, Christmas will become a nigger holiday."

"So why have you come to my house?" I asked.

"I need the help of the one man who is more ***based*** and more racist than myself," Santa McNutt said.

"But Santa, you have the appearance of that cuck Ronnie McNutt whose girlfriend cheated on him with a nigger, how can a cuck rival my racism?" I asked.

"My nigger elves had intel that you spend most of your time commencing raids on Instagram and watching funny Ronnie McNutt edits, the intel they gathered showed that you have watched more Ronnie McNutt edits than every other person in the world combined," Santa explained. "So I decided to take on the appearance you are most familiar with."

Santa called his reindeer and sleigh down and told me to get in.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

Santa pulled out what appeared to be a futuristic watch, something you'd see in one of those utopian movies like Tomorrowland.

A holographic projection showed a map of the nigger shithole city, Minneapolis.

"George Floyd hid all the presents for ***based*** racists in his childhood home in Minneapolis, so that's where we're headed," Santa said.

I hopped onto the sleigh as Santa said the magic words, "Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, Blitzen, and Rudolph, FUCK NIGGERS!" However nothing happened, the reindeer were struggling to lift the sleigh.

"Oh no Santa!" yelled, the reindeers can't breathe because of how heavy the sleigh has gotten. Santa is a fat jolly old man who weighed 260 pounds and I myself am a 300 pound racist chad. There was no way the reindeers could pull the two of us.

"What do we do now, Christmas will be ruined by niggers for sure!" Santa said, panicking. "I guess that's it."

"Don't worry Santa," I said. "We will drive to Minneapolis, just tell your reindeers to return to the North Pole."

Since I live in California, the trip would take over a day by car. I went upstairs to my parent's room where my dad kept his keys to his bat-mobile with built in nigger annihilating missiles. I found the keys in his drawer which also housed a George Floyd toy and a **[Sam Hyde]** mixtape. I headed out afterwards and handed the keys to Santa.

"So do you know how to drive?" I asked.

"Nope, but I guess I can try, "Santa replied. I checked the battery percentage on the bat-mobile, since my dad is an eco-friendly liberal who only drives electric vehicles. The bat-mobile had just enough juice to make it to Minneapolis and back.

We drove out onto the main road and just as Santa had said earlier, he couldn't drive as he plowed down a group of Christmas carollers. The tires of the bat-mobile were now covered in blood and gore which was slowing it down significantly.

"Hey, you old fuck, give me the wheel!" I demanded. I told Santa to switch seats and we continued onward. We stopped at an intersection where I saw a coal burning whore along with her pajeet boyfriend were holding their ugly mixed raced mutt baby. I recognized the girl to be a former student at my school named Heather Wilcock. I splashed mud over them with the car while speeding past them, although the pajeet and the mutt baby looked exactly the same caked in dirt.

"Fuck race-mixing!" Santa yelled.

After a few hours on the road, we stopped at a gas station. I needed some caffeine to help me continue through the night. Santa was passed out in the passenger seat so I went in alone. To my horror, the cashier was a nigger.

"Hey mane welcome to Floyd's Feed and Seed," the nigger said.

"Thanks," I said trying my best not to say nigger. It was hard as fuck and felt awful, like that feeling when you are trying to hold in a fart when you're with your girlfriend.

I walked to the drinks section. To my surprise and disgust, all the drinks were related to George Floyd and BLM. Such drinks included Coca-Cracka-Cola, Sprite for Niggies and Floyd (Pit) Bull.

"Hey nigger, I mean sir, where do you keep the energy drinks?" I asked.

"Yo crackas dumber than a motherfucka," the nigger chimped. "Look over here dis da energy drinks, niggie. We gots da Floyd (Pit) Bull and Nigga Monster."

"Nigger, those drinks do not contain caffeine, how the fuck can you call those energy drinks?" I said angrily.

"Cracka dat energy drinks don't got no caffeine, our energy drinks gots dat fentanyl to give yo White ass a big boost in energy. So good, yo pale ass will forget how to breathe, you know what I'm saying," the nigger said.

"I won't take fentanyl," I replied.

"Mane get yo ass outta here if yo motherfucka just here to shoplift, you know what dem media be saying how yo crackas be looting and robbing from dem black folk and shit!" the nigger shouted.

I noticed the nigger's name tag, it read Ahmaud Arbery. I punched Ahmaud Arbery's face to which he immediately fell to the floor. I had knocked the nigger out cold with my chad strength.

I walked out of the store with nothing in hand. Without the caffeine, there was no way I could continue to drive at night. I had spent the past few days with little sleep, so I was tired as fuck. I got back into the bat-mobile and drove off. My eyes shut on their own.

The bat-mobile was swerving around the road. Luckily there weren't any other cars on the road as it was 3 AM. Finally the urge to fall asleep took over and my eyes closed for good. When I woke up, I was surprised to see that both Santa and I were still alive. I hadn't crashed the bat-mobile nor did any car crash into it. I checked the GPS to see that we were in Minnesota. Only 2 hours until we reach Minneapolis.

“Wake up Santa,” I said. “We’re almost there.”

You could tell that we were getting closer to Minneapolis as the nicer neighbourhoods turned worse and worse eventually resembling mud huts in Africa. We saw fewer and fewer White people as we made our way deeper.

Eventually we arrived at the place the map had told us to go to. Santa and I got out of the bat-mobile to examine the area. “What, this isn’t George Floyd's childhood home. This is Cup Foods!” I said.

“This is where George Floyd grew up according to info provided by my nigger elves,” Santa said. “The missing presents should be inside.”

We made our way into the abandoned Cup Foods. The store definitely showed wear and tear from the inside.

“Seems like a recent chimpout happened in this establishment,” I said.

“God, I fucking hate niggers,” Santa replied.

We made our way to the deli. The meat in the showcase was greyish green with rot. It smelled like a nigger mud hut. I made my way to the back of the showcase when I tripped on something.

“What the fuck!” I exclaimed as I fell to the floor. Since I was jacked as shit, I took little to no damage from the fall.

I looked down to see what I had tripped on. It was a wooden trapdoor. I opened the trapdoor to find a staircase.

“So that’s where the presents are being kept,” I said.

Santa formed a shotgun with his magical powers. I noticed it was the same shotgun that Ronnie McNutt used to kill himself judging by the pieces of gore still stuck on it.

“This is for protection, in case George Floyd is down there,” Santa said as he loaded the shotgun. We descended the stairs only to be met with a putrid musty stench.

“Smells like some nigga died and its body is rotting,” Santa snickered.

There was a large narrow corridor at the bottom of the staircase. There was a faint light coming from the end of the corridor.

“Santa, we need to hurry,” I said. “I have a bad feeling about this.”

At the end of the corridor, there was a large room where all the presents were being kept just as Santa and I had thought. To my surprise, they were all George Floyd and Ronnie McNutt toys.

“Wow, this is going to be a ***based*** christmas,” I said.

There were at least 6 million human size George Floyd toys and hundreds of thousands of George Floyd toys, Ronnie McNutt toys, Derek Chauvin toys and even the Among Us toys.

“Now the problem is how: How are we going to get all these toys out of this room?” I said.

“Ho Ho Ho, don’t worry, " Santa said. Santa used his magical powers to teleport all the presents outside the Cup Foods along with the two of us.

“Now all we need to do is call my reindeer to Minneapolis,” Santa said.

Seeing all the ***based*** toys gave me a spark of hope, to know that there are so many ***based*** racist White chads in the world put a smile on my face, however that was quickly ruined when I heard a gut wrenching noise coming from inside the Cup Foods.

“OOO OOO EEE EEE AH AH, niggie. Big Floyd won’t let yo pale asses undermine everything I’ve done, motherfucka,” a raspy voice said. Santa and I froze upon hearing the hellish voice.

I looked inside the cup foods where I heard the voice but it was pitch black. That’s when a dark figure emerged from the shadows.

It was George Floyd.

However, something was off, George Floyd was wearing a Santa hat and an ugly Christmas sweater that said “Naughty” on the top with an image of the Grinch.

“Ayo mane, I’m da real grinch and I’m about to steal yo whitey christmas,” George Floyd cackled. “You dumb nigger,” I said. “You are outnumbered 2 to 1 and this here is the real Santa Claus.”

“He will smoke your ass nigga,” I added in a nigger accent mocking George Floyd.

“OOGA BOOGA, you are mistaken mane,” George Floyd said, pounding his chest as if he were a silverback gorilla. Suddenly, an army of George Floyd snowmen came out from the snow.

“Mane y’all pale monkeys are the ones who are outnumbered,” George Floyd said.

“We are the George Floyd snowmen legion,” the snowmen said in unison. “We need yo air crackas.”

I remembered that the bat-mobile had built in nigger destroying missiles, however the bat-mobile was nowhere to be seen because some random niggers off the street had carjacked it using their nigger carjacking powers.

Santa gunned down as many George Floyd snowmen as he could until the shotgun ran out of ammo. “I guess that’s it,” Santa said in defeat.

“Hehehe mane, now Christmas will be a black holiday for yung niggies only,” George Floyd giggled. “Yo crackas will know how it feels to get coal for Christmas.”

“Why do you want to ruin Christmas?” I asked, trying to get George Floyd to feel any bit of remorse his black heart had.

“Cuz I’m evil and shit nigga, I will sell all dis George Floyd toy merchandise to pay for my fentanyl and pregnant women OnlyFans, “George Floyd said excitedly.

The George Floyd snowmen surrounded Santa and me. I punched the snowmen with my chad strength to no avail. The snowmen were hard as iron and my hands began to bleed. The closer the snowmen got, the more lightheaded Santa and I felt. They seemed to be stealing our air.

“Ah shit, I can’t breathe, ' Santa and I said in unison.

*To die by an army of George Floyd snowmen is more cucked and embarrassing than when my dad was almost killed by one or when Ronnie shot himself,* I thought.

“I guess that’s it,” I said. But this is not where the story ended.

All of a sudden, a miracle happened. I looked up to see Santa's reindeer along with Mrs. Claus who looked like Equinox Autumn. Rudolph and the others bit off the heads of the George Floyd snowmen simultaneously.

“Ah shit, we can’t breathe," the George Floyd snowmen legion said as they began to melt away. Santa and I no longer felt lightheaded. I checked the street corner and saw the one thing capable of killing George Floyd.

I saw the bat-mobile, however there were a bunch of niggers around it. “Damn nigga, dat bat-mobile look fresh and shit. We is definitely stealing dis car,” the niggers said. I used the keys to remotely start the bat-mobile. I activated its self-defence system. A large arsenal of missiles came out from under the hood. Upon detecting the nigger criminals, the missiles fired and blew the niggers faces off Ronnie McNutt style.

The bat-mobile then charged at George Floyd with full force. I heard a nasty crack as the bat-mobile ran over George Floyd. I looked to see that the nigger’s spine had been broken.

“Ah shit, I can’t walk,” George Floyd chimped.

I got into the bat-mobile and fired missile after missile straight at George Floyd. I had used up all of the missiles in the bat-mobile and when the dust cleared, I saw George Floyd–or rather what was left of the nigger.

The lower half of George Floyd's body had been blown off and reduced to atoms. There was blood and guts covering every side of the street. It was gross as fuck, but I was able to tolerate it due to all the gore I’ve watched. I noticed that George Floyd was attempting to crawl away from the scene. But every time he tried to move, more organs and broken bones would fall out of his upper body.

“Ah fuck mane, dis shit hurting me,” George Floyd cried. “Mama, I love you mama!” George Floyd dragged the rest of his body to the entrance of cup foods when he was stopped by Santa.

"Ho Ho Ho, you've been a naughty nigger," Santa said shotgun in hand. Santa shot George Floyd in the face at point blank range. But I was shocked to see that George Floyd was still alive. His massive monkey lips had been blown off which exposed his teeth.

"I can't breathe," George Floyd said.

"Ho Ho Ho nigger," Santa said. "Killing you is an act of mercy, I'm going to enjoy this very much." Santa chuckled as he called his reindeers over. "Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, Blitzen and Rudolph, eat this nigger."

I watched in horror as the 9 reindeers began to tear George floyd's body apart. George Floyd's blood curdling screams still ring out every time I try to sleep at night, truly the sounds of hell.

"Ah fuck, deers eating my lungs, I can't breathe," George Floyd screamed. I grimaced as when the reindeers were done all that remained of George Floyd was his big mushroom-like nose.

His existence had been completely erased. All he will be remembered by was that he was a nigger who couldn't breathe. Although George Floyd was a dirty criminal nigger who pointed a gun to a pregnant woman, I couldn't help but feel an ounce of sympathy towards the nigger upon seeing his gruesome death.

"Thank you boy," Santa said to me after the battle had ended. "Christmas is saved and the evil nigger George Floyd has been vanquished."

I tried to form a word but I couldn't say anything, still stunned by what I had just witnessed. Santa noticed that my eyes were wide open in awe and fear.

"Boy, I can see that this experience had an effect on you," Santa said, trying to comfort me. A 17 year old boy like yourself isn't ready to experience some of the nightmarish horrors that exist in the world. I will make it up to you. I will let you come help me deliver the presents to ***based*** chads on Christmas and afterwards we can give coal to all the niggers and other dirty minorities."

I smiled. "I would love to help," I said.

"Ho Ho Ho, lets get out of this nigger shithole," Santa said as we left Minneapolis on the sleigh, which now had a booster able to hold our weight.

Christmas, my favourite holiday ever. Not for the presents or vacation, not for the time spent with family. But the time spent on giving presents to ***based*** racists and shitting on niggers who thought they were going to have a good holiday. Remember these words, when its Christmas, the only thing a negro deserves is something as dark as itself, be it coal or even poop. That's all a nigger deserves. Anyways, fuck niggers and have a wonderful christmas to all the ***based*** racist chads.

**Do Not Buy the George Floyd Burger**

By Igot Quality

Hello there, my name is Tuck Frannies and I am a professional food critic. I get hired by companies from all over the globe to taste test new items before they are released to the public. As much as I love my job, there is a concerning message I need to tell all of you. But I have a lot to explain before I can say it.

Another important fact about me is that I refuse to work with faggots or niggers. They are disgusting human beings who should be left alone in the dark forever. I have been called out by several SJW fags for my decision but every time they go raging in my Instagram DMs, I always ask them how their relationship with their father is and they block me. Some of them kill themselves right after they do that. I am very proud to have contributed to raising the LGBT suicide rate. But anyways I need to get back to the main story before I start venting.

One day, I was on a Discord call with my friends where we were talking about the tranny suicide rate. "I have a dream that one day, all faggots and niggers will be dead," one of my friends known as The Liberal Terminator said. We all agreed as we heiled through our webcams. I then decided to check my email for any updates on if any niggers had died. You see I have a subscription for a site called arethenigersdead.com, where every hour I get an email saying how many niggers have died in the previous hour. I was just about to click on the message when I saw that I had received an email from the CEO of Mcdonald's.

"Hello Tuck Frannies, we at McDonald's see your professional record and think you would be a perfect fit to try a new item that we are about to release to the public. We will pay you $2 million if you accept this offer. We are waiting for you at the McDonald's down the street from your house. Meet us there in 10 minutes. See you there."

Immediately after seeing the message, I got on my business clothes, hopped in my car, and drove to McDonald's. "Holy shit, $2 million?" I said to myself. This seemed WAY too good to be true. I have never been even remotely close to receiving that much money from one tasting session. When I walked into the McDonald's, I saw 3 niggers and a tranny waiting for me.

"Have a seat," one of them said.

I wanted to sprint the fuck out of that store but then I remembered the $2 million I was supposed to earn from this, but my mind was also getting twisted of confusion. The person I was talking with on the phone did not sound like a nigger or a tranny. I took a seat as they demanded. I just hoped that whatever was going to happen was going to be quick and painless.

"Hello Tuck, we see you are a professional food critic. We want you to test our new George Floyd burger. We are trying to raise awareness for the Black Lives Matter movement as they have fallen into irrelevance in the past few months."

"As that piece of shit movement fucking deserves." I said to myself.

The burger looked the exact same as a Quarter Pounder. I checked the insides of the burger to make sure there were no hidden features in it. There were none. I slowly took a bite of the burger, which tasted the exact same as a Quarter Pounder. I started eating the burger more quickly, and I also bought myself some fries and a Dr. Pepper to go along with my meal. Around 5 to 10 minutes later, I was finished with my meal. I asked them for my money. One of the niggers told me they were going to put the money in my bank account next week. That should have already been a huge red flag for me. I have been taste testing food for 15 years now and the companies that I have tested for have always put the money in my bank account immediately after I was done eating the food.

"We are glad that you have become a brotha of us. Have a good day my nigga." the nigger said to me.

I didn't think much of that statement at the time but holy shit I am so fucking mad at myself for not doing anything about it. I went home and went back on the Discord call with the Liberal Termination crew. We started playing a **[redacted]** Mosque shooting simulator game on Roblox. I had a blast McNutting all of those little faggots heads open. We played that game for around 5 hours before I realized it was 7 AM and that I needed to sleep.

I remember I had a strange dream where I was trans. At the time, I had no idea why I would ever dream of such a fucking nightmare. But when I woke up, I looked at my arm and panicked. I went into my bathroom and saw myself in the mirror. It was one of the most horrifying sights in all of history. I was a nigger tranny. That's right. Not only was I an ugly ass nigger, but I was also an even uglier ass tranny. But it gets even worse. When I tried to scream, the only thing that came out of my mouth were the words "Black Lives Matter." My heart started pounding even more. I tried to call 911 but all that came out was "Trans Rights are human rights."

Now I understood what the nigger at Mcdonald's meant when he said he was glad I had become a brotha. There must have been something in that burger that turned me into this monstrosity. I then tried driving to the emergency center but then realized I suddenly became absolute dogshit at driving. I almost hit ten people while driving on my own street. I then realized I had also acquired traits of a nigger. I realized I had a pistol in my pocket and when I inspected it, I started shooting at random civilians. I then got out of my car and mugged eight people. I attempted to kill myself as my entire reputation had been ruined in minutes but my arms were moving the gun to shoot at other people. Seconds later, I got tackled and cuffed by a police officer. I then started resisting arrest and I somehow, despite being cuffed, managed to shoot another civilian in the head, instantly killing them. I was then shot in my back several times and brought into the police car.

"Black Lives Matter Black Lives Matter," I shouted in the police car.

I was then taken to a cell with some White people who looked super tough and ***based***. I started shouting "Black Lives Matter" again and right when I did, I was beaten mercilessly as I deserved. It seems as if I have somewhat reclaimed control over my actions as well, as I am typing this story right now. I am currently hiding in the warden's office while typing this story up. I went on YouTube in this room as my brainwashed self looked up some BLM propaganda videos. When I clicked on one of them, I saw an ad for the new George Floyd Burger, coming soon to McDonald's locations. Not only that but according to the ad, McDonald's is paying people $500K to try it. I became enraged when I saw that ad. McDonald's is now going to brainwash millions of innocent people into becoming nigger criminals.

I am sharing this story with you to expose the truth about McDonald's. Boycott them. Do not try any of their food because they are trying to spread pro-nigger propaganda. And whatever you do, DO NOT TRY THE GEORGE FLOYD BURGER UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES. The $500K is not worth it. Oh shit, I think I can hear other prisoners busting down the door right now. Just don't eat the George Floyd Burger, I don't want any of you ***based*** bros to end up like this. Goodbye.

**George Floyd Went Trick or Treating in My Neighborhood**

By Jordan Cleeman

It was finally Halloween. The spooky season we all know of. Even though I am a grown ass man, I still enjoy the holiday because I get joy from handing out treats. I live in one of those large neighborhoods,which gives me the opportunity to do this often. The treats I usually give out are full size candy bars and two litre soda bottles because I am a privileged White male.

However, I really only hand these out to children who follow a specific criteria. For one, I only give treats to kids who aren't niggers or Jews. You see, I am a racist person so obviously I am not going to bother with delighting those disgusting, useless members of society. For example, whenever a group of children pulls up to my front door, I'd make each of them take off their costumes to do a skin and nose check. If I saw that one of them was a nigger or a Jew, I would call them a filthy skunk and chase them off my lawn with a chainsaw. Another criterion is the children have to be racist at least to some degree. Right before I would hand out the candy, I would kindly ask them to say the word "nigger" before they got their treats.

Now, some of you liberals reading this may think of me as a monster for doing this. Well, that is incorrect because I am doing society a long term favour by rewarding children for becoming racists.

So far, my rules have helped prevent my home from being robbed by nigger criminals since I don't give them any treats. However, what happened on this particular Halloween night was an exception. It is kind of a weird story, but I will articulate it here to the best of my ability. Here it goes: George Floyd went trick-or-treating in my neighborhood.

It started when I was on my couch watching horror movies during Halloween night. Mind you, though I live in a large neighborhood as said above, it isn't super concentrated with an overwhelming number of trick-or-treaters. It gives me enough breathing room to enjoy movies while handing out treats.

At that specific moment, I was bingeing the Michael Myers Halloween movies. I love watching them because apparently, Michael Myers is a homophobe. Along with my racism, I am a faggot hater. Anyways, that is besides the point. I was about to see the scene where Micheal Myers was going to attack a black lady when I heard my doorbell ring.

"God damn it, it's almost my favourite part," I said to myself.

I sprint over to my front door to answer it. I was met at the door by this African family. A mother and her two kids. I immediately gagged.

"This is a no nigger zone. No candy for you monkeys!" I yelled.

I grabbed my chainsaw from the shelf beside me and ran at the family while working the chainsaw. It scared off those dumb apes with ease. After that, I laughed my ass off like a badass for pulling off that bit of epic trolling. I closed the door and resumed watching the movie, thinking life is good and all. I was enjoying the scene where Michael Myers was murdering the negress when I felt my phone vibrate. It was a call from my next door neighbour, Phil.

"Hello, what's up?", I said..

"Hello William-komen. I have something important to tell you," Phil began. "I've been hearing reports from other neighbours that there is a black man in a bunny costume trying to break into homes. I would suggest you lock your doors and windows and to peek through your door before answering it."

"Alright, thanks for the heads up Phil."

"Yeah no problem. Good luck and remember, fuck niggers."

After I hung up, I closed every window blind and made sure all doors were locked. Usually, I don't take warnings like these seriously because a lot of my neighbours tend to easily get paranoid. But I am well aware that Halloween is a breeding ground for niggers committing crimes. The man in the bunny costume was apparently black, which was why I took those extra precautions this time.

It was then I heard a gentle, yet suspicious knock on my front door. I paused the movie and made my way there. As I walked closer to the anterior of the house, my heart began racing. It was as if a part of me told me not to peek through the peephole, even though it was harmless. Like a spider sense. I still went with it anyway. I focused my left eye through the scope and saw it. A man in a bunny costume. He was staring into my door, holding a pumpkin shaped candy bucket. I could tell he had gone through a lot, because the bunny costume was covered in a layer of dirt, rendering the fabric a darker tint than white. Despite the shadiness of all this, I was still not entirely sure whether it was the nigger bunny costume man that my neighbor warned me about on the phone or not. Keep in mind, the mask was still covering the wearer's entire face. I looked at the mask component of the bunny suit and noticed that there was a zipper on it. I opened my mouth to speak.

"Hey dude, can you show your face to confirm you aren't a coon?" I asked through the door.

"Ooga booga. Trick or fentanyl," he responded.

Based on his voice, I was able to tell it was a nigger who was wearing the bunny costume. Most likely the man I was warned about.

"Hey, you better show your face. I am not playing around here!" I yelled.

I was surprised to see the bunny costumed man raise his other hand to the bunny mask's zipper. What I saw behind the mask after he unzipped it shocked me. It was George Floyd.

"Holy shit. What the fuck are you doing in my property, you criminal ape?" I asked. "You are supposed to be in hell."

"Ooga booga, I won't leave until you give me fentanyl candy please." Floyd chimped.

"I don't even have that shit. Get the fuck off my lawn or I will chainsaw your lungs."

George Floyd then pulled out this long black cylinder shaped object from his pocket, then attached it between his legs. It was a black dildo. He turned his bunny costume into a furry costume.

"Me angry. You must either give me a pack of air heads or fentanyl infused candy or else I will rape you with my furry bunny costume." George Floyd said.

It was then, I realized how bad this situation was. Not only was he a nigger, he was a nigger furry. A truly disgusting combination. I had enough of this. I grabbed my chainsaw and then opened the door.

"Get the fuck out of here you nigger pest." I said as I ran at him with the chainsaw.

"Oh no shit, chainsaws are my weakness!" George Floyd said as he ran away.

It struck me as a bit odd that he was this easily scared off since niggers usually have too low of an IQ to understand how dangerous chainsaws are. But I was just glad he was now gone. Or so I thought.

I decided that I had enough of niggers for the night, so I settled to call it a night and go to bed. I packed up the remainder of the treats into the pantry, and then made my way to the bathroom to clean up. Because I had to deal with so many niggers that night, I took a long warm shower. It felt so damn good not having to see a nigger for a good few minutes. However, that did not last long.

It was quite subtle, but I heard the sound of breathing through the noise of the shower head. I quickly realized that the breathing sound was far out of sync from mine. I switched off the water and then opened the shower curtain.

What I saw staring back at me made me jump out of my skin. It was George floyd standing right in front of the shower.

The nigger furfag managed to break in.

“Hehehe, I’ve been watching you shower the whole time main. Now please give me some fentanyl candy or airheads.”

George Floyd looked down and grabbed the bunny costume’s strap-on dildo.

“Okay main, you asked for it. I will now rape you with mah furry costume.” he chimped.

I was out of ideas. Because I wasn’t wearing any clothes, I thought I didn’t have anything to defend myself with. But little did he know, I could use my environment to my advantage. I soon realized that George Floyd having that Velcro bunny mask on gave him a clear weakness. Breathing.

I was fully pumped with adrenaline, ready to take on this nigger furry. I grabbed the shower head, detaching it and then grabbed one of the flaps of George Floyd’s bunny mask. With my foot, I turned on the water tap and then sprayed the water in George Floyd’s bunny mask, filling it up. George Floyd tried to escape my grip, but my adrenaline filled racist gigachad strength was simply too much for him.

Once his bunny mask was completely filled with the shower water, I zipped it shut, preventing the water from escaping. George Floyd was now drowning inside his mask.

“Oh shit main. Water inside my mask. I can’t breathe!” George Floyd gurgled.

“That’s what you get for being a nigger furry!” I shouted.

I then found some duct tape in the counter and used it to completely seal the zipper, so George Floyd had no chance of opening the mask to let the water out.

After two minutes, he finally drowned to death. Well, not exactly. When his body dropped to the floor, I saw a dark brown aura escape through the furry suit, ascending into the air. At the same time, the suit appeared to deflate until there was no longer a corpse inside it.

I stepped on the costume to confirm. George Floyd’s dead body had completely vanished.

I was quite confused because there was no way corpses could decompose that quickly. But I soon realized this wasn’t actually George Floyd himself. It was actually his ghost.

That was my most rational explanation at least. It is said that some spirits of dead people enter the real world on Halloween night, so George Floyd just so happened to be one of them.

Moral of the story: if you see George Floyd in that furry costume show up to your house, pour water into his bunny mask to drown him. It will send his spirit back to Hell.

**We Hunted the Floyd Witch**

By Jordan Cleeman

This past Halloween was crazy for me. Not the ordinary ritual of going from home to home asking for candy. Not even handing out treats. It was a truly breathtaking one that made me question whether I should kill myself or not. As much as I’d always love a spooky Halloween, it was way too much this time. I am going to tell you about my breathtaking encounter with the Floyd witch.

I was reading the newspaper on the day before Halloween. October 30th. I know that in the modern day there's very little reason to read newspapers when everyone can access news articles for free on the internet. However, it is a common practice for the printing press here in Minneapolis to write articles that appear exclusively in the local newspaper. Nowhere else. I am the kind of person who likes to know every little detail of what's going on provincially, so I think it is worth paying the thirty dollar fee every month.

One of the sections in Minneapolis's newspaper revolves around reporting missing people. You know, that one page full of mugshot style portraits or police sketches. I am particularly interested in this sort of news because it reminds me of the dangers of niggers. You see, niggers commit fifty percent of the crimes despite only making up thirteen percent of the population. And an even larger percentage of kidnappings are committed by them. Whenever I’d read the missing persons section of the newspaper, half of the ones with a kidnapper involved report niggers being the perpetrator. I know it’s very unsurprising, but it is still very important information for those who may forget the dangerousness of black people.

Anyway, enough of my rambling about niggers. Back to the story. I was scanning through the page when I noticed what one of the headlines said. Large numbers of pregnant women were reported to have mysteriously gone missing lately. One hundred and fifty-nine this week. The reasons were unknown. To put this into perspective, only fifteen non-pregnant women were reported to have gone missing the past week. To me, the pattern seemed a bit strange because I wouldn't see a reason why a kidnapper would be interested in holding a pregnant woman hostage versus otherwise. They're more difficult to carry away and raping them would be nasty as fuck. And it doesn't seem feasible for such a large percentage of pregnant women to go missing all of a sudden. I was very curious about this. The newspaper doesn't show content that is anything but facts, so no speculative information was present. I decided to go on the internet and read up on what other people thought about it. I went to the official Minneapolis community forum.

From there, I was suggested various threads that discussed recent events and news related content. After some scrolling, I finally found a discussion post that dealt with the missing pregnant women. Most of the replies were from people who just shrugged it off as a pure coincidence. I was one of those types to not believe in the supernatural, so I was all for those posts. However, this time around, I was a bit skeptical of the idea that a whopping one hundred and fifty nine pregnant women were missing due to a chance event. I had this strong feeling in me that there was a single entity out there responsible for the disappearances. I decided to scroll further. Keep in mind, the way these threads work is that upvoted comments appear first. That meant I had to scroll quite far to get to the more controversial comments. When I reached page five, I began to find more interesting takes on the situation. One of the comments was from an anonymous person who believed a rapist with a kink for pregnant women was responsible for it. I found that idea to be too comical to be true. After some further scrolling, I came across this particularly intriguing post. It was written by a man named Ronnie McNutt. He believed that it was a supernatural kidnapper who was responsible for the pregnant women's disappearances. Below that, he provided an elaborated explanation which stated:

"Hello guys, my name is Ronnie McNutt. I think an evil witch out there was the one who captured all those women. I know this myself because, the other day, I was walking in the woods while running my daily errands. I was minding my own business when I saw a pregnant lady with her husband. I waved at them as we passed by each other. But all of a sudden, an unfathomably fast green figure ran past and snatched the pregnant lady, far faster than husband was able to react. Immediately, he tried to run in the direction that the green entity had ran, but was simply too slow for it. I was very confused about what happened because it all happened in the snap of a finger. While the husband stopped to catch his breath, I went up to him and asked him about what the hell just happened. He explained to me that some sick fuck took his pregnant wife. After I finished my walk, I went home and did some research on what that creature could have been. Based on my searches about the particular forest and entity I saw, I found a lot of rumours popping up describing a mysterious cryptid labelled the Minneapolis Witch. At first I did not believe they were real, but after some surfing, I became very convinced that the rumours of the Minneapolis witch are real. If anyone here is down to hunt this creature with me this Halloween, direct message me."

After reading what that Ronnie McNutt guy posted, I was much more interested in the case than before. I was interested in an extra spooky Halloween this year, so I shot a DM to Ronnie McNutt. To my surprise, he responded in only a matter of seconds. He told me that nobody else so far messaged him about it, so he was happy to have me come along with him for the witch hunt. For the next few hours, we discussed a plan. Ronnie told me that he had a trusty shotgun that he will use in order to kill the witch if we find one. We also discussed where we were to go tomorrow to meet up.

"Meet me at the [**redacted**] woods tomorrow evening, six o'clock PM sharp." Ronnie messaged me.

"Sounds good to me." I replied.

The next day, I drove over to the [**redacted**] forest around evening time. It was one I haven't been to in my life despite being born here in Minneapolis. It looked rather huge, judging by the height of the trees. Shortly after I parked my car, I saw a black van pull up beside me. As I waited, I saw a man with short purple hair and glasses come out. I knew it was Ronnie McNutt because he matched the profile picture in the forums. He spotted me and waved his shotgun to acknowledge my presence. I got out of my car.

"Hello Ronnie, how's your day been going?",I asked.

"Good, I just finished busting a nut to the nudes of my ex, Equinox Autumn." Ronnie said.

After we introduced ourselves, we started to head into the forest. As we went deeper, it became dark fast since the trees covered a lot of the ground. I could immediately tell this was the kind of forest that would have witches roaming around. We strode around the woods for hours, but could not find any trace of a witch. I was beginning to consider turning back to give up, when I noticed this enigmatic beam of light shining from a distance. I tapped Ronnie in the shoulder and pointed at it.

"Oh boy, this has got to be it." he said in his Southern accent.

We followed the light. The closer we were to it, the more it took shape. Eventually, it became clear that it was a well-lit wooden hut in the middle of the woods. It looked very worn out, even though it was evident there was someone or something living in it.

Once Ronnie and I stepped into the porch, we peeked through one of the front windows. It looked a lot like the Demon's Lair from Insidious with all the bright lights for how eerie this place was. The interior of the hut was quite compact, only being around one hundred square meters. Finally, I landed my eyes onto something so disgusting, it burned into my memory. On the further right corner of the room was a pile of the corpses of deceased pregnant women. At least twenty of them were there, compressed into a knot of bodies. But the fact that they were dead wasn't the gross part. Each of their bellies appeared to have been cut open, revealing the opening of the uterus which lacks a fetus. Whoever slaughtered those pregnant women is a sick fuck, who for some reason wanted to harvest their unborn babies.

Ronnie then noticed the horrible sight and then rammed the butt of his shotgun against the window. It completely shattered the window glass. One by one, we both crawled in. We were immediately met by the putrid odor of the rotten remains of the pregnant women. It smelt like rotten eggs. But we had a mission to do, so we tried our best to ignore it. It was then, I spotted a door that I hadn't noticed through the outer window. I motioned Ronnie to follow me, and opened it. The new room we entered looked to be the bedroom of a witch, because I saw this extremely ugly looking humanoid lying in a bed snoring. I stepped closer to examine the thing in more detail. Its face. It had some of the most hideous facial features I've ever seen. It had a nigger nose, except its length was exaggerated to extreme proportions. Far longer than the nose of a Jew, yet with the chunkiness of a nigger nose. I then took a look at its lips. Holy smokes were they fat. It was then I realized this was no ordinary witch. It was a nigger witch. Because of my powerful hatred towards niggers of in form, I ordered to Ronnie out loud to blast this nigger witch out of this world with his shotgun. With his surprisingly excellent aim, Ronnie pump shotgunned the nigger witch in the head. However, my blood ran cold as I saw that all the shotgun pellets got absorbed by its greenish brown skin. The nigger witch then woke up as a result of the shotgun blast. It sprung out of its bed then turned its ugly nigger Jew face to Ronnie and me.

"Oo ee ee aa aa, how dare you wake me up from my beauty sleep." it said in this raspy ape-like voice. Its tone resembled that of the voice of George Floyd.

"Who the fuck are you and why do you have all those dead pregnant women in here?" I asked.

"Oh, let me introduce myself main. I am the Floyd Witch. Every day, I search around this vast forest for vulnerable pregnant women, so that I can steal their unborn fetuses."

I raised my voice. "Okay nigger, but why the fuck do you need those fetuses?"

"I need them because they are a key ingredient to my fentanyl recipe."

The Floyd Witch then made its way to this large closet-like door to the right of the bed. It used its scrawny wart-covered hands to open it, revealing a large cauldron. Ronnie and I stepped closer.

"Hehehe. Check it out mains, this is mah work so far. Hehehe, no touchy please." the Floyd Witch cackled.

I took a look at the contents of the cauldron. It was rather sickening to see. I saw what looked to be the dissolved tissue of dead fetuses, submerged into a mysterious white colored substance. It looked like it was beginning to form liquid fentanyl.

"Hehehe, what do y'all think about my recipe mains?" the Floyd Witch asked laughingly.

I couldn't believe that nigger witch had the audacity to laugh after doing such messed up shit. I ran at it and attempted to tackle it. However, its seemingly rock solid bones were too strong despite my racist gigachad energy.

“Hehehe, you too weak main.” the Floyd Witch cackled once again.

Whatever this thing was, it had to have some kind of mystical power that enables it to be stronger than any ordinary nigger. Ronnie shot at it with his shotgun again, but the pellets still didn’t affect it at all. All it did was anger the Floyd Witch.

“Oo oo Ee Ee Ah Ah, nigga mad. I will now show you mains the wrath of I, the Floyd Witch.” it boomed.

The Floyd Witch then cast a spell on Ronnie. I looked at him as his belly started to expand. I knew where this was headed to. Ronnie was rapidly becoming pregnant despite being a man. I didn’t know how the fuck this worked. The Floyd Witch must’ve had the ability to turn people into trannies, which in turn, somehow instantly rendered them pregnant.

It was only a matter of seconds before Ronnie had that nine months pregnant look. He looked at his belly, horrified.

“Oh no I am now a tranny, I guess I’m gonna kill myself,” Ronnie said. “Hey guys, I guess that's it.”

Ronnie aimed his shotgun to his own belly and pulled the trigger, killing himself. His pregnant belly exploded, with all the uterus flesh flying everywhere. The Floyd Witch let out an ear piercing laugh.

“Hehehehehe, I have again obtained yet another dead fetus.” it said as it took the dead embryo from Ronnie’s open belly wound.

I was scared as fuck at this point. What the fuck was there to do in order to defeat this green nigger who has the ability to indirectly kill men by turning them into suicidal pregnant trannies?

Because I also hate trannies with all my guts, I really didn’t want to turn into one like Ronnie did.

I was desparate as fuck to eliminate this nigger witch. So I did the most random thing I could think of. I noticed how fucking easily it was to get this Witch to laugh. Perhaps what I could do is tell it a joke so funny that it’ll laugh to death.

“Hey nigger witch, I got a joke for you,” I began. “Why did the chicken cross the road?”.

“Ooga booga, me don't know.” it said.

“To get to the other side.”

Even though that was the worst joke I’ve ever told, it got the Floyd witch cackling extremely hard.

“Oh shit, hee hee hee hee hahaha. Oh shit, I am running out of air from laughing. MAKE IT STOP, MAKE IT STOP!” it pleaded as it cackled like an actual witch from the movies.

Eventually, its brownish green skin became pale, indicating its lack of oxygen intake. The Floyd Witch’s bones appeared to gradually weaken as it ran out of air. I took this opportunity to kick it in the ribs. It completely shattered its bones, killing it.

After I was certain that it was dead, I ran the fuck out of the hut as fast as I could. Even though that nigger witch was finally dead, my mental state was still fucked up at this point from witnessing Ronnie McNutts unimaginably horrible fate of turning into a tranny.

Once I made it to my car, I went inside and tried to process everything that just happened. Although I bully rape victims online, I was traumatized to the core. After I finally calmed myself, I fired up my car and sped away.

As I am typing this while I am driving, I noticed that I am beginning to have slight suicidal thoughts. I am not sure if I am correct, but when the Floyd Witch used its tranny spell on Ronnie McNutt, I think a sprinkle of it affected me. I know for sure that if I do become a full-on tranny eventually, I will McNutt myself because being a subhuman tranny is the last thing I ever want in life.

Moral of the story, if you see the Floyd Witch, avoid it at all costs. Or else it will transform you into a suicidal pregnant tranny so that it can steal your fetus, which it will then use to make its fentanyl recipe.

**George Floyd Is the True Solution to the Fermi Paradox**

By Jordan Cleeman

The Fermi paradox. One of the most controversial topics of discussion that we've been trying to solve for the past centuries. For the dumbasses who don't know what the Fermi paradox is, it is the idea that we should have had contact with aliens long ago because of the very high number of civilizations estimated to be out there in the universe. In other words, the Fermi Paradox is the contradiction between the lack of evidence of extraterrestrial life and the high probability of it.

Numerous unknown explanations have arisen over time. For example, some argue that there is a predatory civilization out there that we aren't aware of. Because of how dangerous it is, all the other alien species are hiding from it. Thus far, this theory is the most favorable amongst astronomers and the general public. This is also one of the most unsettling explanations we've come up with. But trust me, I know for myself it isn't exactly correct. In fact, I know the real solution to the Fermi paradox.

Disclaimer: if you are the type who is sensitive or mentally vulnerable, I do not suggest you continue reading this. Only the ones who are truly prepared to know the truth shall be able to digest what I am about to reveal to the public.

Before I begin, I need to explain some things about myself. I am an astronaut who works at a space exploration company that I will not specify for your safety. How I got this job was mostly a happenstance event. Believe it or not, I have never been to college nor had any interest in pursuing a degree. Just an ordinary man who worked at a fast food joint. Nothing special skill wise. It was one day when I was at my shift as a cashier, when some White man in a suit went up to me to order. But he didn't order food at all. He requested me to have a quick chat with him in secret. I agreed because I was bored as fuck, so I went with it.

He told me that I was randomly selected to participate in a study where I'd be sent to outer space in a small space shuttle. My job was to keep an eye out for any radio signals being emitted by extraterrestrial civilizations. All I was assigned to do was constantly wear headsets and listen for any strange sounds. The pay was supposed to be extremely good. I fucking hated my job as a fast food cashier because of having to deal with nigger customers on a daily basis, so I happily agreed to it.

The company had me undergo some basic training via gravity simulations and regular launch protocols. I was also taught how to use the radio which was to be used for receiving any extraterrestrial signals. I actually found it to be very intriguing because it is capable of receiving radio waves from trillions of miles away from Earth. While I was using one for the demo, I was able to sense eerie sounds that ranged from outside of the Milky Way. It was a bit creepy, yet fascinating.

I was eventually deemed ready to be launched into space within a couple weeks. I'll admit, I was very excited about it because let's face it: becoming an astronaut is probably almost every boy's childhood dream at some point.

Once they were ready to initiate the experiment, I was paired up with this one other astronaut in a very compact space shuttle. Of course, it is impossible to stay awake 24/7 listening for alien signals, so I would definitely need a partner to take over my task while I rest. The space shuttle contained countless amounts of computer equipment and a bunch of medical supplies and food for maintaining our vitals during the course of the prolonged mission. We were assigned to only travel within the distance between the earth and the moon, so the actual flight time wasn't all too long. However, because of the low probability of alien contact, we were to stay in space for three months. That meant no contact with my family and friends for that time span. To be honest, I was fine with that because my family is full of libtard nigger lovers anyway.

We were then launched into space shortly after. I felt my stomach drop as the ship ascended at great speeds. I have to admit, nothing in my weeks of training prepared me for it. I even vomited a few times in the span that we were in the atmosphere, looking like the Ronnie McNutt video, except it was puke instead of blood.

Three days later, we finally made it to our destination. It wasn't anywhere near the Earth nor the moon. Essentially outer space. After we were settled, my partner and I finally introduced ourselves.

"Hello, my name is Kas Gikes." I initiated.

"Haha nice name you got there. I'm Paul."

We shook hands. I then decided to ask the question that I ask every person I first meet.

“So Paul, do you hate niggers?”

“Yes I do.” he responded.

I was lit up with excitement. It was about time I got to hang out with a racist man for months straight. While we hooked up our headsets to the satellite, we talked to each other about how much we hated niggers and how they contribute absolutely nothing to society for the rest of the day. Despite us not receiving any signals from aliens the whole time, I still enjoyed it because of our ***based*** conversations.

Near the end of the day, I began to feel very drowsy. I notified Paul of this and he was more than happy to continue listening while I got some sleep.

Now keep in mind, perception of time is a lot different here than on Earth. Specifically, time flies a lot faster in space for us than on Earth. Because of this, my eight hour sleep feels more or less a few seconds. I woke up the next morning after what felt like an instant. I tapped Paul in the shoulder to show that I was now well rested and I could take over. He accepted and so I hooked myself with the radio receivers.

And for the rest of the day, I just sat my ass in front of the radio. I’ll admit, it was a very boring process because half the time, I was listening to the same ambient sounds. As much as I was intrigued by the noise of deep space, it got stale very quickly. It wasn’t like I could go on my phone or anything because the space shuttles had very limited electricity supply. Charging my phone up here would be an overall impractical use of it.

But the radio wasn’t simply just a device where we wait and listen. There were numerous toggles and switches that we could use to adjust frequency levels. As instructed by our superiors, I was to set it to remain within the one thousand hertz range, because that is what we’ve estimated to have the highest probability of alien contact. An important thing to note is that the radio can only be set to one frequency at once, so setting it to a different range than recommended would net a high possibility of missing out on any radio signals from civilizations. But since it was only a recommendation, it didn’t mean I wasn’t allowed to tune it to a different frequency at all. Since I was bored, that's what I did.

I gently adjusted the analog to the 2,000 hertz range. It was then, I was instantly met with this ear piercing static feed. I quickly lowered the volume because it felt like my eardrums were about to explode. Even at the lowest setting, it was still loud enough to hurt my ears. But I still listened closely because static feed is one of the possible signs that an extraterrestrial civilization is trying to communicate with us. Eventually, the static noise began to lower in volume. Not too long after, there was an absence of sound once again. But after some moments, a new type of radio signal was detected. It was not the static noise. It resembled a voice scarily human-like. At the time, it wasn’t saying anything. More so a deep hum. Because it was the first notable radio signal I received, I hit the record button. I then started to hear the voice speak.

“Hello humans, we have an important message for you. Do not be alarmed, we do not intend to hurt your species. We just want to let you know. Beware of the dark ones, they are among you people”.

The signal then shut off, nothing to be played subsequently. But the last sentence was what caught me off guard. *Beware of the dark ones, they are among you.* What the fuck does this even mean?, I thought. But it was especially the last clause that sent chills down my spine. What do they mean by the dark ones amongst us? I replayed that audio recording about a hundred times, trying to come up with a hypothesis. But it was too vague for me to come up with a solid conclusion.

I decided to send the audio clip to our superiors. Perhaps they could maybe figure something out. Because we were so far into space, it was taking hours to send that audio file to the IT people on Earth. While I waited for it to process to be sent over, I sort of just played around with the computer controls to pass the time.

As I did, I noticed this peculiar looking red button. It was labelled “broadcast”. I then remembered what one of my trainers told me. The broadcast button is used in the event we want to communicate a radio signal into deep space. I pressed and held it to record and I said,”Whatever civilization just contacted us humans, who exactly are the dark ones you speak of?”

After I released the button, I was alerted by a sound notification that indicated my voice signal was broadcasted across the galaxy. I then put my headphones back on and listened carefully. Moments later, I began to hear that familiar loud static noise, which was then followed by a new radio signal that formed a voice note.

“The dark ones are everywhere in your domain. They are the big nose big lipped creatures that are constantly attempting to mimic you humans. For hundreds of thousands of years, we have been avoiding your planet because of the existence of those monkey-like aliens.”

Immediately after that, the computer screen connected to the radio turned on and depicted a LIVE video feed of a black nigger walking in the streets of minneapolis.

“Here, we just sent you a visual representing the emperor of the dark one.,” the voice note continued.

I looked closely at the screen and noticed something that shocked me. It was the nigger, George Floyd. I was confused as fuck because that nigga should have been dead over a year ago.

And after that, the radio signal ended. “What the fuck.” I said to myself. So this whole time, blacks are really the predatory civilization that aliens have been trying to avoid and that George Floyd is actually the overlord of those apes.

I woke up Paul and told him everything I had just witnessed, including the live video feed of George Floyd that the mysterious alien species showed me. However, Paul just laughed and told me to stop joking around. He thought the live footage I showed him of George Floyd was just a pre-recorded video that I snuck in the shuttle. I then played the one and only audio file from the aliens that I actually recorded. But that was not enough to convince him. He simply told me to fuck off and let him go back to sleep.

Three months without any additional alien contact had passed, when we were scheduled to return back to Earth. As our space shuttle was flying back, I was eager to tell our superiors about the aliens I contacted. Once we finally landed in the space station, I sent an extended email to all the officers of the company, explaining every detail of the radio messages I received. But of course, none of them believed me and I was sent a bunch of replies that told me to stop spreading misinformation. So much for those nigger loving liberals.

If those people aren’t willing to believe me, I genuinely don’t know who would. Because of this, I am turning to you guys, the internet. Please take my word, niggers are actually aliens who have been trying to colonize Earth for the last thousands of years, trying to breed with our precious White genes to spread. Avoid them at all costs. And if you ever happen to see George Floyd wandering around, please knee on him. He is the one who is in charge of the nigger invasion. The existence of niggers is the reason why aliens have been avoiding planet Earth this whole time. George Floyd is the true solution to the Fermi Paradox. Perhaps it is due to the fact that niggers have a negative IQ, so they lower the average IQ of the Earth's population so badly that aliens don't think it's worth visiting us. But the part that still puzzles me is how George Floyd is still alive as of now when he supposedly overdosed on fentanyl. I speculate that it is because George Floyd is an immortal being that is somehow brought back to life each generation, because that's how the nigger alien species life cycle works. Thus, this is how he commanded the whole nigger alien species to colonize earth for centuries.

**SpongeGeorge FloydPants**

By Jordan Cleeman

Have you ever seen or experienced something that ruined your childhood memories, whether it be about a TV show or movie? Well recently, it happened to me. I am about to tell you the dark truth about Spongebob and why he really isn’t as bright and colorful as one might think. If you are the kind of person who doesn’t want their childhood ruined, I would suggest you stop reading this.

Before this incident happened, I was in bed at 3:00AM scrolling through YouTube. You know, one of those nights where you can’t sleep due to an excessive amount of jerking off to Ronnie McNutt hentai. But that is not important for the story. I was watching this one YouTuber who discusses theories on Nickelodeon cartoons. A channel similar to Film Theory. I will not tell you the name of the YouTuber in this story so you don’t go looking for the terrifying thing that I did. Trust me, you don’t want to know. I came across this video which was called, “Where does spongebob live in the real world?” As a child, I was genuinely curious about whether the Bikini Bottom was an actual place in the ocean, so I clicked on the video.

The narrator began by explaining how there is a hidden reef in the Atlantic ocean. It is surprisingly close to the shore, but it is so hidden that no known person has ever found it. It was unconfirmed at the time, but he theorized its existence because of the fact that the specific location in the ocean is

undiscovered. Its elusiveness is due to an extremely sturdy pile of sand covering it, similar to the Mariana trench, except at a much smaller scale. Nobody has managed to lift it, not even with a submarine's claws. After that, he presented the exact coordinates of the hidden Bikini Bottom world. Again, I will not state it here for your safety.

I was so fascinated by it that I decided I wanted to go searching for it the next day. I happen to live near the coast where the YouTuber stated the coordinates. All I needed was scuba gear and a motor boat. However, the real challenge would be to lift up the hefty pile of sand to uncover the cave where the Bikini Bottom lies. Despite the proclaimed impossible task of doing so, I still decided to give it a shot. I had a hard time grasping the idea that sand could be heavy.

The following morning, I took a trip to the local dive shop. There, I found a wide selection of ocean related equipment. I picked up the scuba tank, mask, and flippers. They were expensive as fuck and came out to two hundred dollars combined. I am not exactly the wealthiest person, so I had to stop for a second to contemplate my purchasing decision. I thought back to how much I really wanted to debunk or prove this YouTubers theory, so I went with it.

When I went up to the front counter to pay for the scuba gear, I was met by the clerk. He was a nigger. If you didn't know by now, I have an extreme hatred towards niggers. They are dumb and contribute nothing to society. I looked at his dorky monkey face. I then had an idea. Because niggers are easy as fuck to outsmart, I decided to just shoplift the scuba gear. I told the nigger clerk that I already prepaid for the scuba gear online. Unsurprisingly, he believed me. He didn't even ask me for proof or anything. So much for the low IQs of niggers. After I left the dive shop, I had to go seek a service that provides motor boat rentals. To buy a motor boat would have price range in the thousands and I could not find any motor boat stores near a place where nigger clerk works, so renting one was my only choice. Besides, my small home wouldn't be able to store one.

I eventually found a place that has cheap rentals. It was only fifty bucks per six hour boat ride. This was definitely more than enough time to find and uncover the supposed hidden Bikini Bottom, so I immediately paid for the rental. The employee who worked there gave me the keys and led me to the boat I was to drive. It was this cool looking luxury ride. It was painted pure white, which was perfect because it goes well with the superiority of White people. I hopped on and began working on it. It produced a loud ass sound, which would have been enough to startle trannies, making them commit a McNutt. I reviewed the YouTube video on the Bikini Bottom theory and reviewed the coordinates. It was around a kilometer away from shore, yet was only about one hundred feet deep. Easily manageable to dive that deep without suffering any water pressure. I drove over to the coordinates, while carefully watching for any fellow nigger boat drivers who I could crash my boat into. But I then shortly realized that I would never be able to find them because niggers can't swim.

It took me about twenty minutes to arrive at the destination, horizontally. It was now only a matter of diving down. I put on my scuba gear and then dove into the ocean. When I opened my eyes, I was surprised to see that there were no fish present. No fauna at all. All I saw were the coral reefs. I brushed it off to my presence, scaring them off once I entered the body of water. I then noticed a peculiar looking patch of coral. It was around one hundred feet below me. I swam down there to investigate.

Under the coral was a massive, dense pile of sand. It looked exactly like the one described in the video. It wasn't any ordinary type of sand that you can find in the playground. It looked more like a clay-like substance. I knew it was the thing that was supposedly covering whatever is hidden underneath. I found an edge where I could scrape it off. However, when I tried to lift it, it didn't budge at all. The YouTube video wasn't lying, it seemed very impossible to lift. I thought that since I've gone so far to get here, I did not want to turn back. I needed to get this shit done.

I once again attempted to lift it, but in many different ways. After failing every attempt, I was filled with rage. I was so mad, that I yelled out, "FUCK NIGGERS!" It was so loud that my voice vibrated the water. It was then, I noticed something happened to the sand. A crack formed. I guess the strength of my racist shout was powerful enough to shatter even the hardest matter. I punctured the sand using my fist with ease. As it disintegrated, dissolving in the water, I was met with a super bright light shining from the crevice. It was a hole just wide enough to fit my three hundred pound racist chad build. I slipped in, and what I saw shocked me. It was a miniature civilization, which comprised various cans that formed

buildings. Hundreds of them. It resembled the downtown Bikini Bottom. Holy shit, the legend is true after all. But the first thing that came into my mind. Find Spongebob Squarepants. Because I was a huge fan who watched every Spongebob episode, I was able to locate his home easily. Well, at least something that resembled it. What I found was a house shaped like a pineapple, except it was a strange white color. Wasn't very fitting compared to the actual show. I was curious to see if it was an actual pineapple, so I reached my finger to touch it. But when I did, I realized the pineapple shaped house was actually made of fentanyl. *What the fuck?* I thought. Then, I heard very light footsteps. The delicate front door of the fentanyl pineapple house then opened. For a moment, I was filled with excitement, because I thought I was going to meet the one and only Spongebob Squarepants. However, the thing that exited the house was not exactly what I was expecting. It was a square shaped silhouette that emerged. However, the second thing I noticed was its color. It wasn't the yellow color that I would have expected. It was poop colored. I then looked at its face. Holy shit was it ugly. Instead of Spongebob's pin shaped nose, it was a fat nigger nose.

Instead of Spongebob's lipless buck teeth mouth, the thing had sausage-looking lips. The thing that was supposedly Spongebob looked like a nigger. It looked as if Spongebobs' mom had cheated on his dad with a nigger sponge.

The thing then noticed me and opened its mouth to speak.

"Hi, I am SpongeGeorge FloydPants. Want to go jellyfishing with me?" he asked.

"Ew no, I don't want to hang out with a dirty looking sponge like you. Where is the real Spongebob?" I responded.

SpongeGeorge Floydpants' smile then faded. He looked super offended at what I said.

"What did you just say to me?" he screamed. "I will now absorb all your air because you hurt my feelings. I just wanted to have the best day ever main."

SpongeGeorge Floydpants then lunged himself onto my scuba tank. He then began to inhale very loudly, and expanded in size. He was inflating himself. But at the same time, I noticed that the oxygen meter reading on my oxygen tank started to deplete very rapidly. SpongeGeorge Floydpants was now stealing my oxygen tank's air by inflating himself, which caused the air to diffuse into his body.

I tried to pull him off my scuba tank, but he was sticky as fuck. Even more difficult to pull than the sand that covered the Bikini Bottom. Judging by how fast my air was depleting, I only had a few minutes to act before I would drown to death. My brute force was nothing on this nigger sponge. I thought I was going to die.

"Bahahahahahaha!, you feel that main? You feel that?" SpongeGeorge Floydpants laughed, just like in the cartoons.

"Shut up you gay nigger fag." I said.

I started to feel light headed. Time was running out. But holy shit was this shit covered looking sponge indestructible. But there had to be a way to defeat it. I then thought back to Spongebob episodes where Spongebob revealed his weaknesses. It was then I got an idea. If you guys recall, whenever Spongebob Squarepants entered Sandy's tree dome without his fishbowl helmet, he would dry up and struggle to breathe. I had the idea of tricking SpongeGeorge Floydpants into going there without his helmet. Time to give the nigger sponge a taste of his own medicine.

"Hey SpongeGeorge Floydpants, I heard that Sandy has some pregnant belly pics for you. You might want to check them out." I said.

"Ooh la la, I would like to see some of those main." he said in a horny voice.

SpongeGeorge Floydpants then latched off of my scuba tank and raced in the opposite direction. I followed him. Goddamn, he looked so fucking horny.

It was obvious he really wanted to see Sandy's pregnant belly pics as soon as possible. I looked ahead to see a large dome shaped glass bowl. It was for sure Sandy's tree dome. SpongeGeorge Floydpants entered it immediately. But he forgot something. The fish bowl helmet that he needs to prevent him from suffocating in the dry air.

It didn't take long for him to realize this. But it was too late. He was locked in because I used my hand to cover the doorway.

“Oh barnacles!. Yoo who who! I can’t breathe in Sandy’s tree dome, let me out main!” SpongeGeorge Floydpants said, panicking.

I had no mercy. I knew that the nigger sponge tried to kill me, so of course I needed to kill it before it could. In a matter of seconds, SpongeGeorge Floydpants shriveled up and died. I let out a sigh of relief. But I then quickly realized how fucking dangerous this supposed Bikini Bottom area probably is. If this nigger sponge thing was capable of doing somthing evil, despite representing Spongebob Squarepants, the happiest character in the show, I cannot fathom how evil the other characters would be. So I swam the fuck away from the area, through the hole which I used to enter the crevice.

I then covered it using the residual sand that I was able to find. The main thing in my mind was that the world does not need to see this. But I also needed to get out. I swam up back into the motor boat and sped away.

As I am driving back to the mainland, I am typing this story. I just need to get this out as soon as possible. Please use this as a warning. Do not go exploring the seas for the real life Bikini Bottom. The real Spongebob is not what you think it is.

**Papa Floyd’s Pizza**

By Horatio Nelson

Hello, if you are hearing this, then it is already too late. You need to listen before you end up like me. My name is Passive Menis, and I am now dead. Here is my story.

It was a rainy, windy night, and I had just gotten home from work at 12:30am. I work as a bouncer at Minnenapolis's only all-White dance club, so I am a swole 7 foot chad bulging with racist Aryan muscle. Because I am so swole and huge, my diet consists generally of very large and filling meals.

I can't think of the last day I went without putting away at least 6,000 calories. Tonight, I was especially hungry because at work I had to fight off more niggers than usual, all of whom were angry and trying to get into the club. You would think that because their animal brains can comprehend English, they would understand "NO NIGGERMONKEYS ALLOWED". I was aching all over from beating up those shit smelling apes, and I could barely stand after all that hard work. Not just my fists, but my entire BODY was sore.

*There is no way I am going to be able to cook tonight, but I am so hungry, I thought to myself*, sitting down on my couch in the living room as my stomach growled. Usually, I would have eaten at work because we have badass barfood, but I didn't get a chance to go to the back kitchen since I was so busy beating up niggers.

Then I thought about my favorite pizza place, Papa John's. Before I got my current job, I used to work at the Papa John's in town. I remembered how awesome that place was. All the kitchen staff were fellow ***based*** chad racists like me. Anytime a nigger would order a pizza, we would stand together and jerk off and cum on the pizza to feed to that filthy nigger. And no it's not fucking gay, because we are chad Aryan bros clowning on niggers, and were in no way enjoying it sexually.

I was still remembering the good times I had there when my stomach growled at me again. "Fuck, I am so damn hungry. They should still be open, I should call and order some food." I picked up my phone and dialed the number to Papa John's and called up. I should have realized that something was terribly wrong and hung up the phone right there.

Instead of hearing the old hold music on the other line, which was a song I had personally chosen, "Alabama Nigger" by Johnny Rebel, which was one of Tony’s, my old manager, favorite songs to sing in the kitchen. He was a powerfully White Italian, who I am unashamed to say may be the only person with more hatred for niggers than myself at that restaurant. Where I should have heard that classic tune, in it's place was some jigaboo thug crap music called "Kill Whitey". "What the fuck is this song?" I questioned myself outloud, but before I could think about it any further, someone on the other line picked up.

"Ay yo mane, dis be Papa Floyd's pizza, what da fuck can I be gettin' fo' you? You wanna hear bout' our two-fo-one large pie special n shieeet?" My jaw hung open in silence, confused about why my ***based*** racist pizza place was now employing fucking coons. "Ay, is you there mudda fugga." the nigger on the phone said.

"Nigger, what are you doing at Papa John's?" I snapped back at the monkey. "That restaurant is a proud White establishment, you flea-ridden shitskins wouldn't know the first fucking thing in making a pizza. Where the fuck is Tony? He never would allow a nigger like you in the establishment, let alone behind the counter." I waited a few moments for the nigger to respond, but all I heard was a muffled conversation in the background. "Hello you stupid nigger? Are you listening to me, or is your gorilla brain just too devolved to comprehend what I am asking you?"

All the sudden, the voice came back on the line, only it was much more angry this time. "Ay yo cracka mane, dis ain't Papa John's no mo'. Dis be Papa Floyd's, and we don't take shit from punk cracka's like you." I was dumbfounded. "What? Papa Floyd's? Nigger, you must be joking. What happened to Papa John?" The nigger laughed at me, sounding like an oragutan high on whippets. "Cracka, ain't you heard? Dat Papa John be a racist. He said da n-word in a meeting, and dat cracka got fired. Black Lives Matter bought da company to make an anti-racist statement n sheeit. Now, it is Papa Floyd's."

I was aghast at this terrible news. Papa John's, one of the shining beacons of Aryanism in the world, a truly White eating establishment, as Italian and American as can be, turned into nigger slop. "Nigger, I am just going to go hungry tonight. I would never eat food prepared for me by a nigger. Not only would I get food poisoning because you animals can barely comprehend fire and heat, I don't want to gag on your pubic hairs falling off your head and into my pie. Shove a pepperoni stick up your ass, monkey." I was feeling satisfied with how I told off that nigger, and was about to hang up my phone when he piped back to me, “Ey cracka mane, I oughta deliver you an ass-hoppin.”

I laughed at the nigger, having beaten up over 9000 of those disgusting chimps this evening alone, he couldn't scare me. "Take a long walk off a short pier nigger." I then hit the hang up button on my phone, and let out a sigh. "Well, I guess I will just skip dinner tonight and have a big breakfast tomorrow, I can stop by the Ronald McNutt in the morning and get some breakfast burritos and McNuttgriddles or something."

I took off my boots and walked to the entryway of my house, and sat them down by the door. Just as I stood back up, I heard a knock and the bell ring right in front of me. Despite being the 7 foot Aryan chad I am, it still startled me. I backed away from the door a few paces before I heard the rapping of the knocker again and the doorbell ringing. "Ay yo mane, dis be Papa Floyd's, I got cho order right here, piping hot n sheeit." a voice said behind the door. It sounded like that nigger from the phone.

How could that nigger have gotten from the restaurant all the way to my house so quickly? This was clearly no ordinary nigger. "Ooga booga open up mane, yo' pizza gonna get cold!" the nigger said, starting to pound harder against the door, the frame now cracking and beginning to bend from the strength of its gorilla nigger fists.

"Nigger I did not order a pizza, fuck off from my house, or I am going to fuck you up worse than a niggermonkey being jumped by a pack of wild sheboons." Normally, I could back up this threat easily, as I have yet to face a nigger in unarmed combat that can withstand my chad strength, but with how tired I already was, and with how supernaturally powerful this nigger seemed to be, I wasn't sure this time. "Ooga booga, yo' cracka ass is gonna pay fo' dis pizza! I need mah fentanyl money!" the nigger shouted from outside, now so angry it sounded like a screeching baboon in heat as the front door itself began to bend inwards from the nigger's rage.

I weighed my options and thought for a moment... I could try and bargain with the nigger and offer to pay for the pizza, but I never ordered that shitty banana monkey pizza in the first place, and, knowing this was no ordinary spear chucker, I had no idea whether or not he could even be bought off by cash to stop his rage. I could try and run away, but this spook puts that nigger Usain Bolt to shame with how quickly he got to my house. So, I had to fight. Even if I died, I was going to go down swinging, because there was no way I was going to just roll over to some nigger. I turned around and bolted through my front room and into my bedroom, where I kept my gun safe, hidden neatly behind my poster of my favorite film "Birth of a Nation" which was hanging just above my bed. Right as I opened up the safe, I heard the front door crash open and a ferocious animalistic screech call out, "Ooga booga, you gonna pay fo' dis pizza mane, I am comin' to collect."

In the split second I had before that nigger got to my room, I had to choose a weapon to arm myself with. As this was just my bedroom safe and not my bitchin' full stocked armory in the basement, my

choices were limited. I only had 2 different guns, both that I always kept loaded in case of a home nigger invasion: my limited edition McNutt 12-gauge replica, or my diamond encrusted 24 karat gold plated .50 caliber Desert Eagle. Since that the nigger would be able to likely dodge just a single bullet, I grabbed the McNutt special and whipped it around to the doorway of my bedroom. I saw that nigger walk in. It was George Floyd. And he was holding a pizza delivery bag.

"Ooga booga mane, you owe me $4297 for these pizzas. Come on mane pay up and give me a tip, I need to buy fentanyl!" George Floyd chimped.

"There is no way there is nearly forty-three-hundred dollars of pizza in that bag, want a tip? Learn some math!" *Wow, what a badass one-liner*, I thought as I pulled the trigger, *Aryan chad Arnold Schwarzenegger would be proud of me*! George Floyd moved using his super nigger speed, attempting to dodge the buckshot from my gun, but I was smart in my choice to use the McNutt shotgun, as the multiple pellets meant George Floyd could not dodge them all in time, and one caught him in his left side.

"Aw shit mane, you shot me." George Floyd said while on one knee, clutching his abdomen, still holding onto the pizza bag. Acting quickly, I hopped over the bed and ran back out the door, turning around to fire another blast at George Floyd, who was getting back up. He again tried to dodge, but being already wounded, his super nigger speed was impaired. "Aggghhhh! Cracka mane, you racist, you shot me again!" I turned and kept moving, not taking time to assess the damage, knowing that he could possibly recover and at any moment I would be dead.

I grabbed my cellphone and car keys, sprinting out the front door and into the rain, which had now turned into a thunderstorm. I opened my car door and tossed my phone inside, then turned myself back towards the front door, where I heard Floyd panting. "Ooga booga, just pay for the damn pizza mane. Now I'm gonna need a real big tip to pay for all the fentanyl painkillers."

"Shut the fuck up you stupid niggermonkey!" I said, firing my McNutt shotgun again at Floyd, who used his Niggerspeed to duck and roll out of the way of the fire and down the steps towards my car, where I shot again. This time, all the pellets caught Floyd, and sent him flying backwards a few feet.

"Oh shit that hurt mane. You shot me right in my chest, I can't breathe." George Floyd said.

*How the hell do I explain to the neighbors there's a nigger and a bunch of pizzas strewn about my driveaway?* I wondered to myself as I turned my car ignition on, being sure to back up over that stupid nigger George Floyd, before revving my tires on him and speeding out of there.

"I am going to go to Papa John's and settle this." I said to myself, driving with one hand and loading the handful of fresh 3-and-1/2 inch magnum shells I managed to take with me. The whole drive there, the storm got worse and worse, the gusts of wind howled like nigger monkeys and pushing my car around the road, the rain like a tsunami of nigger tears. It seemed lightning would strike every few seconds as I drove, and in the darkness of my rearview mirror, I swear I could see the figure of a nigger tailing behind me whenever the brightness flashed. I never once saw another car on the road.

After a few more tense minutes of driving, I arrived at the location of the old Papa John's. However, the Papa John's sign out front was falling apart and the windows were all boarded up. Scanning around me, I got out of my car, leaving my bright headlights on because there was no other visible light from the storm. I hurried to the front door, clutching my McNutt shotgun closely. The door was the only part of the store not boarded up, but there was no light coming from inside. Desperate times calling for desperate measures, so I broke the glass open with the butt of my gun and hurried through inside.

It was pitch black indoors, the only light coming from small cracks in the boarded up front windows, coming from my headlights. "Alright you fucking niggers, come out. I'm done playing this game."

There was no response. I walked around the front counter, keeping my gun at the ready, and my light shining from my smartphone in front of me. As I peered into the kitchen, I saw what appeared to be a white substance coating every square inch of the room and the cooking equipment. Just then, I heard a smashing sound from outside. The glow of the headlights had stopped shining through the window cracks.

I did a 180. Now shaking, I kept my gun trained on the doorway in front of me as I backed up through the kitchen and towards the freezer. I thought if I could at least get to the freezer, maybe I could lock myself inside and call for help on my phone. Or at least that nigger would only have one entrance in and would give me a clear shot.

"Ooga booga, I'm comin' for you mane! You got a bill to pay!" George Floyd yelled from the darkness. I could hear his nigger feet stomping into the kitchen as I closed the freezer door behind me. To my surprise, despite the freezer being turned off, there were still stocked boxes of food on the shelves.

"Ooga booga mane, I know you're in there, you can't escape now!" George Floyd's muffled voice said from the other side of the ice box, as the niggermonkey began pounding away at the steel door.

I readied my shotgun against my shoulder, but all the force from the niggermonkey started to shake the freezer, sending boxes falling from the shelves, some landing on my McNutt's barrel and knocking it from my hands to the floor. As the boxes hit the ground, a white powdery substance flew out. I tried my best not to breathe any in as I crawled on my hands and knees. I tried digging through the powder burying my shotgun, but it was no use. I began to feel extremely light headed and very high. The white powder was fentanyl. I could barely ready my shotgun as the door was ripped off its hinges and thrown aside.

"Ooga booga, now you're gonna pay mane!" Floyd roared through the now destroyed doorway, lunging towards me like a nigger panther. In my haze, I pulled the trigger as fast as I could, sending all 6 shells directly into George Floyd at point blank range.

"Yoo hoo hoo Aw shit mane, that fucking hurt, ooook ooook, ooga booga I can't breathe!" George Floyd said as he writhed on the ground, his super nigger speed and strength having been overcome by another superior, White invention: The Shotgun.

I had one shell left, and I knew I had to finish off Floyd fast. I shuffled on my hands and knees towards Floyd, trying to retain my composure, as I slid the cold plastic and brass shell into my McNutt. I climbed on top of Floyd who was on his back writhing in pain, the amount of steel buckshot in his body overpowering even the massive amount of fentanyl coming in through the wounds. Pressing my knee against his neck, I pressed the barrel directly against that coon's head. "Black lives splatter." I cried out,in my best John Rambo impression.

The nigger's head was plastered across the freezer celing like Taco Bell diarrhea. "Finally, I'm done with that goddamn jigaboo." I thought to myself. But, things were not looking good for me. I could feel myself starting to lose consciousness from all the fentanyl powder in the freezer's air I was inhaling.

"Fuck, I can't breathe." I said, slumping out of the freezer. "The world has to know what happened, before it's too late." I said to myself, barely able to get air into my lungs. I pulled out my phone and began typing this story out as fast as I could.

The moral of the story is, do not fire CEOs from your company because they said nigger in a board meeting, or Black Lives Matter will take over and turn your restaurants into nigger drug dens.

**George Floyd caused the Travis Scott Astroworld Deaths**

By Jordan Cleeman

By now, many of you may have forgotten about the Travis Scott Astroworld Festival incident in November of 2021. To quickly refresh your memory, it was the concert that consisted of a nigga monkey chimping in his microphone for several hours straight. While the monkey music was being broadcasted, eight people were believed to have been killed by a crowd crush. There were over fifty thousand people present in the festival, so at first glance, this makes sense. It is a fact they died due to the inability to breathe, but what the general public doesn't know is they were not actually directly killed by the crowd crush. Their difficulty breathing was caused by something else. I know who was truly responsible for the Travis Scott concert deaths.

But before I let the story unfold, I need to tell you about myself. I am a freelance worker who from time to time gets hired by many different companies as a security guard. There is a lot of demand for my services, so it pays quite well. But of course, high rewards usually come with high risk. It is comically common for me to fight off niggers during my work hours. As we all know, niggers commit fifty percent of violent crimes despite making up only thirteeen percent of the population. They are what really drives these companies to pay security guards well.

Recently, I was hired by Travis Scott's manager to be the security guard who is assigned to supervise the entrance of the concert. I was actually quite surprised by this since I have never had the opportunity to guard a concert of this scale before. Because of how busy it was going to be, I was offered a million dollars

for the night. At first, I was going to decline the job offer because I realized that it meant I would have to listen to the nigger Travis Scotts hideous chimpanzee shrieks all night. However, I remembered that I needed to save up to buy a grenade launcher, so I ended up accepting the deal.

Travis Scott's manager explained to me that all I had to do was stand next to the entrance and make sure people didn't go sneaking in without a ticket. It was quite straightforward, especially compared to my other jobs. But of course, the only real challenge was having to listen to Travis Scotts nigger howls the whole time. Not to mention the overwhelming number of niggers who were going to show up.The existance of those subhumans in a ten meter radius was enough for me to enter berserk mode. But I figured that it's fine, because me entering berserk mode actually makes me do my job better.

Days later, the night of Travis Scott's music festival arrived at last, and I drove out to the concert. Once I pulled up, I saw this massive crowd of Travis Scott fans already lined up at the entrance. There were a fuck ton of them. Made me mad seeing how many nigger lovers were out there. I had to push through all of them in order to get to the doorway. Damn it was annoying, especially having to smell the aroma of some of the stinky niggers. Once I finally made it to the entrance way, I had to calm down the crowd. They were super loud, getting overly excited for a trash nigger rapper. "This is going to be a long night." I said to myself.

Surprisingly though, there were not many trouble makers that night. In general, the entrants were well behaved. Well, I had a couple of guys attempt to smuggle their unprivileged nigger friends in, but because of my decade-long experience in the security guard profession, I spotted them super easily. I have developed this natural criminal nigger detecting ability as a result of those years of practice. After a few hours in the concert, I was beginning to relax and felt like this job was going to be a piece of cake. But that was until this one particular nigger showed up.

At this point, a good chunk of the Travis Scott concert had already passed by, so the number of people getting in had shrunk significantly. It was now a ghost town in the entrance way. That calm stopped when this big-lipped, big-nosed nigger came out of a dark abyss. I looked at him as he walked toward the doorway. He looked like was going to be one of those people trying to sneak in because he tried to pass me without showing me his ticket. I reached my hand horizontally in front of him to show that he is not entitled to enter the concert.

"Awe sheet, let me in main." he said.

"Sorry, but you need a ticket to get in." I said, trying my very best not to say the word nigger.

"Oh Oh Ee Ee Ah Ah." He chimped, as he tried to push my arm to pass through. However, despite him being six foot five, my arm alone was significantly stronger than his entire body because of all those years guarding against nigger criminals.

"Alright then main, I will buy myself some tickets. I be right back." he said.

He then did this weird dance as he left the place. *Damn that was one autistic looking nigger. He was probably high on fentanyl or something*, I thought. After half an hour, he returned with what finally looked like a ticket. When he came up to me and showed it, I took it from his hand and scanned it. However, the scanner was not able to detect the barcode. The ticket was counterfeit.

"Um nigga, why isn't this ticket working?" I questioned him.

"Oh, maybe it is just a glitch," he said.

"Sorry nigger, we don't accept counterfeit tickets." I said.

"Come on main, I just want to see the concert!"

"May I see your ID?" I asked.

"Oh, foe show main."

He took his wallet out of his pocket and then opened it, to reveal his ID. When I looked at it, what I saw shocked me. It was George Floyd. No wonder the guy had such an obnoxiously big nose. I hate niggers, but that nigga George Floyd, that is the nigger I hate the most. I was now steaming with rage. But at the same time, I was confused. How is that nigga alive?

I told George Floyd to get the hell out or else I was going to knee on him. However, he got mad and again attempted to push through. I shoved him back. But that just further angered him. George Floyd took a couple steps back, then charged at me. I knew what I had to do. Once George Floyd got close enough, I did this counterattack by tackling him and then kneeling on his neck with all my weight.

"Fook main, let me go. I can't breathe!" he cried.

"Haha, I won't let you get away with this, you monkey. You don't deserve to breathe." I said.

George Floyd then began to wail loudly enough for his cries to be heard from a distance, even through the music of the concert.

Shortly after, I heard footsteps. Travis Scott's manager came in to see what was going on. While I was still kneeling on George Floyd, I explained to the manager that this nigger was trying to get in with a counterfeit ticket and that numerous times, he tried to force his way in violently. However, what the manager said surprised me.

"Oh, since you are kneeling on him, I think you are a racist against black people. I will give him a free pass for compensation." he said.

'What? Why are you giving this nigger a free entry when he tried to enter illegally?" I asked.

"Because you are not supposed to attack someone because of their race."

I was dumbfounded. I couldn't believe that nigger loving manager was letting George Floyd in now, because he thought I attacked him solely because he was black. I then tried to explain to the manager that I was just trying to do my job, but he didn't listen.

"Now please stop kneeling on the man." the manager said.

I didn't want to further argue to avoid the risk of not getting paid, so I obliged. Once I released George Floyd from my knee, George Floyd started to gasp for air insanely loudly to catch his breath.

"Holy sheet main, I can finally breathe!" he was barely able to say anything in between his breaths.

The manager then told him that he could get in the concert and have fun. On the other hand, I was mad as fuck. As George Floyd walked into the concert entrance, he was still trying very hard to catch his breath. His gasps were as loud as a bulldozer at this point. Even from a distance, I was able to feel the air rush into his mouth. The manager took notice of this and told me to follow George Floyd to make sure he does not suffer a lung rupture or something. As I inched closer to him, the gusts of air rushing into his lungs became stronger and stronger. It was as if this nigger had a built in vaccuum inside him, trying to breathe in all the air he lost due to me kneeling on his neck for so long.

As time passed, he hyperventilated even harder and louder. The rush of air entering his mouth was getting more intense as well. I had a very bad feeling about this. But it wasn't because I felt sympathy for him. I felt that this was going to disrupt the concert somehow–and I was right.

As I am writing this, I wish I had just pulled George Floyd out of the concert anyway to prevent him from doing what he did next. Once we made it to the actual Travis Scott concert room, George Floyd beamed with excitement.

"Yippee! You hoo hoo! Lots of air here to breathe in here!" he said enthusiastically.

George Floyd's mouth started to open inhumanly wide. It looked like you could stuff twenty sausages in it. George Floyd then began inhaling, causing an extremely large volume of air to rush into his mouth. It was so bad that I felt the air inside my lungs escape. George Floyd was now hoarding all of the air in the concert room. All of a sudden, I heard screams. Everyone was now panicking because of how hard it was to breathe now.

I knew that if I were to be next to George Floyd any longer, I would lose all of my oxygen and die, so I ran away, avoiding him like the plague. While I was rushing back to the entrance room, I looked back to see numerous people dying due to the loss of air which George Floyd sucked in for himself. Even though George Floyd was causing this chaos, people were yelling out to Travis Scott to stop singing, as if Travis Scott was solely responsible for all this. Nobody noticed George Floyd.

Despite the strong wind pulling against me, I managed to escape through the emergency exit. Opening the door was a challenge, but I made it out anyway. Once I sealed the door behind me, I stopped to

catch my breath. It was a close call. I peeked through the door window and watched the catastrophe unfold. I saw countless people fall unconscious. Medicare workers rushed in to rescue them. But despite all this, the other half of the people in the concert room were still begging Travis Scott to stop his singing. After a while, I did not want to watch this for any longer, so I dipped out.

The next day, the internet exploded with reports about the eight people who died at the Travis Scott music festival. All of the headlines stated that they were killed only because they were asphyxiated by being crushed by the crowd. But none of that was true from what I witnessed. George Floyd caused all the deaths and injuries because he hoarded all the air in the concert. That was the reason people were not able to breathe. But in the end, I blame the manager for allowing George Floyd the free pass to the concert.

Moral of the story, do not listen to what the Jew media tries to tell you. They constantly hide the truth to defend niggers and all the horrible shit they do to society. George Floyd was responsible for the Travis Scott Astroworld Festival deaths.

**George Floyd Was the True Perpetrator of the Holocaust**

By Toast Man

My name is Christian Kyle, although most of my friends call me C. Kyle for short. I am a professional historian who focuses upon the Second World War, the Third Reich and the Holocaust. Specifically, from my historical research, I have found no evidence that the Holocaust could have happened under the conventionally agreed upon narrative. Following in the footsteps of my idol David Irving, I have published fifty articles and a dozen books to show the world the truth, which is that Hitler was the greatest man to live in the 20$^{th}$ century and that the Holocaust was a hoax manufactured by Zionists to guilt White people into letting disgusting negroes copulate with their daughters. Although the Holocaust did not happen it honestly should have, since Jews push race-mixing (or should I say bestiality) with niggers as well as transgenderism and other miscellaneous degenerate behaviors.

And, as you can tell from my use of the term 'nigger' to refer to those leathery-skinned subhumans from Sub-Saharan Africa, yes–I am a racist. I revile niggers, but not just for the typical reasons like their criminality, their stench, and the fact that they, like Australian aboriginals, are closer to chimpanzees than actual humans. It is because niggers are used as pawns by the Jews to attack White civilization and White people. Their low IQ lets the Jews easily manipulate them into creating vile things like rap music and hood culture, which then in turn infect good White kids and turn them into wiggers or coal burning whores.

However, recently I have had an experience that has completely reshaped my perspective on the concentration camps and the gas chambers as well as on the sheer horribleness of niggers as a species. This revelation has haunted me ever since, but I have kept my composure and kept on moving forward despite it. I also learned that it is the duty of Aryan chads like myself to never stop advancing and to always seek struggle.

My story begins with a day in my study, where I conduct most of my research. I was taking a break by playing some Black Lives Splatter: Return to the Jungle edition when I received a notification for an email. I opened it and saw that it was from one of my colleagues, Germar Rudolf. For those who don't know, Mr. Rudolf is a German chemist who wrote The Chemistry of Auschwitz, a book where he showed that the chemicals present in the supposed gas chambers at Auschwitz didn't have the chemical footprint for homicidal gases. To be specific, there was no Prussian Blue dye in the walls, which would have to be there if Zyklon B had been used. This fact, along with how the gas chambers had wooden doors and how it would be impossible to cremate millions of dead bodies without a trace within the span of two years, are proof enough that the Holocaust as we know it is a hoax.

Anyway, Mr. Rudolf had recently been conducting chemical tests at my request. A month ago, I had discovered a previously unknown report written by the SS officers who were in charge of Auschwitz. In the document, the officers wrote about how there had been strange and violent disturbances around the camp. At first, it had just been what they described as "ape-like" noises at night and stolen rations (mostly alcohol, cigarettes and chicken). They thought that it was just some of the Jewish inmates messing with them, but that quickly changed when one morning they found a pregnant Jewish woman with her stomach slit open and her womb torn out. The fetus was found in the mid-afternoon. One half of it had been eaten and, from the bloody bits that were everywhere in the vicinity, the other half had evidently been thrown up into the air

like a skeet and blown to bits with a shotgun like Ronnie McNutt's face.

While many Jews would probably get sexually aroused doing that to a pregnant gentile woman and her child, they would obviously never do such a thing to one of their own yentas, which by the way is a term for a Jewish woman. Then, for a month after the first murder of the pregnant Jewess, a string of murders and rapes of Jews followed. In one instance, Doctor Mengele had found a Jew face down in a pool of blood in his office. Upon doing his all to revive the man and failing, Mengele ordered an autopsy and found that the man's rib cage had been crushed from having all of the air in his lungs suddenly sucked out.

However, the incident that I had found particularly interesting was how one day, a pair of Jewish twins had died of overdose after having been injected with a strange, unknown drug that the Nazi scientists had no name for. I had asked Mr. Rudolf to analyze the samples he had taken from Auschwitz to see if there were any traces of this mystery drug, as this could lead to a breakthrough in proving that the Holocaust never happened.

Yet when Mr. Rudolf presented his findings to me, I was simply perplexed. Fentanyl. The twins had been injected with fentanyl. I replied to him to ask if he was joking or not. It was impossible for the twins to have been drugged with fentanyl because that drug was first synthesized in 1959, over a decade after the end of World War Two. He quickly wrote back saying that he too was dumbfounded by his findings but that he wouldn't have told me about them if he weren't sure about the tests. Mr. Rudolf added that if he could, he would travel to Auschwitz in order to gather more samples to test for fentanyl, but he was afraid he couldn't do so because he had a prior criminal record in the European Union for telling the truth about the Holocaust.

Intrigued by his proposition, I told him that I would go to Poland in his stead. I may have written many papers and books debunking the Holocaust, but I live in the United States so I had no criminal record that could lead to me getting arrested. Mr. Rudolf liked the idea so he told me good luck and wished me safety on my trip to Europe.

The next day, I booked a flight to Warsaw, Poland. Upon arriving at the airport, I encountered a mildly irritating obstacle, a fat negress working at the TSA stopping me when I tried to get on the plane.

"Sheeit, mistah. Yo cracka ass gotta pay me summa ma reparations before I let ya on dat plane." The gorilla-faced negroid female muttered as the creature inspected it's disgusting, overly long and glossy fingernails.

Knowing that the TSA, like other low level government agencies, was mostly staffed by niggers, I had come prepared for this specific situation. I pulled out one of two Popeye's chicken sandwiches that I had bought on the way to the airport and threw it down a flight of stairs. Picking up on the scent of the sandwich, all of the TSA employees began fighting over it. Niggers love fat, greasy food which is high in unhealthy fat and sugar, which is why they are statistically speaking the most unhealthy race in America. Any ***based*** and racist white man knows that niggers will violently murder each other over Popeye's chicken sandwiches (although they would never pay for the sandwich in the first place since all they know how to do is steal).

I had a fine flight to Warsaw, watching Tariq Nasheed's Buck Breaking documentary on the plane. It was a hilariously bad movie with hundreds of factual errors, and I had trouble keeping myself from disturbing the other passengers with my laughter. For those of you who don't know, Tariq Nasheed is a nigger grifter who helps niggers with an IQ in the 90 to 95 range cope with the fact that they have contributed nothing to humanity. He does this by saying ridiculous things like how niggers built the pyramids to make contact with aliens or something like that. In Buck Breaking, Tariq Nasheed made the verifiable false claim that White slave masters would rape their male slave niggers (referred to as "bucks") as a means of demoralizing the slave populace. This is hilariously wrong because no self-respecting White man would ever have gay sex with a nigger. Furthermore, the kindness and charity of White people is the only reason why niggers could exist in large numbers anywhere outside of Africa. If White slave masters had done what the Muslim slave masters had done, which is castrate all the male nigger slaves, there would be no blacks in America. So if you're an American black and you are somehow reading this (I start with the assumption that you are illiterate until proven otherwise), praise White people for their infinite mercy and be thankful for having been born in a country that White people built.

When I exited the airplane, I was amazed at how everybody I saw was a White person. There was not a negro, Muslim, or Mexican in my field of vision; a breathtaking sight which brought a tear to my eye. *If only America could look like this*, I thought as I walked through Warsaw. After a night at a hotel, I took a bus to the town where Auschwitz was located. In the US I would typically be afraid (and too repulsed by the stench) to take public transportation because of how many racial minorities lurk around on buses and trains. But in Poland I thankfully didn't have to worry about being violently mugged and shot by a gang-banging negroid.

I arrived at Auschwitz shortly before the final camp tour of the day was about to commence. I joined the tour group, which was composed of fat dumb boomers and some Chinese people who were busily eating some dog meat that they had smuggled by customs officials. I knew that I had to be careful as I snuck into the camp. You see, the Jews know that if more testing of the kind that Germar Rudolf had done were to be conducted at the camp, it would prove that the Holocaust was fake, so they had barred access to researchers unless they were preapproved by Jewish organizations like the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai Brith.

As the tour guide brought the group to the "gas chambers" (they were actually used for killing lice and bedbugs, a process known as delousing) I crept away and hid behind a pillar. I waited for them to pass, then ran into the delousing chambers. I began collecting samples from all around the camp, from the inmate barracks to the crematorium to the officer's quarters. I then quickly applied a preliminary test to check for fentanyl and, sure enough, huge traces of the drug were present all over the camp.

I was left scratching my head. How could large quantities of a modern narcotic like fentanyl be present at Auschwitz? It made no sense whatsoever. Regardless, I packed the samples into my bag and tried to rejoin the tour group, but then realized that everybody had already left and that the camp was closed. I had been too tunnel-visioned on my work and had lost track of time.

"Dammit, I guess I'll have to sleep out in the open like a stupid nigger bum in New York." I swore. I was also getting hungry and all I had on myself was that disgusting Popeye's chicken sandwich that I had brought as a means of dealing with niggers (obviously it wasn't fit for consumption by actual humans like myself).

I decided it would be cool to sleep in the camp director's quarters, so I made my way there and opened the door. However, what I saw next startled me.

There, in the center of the room, was a peculiar rift in space. It was as if the air itself had been torn like a blanket. As I listened, I could hear a low humming noise emanating from it. At first I thought I should turn around and run away, even if it meant being caught by the camp security that was patrolling outside. However, as I observed the rift, I couldn't help but feel drawn to it. Why would such a strange phenomena occur in Auschwitz of all places? My curiosity as a historian and a researcher got the better of me and, slowly, I reached out to touch it.

As I did, I felt a powerful tugging force as the rift drew me in. "Oh shit!" I screamed as I realized I had made a mistake. I tried to pull myself free but it was no use as the rift sucked me in. For a few moments, I was shrouded on all sides by darkness. I couldn't tell if I was falling or if I was flying. Then, out of the tenebrous void, I heard a voice.

"Es ist ein mann!"

I opened my eyes and saw that I was still in the camp director's quarters, but it was radically different. The room was warm and well-lit, and I was surrounded by men in snazzy black uniforms with red armbands.

"Where am I?" I mumbled.

"He speaks English!" One of the men in black uniform said with a heavy German accent. "By the Fuhrer, please be an American. Please!"

The English-speaking officer turned to me. "Are you an American? If you are, please tell us. We desperately need your help."

I nodded. "I am, but you've gotta tell me where I am first."

"Auschwitz-Birkenau," he helped me up with a gloved hand. "My name is Hans, an officer in the SS. We apologize for doing this, but we have brought you here to the past."

My jaw dropped. "To the past? What year is it?"

"1944." Hans replied. "Using our advanced German technology, the best in the world, we created a machine that creates gates in space-time."

He pointed to the corner of the room and, sure enough, there was a massive machine covered with buttons and wires which was producing a low humming noise, the same one that I had heard coming from the rift.

"That is...amazing!" I exclaimed. My heart was pounding. I was surrounded by living, breathing National Socialists. It was so ***based*** that I was on the verge of hyperventilating. After forcing myself to calm down, I asked, "Hans, why did you need to bring me here? And why is it important that I am an American? Aren't Americans your enemy?"

"First of all, I am glad to see that you aren't utterly repulsed by us." Hans said, quite relieved. "We've brought other people from the future back in time and many of them are either brainwashed liberal faggot race traitors or Chinese tourists who eat dogs, all of whom we've had to send back after wiping their memories with esoteric Aryan hypnosis methods."

"Well of course I'm not repulsed. You guys and Hitler were the only people who could have stopped the Jews from taking over the West and turning Europe and America into cesspits of niggers and transsexuals." I said, sounding a little like a bugman soycuck fanboy meeting one of the actors from the Marvel Cinematic Universe as I spoke to the Nazis. "Well at least that's how things will be in the future."

Hans sighed. "So the future is as bad as we had feared. But no, Americans and Britons are not our enemy. The only enemy we have are the Jews in your countries who have manipulated your people. As well as the Jews who control the Soviet Union."

Another German officer said something to Hans in German, who nodded and said, "We needed to bring an American, and specifically a racist, anti-Semitic and homophobic American back to the past because we are dealing with a problem which only you know the final solution to."

Hans took out a little plastic bag which was filled with white pills. "Do you know what this drug is called?"

My eyes widened. "That's fentanyl. A powerful synthetic opioid that low life niggers overdose to death on."

"It is as we deduced. You will be able to help us with our troubles." Hans remarked. "American from the future, I am sorry but I forgot to ask you your name. What is it?"

"Christian Kyle. But you can call me C. Kyle."

"C. Kyle, would you be willing to help us?"

I grinned and nodded eagerly. "Of course. Anything because I hate Jews, gays and niggers and I know you guys do too."

Hans nodded. "Great, then I'll show you around outside."

The SS officers led me outside. Auschwitz was a very lively place. As we walked around, I saw Jewish men playing soccer in the yard (they weren't good at it because Jews are physically pathetic) and Jewish women sitting in circles knitting. It was a very lively and happy place, just as I had envisioned from my research. I could even see a couple of the Jews playing handball in the swimming pool–they weren't good swimmers either.

"So this is what it was like at Auschwitz." I said in amazement.

"Yes. We keep them here until we can resettle them in a country of their own. Probably Madagascar. What do they say about this place in the future?" Hans asked.

"They say that this place was used for gassing Jews in the delousing chambers. All of it lies told by the Jews. They also say that you guys murdered pregnant women and tore out their fetuses. And you wouldn't believe the *lies* that they tell about Dr. Mengele." I said as I watched some Jewish children spinning dreidels. "They then used it as an excuse to start committing genocide against White people. Oh and

the Palestinians."

Hans nodded. "Typical Jewish lies. But I must add that we have been seeing attacks on pregnant Jewish women as of late. I can say for certain that it isn't any of our men because Jewish women are hideously ugly, with their massive noses and such."

"Then who is it?"

"We suspect," Hans reached into his pocket and took out a baggie with a lock of springy, dirty hair in it. "That it is what you Americans would refer to as a 'nigger'. Which is precisely why we brought you here."

I squinted in disbelief. "A nigger? In Europe?"

"Yes. A nigger. Two months ago, when we first tested the time-rift maker, we opened a time rift in the year 2021. We wanted to test it on a monkey before we went to human trials, so we utilized a DNA tracker to find genetic material in 2021 with the highest concentration of ape DNA so that we could make sure that no humans were sucked into the vortex. So the coordinates with the highest concentration of ape DNA was the place where the rift was opened."

"What came through the rift then?"

Hans shook his head. "I don't know. The machine malfunctioned and we had to rush to fix it. When we could finally check, we saw that whatever creature we had brought from the future had escaped. Ever since then we have been experiencing attacks on pregnant women and thefts of chicken and cigarettes and alcohol from the mess hall." Hans said, then tapped the bag. "We found this sample of the perpetrator's hair on the body of two Jews who had been injected with the drug that you call fentanyl. We sent it to a lab and found that it was mostly chimpanzee DNA, but mixed with just enough human DNA to make the organism vaguely resemble a real human being, which is the very definition of what it means to be a nigger."

When I heard that, it all clicked in my head. "Were those two Jews twins?"

"Why yes they were. Do you happen to know about this incident?"

"Of course! I was actually just looking into it before I came to the past. I work as a professional historian who tries to prove that you guys didn't murder Jews because obviously you didn't. In the future they accuse Dr. Mengele of injecting those twins with that drug, but I didn't know that this was caused by some monkey nigger."

"Well that's why we need you, an American, to deal with the nigger that has been lurking around our camp. While we Germans are second to none in dealing with the Jewish parasites, we don't have any experience dealing with niggers because, thankfully, we don't have to live around them. But you White Americans have to deal with those man-apes on a daily basis, so you would know their weaknesses."

I nodded. "I do have an idea of how to deal with niggers, but where do you want me to start?"

"The particular nigger that we are dealing with has a penchant for killing pregnant women. Do you think that we could use one as bait?" Hans asked.

"That would likely work." I concurred. "But you also need to remember that niggers aren't purely motivated by sexual lust. They also go after greasy and unhealthy food as well as gaudy bling." I paused to think, then got an idea. "Hey Hans, how much gold and jewelry have you confiscated from the Jews here?"

"Millions of reichsmarks worth. The Jews had twenty years since Versailles to plunder Germany so they had plenty of gold when we brought them here. Hyperinflating the German currency while holding onto hard assets like gold is prototypical Jewish behavior, after all. "

"Funny how Jews and niggers are alike in how they like their shiny metals. Just like how they are alike in attacking European civilization." I said, then told Hans my plan. "We need to cover a pregnant woman in jewelry and keep her out at night. Then, when the nigger approaches her, you need to start playing records of Richard Wagner's compositions through the sound system."

Hans raised an eyebrow. "Wagner? Why, he's the Fuhrer's favorite composer, but how would his music stop the nigger?"

"It won't stop the nigger, not permanently. But you see, while niggers are degenerate monkeys, deep down they know that they have never contributed anything beautiful, good, or spectacular to the world as a

race and never will. I mean think about it. White people, or Aryans as you guys might call us, created basically all of the modern world. Physics, chemistry, art, architecture. You name it, we made it. But even the other races contributed something. The Chinese, who eat dogs, were the first to make gunpowder and paper. The Arabs challenged us during the Middle Ages until we beat them at the battle of Tours and even we use 'Arabic' numerals when we write out numbers. Even the Jews, filthy as they are, were the people among whom Jesus was born. They rejected Christ and that's why they're going to hell, but still it's undeniable that they played a significant role in history. However, niggers have contributed nothing and will continue to contribute nothing and their monkey brains subconsciously understand this. I think that Hegel put it best when he said that Africa is unhistorical and created nothing that mankind has enjoyed. This lack of racial accomplishment on part of Africans is why when you play classical music, the height of our race's musical achievement, around niggers they are reminded of this fact and they stop doing everything they are doing and start saying phrases like 'Dis music trash' and 'Muh mufuckin rap be betta dan dis shit" and other miscellaneous monkey noises."

"What do we do after that?" Hans asked. "Lock him up?"

"No. You see, niggers are inherently violently criminal so you can't just put them in prison. They are used to that. Once you capture one, you need to force him to work an honest job. A nigger will rather die in a gang shooting while dealing drugs than be gainfully employed. Make him go pick cotton or something because that's the only honest work that niggers are capable of doing. Either that, or you could just shoot the nigger to death with machine guns. I've always wanted to use an MG42 in real life. Best machine gun of all time, by the way."

Hans grinned. "Wonderful. I guess we will lay the trap tonight?"

I grinned back. "You bet."

For the rest of the day, Hans, his fellow SS officers, and I spent our time hanging out. We talked, played cards, and just had a good time together. Hans told me about his wife and son back home and how he hoped, once the war was over, he could take them out on a camping trip to the Alps.

When I told him, "Hans, I'm sorry to say this, but in the future that I've come from you guys lost the war."

To this, Hans replied, "Perhaps, but to be a White man, an Aryan man, it is our duty to struggle against fate. No matter what happens we must fight until the end."

Hans said that with such conviction, such courage that it almost made me cry. Truly, the officers of the SS were on a completely different plane of existence when it came to their ***basedness.***

We didn't have much food or drink due to war time rationing, but every morsel tasted wonderful because I was sharing it with them. After eating, the SS officers and I played soccer (or 'football' as it is called in the United Kingdom, or as I like to refer to it, Britainstan) against the Auschwitz Jewish men's team. We won 88 to 0, of which I scored 14 goals. This was an obvious result because Jews are physically incapable. This lack of basic physical competence is why Jews rely upon their low cunning to manipulate niggers, whose only asset is their physicality, to do their bidding as pawns.

Soon the sky turned bright pink as dusk began setting in. We began to prepare our trap for the nigger. First, we fetched a pregnant yenta from the camp barracks. Even though she was still in her twenties she looked like she was forty because of her massive, witch-like Jew nose and curly Jew hair. The pregnant Jew's ugliness really reminded me of how low the standards of male niggers are. I told Hans that niggers will stick their dick in anything that had a pulse, from fat feminist lardbags to AIDS ridden whores to even other male niggers because niggers are statsitically proven to have the highest rates of homosexuality among all the races in the future.

"The only person I can think of who had lower standards than your average nigger was a guy named Ronnie McNutt," I told Hans as we wrapped gold necklaces and chains around the pregnant Jew's belly. "His girlfriend, Equinox Autumn, was the ugliest woman I have ever seen. That freak was so ugly that I think that 'she' was actually a tranny."

"What is a tranny?" Hans asked as he finished fine tuning the Auschwitz sound system.

"Trannies are mentally ill perverted men who cannot get a girlfriend who delude themselves into thinking they are women or mentally ill women with borderline personality disorder who think that they are

men. They are people who were manipulated and corrupted by Jewish propaganda. Eventually all of them will commit suicide. Once they do, the only thing that will remain of their legacy is a skeleton which undeniably belongs to their birth sex and a tombstone with the name they were given at birth." I replied. "In the future, we bully them online by telling them the truth–that they will never be a real woman or a real man in order to make them kill themselves faster. I think it's merciful for us to do that because they are broken individuals who can only find redemption in the afterlife. May God have mercy on them."

"I see. So the future really is that bad." Hans said, handing one of the camp guards a record of Richard Wagner's opera Tannhäuser.

"Yes, but it's better not to think about that right now." I said as I got into position behind some sandbags we had set up. I stroked my MG42 machine gun excitedly. "We have a nigger to catch."

It was dark now. Hans, myself, and the other SS officers encircled the pregnant Jewish woman (who was tied to a wooden stake) in machine-gun nests. It would have been deadly silent if it weren't for the complaints of the pregnant Jew, who kept on blabbering in her jew voice about how we were evil.

"Oh Gawd! You Nazis are the worst humans to ever live!" she yelled at us while greedily stroking the gold we had wrapped around her like some hook-nosed goblin. "You are evil! Our God Yahweh will smite you for this!"

"Shut the fuck up about your volcano demon god you dumb Jew bitch." I yelled back. "Don't you understand that we are doing this to protect you Jews from the vile nigger ape that came back in time through the time rift? And you're saying we're evil when you use the media to attack White people and turn children into trannies and promote pedophiles."

I waited for her to respond. I expected to hear a retort because Jews just can't shut up, but silence was all there was. After ten or so seconds passed, I realized that something was wrong. "Hans, tell your guards to shine the tower searchlight on the pregnant Jew."

Hans shouted something in German, and the men in the guard tower brought the light to bear on the pregnant Jew. What I saw next was so sickening that the imagery is still burned into my memory.

The pregnant Jew lay there in a puddle of blood and viscera, her belly torn open and a massive figure bent over her. As I looked closely, I confirmed that the creature was indeed a nigger, but what it was doing to the body was peculiar. The nigger's face was right up close to the Jew's head, and when I listened closely I heard a faint sucking noise. Then, there was the crack of ribs snapping and a disgusting slurping sound.

"Damn mufugga dem lungs be tasting good and shit," the nigger mumbled. "Dis bitch be habin good bling in shit too mufugga. I be straight swimmin in dough now baby."

My eyes narrowed when I heard the nigger's voice. I had heard it before, but I didn't remember when. But my confusion became horror as the nigger turned to face us.

It was the criminal nigger, George Floyd. He stared at us with his beady eyes, neither of which had even the faintest glimmer of intelligence, then began to charge at us. "I need ya air! Imma steal y'alls air from ya lungs!"

Suddenly, everything clicked. The fentanyl, the targeting of pregnant women, the bodies with their lungs crushed. *But how was George Floyd here?* I wondered. Even if this is the past, he died in the present when Derek Chauvin kneed him.

But there was no time to think about that since the big black ape was running straight at us. Hans yelled in German for his men to open fire, but it was too late. George Floyd tackled one of the officers and began to drain the air out of his lungs. The man screamed, but soon his ribs caved in as Floyd killed him.

"Ooh ooh ah ah!" Floyd roared as he beat his chest like the ape he is. "Fuck White people! Imma steal all yo air then go and buy fentanyl with the money I steal from you."

"Hans! Play the Wagner opera!" I shouted. "George Floyd is too fast!"

Hans radioed an order, soon after which a broadcast of Tannhäuser began to play. Suddenly, George Floyd reeled back, stunned by the brilliance of White culture. The remaining guards and officers saw their opening and began shooting at him. Hundreds of machine-gun bullets tore into the nigger's dark flesh. After a minute of continuous fire, Hans ordered a halt to the fire.

Two guards inched up to Floyd's body to see if he was dead or not. They kicked him around to see if he was alive and, upon seeing no reactions, turned around to give us a thumbs up. That was a grave mistake. For as soon as they had turned their backs, George Floyd grabbed both of the men by their necks and began sucking the air out of them. "Aw sheet main, you shot my lungs full of holes, I can't breathe."

George Floyd then grinned, his teeth rotten stumps from years of drug use. "But soon, none of y'all will be breathing either."

"We need to run!" I told Hans, who then shouted to his men to retreat. George Floyd followed us, picking the officers off one by one.

"C. Kyle, what the fuck happened?" Hans said angrily. "I thought that the Wagner music would stop the nigger!"

"It's George Floyd." I said as we hid behind a wooden door. "That isn't just some plain old regular nigger. George Floyd is like...how do you put this, the most nigger-like of all the niggers that exist. And anyways, he is dead in the future that I came from."

"What?" Hans asked.

I nodded. "Yes, in the future, a great man named Derek Chauvin put down this criminal nigger by kneeing it on the neck while it overdosed on fentanyl. As to why George Floyd wasn't stopped by the Wagner opera, I can't be certain, but its possible that George Floyd is so stupid that he doesn't even subconcsciously understand that niggers are inferior and will never accomplish anything except crime, violence, and occasional acts of cannibalism. And Floyd is six gorillion times more powerful than I remember."

I winced as I heard George Floyd start attacking the Jews in their sleeping quarters. I didn't feel sorry for them at all because they are evil and deserve being attacked by the very niggers they sic on White people, but the noise itself was enough to make my skin prickle up with goosebumps.

Hans thought for a moment, then said, "You said that this nigger was supposed to be dead, right? And killed by a great man?"

"Correct." I replied.

"Well I think that explains why this nigger is so powerful." Hans explained. "When we opened the time rift, we programmed the machine to open the rift at the coordinates in 2021 where there was the highest concentration of ape genetic material. However, there was no instruction for that to be LIVING genetic material."

I squinted. "So you're saying that you brought back George Floyd's corpse? Then how did he come back to life?"

"Back when I was a cadet, I was taught a little bit about Aryan spirituality. In it, I learned that when a corpse is in close proximity to large quantities of Satanic materials or large numbers of beings connected to Satan, an ethereal gate to hell could be opened, leading to that corpse being reanimated. I thought that that was a load of hogwash, but that is the only explanation."

"Well then what around us is Satanic?" I asked, then immediately felt stupid for asking that question. "The Jews. It's the Jews isn't it?"

Hans nodded. "Yes, the presence of the large number of Jews, who are connected to the Devil because they do his bidding on earth, opened up an ethereal gate to hell which allowed Floyd's soul to return to his corpse. George Floyd is a Satanic Jewish golem zombie."

"How do we kill it then?"

Hans grimaced. "According to my Aryan spirituality studies, we need a saint to banish an evil spirit. The stronger the spirit, the more divine the saint has to be. Judging by how depraved that criminal nigger monkey George Floyd is, we'd need Jesus Christ himself to take him out. We could go get him from the past, but the machine isn't powerful enough to open a rift 2000 years ago."

That was when I got an idea. "It doesn't have to be 2000 years ago. In fact, we just need to be able to open a rift here in the present."

"To where?" Hans asked.

"Berlin. We need the Fuhrer, Adolf Hitler here. He is the only person who I can think of who comes close to rivaling Jesus Christ in his holiness and closeness to God." I noted.

"True, but how do we get to the machine?" Hans asked. "George Floyd will attack us if we leave this hiding spot."

"Hmm." I thought for a moment, then remembered the Popeye's chicken sandwich that was still in my bag. I dug around for it and, sure enough, it was there. The sandwich was smashed and even more disgusting, but I knew that Floyd would want it regardless. I ran out of our hiding spot and flung the sandwich as far as I could.

George Floyd looked up from his latest victim, another pregnant Jew, to sniff the air with his massive, mushroom-like nose which took up half his face. "Chicken!" he roared, licking his oversized lips (which resembled a leather sofa). "Me wanna eat ooga booga!"

George Floyd then ran in the direction that I had thrown the sandwich, giving Hans and myself time to run to the machine. Quickly, Hans tuned the machine so that it would open a rift in the present and set it to Hitler's office in Berlin. "Here it goes!" Hans said as he flipped the switch.

There was a flash of light as the machine tore a rift in space-time. Out of the rift stepped Adolf Hitler, who had an expression of puzzlement on his glorious, mustached face. I immediately wanted to ask him for an autograph but I knew that this was not the time or the place and instead let Hans do the talking (in German of course).

Once Hans finished his explanation, Hitler nodded and said something back to Hans. When Hans heard Hitler's order, he swallowed in fear. When I asked him what it was, Hans said "The Fuhrer said that you and I need to distract the criminal nigger George Floyd so that the Fuhrer can take him out. Tell me, do you have any more of those chicken sandwiches?"

I shook my head. "No."

Hans grimaced, then stood up with a determined look on his chad Aryan face. "Well then, Mein Fuhrer and C. Kyle, I guess that this is goodbye."

"What?" I asked Hans. "What do you mean?"

Hans smiled at me. "Long live the Reich, and long live the Aryan race!" he said, then charged out of the room with the machine in it and at George Floyd, firing at the nigger with his Luger. Floyd, who had long finished the chicken sandwich and had now drained the lungs of hundreds of Jews, smirked with his ugly nigger face. "Ooga booga gimme yo air."

"No! Hans!" I yelled. But it was too late. George Floyd was already robbing Hans of his air. However, in the opening that Hans had created with his life, Adolf Hitler had snuck up behind the nigger monkey and delivered a sharp kick to George Floyd's head.

George Floyd crumpled to the ground, screaming and making chimpanzee noises. Adolf Hitler then placed his knee on George Floyd's neck, depriving the Satanic golem monkey of its oxygen supply. It struggled against the Fuhrer's divine knee, crying, "Ah shit, I can't breathe."

Adolf Hitler kept his knee on Floyd's neck for twice as long as Chauvin had, crushing George Floyd's windpipe. By the end of it the nigger monkey George Floyd died, this time forever thanks to the holy power of the Fuhrer.

Although I was glad that the rape ape George Floyd was dead again, I looked around myself to see how much destruction the chimp had caused. Hundreds of Jews were dead with their lungs collapsed after their air was sucked away by George Floyd. Not millions, because that was impossible. But that was when I recalled some of the stories about the Holocaust that the Jews had told. I realized that some of them were partly true because, while there hadn't been any gas chambers to kill Jews, they had indeed died due to lung failure, but not by the hands of the Nazis. It was isntead at the hands of the criminal nigger monkey ape chimp George Floyd, who had been transported to the past with a time-rift machine and revived due to their Satanic presence.

I walked up to Han's body with a tear in my eye. "I'm sorry," I said as I fell to my knees in front of Hans' mutilated body. "It should have been me. You had a family while all I have to look forward to in my life is Black Lives Splatter: Return to the Jungle."

That was when Hitler came up to comfort me, placing a hand on my shoulder. I knew he didn't know English, but I said "Thank you." To that great man as he helped me up to my feet.

"Struggle." Hitler said in English.

I blinked, surprised he knew how to speak the language, even if it was only a few words.

"Keep fighting. Keep moving forward. I fight here." the Fuhrer continued, pointing to the time rift machine. " You fight in the future. For Whites. Against niggers and Jews."

I smiled, wiping away my tears. "Yes Mr. Hitler, I will do that."

I then used the machine to come back to the present. I am typing up this story based on my experiences in the past. I lost a great friend when Hans was murdered by the criminal nigger monkey ape jigaboo coon George Floyd, who also turns out was responsible for causing the myths about the Holocaust to be formed by murdering pregnant Jewish women, injecting Jewish children with fentayl and stealing the air of Jews in Auschwitz.

Anyway, fuck kikes and fuck niggers.

**We Accidentally Released King George Floydorah**

By Jordan Cleeman

Hey guys, it's Sussy Balls here, and I am going to tell you about the time we accidentally released the nigger titan, King George Floydorah. But before I continue, I need to provide some background information.

I am a researcher who works in the titan department of a company called Golden Nigger Corp. In this particular segment of the business, we study these gigantic creatures known as massive unidentified terrestrial organisms. They can grow up to hundreds of feet tall, and have been roaming the Earth for millions of years. Some of the well known titan species include Ronniezilla and Floyd Kong. Because niggers are so closely related to chimpanzees, nigger Giganiggas exhibit characteristics that resemble apes. You've probably guessed by now that Floyd Kong is one of the powerful nigger Giganiggas.

Golden Nigger Corp has been studying these giants since the eighteen hundreds, starting from when they first discovered cave paintings which depicted them. One of the first cave paintings they found illustrated a giant three headed dragon called King Gaydorah invading planet earth. Floyd Kong, who is one of the most powerful inhabitants of earth, defended our planet by raping King Gaydorah. Of course, that was the only thing the Floyd Kong could do because niggers would fuck anything that moves. As a result, King Gaydorah was impregnated even though it is technically asexual, resulting in the birth of King George Floydorah.

Even though niggers are usually genetically inferior, meaning that mixed mutts are weak, King George Floydorah is a force to be reckoned with. Despite only being a standalone titan out of the hundreds of thousands lurking around Earth, he is responsible for fifty percent of titan deaths.He is even more lethal than the infamous Ronniezilla who kills his enemies by blasting their heads off using his atomic breath.

For numerous decades, the titan department of Golden Nigger Corp had been searching for King George Floydorah to capture and study it. But that proved very challenging. You see, King George Floydorah is an anomaly titan that feeds primarily on radiated fentanyl instead of pure radiation. It's thirst for fentanyl is so strong that it can use its nigger speed to fly to the nearest fentanyl source at one hundred thousand miles per hour. Because of its insane velocity, it is almost impossible to track and capture it before it moves onto the next fentanyl source.

But almost twenty years after the King George Floydorah cave painting was found, Golden Nigger Corp came up with the idea of trapping it. Another thing about King George Floydorah is that he prefers to feed on pregnant Giganiggas because they are an excellent source of radiation for it as well. Golden Nigger Corp planned to use a pregnant Methra as bait. Methra is basically this giant methamphetamine butterfly titan that reincarnates like a phoenix every time it hatches from its own eggs that it lays. So using it as bait wasn't a moral issue.

Methra is one of the physically weaker Giganiggas, so keeping her in captivity in the trap was relatively easy. After King George Floydorah arrived to attempt to eat the pregnant methra, Golden Nigger

Corp poured a fuck ton of liquid fentanyl onto it and froze it to permanently trap King George Floydorah within the giant solid fentanyl block. Again, because King George Floydorah craves fentanyl so much, it doesn't have a practical reason to try to escape the mass of fentanyl it was inside of. Just like it's father, Floyd Kong, King George Floydorah is a nigger titan, so it would have nothing to do to contribute anything to the world anyway, just like any regular nigger.

King George Floydorah had been captive in that solid fentanyl block for over a century, until what happened in 2021.

I was at my job in the Golden Nigger Corp department just doing some basic research on some random unknown nigger Giganiggas. We discover them almost every time a titan casualty is detected, since niggers are violent apes. I was looking through a microscope inspecting the DNA sample of a creature named Amargasaurus, which was actually an amazing creature. But that is not important for the story, for now anyways. Suddenly, one of the titan department managers, Ray Cistman, barged into the room in a panicked state.

"Sussy Balls, we have an emergency right now!" Ray said. "Follow me to the security room please!".

Shortly, the alarm went off. He motioned to me to come and I followed. I was confused because normally our facility is supposed to be almost impossible to break into. Ray Cistman and I ran across the halls, the elevators, and every corridor of the building to make it into the security room, which was across the building from the room I was in. Once we entered the room, we saw what was going on through the security camera feed. Specifically, the monitor that displayed the King George Floydorah outpost, which was supposed to be still frozen inside the fentanyl mass. However, that was not the case. From what I saw, the fentanyl block was cracking open. But that was impossible. At the time it was trapped, hundreds of different physics formulas were used to calculate that King George Floydorah should not be able to escape from it for a billion years. But when I looked at the screen more closely, I saw what actually happened.

On the ground, I saw a large army of BLM niggers trying to break into the frozen solid fentanyl block. It was as if they desperately wanted to consume all of it. This was alarming because I realized that only niggers would be able to destroy it if there is enough manpower. I genuinely did not know what to do because I was not in charge of the King George Floydorah outpost at all. All I could do was warn the other colleagues. Ray Cistman pulled out his walkie talkie and announced what was going on.

"Alert alert. There is a pack of niggers trying to consume King George Floydorah's fentanyl block. We must stop them before they break it, freeing King George Floydorah!"

After Ray Cistman was done with the announcement, we awaited for all our armed combatants to eliminate the army of BLM niggers. It was for the good of both our company and most importantly, the Earth. Obviously, King George Floydorah is capable of mass destruction. Moments later, I saw our trained combatants enter the outpost sights. They aimed their guns at the BLM niggers and warned them three times. Honestly, I consider giving niggers more than one warning a big enough of a mistake since niggers are too low IQ to understand the consequences of anything. I was right. They just continued to chip through the fentanyl block by sniffing in its particles through their oversized nostrils. Ray Cistman leaned toward his walkie talkie once again and ordered the combatants to shoot them. Immediately, they began to shoot at them. In response to the bullets striking their mud colored skin, they started to chimp out, making monkey noises. But that was not enough. For some reason, they would rather continue consuming that three hundred ton fentanyl block than stay alive. Unfortunately for us, the BLM niggers far outnumbered our armed combatants, so it was too late. At this point, they had already scraped through enough of the fentanyl to reveal the brownish golden hide of King George Floydorah.

It was then that I started to feel the ground shake. King George Floydorah was awakening. With my barely maintained focus due to the falling debris, I saw King George Floydorah use its wings to deliver the final blow that shattered the remaining fentanyl mass into pieces. I then saw the BLM niggers on the ground chimp in excitement, snorting all of the residual fentanyl fragments. But that pissed off King George Floydorah because it wanted all of it for itself. All three of its heads rose, then used its overpowered fentanyl fueled gravity beams to kill all of the niggers trying to take the bits of fentanyl. So many of them died that it probably raised the black on black crime statistic by a good margin, considering we classify King George Floydorah as a nigger. Once they were all dead, King George Floydorah slurped in all of

the fentanyl dust. It was probably the most fentanyl it had consumed in its millions of years of existence, because it started to emit a reddish glow, indicating that it was entering into a thermonuclear state. This is the result of excess radiation. This was not a good sign. When a titan enters its thermonuclear state, it becomes even more powerful, which makes it much harder to kill. Ray Cistman and I looked at eachother, not knowing what to do next. Never in its history had the Golden Nigger Corp ever dealt with a thermonucleic titan.

I had an idea though. Given that King George Floydorah is a Floydian creature, it is perhaps possible to stop it using this device called the oxygen destroyer. The oxygen destroyer is this man-made weapon that is capable of destroying the element of oxygen. The device works by activating a chemical stored within its spherical center, which causes the center to split in half and open. Once released, the chemical reacts violently with the water, isolating oxygen molecules and splitting them. The main reason we developed the oxygen destroyer is to terminate any failed nigger science experiment in an instant. I figured that because King George Floydorahs heavy fentanyl usage makes it desperate for air since fentanyl makes it have a hard time breathing, despite its big ass nose, the oxygen destroyer should be its key weakness even in a thermonuclear state.

But that does not mean it will be easy. The thing that initially stifled me from executing this plan earlier was the fact that King George Floydorahs parent, King Gaydorah, is an extraterrestrial organism, which means it does not rely on oxygen to survive. However, given that King George Floydorah is basically a mixed race mutt titan, there is a chance that it still could work.

Another challenge though is luring it to an area where the oxygen destroyer will not destroy the Golden Nigger Corp laboratory. But luckily, it is built on an isolated island, since niggers have the inability to swim, which is what really makes our facility nigger proof. I told Ray Cistman about the plan and he nodded. He agreed that this is probably our only chance of defeating this nigger titan. Ray Cistman ordered our combatants to initiate the detonation of the oxygen destroyer. But because this is such a major decision that can cause the deaths of every organism within a five mile radius, we undertook it with great solemnity. Ray Cistman explained to the team that King George Floydorahs' evil nigger brain would have too strong of a tendency to commit mass crimes, which would far outweigh the amount of third party damage the oxygen destroyer could cause.

They agreed to the plan. I heard a loud thud, which was due to the large oxygen destroyer device moving through the building. This better work, I thought to myself. I equipped my gear and went to the launch pad, where I met with the pilot who was going to transport the oxygen destroyer to a safe distance from the Golden Nigger Corp facility. At this point, King George Floydorah was still enjoying consuming the larger fentanyl fragments. Holy shit, I couldn't believe it was still hungry for that nigger drug despite being so oversaturated with it.

Moments later, we took off. But we came to the realization that it would be practically impossible to kite King George Floydorah to where we wanted it to be since it was so busy with the fentanyl, which it was surprisingly taking way too long to eat. The only other thing it is attracted to other than fentanyl is pregnant Giganiggas. But the problem was, we did not have any pregnant titan bait to use since Methra herself was in her incubation state at the time, so we needed to artificially mimic the sounds of a pregnant titan. Along with the invention of the oxygen destroyer, Golden Nigger Corp also uses this device called the orca, which can emit waves of any frequency. Pregnant Giganiggas tend to make this peculiar sound during labour, so we decided to use that to entice King George Floydorah.

We quickly returned to the facility to retrieve the orca, and then flew to the five mile mark where we were to deploy the oxygen destroyer. Once we dropped it, we activated the orca's wave frequency and adjusted it to match the sound which pregnant Giganiggas make. We all had to cover our ears since it was very loud and high pitched. It was so loud that I wanted to McNutt myself. But I kept telling myself that it would be over soon.

Shortly after, we heard the sound of wings flapping. It was King George Floydorah flying in our direction. The seduction was working very well. Eventually, I saw its silhouette on the horizon. I saw its fifty meter long nigger dick get hard as it got horny over the sound of the pregnant titan. It was now the perfect opportunity to finally activate the oxygen destroyer. While it was still emitting the wave, we dropped the orca into the ocean in order to get the King George Floydorah into the water. Once it was in,

we detonated the oxygen destroyer. What happened next was a blur. I felt the sonic boom that came from the blast, which threw all of us across the deck of the air carrier. But through that, I heard King George Floydorah let out its infamous roar, which translates to, "I can't breathe".

Once the explosion settled down, we flew the air carrier down to see if King George Floydorah was dead. Its lifeless corpse started to float at the surface of the ocean, along with a thousand fish that were also killed by the oxygen destroyer. That multi-headed nigger dragon was now finally dead.

We celebrated our victory since we've been trying to come up with a plan to kill it for the past century. Once this all resonated through our heads, we decided that we should keep King George Floydorah's corpse for research purposes. After all, Golden Nigger Corp is a company that solely studies why niggers behave the way they do.

Well guys, this is the story of how we saved the planet from King George Floydorah after it was released by those fentanyl hungry BLM niggers. Moral of the story, no matter their form, niggers need to be dealt with swiftly and justly. As dumb and genetically inferior as they are, the amount of destruction they cause to society is massive. Sussy Balls signing off.

**Do Not Climb Mount Floyd**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Jay Cutler. I am a professional mountain climber. I have climbed some of the tallest mountains in the world, such as Mount Everest. To put that into perspective, only four thousand people have climbed it in history. Now, I am not the kind of person who brags, but you got to admit, that is a crazy feat right there. Mount Everest is known to be the most difficult mountain to climb to the top. But believe me, it is not even close. There are mountains out there that are far more difficult to climb. Just not all of them have been discovered. Trust me.

One day, I was on the internet giving small local businesses negative reviews on Yelp just to troll. Mostly the ones that put up LGBTQ flags on their signs. It was funny as fuck doing some mass faggot bullying. You may be wondering why I am doing this when I should probably be busy climbing mountains. Well the thing is, I climbed every known mountain on the planet at this point and I was bored as fuck not knowing what else to do. I was a very self fulfilled man at the time.

But twelve hours into me posting faggot hating reviews on yelp, I received a notification for a text message from one of my former mountain climbing partners, CapDrac. Because we haven't chatted in God knows how many months, I clicked on it excitedly. Eager to hear how life was treating him, I began to read the text.

"Hello Jay Cutler. It has been a while since we have spoken. I hope you are doing well. Recently, I did some digging on the dark web and found this ***based*** website. I came across countless posts that discuss a recently constructed man-made mountain created by this foreign African tribe on a remote island. The African tribe, called the Wiu Wius, carved the mountain to resemble a George Floyd mural. It is apparently even taller than Mount Everest. We call it Mount Floyd. From all the raw footage I found of it, I am very interested in climbing it and I invite you to come with me on the journey. So far, nobody has been reported to have climbed it yet except the nigger African tribe that carved it."

This alerted me. The fact that we could be the very first ones to climb a mountain filled me with an overwhelming sense of excitement. I texted back to CapDrac saying that I would be very happy to come along.

But I had this idea. Because this is a chance for us to be the first ones to reach the peak, I had the idea of placing a flag on top of it that says, "FUCK NIGGERS". As you probably know by now, I have a powerful hatred towards black people, so achieving this would be a huge accomplishment for me. I quickly grabbed a spare blanket that I didn't need, and then using a permanent marker, wrote the words, "FUCK NIGGERS" in large bold text. I was now ready to do some racist climbing.

CapDrac and I sorted out a preferred date for when we want to climb Mount Floyd. Because I have a lot of free time, we easily settled for tomorrow. Oh boy, I could not wait to place the flag that reads "FUCK NIGGERS" on top of the Floyd Mountain.

The next day, I met up with CapDrac at the airport. Something to note, because Mount Floyd is on a remote island, there is no direct flight to our final destination. We first had to fly to Africa, and then take a boat to the island. After we purchased the plane tickets and went through airport security, we waited a couple hours to be able to board the plane.

Once the wait was finally over, CapDrac and I entered the airplane. It was a rather small and confined jet, so it was hard as fuck for my insane bodybuilder-esque physique to get to our seats. By the time we plopped into our seats, it was already time for the plane to take off.

The flight was a ten hour one. Once we finally landed in the airport in South Africa, CapDrac and I dragged our heavy luggage full of mountain climbing equipment and then entered the airport.

"Holy shit, this place reeks of poop." CapDrac said, while pinching his nose.

"Yeah obviously. South Africa is a disgusting ass country." I said.

Goes to show how unsanitary and poor this shit country is. But of course, we are not here to stay; our minds are onto the Floyd Mountain. CapDrac and I left the airport as fast as we could, and then rented a car to drive to the nearest boating dock. Renting an airport car is significantly more expensive than taking a taxi, but CapDrac and I did not want to be in the same car as a nigger taxi driver, so it was worth the extra cost.

After a thirty minute drive, we finally made it to shore. The beach here in South Africa looks so much different than the beach in Hawaii when I vacationed there. The ocean water in South Africa is super murky. Damn, no wonder the malnourished monkeys over here are desparate as fuck for water. Serves them right for using the ocean and rivers as a toilet.

CapDrac and I shortly found the boating service, where we could rent a boat and travel wherever we want to go. We met up with the clerk, and he asked us for ten dollars. But because I am a privileged white man, that was a piece of cake to afford, and all I had in my wallet were one hundred dollar bills. I pulled a one hundred dollar bill and then handed it to him. He looked at it as if he found gold and snatched it immediately. He looked like he wanted to eat it. After that, he welcomed us to a wooden kayak. CapDrac and I hopped on it and started working it. To say that it is slow is an understatement. This kayak is even slower than the ones made in America. This proves that niggers can't develop good technology.

As we kept paddling, I pulled out my map to get an idea of what direction we should head over to. It was pretty straightforward though. We only have to paddle forty degrees southwest from the shore until we reach the island.

Six hours later, we finally made it to the island. I was able to tell it was the right one, because I saw this humongous mountain that was the shape of George Floyd's monkey shaped head. I could tell that it was taller than Mount Everest even from a far distance. As CapDrac and I beached our kayak, we dismounted off. I looked around and noticed a lot of small huts around the beach. The idea that such a primitive tribe built Mount Floyd was beyond me. And there's no way their monkey brains could do the calculations to carve it so perfectly.

The mountain was luckily not too far from the shore, so it was walking distance away from where we were. CapDrac and I made our way to the mountain. But the moment we passed the huts, I saw a pack of niggers emerge from them. When I looked at them more closely, I thought, wow, this nigger tribe looked even less evolved than the standard nigger. They hardly looked distinguishable from real chimpanzees, the only major difference being their ability to stand upright. It was a bit unsettling to look at.

"Ooga booga, attack!" one of them said.

The pack of the devolved nigger tribe ran at CapDrac and I. At first, I thought we were doomed because niggers are only powerful when they hunt in packs, but I realized that since they are an isolated tribe, the bacteria of the genetically superior White people is lethal to their immune systems. Once they came close enough, I sneezed on them. It instantly killed them, because our germs are the equivalent of a deadly virus to them.

After CapDrac and I did a quick three sixty and confirmed there weren't anymore of them, we continued.

Eventually, we finally made it to the base of Mount Floyd. Damn, it looked even bigger from up close.

"Holy shit," I said. "The giant carved Floyd head looks even uglier from this point of view because it's nostrils look extra large from here."

Another peculiar thing that I noticed about Mount Floyd is that I saw glacials at the top. It was strange considering this was a tropical island. Even though it was significantly taller than Mount Everest, to see snow up there was strange.

CapDrac and I fished our bags to retrieve the climbing equipment. Climbing pickaxe, ropes, and hooks. The old school way. Mount Floyd was already hella steep from the bottom, like a ninety degree cliff. Because of this, it took a bit more effort than most other large mountains to begin the climbing. It took some extra adjustments, but we eventually managed to hook ourselves up.

Judging by how fast we were climbing and how tall mount Floyd is, it looked like it was going to take three months. But because the temperature here is warm, there was no need to worry about freezing to death. Or so I thought.

Days of pure climbing fun went by. Even though Capdrac and I had the luxury of the warmth, it became very tiresome because that meant our labour made us dehydrated fast.

One day, we finally made it to the point where we could have a really good view of the giant carved George Floyd head. The longer I stared at it, the harder it was to believe that the African tribe managed to carve this whole thing, let alone in a year.

Hey CapDrac, don't you think it is a bit unrealistic for this George Floyd mountain to be carved?" I pointed out.

"Yeah, I am beginning to feel like this is a naturally formed mountain after all." Capdrac said.

I really, really wish capdracs' explanation was correct, especially after what happened later.

We eventually ran out of water because we drank way too much in a short period of time. We were only an eighth of the way to the peak of Mount Floyd, so there was no way we would be able to reach the top before dying of dehydration.

CapDrac and I were about to turn back when I remembered something. The flag that has the phrase "FUCK NIGGERS" written on it. I thought that I may as well just plant it at our current location, since it was probably impossible to make it to the top given the unrealistic amount of water we would need to bring to complete the journey. I pulled the flag from my bag, and then jabbed it onto the soil. But when I did that, the ground started to shake. Well not exactly the ground. Mount Floyd itself was really the one shaking.

"What the hell is going on?" I exclaimed.

It felt like an earthquake was happening. But it eventually calmed down. I then decided to take one last look at the peak of Mount Floyd. But when I brought my eyes to the sky, I saw something that I thought was impossible. The supposed giant carved George Floyd head was no longer in its original position. It was now bending down. Looking right at CapDrac and I. How was this even possible? But it gets even crazier. Mount Floyds head then opened its mouth to speak. I could feel a ton of rocks falling off as it moved.

"How dare you offend me by placing that flag in me mane," it said in an unrealistically deep voice. "You will pay for this."

That last sentence sent shivers down my spine. If this mountain is capable of speaking, I could only imagine how it could punish us.

"I will now suffocate y'all manes by releasing my avalanche on y'all." it said.

It began to contract its nasal cavities, expanding the already insane diameter of its nigger nostrils. A white mass then started to pour out of both of them. At first, I thought it was just a regular snow avalanche. But despite its white color, the individual particles were far too large to constitute snow. It was actually an avalanche in the form of crystal fentanyl. No wonder there was that white mass at the top of the peak. It wasn't glacials after all.

"CapDrac, run!" I cried.

We ran in the opposite direction. But the force of gravity was too powerful. We were far slower than the tumbling avalanche of crystal fentanyl. I quickly began to lose hope. Soon after, CapDrac lost his stamina and slowed down significantly. I looked back to see the avalanche towering over him. But I kept my pace. My adrenaline continued to fuel me. However, CapDrac got crushed.

"I can't breathe!" CapDrac shrieked as the fentanyl covered him.

"Hehehe, this is what you get for disrespecting me mane." Mount Floyd laughed.

After CapDrac was swallowed by the fentanyl, Mount Floyd tilted its head back up to stop the fentanyl avalanche from pouring out its nostrils any longer. It was now all over. I ran up to CapDracs' lifeless body and shook him. But he was gone. Part of me was mad. Mad at what the nigger mountain did to him. But at the same time, I knew it was my fault for planting that racist flag. Either way, I didn't regret it myself, because I hate niggers so much.

After this all phased through me, I started to continue my way down the mountain. But I soon grew too weak to continue. Not because of my emotional state, but mostly because I had been dehydrated for too long. I don't think I will make it down alive.

After I accepted this horrible fate, I am now writing this all in my notebook. I hope that some curious explorer finds this and uploads this journal entry online. To those reading this, if you climb Mount Floyd, do not place a flag on it that says, "FUCK NIGGERS". It will anger the mountain and it will summon a fentanyl avalanche to asphyxiate you.

**The Lung Fairy**

By Jordan Cleeman

Until recently, I always thought the tooth fairy was the only body part collector out there. Because to be fair, teeth are the only thing that would naturally detach from one's body through maturity. But what I learned not too long ago completely changed my perspective on this matter. There are other body part fairies that exist.

I have a six year old son named Luca. A week ago, Luca was diagnosed with lung cancer. The whole family was very devastated. The difficult thing was, we aren't exactly a privileged household, so affording treatment wasn't an option. We were presented with two choices. Either a generous family member donates their lungs to Luca, or we let him die. Unfortunately though, none of us were willing to do that. We had no choice but the latter option.

When we conferred our decision to the children's hospital, we were presented with an opportunity to opt him into the Make-a-Wish program. Luca had about a month left to live at the time, so we happily agreed to it. Luca himself supported the decision, so it wasn't like we refused to end his misery against his will. How the Make-A-Wish program works is that they receive their money from donations and then use it to grant the dying child's wish, so they didn't charge us anything for it. But of course, their funds are limited, so Luca's wish had to be something within the boundaries of reasonability.

On the day we were to propose Luca's final decision for his wish, we brought him to the actual facility that grants the wishes. My wife and I had to fill out a waiver, promising that we cannot reverse or modify any wish once we finally decide on it. You know, the boring terms and agreements that you don't really read. After we got all of that out of the way, Luca told the clerk his wish.

"I want a twenty dollar bill", he said.

I was quite shocked at his request. Most children who are opted into the Make-a-Wish program ask for bigger things, such as a trip to Disneyland. Twenty dollars seemed way too insignificant to me. I nudged Luca and told him that the sky's the limit and he should wish for something bigger. Besides, there's really nothing money could do when he was going to die soon. But he told me that he was fully certain about his decision. I guess that because he's young, his value for money is very different from mine. But I thought back to the waiver and remembered that the beneficiary is entitled to have full control of their wish. That meant neither my wife nor I could influence Luca's wish.

"Alright kiddo, go for that twenty dollars." I said, as I patted Luca on the head.

He beamed with excitement. I guess the fact that he was so ill made him appreciative of even the littlest things. We did some extra consulting with the clerk about additional contractual agreements until we left the facility to return home.

The drive back was very silent. Even though I crafted a fairly reasonable explanation of my own, my mind was still occupied by Luca's extremely minuscule wish. *But why did he specifically want a twenty?* I asked myself. The more I thought about it, the more curious I became. I decided that I would further question Luca about it when we got home.

Once we were settled in the living room, I asked Luca to have a one-on-one conversation with me.

"Son, can I ask you about the wish?" I asked him.

But after my question, he replied, "I am not telling you."

In response, a part of me grew suspicious. "Why's that?"

"I'm sorry, I can't tell you." he said.

Looking at his body language, I noticed that Luca was beginning to feel uncomfortable, so that was when I stopped soliciting him for answers.

"Alright bud. Well, go play with your legos or something."

Luca ran upstairs to his bedroom. *Maybe I was just being paranoid*, I thought. I just chalked it off to my newly fluctuating emotions from the thought of losing my son soon. I heard Luca's laughter from upstairs as played with his legos. The idea that I wouldn't hear his joy ever again in a month's time made me tear up. I loved my son very much. I went to my office and picked up the photo album that contained memories of every special occasion that involved Luca. I flipped to the first page, which had a photo labeled, "Luca's first words". A wave of nostalgia hit me as I remembered that the first words he said were, "I hate niggers."A thing I highly valued about Luca is that he is a natural racist, a rare gift that he was born with. In his first days of preschool, he would bully all of the black kids until the Jew school system suspended him. It made me even sadder to think of him dying of lung cancer.

I spent the rest of the day flipping through the remainder of the photo album, reminiscing over every page. It felt like I was reliving all those moments all over again. When I was finished, I realized that it was already seven o'clock in the evening. It had grown silent, so Luca was probably asleep by now. Usually when Luca is finished playing with his legos, he would forget to clean up after himself. And stepping on the scattered lego pieces hurts almost as much as having your wife cheat on you with a dirty nigger. I tippy-toed upstairs and then made my way to Luca's room to clean up his legos. I saw that he built a scene of a nigger being hung from a tree branch. Luca is ***based*** as fuck. I didn't want to ruin the beautiful model that he spent the afternoon working on, so I carefully set it aside and only put away the leftover lego pieces.

After I was done cleaning, I stood back up and strode to the doorway. But on my way, I noticed that Luca had a new drawing pinned to his wall. Curious,I took a look at it. One thing I noticed was that it depicted a toddler sized stick figure human laying in bed. The word, "me" was labeled right above the stick figure, which indicated the stick figure represented Luca. But right next to it, I saw a sketch of this tall slender monkey-like creature. It appeared to be watching over the sleeping Luca stick figure, holding a lung with blood dripping from it. Now, I know that it isn't uncommon for Luca to create this sort of violent artwork, if you recall the lego model he built of the dead nigger hanging. But the drawing disturbed me. Something about it seemed so eerie to me. It sent shivers down my spine. I was so chilled by it that I woke Luca up and asked him what the fuck he drew.

"Oh, that is the lung fairy dad." Luca said casually.

"I'm sorry, what?" I replied. "Can you elaborate on what this 'lung fairy' is?

"You won't believe me, so I am not telling you."

I began to grow impatient. I understood that your kids don't have to tell you everything, but this was getting weird.

"Son, I will believe anything you say, so please for the love of God tell me what is going on." I demanded.

"Okay fine," Luca finally relented. "The lung fairy is this nigger fairy who visited my bedroom at night last week and asked me for my lung. At first, I refused to give it to him. But he offered me twenty dollars in return. I really wanted the money, so I let him take my lung. In return, he traded me this other lung, which looked very unhealthy, then handed me a twenty dollar bill."

Luca then flipped over his pillow to reveal a note that appeared to be a twenty dollar bill. He handed it to me and said, "See? Look."

I examined it and noticed that something about the bill was a bit odd. The usual portrait of Andrew Jackson on it looked like it was drawn on instead of printed. I raised a brow at Luca.

"Um, you do realize this is fake money, don't you?" I questioned him.

"Yeah dad, I know. That was why I asked for a twenty dollar bill from the Make-a-Wish foundation." Luca said. "The lung fairy is the reason why I am sick dad."

On the inside, I hardly believed what he just said. I thought this whole thing was just some coping story he made up about his lung cancer, using a fake dollar bill he drew himself. But I pretended in order to humour him, because I had already promised that I'd believe everything he'd say.

"Alright Luca, I believe you." I lied.

"Thank you. I'm tired now." Luca said, while yawning.

"Alright, goodnight son." I said.

I gently closed Luca's bedroom door shut and then made my way to the master bedroom to get ready to go to bed myself. I joined my wife who was already in bed. She was watching funny Ronnie McNutt meme edits on her phone. I joined her and we enjoyed making jokes about that faggot cuck. Eventually, we dozed off to sleep.

I was awoken by the sound of scratching coming from the bedroom window. At first, I thought it was just a tree branch rubbing against the glass due to the wind, but I realized that there was no sound of the wind. I looked over to the window. There, I saw a dark brown hand gripping the shallow horizontal platform below the window. It had extremely long fingers with nails as sharp as knives. The hand then started to press against the glass. I just sat up staring at it. Because I had just woken up, I wasn't sure whether I was just imagining things or not.

But then, the hand formed a fist and punched right through the window, shattering the glass. It jolted my wife awake. She instantly turned her head to face the now broken window and shrieked. The demonic looking hand was now reaching into the bedroom to lift itself up. I was horrified and too scared to stop it because its nails looked like they could kill a man. I was anticipating what its face could look like, expecting it to look like something from The Exorcist. But when its head finally came into view, it looked much different from what I had expected. In fact, it was even scarier. It was George Floyd. His enormous nose and lips made him look far creepier than horror movie monsters.

Once he jumped into the bedroom, he presented himself with a sinister grin.

"Ayo mains, I be the lung fairy." he began. "Gimme yo fresh pair of lungs so I can breathe."

"No, we will not!" my wife lashed back.

"Aw please bitch, Imma give both o' ya twenty dolla each in return." The lung fairy then pulled two counterfeit twenty dollar bills from his naturally formed pouch (think kangaroos). "I will also give you a free replacement lung so y'all don't die."

He fished into his pouch again,to show my wife and I our supposed replacement lungs. They were covered in cancerous tumors.

"Nigger, we will not give you our healthy lungs no matter what. And those bills are clearly fake, you dumb nigga fairy." I said.

The lung fairy was then angered by my relative cleverness and ran at me. *Oh shit*, I thought. He jumped at me, causing me to tumble to the ground. While we were in contact, I could smell rotten flesh from the cancerous lungs that the lung fairy was holding.

"Give up please, I need to be able to breathe with yo nice lungs main!" George Floyd screeched.

I tried to fight back, but he reached into my chest before I could react, and then started to dig his nails into it. It was quickly making its way deep into where my lungs are. It was trying to use its knife-like nails to perform an unwanted lung transplant for itself. But all of a sudden, it retracted its claws and yelped in pain.

"Oh sheet, my head hurts!" the lung fairy said.

I looked upward to see that my wife used a vase to bash the lung fairy's head. He then laid there on the ground, crying. It was now the perfect opportunity to finally defeat this nigga fairy. I grabbed one of the broken glass shards and then jabbed it into the lung fairies chest, which punctured his own lungs, which already looked so fucking deformed. No wonder he wanted ours so badly. It deflated like a balloon until it ended up all shriveled up and useless.

"Sheet main! Why you do dis! I can't breef!" he said, as if he were the innocent one. "I dindu nuffin!"

Eventually, he stopped breathing and died at last. I let out a sigh of relief, but immediately felt pain. I looked down to my chest and realized there was a large open wound that the lung fairy inflicted. I didn't know it had gotten so close to ripping my lung out. Blood was continuously pouring out. Soon after, my vision blurred and I passed out.

Thankfully though, I survived. I was reawakened in the hospital. To my left, I saw Luca and my wife.

"Thank God you are okay." my wife said as she hugged me.

But the first thing that I did was speak to Luca.

"I wish you had told us this earlier," I said.

I am now typing this on my phone as I am bed ridden. Please use this as a warning. George Floyd became a lung stealing fairy from hell. If he ever comes back and visits you, do everything you can to stop him. That greedy nigger will forcefully trade a cancerous lung for yours, just so he can comfortably breathe.

**King of the Apes: The Peculiar Slave Owning Negro**

By Toast Man

Before all else, I would like to offer my greetings to any fine gentlemen of fair skin who happen to read this letter. And when I say, 'gentlemen of fair skin', I mean exactly what I say because women and negroes should not be taught how to read. My name is Al Sneed, a humble man who lives on a little farm just yonder of the Mississippi River. As one of the few literate men in town, I am writing this letter for posterity on behalf of the Town of Feedsville, so as to document a peculiar and terrifying incident that we had here in the Year of Our Lord Eighteen Forty Four.

But first, before I explain the incident in question, I believe I must clarify a couple things in advance about Feedsville. The Town of Feedsville and the surrounding county was founded as an explicitly anti-slavery town. Now while that may sound awfully progressive to those Yankee abolitionist types, let me assure you that it ain't so. Feedsville is anti-slavery because none of the town's founders wanted to live in a day's ride of niggers. As to why, well, there are as many reasons for staying away from the black menace as there are stars in the sky.

First and foremost, let me say that regardless of whatever scripture any Northern pastor recites to you or whatever honeysuckle lies some Yankee Jew whispers in your ear, negroes are not people. They simply are not humans like you or I or any other White man who rightly fears God. The negro is, to put it simply, a creature with the body of a man, the mind of an animal, and a soul as black as the color of its skin.

With their body of a man, they can perform their duties as slaves. Most of the time this means that they'll be picking cotton or tobacco out in the fields of a big plantation owner, all the while reeking of the foulest odor imaginable. What this does is leave good poor White folk without a job, meaning that they'll go hungry in the winter, and they won't ever have a chance to buy land of their own.

With their mind of an animal, the primitive negro is incapable of any coherent thinking. This can be seen in how they articulate themselves. Whereas the White man thinks before speaking, the negro will

babble on ceaselessly but in no way understand the meaning of the words that flow from his mouth. Like a dog, the only thing a negro is capable of understanding is the command of a White man. However, I will add that this comparison may be disparaging to the dog for, unlike the negro, the dog is loyal.

With their soul being as black as the darkest abyss, the negro conducts itself in the most heinous and egregious of ways. When it comes to work, the negro will be the embodiment of Sloth, always lazy and never working without the coaxing of an overseer. Yet when it comes to mischief and crime, the negro will go to the ends of the Earth just to execute his vile deed. A negro will spend all day picking his snout-like nose in lieu of cotton but spend all night using every ounce of his strength to smash down a door so that he could rape a White girl.

And all of this without mentioning that, if you buy a slave, you are giving money to Jews. That is because the Jews control the slave trade and have done so since Christopher Columbus discovered this continent. Let me say that there ain't a slave auction in the world where some crook-nosed Jew hasn't gotten its dirty, ratty fingers into the coffers.

But with that brief explanation of the nigger menace and the resultant policy of anti-slavery in Feedsville out of the way, I can finally get into the horrifying story I was trying to document.

On a hot August day, blazing hot I tell you, a lone negress wandered into the Feedsville General Store. Now normally Chuck, the owner and proprietor of the store, would've sensed the imminent shoplifting and called the town sheriff to promptly arrest the female negroid, who would then be escorted to the jail. However, this particular wench was so thin and sickly that she looked like she was on the verge of keeling over. So, Chuck, being the kind-hearted White Christian he is, let her rest up in the store attic. As he fed her some watermelon, fried chicken, and tea with plenty of sugar, he asked her what had happened to her.

"Oh mistah, I hadda run away from ma massa. He be a terrible massa I tell ya," she had told Chuck as she sloppily ate the chicken, licking her lips. "Massa must be da the servant of da Devil or sumting cause I ain't never going back dere. He beats us, rapes da girls with da big bellies from habin babies in dem, and makes us work in makin' strange, witchcraft potions."

Chuck was skeptical but intrigued. He was used to niggers telling lies to get free goodies from White folk, but he had never heard tales this elaborate about a slave owner coming from one before. He asked the runaway slave for proof for her claims, to which she produced a small, strange pill.

The slave continued her explanation. "Massa be callin' it 'fentanyl' or sumting like dat. It be like tobacco or liquor, but ten, naw, a hundred times strongah. Massa has five hundred slaves, and he makes us do witchcraft and da work of da Devil to make deez pills. Two dozen niggas like me have died while makin da fentanyl."

Chuck, who had been running the General Store for close to a decade, had never seen nor heard of a drug called fentanyl. Curious, he asked the negress if he could have the pill to test if it worked like she said it did. She obliged. Chuck locked the door to make sure wouldn't steal anything, then went downstairs and walked a hundred yards to his hen house. He picked one of the hens that hadn't been laying eggs for a while and forced the pill of fentanyl down its gullet. In a few short minutes, the hen started acting all strange. The bird began waddling around as if drunk, then began making weird noises that Chuck described as "apelike, close to those of a circus monkey that I'd seen at a fair in Richmond once."

What Chuck told us all next about that chicken still sends shivers down my spine. The chicken's feathers slowly began growing darker and darker until they turned coal black. The hen then went feral, attacking the other birds in the chicken coop with a devilish ferocity. It was as if a demon had possessed that bird. Luckily for Chuck, he had his cap-and-ball six shooter on his person, so he unloaded every shot into that berserk black hen. The bird died on the spot, but as Chuck examined the corpse, he found that there was a plethora of oddities about it besides the sudden darkening of the feathers. The beak had grown in size and changed in shape, now resembling a large brown mushroom. The stench of the bird had changed too, as while chickens are naturally nasty smelling, this black hen was on a whole different level. For some reason that only God Almighty knows, it smelled of cheap tobacco, malt liquor, and stale urine.

Disturbed by the experience, Chuck quickly disposed of the dead chicken, then headed back up to the attic to continue speaking to the negress. He questioned her about who her master was and what he was

doing with this 'fentanyl' he was producing.

"My massa is a negro like myself. A big negro, ovah six feet tall and built like a bull." the negress said as she sipped on some sickeningly sweet tea. "But he be different from any negro I'd evah met before. He ain't got any respect for da White man like any well-behaved nigga should. He keep on callin' you white folk 'crackas' and talks all day about how he is gonna 'smoke' you. And when it comes to da fentanyl, most of it he uses himself. But other times he gives it to other young buck niggas so dat dey can sell it in towns and big cities."

Now if you're thoroughly swindled by the Jews that run the Northern press, you might not know this, but rich niggers can own other niggers in slave states. In fact, the first slave holder in the Americas was a nigger by the name of Anthony Johnson who ran a tobacco plantation in Maryland. As can be seen from the example of the nigger Anthony Johnson, the greatest enemy of niggers are other niggers.

The negress continued her tale. "Massa don't just do dat dough. He also rapes dem baby mamas. He say dat dem big pregnant bellies make him all excited. Dat nigga is just evil, just evil. His property is about a days walk from dis place, right within da county limits."

Upon hearing that, Chuck realized that he had to call a town meeting. If what the negress was saying was true, there was a criminal nigger living on a plantation within the county limits with his slaves, a violation of Feedsville law. And not only was this nigger slave-owner in the county, but he was also up to something sinister with his 'fentanyl'. Action had to be taken. So Chuck let the negress go, telling her to leave the county and never come back, then called the meeting.

The Feedsville Town Council consisted of Chuck, Mayor Ray Cisman, Sheriff Kyle Rittenhouse, Reverend Larry Ridgeway, and yours truly, Al Sneed. There weren't any women on the council because it is simply sensible to keep women out of positions of authority, lest they turn into women's rights activists and feminists.

Chuck explained everything that had happened up until this point, showing us a feather that he had taken off the hen that he had given fentanyl to. "Whatever this nigger is doing is evil, the work of Satan himself." Chuck said. "This is what fentanyl did to a chicken. Now imagine what could happen if one of our sons or daughters were to ingest this pill. They could die, or worse, be turned into whatever that hen became."

"I concur." Reverend Ridgeway said. "This truly is demonic, but I don't think you should be so surprised to see a negro engaged in such vile acts. After Jews, negroes are the race that are the most connected to Lucifer and therefore are likely to do his will on Earth."

"Well, I say we just step right up to his property and arrest the nigger." Sheriff Rittenhouse said, brandishing his rifle. "Regardless of whatever satanic acts the nigger is doing, it owns slaves within the county limits. That makes him an outlaw, and all an outlaw deserves is to be behind bars."

I spoke up. "Mister Rittenhouse, while I like your idea, I'm afraid it might work to our detriment. Imagine if all the men in our town ride out to the criminal negro's plantation and arrest him. All the negro slaves would just run away, leading to the proliferation of wild negroes throughout the county. And it is not like we could round up all those fleeing slaves and impound them either. How many slaves did the negress say there were?"

"Half a thousand." Chuck said, grimacing. "I guess we could call in the state government to deal with the situation, but it'd likely take a month or more for them to get a militia ready to round up all the niggers. And judging by how evil this particular nigger slave-owner sounds, raping pregnant women and so forth, I don't feel like waiting is a good idea."

"Well, that leaves us no choice." Mayor Ray Citsman said. "As town mayor, I say that every able-bodied man in town must grab his rifle and be ready at the crack of dawn tomorrow. This criminal negro and the manufacture of its 'fentanyl' must be stopped."

The next morning, thirty White men rode out of town with rifles slung across their shoulders. After about three hours on horseback, we spotted the plantation, or at least that's what it looked like from a distance. As we got closer, we noted how the property didn't look like any normal or proper farm. Instead, it resembled a factory from one of the Yankee states like New York or Jersey, with towering smokestacks puffing out big white clouds of smoke.

While crossing onto the property, I noticed a sign. It read as follows: GEORGE PERRY FLOYD'S FENTANYL FUNHOUSE.

I had an uneasy feeling in my stomach as I read that, but at the time I couldn't tell why I did. We dismounted as we approached the front door of the factory-looking building. Sheriff Rittenhouse knocked. No answer. He tried again, harder this time. This caused the door to snap off its hinges and fall inwards.

"Niggers and not taking care of their own property." Rittenhouse sniggered. "Goes together like butter and bread."

"You're giving this nigger too much credit there Kyle." Mayor Ray Cisman said. "How do you know that it's actually the negro's lawful property? More likely that he stole it."

Two by two, our posse walked inside and what we saw horrified us. We were standing on a balcony, with at least four hundred niggers toiling away below us. Some were mixing cast-iron pots filled with milky white fluid. Others were straining the liquids and putting them in tubes from which those little fentanyl pills were created. However, every single nigger there looked as if they were on the verge of death from inhaling the vapors emanating from the vats of what we presumed to be fentanyl.

We watched as two larger negroes pushed a skinny nigger with an insect-like face, what others may call a bug black, into one of the cauldrons. He screamed as he was boiled alive, his body being melted away. After thirty seconds, he had melted into a white fluid. We saw that this process of negro melting and distillation into fentanyl was taking place all around the factory floor.

"So, this fentanyl drug, it is created from the flesh of negroes?" Chuck said.

The mayor nodded. "If that is the case, that explains what happened to the chicken. Fentanyl seems to be the distilled essence of the negroid, which can then be taken to turn an animal into the negro version of itself."

"This is sick." Reverend Larry Ridgeway said, disgusted by the sight of the fentanyl factory. "Even though negroes bear the Mark of Cain and the Curse of Ham as stated in the Bible, they are still living creatures. Only another negro or a satanic Jew would consign them to such a horrible fate."

We walked across the balcony. Finding a door on the other side, we entered to find another disgusting sight. In a dimly lit room, there were fifty pregnant negresses, all of them chained to the ceiling. Some were morbidly obese; others were bone thin. Every soon-to-be negro mother had two black eyes and were covered in bruises and cigar burns.

I shook my head and sighed. "Only the most nigger-like of all niggers would be capable of being so cruel to his own kind. They don't have an ounce of empathy do they."

As our posse made our way through the room, we heard the door shut behind us. "Hey who shut that door?" Sheriff Rittenhouse shouted.

"I did. Missa Rittenhouse."

We all turned at once. Behind us there was a female nigger, her back against the door. She grinned like a clown from hell, baring her rotten teeth.

"Hey, why are you here?" Chuck said, then turned to us. "Fellas, this is the negress who first told me about this place.

The negress approached Chuck. "Missa Chuck, it's because I need yo air. I need da air of every White man your cracka ass brought with you today."

"Cracka?" Chuck said, puzzled. And in that moment of confusion, the nigger struck. Suddenly, the negress' mouth was pressed up against his face, her arms wrapped around his torso to keep him from breaking free. Chuck squirmed and struggled but it was no use. We heard the sickening crack of ribs as his lungs collapsed. Chuck tumbled backwards. Blood oozed from where his broken ribcage punctured his skin. His eyes were frozen in an expression of shock and intense pain.

The nigger chuckled as it licked it's massive, leathery lips. "Dat was good air and shit nigguh," it said as it removed its wig and wiped off its make-up. "And I gonna have me ovah thirty servings of dat good air nigguh. It be like sum all you can eat buffet and shit."

My eyes widened as I realized that the negress was in fact just a male nigger. *Chuck must not have realized that it was a male nigger because female niggers are so goddamn ugly that it's impossible to tell them apart*. I thought.

"Who the hell are you?" Sheriff Rittenhouse said, commanding the men in the posse to bring their rifles to bear on the negro. "Or rather, *what* the hell are you, nigger?"

"Me? It be simple and shit. I be George Perry Floyd cracka, owner of dis here property and kang of all da other niggas here making fentanyl." the criminal nigger slave-owner said. "And once all da strong White men in Feedsville are dead in ma trap, I'll rape yo White women and become kang of da entire state nigguh."

"Fire!" Sheriff Rittenhouse said. All the men in the posse fired simultaneously at George Floyd. There was a brilliant flash, followed by the crack of rifle fire in that enclosed space that was deafening to the ears. The gun smoke created a white fog through which it was difficult to see. But through the veil of fog, I heard a series of sounds. High pitched screams and whistles, all of them bestial in tone.

"Ooh ooh ah ah ooh ooh ah ah!"

As the smoke cleared, we saw George Floyd standing, completely unharmed, albeit many of his nigger slaves had been shot. "Ooh ooh ah ah ooga booga ah ah!" George Floyd said. "Bullets don't do shit nigguh! But dis gunsmoke be making it so I can't breathe! All ma homies and nigga go attack da cracks who did dis to me!"

Floyd's proclamation was followed by more animal noises coming from all around the factory. "Floyd controls all the other niggers!" Reverend Larry Ridgeway shouted at us. "We need to get out of here before we're overwhelmed!"

But there was no way out of there, for the only exit was blocked off by Floyd and his army of slaves. "Muhfugga ooga ooga oot oot!" Floyd screeched, beating his chest. "Kill whitey and shit! Kill whitey!"

The pregnant negroes began tearing themselves out of their chains, some of them losing fingers, hands and even arms as they did so. They charged us, with the niggers from the factory floor following close behind them with rifles and pistols.

Using some crates and tables, we created barricades which we could hide behind. We launched volley after volley into them, pushing them back and killing dozens of them, but eventually they reached our ranks. We fought them off with bowie knives and bayonets and even our bare fists. Sheriff Kyle Rittenhouse hacked away at them with a tomahawk he had bought from one of the Natives a while back while Reverend Ridgeway tended to our wounded.

We had killed about fifty negroes when I heard a man to the right of me scream. A nigger had plunged a syringe filled with liquid fentanyl into his thigh. As the White man fell to the ground, I watched in horror as his skin turned black and leathery, his lips doubled in size, and the size of his head (and therefore his brain) shrunk three sizes.

"Muhfugga ooga nigga!" the former White man said as he began shooting at his former White brothers. Thankfully Sheriff Kyle hacked off his head with his tomahawk before he could kill any of us. "Watch out for the syringes men! They're filled with fentanyl and will turn you into nigger if you get jabbed!" Rittenhouse said.

After about seven minutes of fighting, the floor was covered in what was probably around a hundred nigger bodies whilst we had only lost four of our own, including Chuck and the guy that got turned into a nigger. While this display of supremacy in warfare did prove our superiority to the animalistic negroes, being better at war didn't change the fact that we were running out of ammunition.

"We need to kill the criminal king nigger Floyd. He's the one who is coordinating the niggers to attack us like this." I said to everyone around me. "We need to figure out a way to keep him from making those animal noises."

"Our guns don't work on him." Sheriff Rittenhouse said as he reloaded his rifle. "What do you think can take him out?"

I paused for a brief moment to think, then got an idea as I glimpsed the chains that the pregnant negresses had been restrained with. "I need y'all to have my back on this. Can I trust you?"

"Of course. We're White brothers, aren't we?" Sheriff Rittenhouse said.

Reverend Ridgeway clasped his hands together. "Whatever it is, I'll pray for your success."

"What is it that you've got planned?" Mayor Ray Cistman asked.

"Back when we fired our first volley. George Floyd said that he had trouble breathing." I said, then pointed at the chains. "If we wrap those chains around his neck and suffocate him, we might be able to kill him."

"That's ridiculous, but it might be our only shot." Sheriff Kyle said as he blew another nigger's face off with his rifle. "But we'll make sure to cover you. Godspeed, Al Sneed."

I grinned, then sprinted for the chains. I dodged past the morbidly obese pregnant negroes and grabbed one of the chains. Although it was quite heavy, years of working on the farm had gotten me used to handling such loads. The chain clanked on the floor as I dashed at George Floyd with the chain as Sheriff Kyle and Revered Ridgeway provided me with cover fire.

"Ooga booga muhfugga I won't let you stop me from breathing!" it snarled. Floyd tried to grab me, but I rolled out of the way as I wrapped the chain around the criminal nigger George Floyd's neck. Once it was firmly coiled, I hurled one of the ends of the chain over the ceiling rafters. But right as I was about to finish the job, George Floyd caught me.

"I gotchu now!" the junkie jigaboo shouted. "Nigga muthafucka I'll keel you right here by draining yo air!"

I then felt George Floyd's disgusting mouth attach to mine. As soon as he did, the air began being sucked from my lungs. It was extremely painful as the ape took my breath away. I was close to fainting, which would have been followed by certain death, when a shot rang out behind George Floyd's back. The bullet hit Floyd against the back of the head, bouncing off his skin but knocking him off me.

It was Chuck, six shooter in hand. "Never..." he murmured, blood trickling from his lips with every syllable. "Never underestimate...the power of the White race..." Chuck then fell, this time forever.

"Ah goddamn, who the fuck shot me?" Floyd said, distracted by Chuck.

In those few moments that Chuck had bought me, I took hold of the chain and steadied myself. "Die you stupid fucking lowlife nigger!" I shouted, yanking on the chain as hard as I could.

The chain tightened around George Floyd. There was a satisfying crunch as every bone in the criminal's neck was snapped apart. "I can't breathe!" Floyd said, struggling to break free. "I can't breathe nigguh! Nigguh I can't breathe!"

I tugged on the chain even harder, hoisting George Floyd into the air. The massive nigger squirmed as the chain squeezed the air out of him, until finally, he fell silent.

Drawing heavy breaths, I fell to the floor, exhausted. George Floyd's corpse fell to the floor, wrapped in chains. As I glanced at him, I thought that it was quite fitting that a criminal nigger like him should die like that. Niggers always find a way to end up in chains, whether it be because they are slaves or violent feral criminals. I wouldn't be surprised if some niggers started wearing chains as jewelry at some point in the future.

With their nigger master dead, the remaining niggers halted their assault on us. Even with their pitifully small brains they understood that they would lose without their leader. Our posse rounded them up and sent them out of the county. From reports out of town, I think that they all ended up settling in some place called Detroit.

We collected our dead, leaving the bodies of niggers in the fentanyl factory, then left for Feedsville. A few days later we came back to douse Floyd's property in kerosene and burned it to the ground. We then gave the land to the poor White folk in our town so that they could put it to good use.

We buried five good White men that day. I wept in front of Chuck's casket, but I knew that he died a proud, honorable death befitting a white man, for he gave up his life to protect our town of Feedsville from being overrun by the black negro menace. Later on, I took over Chuck's shop and turned it into a feed and seed store.

And with that concludes this documentation of the incident that occurred in Feedsville regarding a peculiar negro who owned slaves. If there is anything for our posterity to learn from this, it is that a White community must always be armed and ready to confront the black menace at any time, for they crave our great civilization yet will never be able to build it on their own. Through faith in Jesus Christ and in our race, you must be willing to fight against criminal negroes like George Floyd to protect your rightful clay.

God bless you all,

Al Sneed

**Mosquito Floyd**

By Jordan Cleeman

Insects are probably my biggest fear now. Previously, I never really minded them and thought that anyone who is scared of them is a pussy. But that changed after what happened this week.

Local news networks over here were lately talking about this BLM facility in our town trying to bring George Floyd back to life. As a nigger hater, I was both pissed off and found the news to be funny as hell. George Floyd was a criminal monkey man, so him returning back to existence would most definitely raise the crime rate. Also, Niggers and nigger lovers alike, are usually low IQ so there is no way they are remotely smart to bring that poopskin back to life. Therefore, I thought this was pretty sketchy. It isn't surprising, really, because the whole Black Lives Matter thing is pretty shady all in all.

The BLM facility that I speak of has zero windows and has walls made of metal. Even prior to this, locals made up rumors about it, such as the concept that niggers transform into the animalistic chimps when non niggers are looking at them, similar to how Mark Zuckerberg becomes his lizard form in secret. But that is not important for the story.

My friend, Rob, and I decided one day to sneak into that BLM facility one day to investigate. We both brought nigger guns with us, because given that they're doing all these weird experiments, chances are they've invested in a decent security system to prevent outsiders from snitching on them.

When Rob and I hid behind a shrub within the parking lot of the BLM facility, we saw a group of armed nigger guards besides the door. There were four of them. One thing to note is, this particular BLM facility doesn't market any merchandise, so only employees are allowed in. This made it much more difficult for us to break in, since Rob and I are built like the average racist chad. BLM supporters are mostly just scrawny negative testosterone faggots, so it was obvious we were outsiders, since we are six foot five three hundred and thirty pounds of pure muscle.

"Yep, just as we expected," I whispered to Rob.

"Yeah, it is about time those niggers are competent enough to implement defense," Rob said. "We need to quickly figure out a way to bypass them."

I stopped to think of a plan. I realized that niggers are much more difficult to defeat when they are motivated by the duty to cover up suspicious activity. Especially when they're in packs. We needed to act strategically.

"Should be easy enough," I said, as I pulled out a can of monkey spray out of my bag.

The monkey spray that I brought with me was originally designed for jungle explorers to temporarily blind aggressive chimpanzees. However, I was ninety nine percent certain it would still have the same effect on niggers, given how genetically similar they are.

"I'll be right back," I said.

I ran from the shrub and charged at the armed guards. They spotted me from hearing my chad-like screams, and pointed their firearms at me. They tried to shoot, but due to their dogshit aim because niggers tend to have an underdeveloped cerebellum. For those who don't know, the cerebellum is the part of the brain which is responsible for motor skills and coordination.

All four of the nigger guards shooting at me either landed their bullets in between my legs or a while meter away from my torso. It is no wonder there is not a single black person in professional first person shooter esports. The moment I got close enough, I aimed my can of monkey spray towards them and sprinkled it onto their baboon faces. The stream of the yellow-colored chemical landed onto their pitch-black

bug eyes. All four of them started to rub their eyes vigorously.

"Oh sheet fucka!, mah eyes!" one of them chimped.

"Get dees sheet off main!" another one said.

I stopped for a moment and laughed my ass off from watching their hilarious reactions. But I quickly realized that I did not have much time, so I motioned Rob to come here quickly so we could enter the BLM facility before they recovered from the monkey spray. I attempted to open the outer door. However, it was locked, so I needed to steal a key from one of the guards. It wasn't exactly easy though because they were flailing their arms around in pain, just like any monkey would. I ordered Rob to hold one of them down. Once he successfully pinned one of the guards, I unhooked a key from the guard's pocket. It wasn't just a single key though. It was a chain that contained multiple, so I had to go through each of them until one of them fit in the front door's keyhole. At last, I unlocked the door after I tried the fourth one. Rob and I then quickly went in, and shut the door behind us.

The first room we entered was what appeared to be a lobby. That is, where the BLM facility employees check in. However, we were surprised to see that it was completely vacant. Dead silence.

"Weird," I said. "You would think there would at least be some people here."

"Yeah, maybe they are further into the building," Rob hypothesized.

We strode toward the lobby counter to inspect it more closely. But when we looked behind it, what we saw was mortifying. There were two corpses lying on the ground next to their respective office chairs. They were presumably the receptionists. But the disgusting part wasn't the fact that they were deceased. The thing that bothered me was their appearance. To describe it, think of one of the albino niggers in one of those YouTube documentaries. Well, that was what they both looked like, except their skin was more of a bluish tint than white. There was no sign of blood in them. It looked as if they held their breath for an extended period of time, to the point where they died.

"What the hell happened to those niggers?" I asked.

"I have no idea," Rob said, scratching his head. "Whatever it is, I don't want to know."

"Maybe they just overdosed on fentanyl without anyone knowing," I said. "After all, niggers are known to crave that drug."

Rob and I thought that explanation was as rational as it can get, so we moved on after that. We continued through the corridor that branched from the lobby. As we walked, I noticed the odor of rotting corpses. I knew what it was like because it was similar to the smell of spoiled eggs. It gave me a sense of dread and a part of me wanted to turn back, and quit this investigation. But because we've already gone through those guards, I decided not to. Besides, I was dying to find out how the hell this organization is going to bring George Floyd back to life.

After we made it to the dead end of the hall, there was an elevator to the left. Beside it, I saw a sign that labelled every section of the building, and their respective storey numbers.

"Ah, just what we were looking for," I said, pointing at the sign.

I then started to examine it. CAFETERIA-FLOOR 2, COUNSELING ROOM-FLOOR 3 and so on. But my eyes eventually landed on LABORATORY-FLOOR 7. It caught my eye. That had to be where they were trying to resurrect George Floyd. Rob and I slipped into the elevator and set the designated destination to the seventh floor. The elevator then started to ascend in a surprisingly smooth manner. I say surprisingly, because you would think an organization that consists of a lot of nigger employees would have dogshit maintenance.

Once we reached the seventh floor, the elevator door opened and we were again met with that rotten egg smell. But the odor was now ten times worse. It smelled even worse than the breath of a nigger. When Rob and I exited the elevator chamber, we went into the laboratory. What was inside the laboratory explained the putrid smell. There were dozens of lab workers, all dead. They looked exactly like how those receptionists were downstairs in the lobby. The epitome of lifelessness, with that same skin tone of light blue.

It was then that I heard a super loud buzzing sound, followed by a man's muffled scream. It seemed like it was coming from the equipment room which was across the laboratory from Rob and me.

Hesitantly, I pointed to it and whispered to Rob, "This way." We strode to the door slowly. Once we made it there, I inserted the master key into the knob and then creaked the door open.

The interior of the equipment room came into full view–and what I saw inside scarred me to the core. It was a gigantic eight foot long insectoid creature. Its appearance was a bit hard to describe, but I will try my best to fill in the key details. It possessed the basic anatomy of a mosquito, except it had the face of George Floyd. However, there were a few key differences. It was the nigger's head, except with an upscaled nose. But that wasn't the scary part. It had a massive needle-like tube protruding from the center, being able to extend up to an arm's length. At the end of the tube was George Floyd's signature fat lips. It looked to be sucking on a lab worker's mouth, sucking all the air out of him. It was just like how a normal mosquito would suck someone's blood.

"Holy shit, it's Mosquito Floyd!" I said out loud, hoping it wouldn't somehow hear me.

As it continued to smooch that poor man's lips, his face became bluer, indicating his loss of oxygen. It now all made sense. All of the dead workers in this BLM facility were the doings of this crazy George Floyd mosquito hybrid. I darted my eyes to Mosquito Floyd's abdomen. It expanded in size, the longer it sucked the lab workers' air. That must be the organ where it stores the oxygen, which would be fed to its incubating babies. The thought of it made me vomit in my mouth.

After about ten seconds, the man was completely drained of life and air, and Mosquito Floyd released him from its grip. It then turned to face Rob and me. Seeing it looking right at us made things astronomically freakier. I nearly shat myself.

Mosquito Floyd then moved its lips as if it was trying to say something. But all that came out was gibberish that I was barely able to understand. "Aye ya muss aye lowe my tow sock yo air!" was what I was able to get from it.

The fact that its mouth was connected to its face via such a thin needle was making it hard for that monstrosity to speak. But I knew that it wanted our air. Mosquito Floyd lifted its wings and propelled itself, giving off that familiar buzzing sound we heard when we first entered the laboratory. Rob and I instinctively ran in the opposite direction. While we ran as fast as we could, I saw the shadow of the flying creature approach us regardless. It was insanely fast. Of course, a mosquito spliced with a nigger is the best combination for a monster as fast as a bullet train. I was starting to feel hopeless when I realized that it would reach us before we could make it to the elevator.

That was when I truly regretted not turning back before all this happened. Sadly though, it is impossible to escape hindsight bias. At this point, trying to escape Mosquito Floyd was no longer a viable option. We needed to kill that thing. But the real question was how. It was far too large for us to be able to knee it to death. Hell, it would have a higher likelihood of kneeling on us. Who knew a nigger could be this hard to kill. The fact that mosquitoes are amongst the more intelligent insects made up for the low IQ that niggers usually exhibit. Accordingly, outsmarting Mosquito Floyd would be more challenging than outsmarting most other niggers. It was getting to the point where I was certain that death was around the corner,and I would do anything to survive. My fight or flight response was through the roof and autopilot was taking over me.

Now, before I tell you what I did next, I need to inform you that despite my decision, I am by no means a faggot. And frankly, I have considered McNutting myself after the actions that I took to survive. It was just my survival instincts kicking in. Realizing that mosquitoes naturally have impaired vision, I had the idea of tricking it into sucking my dick instead of my mouth. The whole idea was to inseminate its air-sucking needle until it couldn't breathe. Again, I had no intention of doing it for sexual pleasure. It was literally the only possible way out of this situation. I snatched a pen and a blank sheet of paper from one of the laboratory shelves and drew a brief sketch of a face with its mouth open. Realistic enough for a mosquito to mistake it as a real human face. I then unzipped my pants and pinned the piece of paper with my dick on the mouth part of the portrait I drew. After that, I waved it at Mosquito Floyd to draw its attention to the counterfeit face I drew. In my favour, Mosquito Floyd went for it instead. But little did the creature know, it was going to suck my dick instead of the drawing's mouth. Because it was No-Nut-November at the time, I had an extra fat nut ready to unload. Eventually, I busted an entire month's worth of semen into the Mosquito Floyd's feeding tube, which clogged it, preventing it from being able to suck in air any longer. After I pulled my dick out of the Mosquito Floyd's needle, it started to shake violently in discomfort. It

was struggling to breathe.

I watched it as it did that weird insect dance. The notorious maneuver any insect would do before death. Because it is also no longer able to breathe out carbon dioxide, its air-storing bladder expanded in size at an accelerated rate, and ultimately exploded. Its guts flew everywhere, reminding me of the Ronnie McNutt suicide video.

I coughed up a ton of exhaust since the escaped air which was inside the Mosquito Floyds body seemed to be toxic. Maybe the fumes were laced with fentanyl.

After all this happened, my suspicions toward BLM grew even more. The fact that they brought this oversized nigger mosquito to life makes me wonder what kind of technology they have access to, which they clearly didn't invent themselves. My guess is that the Jews gave it to them through Mossad. Nevertheless, of course those niggers had to be retarded enough to accidentally resurrect George Floyd in the form of an insect. Perhaps the error happened because something that niggers and mosquitoes have in common is they don't contribute to society and the world would be better off without them.

Moral of the story, the Black Lives Matter organization is very sketchy, doing all kinds of dangerous experiments to bring useless niggers back to life. Who knows what they would have resurrected next. I could imagine them being the Tamir Rice plant, or the Breonna Taylor walrus. Perhaps even an Ahmaud Strawberry.

**Shadows Over Minneapolis**

By Toast Man

At the start of the year 2022, the Federal Bureau of Investigation conducted a covert inquiry into certain low-income neighborhoods and public spaces in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The public first became aware of it when a series of arrests and raids commenced, but the news was quickly swept aside when a series of violent riots burst out across America following the verdicts in the Kyle Rittenhouse, Charlottesville and Ahmaud Arbery trials. It is assumed by the author of this text that, in the chaos and blazing fires of the 2021 riots, whatever the Federal government was investigating was conveniently destroyed. Normies would eventually come to forget completely about the FBI's investigation of Minneapolis, presuming that it was just some drug bust when questioned about it directly.

Those who are more inquisitive–or in other terms, more ***based***, would have carefully followed the incredible number of arrests, the abnormally great number of agents used in making those arrests, and the unknown whereabouts of the prisoners after their incarceration. There were no trials or even definite charges levied against them. All that happened was that they simply vanished.

Complaints from liberal Jewish organizations like the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai Brith, the Southern Poverty Law Center, and Black Lives Matter were made, but they quickly dropped the issue once private conversations between them and the government were held. Doing a full pivot, these organizations subsequently ordered journalistic entities like the New York Times and the Washington Post to completely cease their coverage of what had been happening in Minneapolis, to which they duly complied. Even fringe news sites like InfoWars dropped their coverage. Only National-Justice, run by Eric Striker of the TheRightStuff network, kept up his coverage of the investigation. In his reports, Striker reported that mile-long networks of caves had been found beneath the city, all of them composed of a powdery white substance.

Those in the rest of Minneapolis and in surrounding suburbs largely kept silent about the incident, with the very most discussion about the investigation being confined to private Instagram and Facebook groups. Those of caucasian descent in that particular region of Minnesota had spoken about the "low-income" parts of Minneapolis for decades, albeit always in hushed voices due to fears of being called racist. But in reality those White people knew very little; for high crime rates and the threat of being mugged kept them miles away from those low-income areas.

Yet here I am, writing this piece and defying the media blackout about what happened in Minneapolis towards the end of 2021. I am certain that what I write here will not cause any harm to people of good conscience and character, and that because I do not know the full extent of horrors that took place in Minneapolis, and likely will never be able to fully comprehend it, I will not terrify all of my readers.

In the waning months of 2021, I was the one who fled from the ghettos of Minneapolis and sent inquiries to the government to conduct an investigation based upon the peculiarities I had witnessed in that part of the city. Now that public interest has been drawn to the news about the new riots, I can safely write about the wretched realities of that awful, abnormal place and my time spent there amongst its inhabitants. Writing about my experiences there helps me to keep my clarity of mind, for I believe that from bearing witness to the madness I saw there, my psyche would soon be shattered.

I had always heard about Minneapolis, Minnesota in the news but had never been there before, and after my experience there, I intend never to return. I was celebrating my twenty-first birthday by doing a road trip around the country. I grew up in a small Appalachian town in Virginia and had never traveled far away, so I took my opportunity to explore far and wide. I was alone; I never was a man who enjoyed the company of others, so I had the liberty to go where I pleased when I pleased. However, this dawdling, wandering way of mine led me down certain paths that were oft untraveled. On one day, when the fall fog had settled deeply and thickly in Minnesota, I found that the oil in my car urgently had to be changed. I used Google Maps to find a nearby trucking stop where I could get the job done, but alas there was nowhere I could go, until I made it to Minneapolis proper.

I waited for the obscuring fog to clear, then drove down the mountain. It took me two hours more in my car to reach the city, during which I listened to quality music like Sabaton, Richard Wagner's symphonies, and the opening theme of Puella Magi Madoka Magica. Yet as I entered the city's limits, I was profoundly disturbed to find that I was on the "wrong" side of the city. Every individual driving the cars surrounding me, on the sidewalks, and in the windows of shops were of a dark, musty complexion. I also observed that most of the buildings in my immediate vicinity were dilapidated; cracked brick walls, steel red with rust, and wood reduced to pulp by termites.

Whilst at a red light, I was gripping the steering wheel as if holding onto dear life when I heard a sputtering sound that made my heart sink. Swallowing deeply, I opened the door to find a thin line of smoke emerging from my engine. Panicking, I rushed to try and open the car hood but found that the metal had turned so hot as to be untouchable.

"Yo young man!" a voice behind me said.

I shivered at the sound of it, but turned to face it anyway and felt some mild relief. It was an old negro man, with wisps of white hair peppering his weatherworn, leathery face. While negro males are inherently violent, the most savage amongst them are culled in their younger years, which leads to the average negro of eldery age being of a slightly more tolerable disposition. Elder negroes also tend to be trained well, as in they know how to behave around and speak to White men.

"Young man, I can see dat yo car be broken down," the elder negro said, tapping my car with his fingers. "I've called a tow truck and they'll be here any minute now. It can be dangerous for a man of yo skeen color to be 'round these parts though, so be careful now."

"Tha-thank you." I muttered, wondering if the negro was trying to scam me in some nebulous fashion. "I guess I'll need to take a bus out of here, so could you please tell me where the nearest bus stop is?"

The elder negro shook his head. "Missa, there ain't a single bus stop 'round here. City of Minneapolis don't have buses no more cause too many young niggas cause trouble on them."

"So what do you recommend I do?" I said, grimacing.

"Whelp, I think that you may need to stay here for the night," the elder negro said. "There's a hotel called Coon's Inn just two blocks from here which you can stay at. It ain't the prettiest place but I assure you that it'll do ya for the night."

I nodded, retaining some skepticism but understanding that the elder negro was acting in good faith.

"But, two pieces of advice for when you get there." the elder negro continued. "First, when you start hearing yelling and screaming outside, get on the ground cause sum young niggas are gonna start smokin' each otha. And second,"

The elder negro spat on the ground. "And second, don't talk to any of the young niggas that are around these parts."

I nodded again. “Well of course. I don’t want to be mugged.”

“It ain’t cause you’re gonna be mugged. It cause dey new religion.” the elder negro said, then paused. “Nah wait, never mind. You wouldn’t believe me if I told ya missa. Just don’t talk to them and you’ll be alright.”

I was confused by his sudden silence, but I shrugged it off and touted it up to his memory failing him. How wrong I was to do that.

After saying a curt thank you to the elder negro, I walked down the street to Coon’s Inn. Although it was only two blocks, I took every step with caution, noting the beady eyes of young black negroes following me. When I reached my destination, I saw that Coon’s Inn was this squalid, box-shaped building. However, it looked like it was in good condition compared to every other shantyhouse that I had seen so far in Minneapolis, and when I entered I learned why.

“Ah. Surprised to see a fellow man of my complexion in these parts.” The man at the reception desk said. He was a plump and jolly looking fellow of white skin. “Name’s Emmanuel Margolis, owner of Coon’s Inn. What can I do for you?”

I was awestruck by the presence of another white man in this rundown part of Minneapolis. “I, um, need to stay the night. Just one night please. How much is that?” I asked.

“Ten dollars.” Emmanuel Margolis said.

“That cheap?” I said, astonished at how cheap it was. When he nodded, I handed him a ten. Then, out of curiosity I asked him the following. “Mr. Margolis, how and why do you run this property? You know, out here with all the...”

I hesitated, but Emmanuel finished my sentence. “With all these niggers?” He laughed. “Low costs, low rents. Also because many sheboon prostitutes bring their customers here. Simple really.”

He tossed me the key to the room. “Anyway, have a good stay, my fellow White man!”

I nodded to him. “I will.”

I headed to my room and found that it was rightly comfortable, with a soft mattress and linen sheets. Upon touching them I realized how tired I was and decided to take a brief nap.

My sleep was quite troubled. For when I was asleep, I dreamt of the most wretched, horrible things. I was trapped in a dark, oblong hall. Strange symbols covered the walls, their silhouettes vaguely resembling gold chains, Kentucky Fried Chicken drumsticks, and watermelon. However, they were so distorted that I had no way of being certain.

I could also hear peculiar noises all around me, reverberating and piercing my ears like an arrow would pierce skin. They sounded half like the chants of an ancient, arcane ritual and the other half like chimpanzee noises. And then, I saw something so hauntingly disgusting, that I hesitate to document it here. It was a face, large and somewhat familiar in appearance. The nose was monstrously misshapen, as if it were a brown mushroom glued to the creature’s face. The lips reminded me of the rear end of a horse, leathery and swollen in nature. But it was the pair of empty sockets where its eyes should have been which truly brought me fear. The monster’s sockets were overflowing with some white substance of unknowable origin. Yet, when I looked at it, I heard an eerie voice speak to me.

“Aw shit nigga, just take one taste man. Just one.”

“Get out of my head!” I recall shouting. But it was a dream, so obviously it was of no use.

“Just one nibble nigga. Just once.”

“No!”

I woke up, gasping for breath. My bed was drenched in sweat. There was a pounding at my door. “Hey! Are you alright!” Emmanuel said outside. “If you don’t answer soon I’m coming in!”

“I’m...I’m...” I said feebly, then pushed myself off the bed and stumbled to the door. “Emmanuel. I’m not feeling so good.” It took everything in me to turn the knob and I fell forward as the door opened. Thankfully Emmanuel was there to catch me.

"Friend, you are sick. You need to get back in bed." Emmanuel said. "I will go and fetch you some lentil soup."

Emmanuel soon returned with a cup of hot soup. I drank it and felt it steadying my nerves. "Thank you." I told Emmanuel as I handed him back the bowl. "I just had the most...terrible dream. I just...it was..."

"Was it a dream of a strange, malevolent creature?" Emmanuel asked. "One with a hideous face and a bizarre white substance coming from where its eye sockets were?"

I recoiled in surprise. "How did you know that?"

Emmanuel brought his voice to a low whisper. "Recently, there has been a new strange cult that has been spreading in this part of Minneapolis. It started in 2020, right after the death of the man known as George Floyd. Some of the black gangs which operate in this part of the city began wearing photographs and portraits of Floyd on their person. They constructed shrines and murals to him in their drug territory."

"But isn't that the same as what Black Lives Matter and other liberals did?" I asked.

Emmanuel shook his head. "It's close, but what the black gangs started doing was different. They began praying to Floyd, making sacrifices to him."

I squinted. "But that's the exact same thing that dumb libtard feminists do. "

Emmanuel rolled his eyes. "I should have added that these are human sacrifices that they are making."

My heart skipped a beat. "Human sacrifices?"

Emmanuel nodded. "Yes, human sacrifices. They first started with slaughtering their rival gang members, but recently I've heard that they're looking forWhite men like you or myself."

I shivered. The thought of being sacrificed to George Floyd was revolting. "So you're telling me that that cult is what caused me to have this dream?"

Emmanuel shrugged. "Perhaps, perhaps not. But anyway it's eight o'clock and I suggest that we get dinner together."

"Wait," I said. "Didn't you just say that there are gangs of blacks out there looking for White men to sacrifice?"

"Yes, but those men are few and far between. I can assure you of that. And also the place that I'm suggesting we both go to eat is right next door and run by my friend, Michael Rosen. Who is White." He said, putting a hand on my shoulder. "I'm sure that a good meal after that dream will help you."

I smiled. "Thanks Emmanuel. You're the best."

Emmanuel smiled back. "No problem, friend."

Together, we left the hotel and walked next door. The diner, called Rosen's House, was a building similar in shape and proportion to Coon's Inn. I knew that it was safe because it was run by a man of clear skin, but there was a slight unease in my stomach as I stepped inside. There was a tenebrous discomfort that seemed to hang over me like a miasma as I made my way to the counter.

"Why hello there customer! A fellow White!" Michael Rosen said. He was the opposite of Emmanuel in build, being thin as a reed where Emmanuel was fat. "What can I get you to eat?"

Emmanuel grinned. "Please get him one of your lamb chops, one that's seasoned with just the perfect amount of kosher salt," he said. "And well, I'll be having the regular."

Rosen nodded. "Coming right up!" he said.

I waited in silence for the food to arrive. "Emmanuel, I honestly don't feel too comfortable while I'm here." I said, taking a look around. The diner was poorly lit, but I could see a few items scattered around that were worth noting. For example, there was a gold, nine-headed candlestick in one corner of the room as well as a shelf bursting with books. I couldn't tell what they were judging by the cover, but they looked like arcane tomes of some sort.

Rosen returned with the food. For myself, he had brought a hunk of meat that looked appetizing but had a weird scent to it that was barely covered up by the enormous quantities of kosher salt. For

Emmanuel, Rosen had brought a glass of red wine.

"Go on, try it." Emmanuel said, nudging me to make me eat the meat. "Trust me, it's phenomenal. And besides, it's rude not to."

Gritting my teeth, I cut into the meat and took a bite. I spit it out almost immediately, revolted by the taste. The meat tasted like menthol cigarettes, sweat, and rotten bananas. I felt like throwing up.

"So, how was it?" Rosen asked, snickering. "How was the food, goy?"

Goy. It wasn't a word that I was expecting. I looked towards Emmanuel to see him rubbing his hands as he sipped on his red wine which, I realized now, was too red and too thick to be wine.

Emmanuel swirled his drink. "So, how was your first taste of nigger meat, dumb goy?" he said, taking another sip. "Would you like to try some of this gentile baby blood? I'll assure you that it tastes...phenomenal."

I tried to say something in response, but that was when I started to have the worst headache of my life. It was like having a negro slamming your head with a baseball bat, but from the inside of your skull.

"Well I guess you won't be able to." Rosen said, laughing in a harpy-like voice. Even with that little bite, there was enough of the roofie to knock you out."

"What...why?" I asked as I fell to the floor, spittle spewing from my mouth. "No...I...",

Emmanuel squatted down. "Because goy, we need you. We need you gentiles for our chosen people's ritual."

And with that, I went out cold. The next time I was lucid, I found that I was in a great cavern. However, it was unlike any cave system that I had ever seen, for the rocks were not brown nor black, but white. I tried to reach out and touch it but found that my hands were bound behind my back.

"Shalom, stupid goy." A sinister voice said behind me. "Welcome–to the Caverns of Flonig'anylgiorga."

It was Emmanuel who said that, but when I saw his face, I gasped in utter fright. Where he had looked to me like a White man of good character when I first met him, he now showed his true face. His nose was long and crooked, its shape an indescribable polygon of grotesque proportions. On his head was a small, round prayer cap and in his hand was the Talmud. Rosen was right behind him, dressed in a similar manner but holding a gnarled knife with a fang-like blade in one hand and a torch in the other.

Rosen gestured to the space surrounding us. "Isn't it a wonderful sight, goy?"

I looked around and what I saw made me instantly nauseous. There were hundreds of niggers copulating in unison all around me. Large, ape-like men were fornicating with baboonish women, making the most revolting slurping and sucking noises as they did. But it was not just that. Some of the males were having their way with other males, and others were even doing so with little niglets.

"It is the will of Flonig'anylgiorga that they act like this, for when there are enough pregnant negroes he will awaken from his slumber." Emmanuel said, opening his Talmud. "And, according to our God, by awakening Flonig'anylgiorga from his slumber, we can bring about the end of this Earth."

"But there is another condition to awakening Flonig'anylgiorga," Rosen said, brandishing the knife as he walked towards me. "And that is the blood of the Aryan man. We need the blood of eight Aryan men, the number of crimes that Flonig'anylgiorga committed before ascending into the cosmos, to bring him back to power."

Emmanuel turned to speak to the niggers in the area. "Ooh ooh ahh ahh ooga booga eeh eeh!" he said. They replied, all of them making similar sounds. "We, the chosen people of Israel, can converse with them as if we are one of them. For our gods, Yahweh and Flonig'anylgiorga, are brothers." Emmanuel said.

Rosen then took his sacrificial blade and plunged it into one of the walls of the cave. "Oh great Flonig'anylgiorga, with this cavern of fentanyl that you have left us, please grant us your audience as we let White blood spill upon its holy grounds!"

He yanked the knife out. It was covered in a thin sheen of fentanyl. My heart was pounding. I had to find a way to escape. My hands were tied behind my back, but my mouth was unbound (probably

because Emmanuel and Rosen wanted to hear my screams when they sacrificed me). As the knife neared my throat, I knew this was my only chance. I tilted my head forward and bit down on Rosen's hand.

"Oh gawd!" he shrieked, dropping the knife on top of me. I wriggled myself around until I could grab the knife with my bound up hands, then used the blade of the knife to cut myself free.

"We'll kill you for what you've done!" Emmanuel screamed, lunging at me. However he was a fat and slow rabbi, so I easily dodged out of the way. I then slashed at Rosen's arm, slashing off his bicep just like how Kyle Rittenhouse had shot off that antifa faggot's arm.

"This is terrible! Rosen cried, dropping the torch he had been holding. The flames of the torch licked at the fentanyl around it. I watched as the fentanyl melted, then evaporated into a white gas.

"Oh gawd it's gasssssss!" Emmanuel cried, covering his mouth with his hands. "This is like annudah Holocaust! You're gassing us! Gassing us!"

Without turning back I ran as fast as I could. Luckily, all the negroes in the surrounding vicinity were busy copulating while getting high on the fentanyl gas. I found a flight of stairs that led upwards and ran up them. Upon finding a door, I discovered that it opened up to Rosen's House. I then burst out of there and ran and ran and ran as far and as fast as I could.

I don't remember much of what happened after that, all I recall is that somehow, I survived. Just like how holocaust survivors all seem to be able to skirt death at the very last moment. But what I have written above is why the Federal Bureau of Investigations conducted that covert inquiry in 2022, a nigger cult led by two Jews dedicated to worshipping Flonig'anylgiorga, a Great Old One who was a reincarnation of George Floyd.

On one last note, I have recently looked in the mirror and discovered my skin growing browner and my hair growing springier. I fear that based upon what I witnessed there in Minneapolis, I am slowly growing to be like one of them. I have recently started enjoying rap music and eating Popeye's chicken sandwiches.

I have acquired a rifle very similar to Ronnie McNutt's and, right after I finish writing this final letter, will take my own life. I am doing this because it is better to die a White man than to become a nigger.

**The Real Reason Why Roblox Went Down for Fifty Hours**

By Igot Quality

In the autumn of 2021, the game platform known as Roblox went down for around 3 days, being the longest outage in the site's entire history. Because of this the general public came up with some theories on why Roblox went down. The most common idea that people speculated was the Chipotle Burrito event, which caused lots of whores and niggers to flood servers in order to get their free burrito. However, when the outage was finally over, Roblox confirmed that it was just an internal server error. But I can confirm that the reason Roblox provided is a bunch of bullshit. Allow me to introduce myself. For the sake of my reputation, I will not reveal my name, but I am an employee at Roblox. I work on several things around the site, including coding the site and moderating items. Unfortunately since I am a moderator, I have to ban ***based*** memes and usernames that are not appropriate for Roblox. I even cried a little when I was forced to remove a game called Escape Ronnie McNutt obby, which actually contained gore from his death scene.

Because of me being forced to remove so many ***based*** things, you may be wondering why I even work at Roblox. It's because of the pay. I make around $500,000 per year here. Now you may be wondering why I hate a job that pays so much. Well that's because Roblox is a super woke company which pushes for anti hate speech and as someone who has a flaming hatred towards niggers, I have to hide my true views from them to avoid getting fired. Anyways, enough chitter chatter, onto the real reason why Roblox went down. On October 30th, me and some other staff members at Roblox were having a baby shower for one of our coworkers, who was 7 months pregnant at the time. It was pretty boring as you would probably expect. A couple hours went by before it was time to hand out the gifts. The first gift that the pregnant woman received was several bottles of fentanyl. It really confused me because fentanyl is a drug that niggers are obsessed with, and the person who handed the gift out was White. The pregnant woman didn't seem to care for them and placed them down on a table. One person at the baby shower, who is also a racist ***based*** chad, brought their son with them. His son wanted to help out with the baby shower, so my chad coworker gave

him several food items for him to make a treat for all of us.

A few minutes later, he was done. "I made banana sandwiches for all of us," he said.

They looked so disgusting but he was only a five year old White kid and I didn't want to hurt his feelings so I pretended to eat it. At that moment, I heard very loud noises coming from outside. I decided to go check it out, unthinkingly bringing my banana sandwich with me. When I walked out of the room, I saw a nigger outside the headquarters, pounding on the entrance door. Its nose and lips were so big I could spot them from a mile away.

I heard it scream "Gimme all dem banana sandwiches and fentanyl please mane." As a racist 300 pound chad, I wanted to teach this nigger a lesson. I ran to the entrance and when I saw who was actually at the door, I swear I almost passed out. It was George Floyd. I opened the door and yelled, "How the fuck are you still alive you stupid nigger."

"That doesn't matter mane, I need that pregnant belly and banana sandwiches right now," he responded.

I swear to god, his breath smelled worse than elephants taking a dump in a zoo exhibit.

George Floyd then started crying like a baby. "Mama, Mama, dis White ass cracka won't let me in so I can get dem pregnant belly pics and banana sandwiches." he cried.

He then started a scene and several onlookers started recording the whole incident. I had several blue haired trannies call me a faggot for being mean to a black person. As the crowd grew bigger, David Bazucki, the CEO of Roblox, found out and forced me to let George Floyd inside our headquarters. I knew the events that would follow would be catastrophic, but I didn't want to lose my job so I had no choice but to let that filthy monkey inside our building. The second he got in our building, he started sprinting faster than the speed of light towards the room where the baby shower was taking place. I tried to catch up to stop him but niggers are simply too fast. Once he got in, he pulled down his pants and started jacking off to the pregnant woman and started throwing the banana sandwiches all over the place. The ***based*** chad inside the room punched that nigger super hard, but right after he did, George Floyd took out a pistol and shot him in the head, instantly killing him. His blood splattered everywhere just like the Ronnie McNutt suicide video.

"Haha Cracka, nobody messes with me and gets away with it mane," he said, laughing. George Floyd then walked out of the baby shower room and into the server room which contains all of the features that keep Roblox up and running. I followed him super quietly so he didn't notice.

Unfortunately for us, the computer in the server room was left running, so George Floyd was easily able to access it. I didn't think that George Floyd would actually be able to do anything bad since he is a nigger who dosen't know shit about programming. However, he was actually able to figure out how to delete all of the code of Roblox, completely ruining the whole site.

"Tee hee hee, now all these White ass crackas can't play Roblox 'n sheeeeeeit," George floyd giggled. He was about to go back to the baby shower room when I just fucking had to sneeze everywhere.

George Floyd noticed me and said, "Ayyy mane get yo White ass back to da baby shower room."

Instead of doing that, I got a shotgun out and attempted to McNutt his brains out. The bullet hit him right in the head, but it didn't do any damage to his body. "

Tee hee, I am invincible mane." George Floyd said.

I went back to the baby shower room knowing that if I tried to argue with him any more, I'd probably get killed. George Floyd then held all of us hostage for the next few hours. Eventually, the social media manager got onto his phone and updated everyone on Twitter that Roblox was having issues and that we would get them figured out shortly. However, as soon as the social media manager tweeted that, he started suffocating.

"Fuck Fuck, I can't breathe," he said in a muffled choking voice.

"Haha I'm stealing your air you White cracka." George Floyd said, using his nigger powers to suffocate the guy. Seconds later, the social media manager died from asphyxiation. I was starting to lose hope of ever being able to bring Roblox back. Several people tried to escape the headquarters but they were also suffocated and had their air stolen by Nigger Floyd's fentanyl powers.

I realized that it was do or die and that I had to think of something to take down this nigger once and for all. He clearly couldn't be physically killed so I had to affect his mind somehow. Shooting him in the head obviously didn't work, but that didn't matter because I had come up with an even funnier way to exterminate him. I went onto the BLM telegram which has lots of anti-White propaganda. I scrolled down a bit and found some compilation of White people getting murdered. Normally I find this cringeworthy and depressing but knowing that George Floyd hates White people, chances are he would find it funny. And sure enough once I showed the video to him, he laughed his ass off.

The video was 2 hours long so I had lots of time to execute my master plan. I took the remainder of the fentanyl pills that George Floyd did not consume which was still around 75% of the pills. I mixed the fentanyl up in a blender and poured all of it into a syringe. The syringe contained around 5000 micrograms of fentanyl. To put it into perspective, consuming 2000 micrograms of fentanyl guarantees your death, so there was no way that George Floyd would survive. That stupid nigger never suspected a thing while I was producing the fentanyl substance because he was so focused laughing his ass off to the compilation of White people getting hurt. This just shows that niggers are truly mentally ill and do not care about equality one bit. After I watched him act like a dumb nigger for a while, I injected him with the 5000 micrograms of fentanyl. Nothing happened at first, but after a few minutes he started choking.

"Ah sheeeeeeeit mane, I took too much ah dat fentanyl fuck I can't breathe." he said. 5 minutes later, he died right on the spot.

Myself and the remainder of the Roblox crew that survived celebrated in victory. However, we still had a shit ton of work to do to get Roblox back up and running. Since I know a lot about coding, I decided to grind my ass off to completely recode Roblox. After around 40 hours of no sleep, with the help of several coworkers, we were able to restore Roblox. Our new social media manager unfortunately had to lie about why Roblox went down to avoid getting insane amounts of backlash from the Jewish media, which is why I cannot share the truth on why Roblox went down on our official twitter page. That is why I am posting it here instead since I know you guys will believe me. George Floyd invading our headquarters was the real reason why Roblox was down for 3 days, not a "Internal Server Error". Let this also be a lesson on why you should always hate on niggers. If you can name one positive thing those subhuman apes have actually done for our society, I'll give you a free glazed donut. Before I go, I just hope that all of my fellow White racist chads can enjoy playing Roblox in the future.

**Ronniezilla: King of the Cucks**

By Georgemonke

Hello my name is Kuck Fikes and I am a researcher at Golden Nigger Corp. Golden Nigger Corp is a secret scientific organization founded in 1946 by the Nazis who fled unjust prosectution at the Nuremberg trials. It was created in secret to study giant creatures that live in the world. And yes if you're a retard and didn't know, giant monsters do exist in our world. Golden Nigger Corp became active in the South Pacific in 1954 following the USS Wilcocks' discovery of Ronniezilla. In fact my grandfather Kang Hikes participated in the hydrogen bomb attack against Ronniezilla that same year.

Now, 65 years later, I am following in my grandfather's footsteps as a nigger hating monster researcher. Following the battle of San Francisco in 2014. It's been over 5 years since the last sighting of Ronniezilla. I've been working down in Antarctica where we recently discovered a massive unidentified organism frozen in ice. It had the appearance of a dragon with three heads. The heads were deformed with noses as big as a blue whale and massive lips as big as seven elephants. It bore a striking resemblance to the nigger monkey George Floyd. The creature was huge, standing around 521 feet. We gave the creature the monicker "Monster Nigga", but it was known as "King George Floydorah" officially by our research team. It was getting late so I decided to get some sleep but first I had to look at some ***based*** racist memes. If you didn't know, I am a racist Aryan chad with the strength of five normal people. I was just about to head to sleep after looking at some Ronnie McNutt edits when I heard a loud boom outside the research facility.

Suddenly, the alarm rang and the intercom came on. "All personnel are to evacuate immediately. We are under attack by nigger radicals."

I looked outside to see an army of niggers waving Black Lives Matter flags, the security guards already shot dead. I probably should have mentioned this but Golden Nigger Corp is a ***based*** organization only employing ***based*** White racist chads which angered the nigger masses. Now the entire army of BLM was raiding Outpost 13 where we kept King George Floydorah. The leader of BLM and the man behind this attack was a nigger monkey named Philonise Floyd, who is the brother of the fentanyl loving nigger George Floyd.

Seeing these niggers getting cocky made my blood boil and even in a place as cold as Antarctica my boiling blood began to melt the ice around me. I grabbed my shotgun which I named the McNutter as it was the same shotgun type that Ronnie McNutt used in his famous video. I went out in the freezing cold in only my underwear, but as a racist superior White chad the cold was nothing against me. I began gunning down as many niggers as I could see. After what felt like 10 seconds all the BLM monkeys were dead.

That's when I saw Philonise Floyd running into the facility. My shotgun was out of ammo so I had to chase that nigger. But even as a ***based*** racist there was little I could do to stop a sprinting nigger. When I got in, I saw Philonise had strapped a fuck ton of explosives onto himself and he was standing directly under the block of ice that contained King Floydorah.

"OOGA BOOGA mane. You will now live in an era ruled by black people, dumbass cracka" he said. I knew what was about to happen and immediately ran out of the facility. "OOGA BOOGA! Long live George Floyd!" Philonise Floyd yelled.

There was a huge explosion that sent me flying, but my enhanced body took little damage from the blast. I looked up in horror to see the newly awoken King Floydorah.

"OOGA BOOGA!" it roared. The massive nigger dragon then flew away as it screamed, "Send me pregnant moth pics!"

I immediately called Golden Nigger Corp headquarters about what happened but no one answered. I checked the news to see that Golden Nigger Corp headquarters and all the outposts had been raided by Black Lives Matter except the one on Nigger Ape Island because dumb niggers can't swim or figure out how to use boats.

My rage and hate towards niggers was already near the breaking point but seeing now what they had done almost made me past out from how angry I was. I calmed myself down and got onto the last military aircraft that hadn't been destroyed by the niggers. I checked the nearest Golden Nigger Corp facility. Outpost 50, a volcano in Mexico housing a giant steroid bird called Roidan. When I got there, the BLM rioters had already begun to raid the place. This caused the massive Roidan to awaken. It's massive anabolically enhanced wings produced a sonic thunderclap so powerful that it blew all the BLM niggers into the volcano.

I cheered in joy but the force was so incredible that my aircraft was blasted back a few meters damaging the left wing. Roidan began to take flight, causing a massive cyclone that lifted thousands of Mexicans into the air. I watched in horror as some of them began to hit my aircraft, bursting into blood and bones upon impact. It really didn't have much of an affect on me psychologically though because I am an avid watcher of gore. I continued on my way until the fuel ran out.

I landed in Rochester, Minnesota, where I noticed that the entire city had been evacuated. Not a single human being or nigger in sight (there's a difference between those two categories). My phone began to buzz like crazy, and when I checked it I saw that the government had ordered an evacuation of all major cities in Minnesota because King George Floydorah had landed in Minneapolis and was now destroying the city. Rochester is about an hour and thirty minutes away from Minneapolis but the problem was that there were no cars in sight. So I opened Uber. It took about 12 minutes but the Uber arrived. The Uber driver was a man wearing a Burger King crown but unfortunately there was a nigga female in the back.

*Ride sharing has to be the worst thing humans have come up with*, I thought. Because of it, I now have to sit next to this filthy monkey. I told the Burger King crown man that the nigger woman called him a silly old cracka, to which he replied "Kick that nigger bitch out of the car."

I then proceeded to drag the monkey out and do what the Burger King crown man had commanded. On our drive to Minneapolis, I received an email from my boss, Mister Wilcock.

*Dear Mister Fikes,*

*As the last active member of Golden Nigger Corp on the North American front, we ask you to personally stop King Floydorah. Oh and also both Ronniezilla king of the cucks and Equinox Autumn the Cuck Queen are both on their way to Minneapolis.*

*Godspeed, Mister Fikes.*

We arrived in Minneapolis to see total mayhem. King Floydorah had targeted all the pregnant White women of Minneapolis, ripping their bellies to shreds.

"OOGA BOOGA give me fentanyl mane." he roared.

I watched in horror as King George Floydorah noticed me. "Come here cracka, give me your air." he said.

I ran as fast as I could ,but because of the sheer size of King Floydorah, no matter how far I ran, he was only a few meters away from me. I noticed a news helicopter up ahead. I turned around and yelled, "Hey! Nigger dragon! There are pregnant moth pics in that strip club behind you, dumbass nigga."

King Floydorah immediately turned around and blasted the strip club with his fentanyl lightning. This gave me enough time to start the helicopter and take off. I noticed that Ronniezilla, Equinox Autumn and Roidan were approaching King Floydorah. King George Floydorah roared with all of his heads, which caused a sonic boom. I assumed that to be its Alpha call. The Golden Nigger Corp files on King Floydorah revealed that it and Ronniezilla's ancestors were in conflict for millions of years for the title of the Alpha Cuck. The Alpha Cuck is the leader of the Giganiggas who holds authority over all other Giganiggas. The average Alpha call can reach thousands of miles away alerting other Giganiggas. We have to stop King Floydorah now. The Alpha call could alert other Giganiggas to come to Minneapolis. We'd have a shit storm on our hands if Giganiggas such as Floyd Kong, Space Ronniezilla, Wilcock Destoroyah and others come to Minneapolis.

Ronniezilla and Equinox Autumn both recognized the Alpha call and began to charge at King Floydorah. Equinox Autumn the ugly moth released her claws and flew towards King Floydorah but Roidan came in and blew her chin off with his sonic steroid thunderclap. Roidan had allied himself with King Floydorah because that's how niggers and beaners are.

King Floydorah had promised Roidan a life supply of fentanyl but that was obviously a lie as King Floydorah wanted all the fentanyl in the world to himself. When Ronniezilla saw what had happened he let out a loud "Hey guys I guess that's it!" as he saw King Floydorah was taking pictures of what was left of Equinox Autumn and her pregnant moth belly.

Ronniezilla blasted his atomic breath at Roidan turning the giant bird into ash. Ronniezilla and King Floydorah began to clash. I watched from above in the safety of my helicopter as the new Apex Cucks began to battle. Ronniezilla bit off one of King Floydorah's heads.

"Ah shit mane, my left head can't breathe," George Floydorah said. But in its place a new head grew in. "Ah that's better, I can breathe now".

King Floydorah's eyes began to glow as Ronniezilla began gasping for air. King Floydorah was sucking all of the air in Minneapolis. Even in the safety of my helicopter, I began to feel light headed.

"Ah shit guys I can't breathe," Ronniezilla roared. Ronniezilla blasted one final atomic breath at King Floydorah's middle head. The head that controlled the actions of the body and gave commands to the other heads. Ronniezilla then dropped dead on Equinox Autumn, turning the ugly moth into dust.

"Haha mane. I have won." King Floydorah cheered. "Now you will give me your fentanyl."

King Floydorah was just about to take off but a blast of radiation hit his right wing. "Ah shit mane, my wing can't breathe." King Floydorah then turned around to see the newly awakened Ronniezilla now glowing red. When a Giganigga glows red, it is usually a result of massive amounts of radiation hitting the Giganigga.

Because Equinox Autumn was a moth created from radiation, now all the radiation from her body entered into Ronniezilla in the form of methamphetamine dust. Ronniezilla's body heat was melting everything around him including King George Floydorah. "

Ah shit mane, I'm melting!" the nigger dragon said as Ronniezilla blasted a beam of pure radiation at the nigger. What happened after was a blur. When the dust cleared, King Floydorah's body was gone. Ronniezilla emerged with the last remaining head of King Floydorah in his mouth. "Please mane, I can't breathe!" he shouted.

Ronniezilla blasted the last remaining head into pieces as I cheered on. Ronniezilla had finally ended millions of years of conflict between the two and took his rightful place as King of the Cucks. It has been a month since then. The damage done to Minneapolis was incalculable–not that it mattered as the city was a nigger hellhole. Golden Nigger Corps recovered a head of king George Floydorah, the same one that Ronniezilla had bitten off during their fight. We've decided to keep it. It could potentially help us uncover King Floydorah's origins and perhaps the origin of all Giganiggas. Recently, our team on Nigger Ape Island has reported loud noises. These noises include "OOGA BOOGA" and "Give me fentanyl". We have determined that the massive nigger ape Floyd Kong has awoken.

**Ronniezilla vs Floyd Kong**

By Georgemonke

My name is Nate Higgers and I work at Golden Nigger Corp. Golden Nigger Corp is a secret scientific organization created to hunt and study massive unidentified terrestrial organisms.

After a recent event that we at Golden Nigger Corp dubbed the McNutting, everything went to hell. If you don't know what the McNutting was, it was a battle between Ronniezilla and King George Floydorah in which Ronniezilla killed king Floydorah but during the battle, Ronniezilla's girlfriend monster Equinox Autumn was killed by Roidan. So now Ronniezilla is a depressed fuck, on the verge of killing himself. Alright now that you are all caught up, let's begin the story. It's been 2 years since the McNutting. I am a researcher at Golden Nigger Corp working on a way for humans to enter the Hollow Fentanyl Earth. Hollow Fentanyl Earth is an ancient subterranean ecosystem near the Earth's core. It's surrounded by a gravitational-electrostatic "membrane" anomaly inside the Earth's mantle, which in turn causes chemical reactions that naturally form fentanyl. The ecosystem continually radiates radioactive energy through this fentanyl, allowing the creatures that inhabit it to evolve to titanic sizes. It is also the home of large Giganiggas such as Ronniezilla and Breonna Taylor Anguirus.

My colleague Richard Kikehole who is working on Nigger Ape Island studying the massive nigger ape, Floyd Kong has said that the nigga monkey had consumed all the fentanyl in the world and was now beginning to act violent. We needed to find a new home for Floyd Kong and where else but the Hollow Fentanyl Earth. The Hollow Fentanyl Earth has large amounts of pure powdered fentanyl, which is what Floyd Kong's ancestors consumed. Recently the engineering team at Wilcock's Cybernetics had finished the Hollow Fentanyl Earth aerial vehicle; a vehicle able to withstand the rough conditions of the trip to hollow earth. The H.F.E.A.V. for short, it has the ability to manipulate gravity allowing to float.

I was bored one day and decided to go buy Japanese sex dolls at this sex toy company called Orient Industry. The ad I had saw promised the realest sexual experience since the Monkey Dildo™ and just looking at pictures of the dolls made me bust a nut. I walked into the location, my order receipt said to go down into the basement to pick up my sex doll. I took the elevator down to the basement but I was lost.

There was a massive room, too big for any sex doll company to have. But the weirdest part was that there were no sex dolls. That's when I heard an ungodly noise, sort of in a hellish tone. I looked up to see what I described as a robotic animatronic version of Ronniezilla.

The Mecha Ronniezilla started to live stream on Facebook, where it was talking on the phone to what appeared to be its girlfriend, it then said, "Hey guys I guess that's it."

It shot itself with a shotgun but the shell wasn't able to break the metal skin of Mecha Ronniezilla. I took a picture of it and immediately ran out of the sex doll warehouse. I decided to go to Nigger Ape Island where Richard was so I could inform him of what I had found. When I arrived, I showed him the picture I had taken of Mecha Ronniezilla.

"Why would a Japanese sex doll company make a mechanized version of a suicidal retard lizard?" I asked.

Richard then showed me that the real Ronniezilla has recently gone on a rampage attacking Japanese sex doll companies around the world. “It has to be linked to these recent attacks,” Richard said. “But before we can take down Mecha Ronniezilla we have to take care of another piece of shit.” He pointed to Floyd Kong, who was consuming even more fentanyl.

We needed to get Floyd Kong to Hollow Fentanyl Earth so he wouldn’t die up here once his food source of fentanyl ran out. While Floyd Kong was asleep we put a giant collar around his neck so he couldn’t breathe and chimp out, then we loaded him onto a massive ship on the way to Antarctica where the Hollow Fentanyl Earth passage is. It was a long journey as we had to cross the Indian Ocean. I couldn’t believe we were putting so much effort in saving a giant nigger monkey.

“We should have left it to die,” I said. But then suddenly the ship's sonar detected something. If you’re a dumbass nigga and don’t know how sonar works, sonar emits pulses of sound waves that travel through the water which then reflect off the target and return to the ship. By knowing the speed of sound in water and the time for the sound wave to travel to the target and back, computers can quickly calculate distance between the ship and the target.

I heard a large crash and saw that it was Ronniezilla. He was coming straight to our ship and Floyd Kong. I told Captain Balls Fondler to release the chains on Floyd Kong's neck before Ronniezilla kills him to give the nigger afighting chance. Ronniezilla climbed onto the ship, destroying the ramp and sending the aircrafts into the water. But the retard lizard was instantly one punched by Floyd Kong.

Ronniezilla tumbled back into the ocean and fired off his atomic breath. Luckily for Floyd Kong, he jumped into the water and avoided the blast. The two fags continued to battle. Ronniezilla started to drown Floyd Kong. As a giant nigger ape, Floyd Kong is not used to swimming in deep water compared to Ronniezilla because niggers can’t swim. Floyd Kong was signaling that he couldn’t breathe and was on the verge of death. There was no way a giant black nigger monkey could beat a genetically superior White lizard, even if said lizard was a suicidal cuck. Floyd Kong jumped back onto the ship and collapsed while Ronniezilla swam back into the ocean.

You see, Ronniezilla is a massive nuclear retard lizard, meaning his eyesight is very poor compared to his reptilian relatives so he relies primarily on sound. Floyd Kong, who wasn’t breathing due to almost being drowned, made no sound. Therefore Ronniezilla had thought his target was dead. When I checked on Floyd Kong he was still alive. He had pretended to be dead to get Ronniezilla to leave.

“He is quite smart for a nigger,” I said. We continued our trip to the Hollow Fentanyl Earth passage. We arrived nearly 10 hours later because Floyd Kong almost drowned himself. His lungs were low on air and he couldn’t breathe. We had to get him to Hollow Fentanyl Earth as quickly as possible. We made it to the passage but Floyd Kong wasn’t going in. Antarctica was way too cold for any warm blooded nigger ape and Floyd kong would die here if he didn’t go into the hollow earth passage.

“We need to get him into the passage,” I said. We had no idea of what was happening so I had Richard who was able to communicate to Floyd Kong via sign language. Richard told Floyd Kong that there were pregnant belly pics down the hole, which made Floyd Kong immediately go in.

My team and I followed closely behind in our H.F.E.A.V. The sight was breathtaking. There were creatures of all shapes and sizes that I had never seen before. I saw a giant lizard kneeling on a black monkey’s neck, perhaps a distant relative of Ronniezilla or a subspecies. I was so entranced in the monsters that I realized I wasn’t breathing. We came to a secret underground passage that Floyd Kong had led us to.

There was a massive shotgun on the floor and a syringe of fentanyl. And in the centre there was a large throne. “This must be where Floyd Kong's ancestors lived,” Richard said.

I saw that there were cave paintings depicting what appeared to be battles between Floyd Kong’s ancestors and Ronniezilla's ancestors. I suddenly got a call from Golden Nigger Corp headquarters, who said that Ronniezilla was in Tokyo and he was using his atomic breath to create a massive crater in the city.

That’s when the ceiling collapsed and I saw blue energy beams of radiation which must belong to Ronniezilla. That meant we were directly below Tokyo. I remembered that the sex doll company Orient Industry was based and founded in Tokyo. That must be why Ronniezilla was here. Floyd Kong picked up the shotgun and fentanyl and headed out of the hole.

When we came out, Ronniezilla and Floyd Kong were fighting. Ronniezilla spammed his atomic breath like the pussy that he was while Floyd Kong was fighting like any average nigga–no style just throwing punches everywhere. Eventually the atomic breath hit Floyd Kong's back and knocked him down. Ronniezilla then put his knee on Floyd Kong's neck.

9 minutes passed and Floyd Kong was dead. Ronniezilla then headed to his main target. Mecha Ronniezilla, or the ultimate sex toy as it is called in Japan. Mecha Ronniezilla and Ronniezilla started to fight but mecha Ronniezilla wasn't a cuckservative retard so it was easily beating Ronniezilla. Mecha Ronniezilla clapped Ronniezilla so bad that Ronniezilla said, "I'm done."

"We need to revive Floyd Kong," Richard said. I asked how that could be possible since the nigga had all the air sucked out of him. He was clearly dead.

"Fentanyl!" Richard yelled. We could use the syringe of fentanyl to resuscitate Floyd Kong. Many years of studying Floyd Kong had led us to learn that unlike normal monkeys and niggers, Floyd Kong and his entire species were mostly made up of air and fentanyl. A large enough dosage of the drug may resuscitate Floyd Kong for a few hours or maybe even induce a full revival.

We all got out of the aerial vehicle but Richard. He picked up the giant syringe of fentanyl and shotgun using the vehicle's claw. Richard then injected some of the fentanyl into the shotgun, which made the gun begin to glow white and then injected the rest of the fentanyl into Floyd Kong. Floyd Kong immediately got up, but in the process Richard was sucked into Floyd Kong's nose.

Floyd Kong picked up the shotgun and shot Mecha Ronniezilla in the face, destroying the sex toy with the super charged fentanyl shotgun. Ronniezilla had just barely survived as he was just mere moments away from meeting Equinox Autumn in hell. Ronniezilla and Floyd Kong looked at each other and then Ronniezilla headed back into the ocean and swam away.

It's been nearly a year since then. I was assigned to the Floyd Kong research group now working in hollow earth. I took charge in Richard's place. Recently I found out that Ronniezilla had killed himself in a Facebook livestream where he shot himself with a shotgun. Hollow Fentanyl Earth is quite a dangerous place. We had discovered a species down here called Chauvinosaurus, the same creature I had seen the first time down in Hollow Fentanyl Earth. They have the unique ability to take air out of your lungs by using their knees. Today I found Floyd Kong dead. There was a Chauvinosaurus kneeling on his neck.

**The George Floyd Parasite**

By Jordan Cleeman

If you are reading this, chances are I am already dead. I am writing this article because I need to warn all of you about this deadly organism that can potentially end the world. I am in a rush and am still having trouble comprehending what happened, so please bear with me if some events don't sound coherent.

It all started with me mindlessly driving around the city, just chilling in my lamborghini. This isn't out of the ordinary. I'd do this every morning. For one, since I obviously have such a nice car, I absolutely enjoy flexing it on all the homeless immigrants who negatively impact the country's economy. Just seeing their mud-colored envious faces never fails to make me laugh. Another reason why I mindlessly stroll around the city is that there are a ton of Black Lives Matter and LGBTQ flags to skid some dirt onto. I would see these butt ugly blue haired faggots waving their signs. There are puddle of mud and sewage all around the city, so I'd quickly swerve to the corresponding side, rendering the faggots' mismatched clothes and flags ruined.

On that particular day, it was a long weekend since it was Thanksgiving. A three day weekend. At this point, I had already driven near the border of the city, so I thought for a moment and decided, *Why not go on a road trip*? Winter is almost here, so it makes sense to take advantage of the warm weather while it lasts. Another reason why I decided to go for a trip was that it had been a very long time since I last travelled since I am a surgeon, which is arguably one of the most time demanding jobs out there.

Those two reasons made d me lean towards going on the weekend road trip. When I spotted the nearest public parking lot, I stopped my car there to brainstorm where I should go. Down south, there is an outdoor campground that hosts various fun activities, such as fishing and hunting. I was quite interested in doing those, so that was where I decided to go, even though I was at the very north side of the city. But I

genuinely could not think of a better place to vacation in, so I thought it was worth the extended driving time.

Luckily though, my lamborghini has four hundred horsepower, so I had it quite easy–especially if you compared me to an unprivileged pajeet peasant who shits in the streets. After I had finally zoomed through the city, I was now on the highway. That meant I was around three hours away from the campgrounds. Not too bad. Because it was an extra long weekend, many others were going on their own road trip as well. As a result, the highway was quite busy. That miffed me a little, since it made it impossible to drive at the speed limit without conflict. It was miserable, to say the least. But I looked on the bright side and realized that it meant I could listen to some good tunes for longer.

I switched on my radio, which was connected to my cell phone, and played some racist tunes that spammed the words, "Nigger nigger nigger nigger." I noticed that a lot of the cars that were driving by me had blacks at the wheel, so I spiked up the volume and opened all of my car's windows to express my hatred towards niggers. It got some drivers chimping out, and one of them even went out of their car to try to confront me, but I ran over them without hesitation as if I were playing Black Lives Splatter VR edition.

Eventually, maybe around a couple hours later, the traffic quieted down significantly. I probably only passed by three cars per minute at most at this point. I then noticed my stomach growl, and realized I hadn't eaten in a while. However, I was not very familiar with this road because, like I said, I very rarely go on road trips. I stopped the ***based*** music for a moment and looked up nearby restaurants on Google. The results displayed a very limited selection of food places. Only two within a fifteen minute drive from where I was. Taco Bell and Carl's Junior. I wasn't too familiar with either since I am a proud fat shamer who bullies TikTok landwhales on the internet.

But I really needed food, so I picked Taco Bell because it was slightly closer. I went over there and pulled up to the drive-thru. The menu had many tasty items. But something that piqued my interest was this limited time special called the Floyd Taco combo. It consisted of a large taco that resembled the shape of George Floyd's mushroom shaped nose, and a high sugar drink that was designed to replicate the feeling of being high on fentanyl. I am a man who loves George Floyd memes, so I instantly decided to cop it.

I drove by the speaker and said, "I would like to have the nigger meal." The cashier who was on the other end accepted it, and I saw the Floyd Taco combo pop in the order display. *That employee must be* ***based*** *as fuck*, I thought. When I drove up to the window, I saw him. He looked a lot like Gigachad, except he was wearing the taco bell uniform.

"That will be twenty dollars please," he said.

Even though it was overpriced for the meal I was about to receive, I was hungry enough to gladly hand over the twenty dollar bill. After he handed me the paper bag that contained the Floyd Combo, I parked in the parking lot to finally eat. As I took out the contents of the bag, there was the Floyd Taco. To say I was impressed by it is an understatement. It was modelled so perfectly to resemble George Floyd's nose. Almost too perfect. Whoever served it absolutely nailed it. I quickly pulled up that infamous brick wall George Floyd photo on Google images and compared. It was almost indistinguishable, except George Floyd's poop colored skin is much darker than the outer wrap of the Floyd Taco.

But what the hell was I waiting for. I dug in and took a bite of the taco. Despite the hideous nature of George Floyd's nose, it tasted extremely good. So good that I gobbled it up in less than a minute. Naturally, the salt induced me to crave a drink, so I drained that fentanyl-simulating soda in a heartbeat.

After I deposited the garbage, I continued on my way to the destination.

On the road, it was again relatively quiet, so I was able to mindlessly drive nearly at, or at maximum speed. But eventually, I noticed that I was starting to feel this burning pain in my gut. It felt like a fusion between the pain you'd feel when you have diarrhea and the pain of constipation, a very horrendous combination indeed. Though, at the time, it was bearable and it didn't hinder my ability to drive too badly. Not yet at least.

About fifteen minutes later, the pain had gotten noticeably worse. It went from feeling like a minor diarrhea episode, to something that I can only describe as the feeling of having kidney stones. I had kidney stones in the past, so I know how it feels. I took my left hand off the steering wheel and grabbed my stomach, to try to relieve the pain. However, it only made it worse. I decided that I was no longer able to

concentrate on my driving, so I needed to find a place to stop. Night was already arriving, so I chose to stay at a motel for a while. Lucky for me, they are relatively common in the highway I was driving, so it did not take me long at all to find one. The motel that I pulled up to was one that was not exactly high quality. I spotted a lot of scraped paint on the exterior. I was only planning on staying there for one night, so it was not a big of a deal for me.

I entered the lobby, still with my hands on my stomach and semi-limping. It probably made me look like an autistic nigga, but I didn't care. I just needed a room to rent as soon as possible. I went up to the receptionist and asked for one room. Because the motel was so poorly managed, the room was unsurprisingly cheap. The receptionist handed me the room key and I paid up, then took the stairs since the elevator was broken.

Upon entering my room, I immediately crashed into the bed, which was hard as iron. But I didn't care at the time since I was in so much pain. I just needed some rest. I shut off the lights and watched some nigger gore as I lay down, attempting to go to sleep. However, the pain was still progressively getting worse. It was completely impossible to doze off. I felt like I needed to take a huge shit, so I got out of bed and headed to the washroom. Once I entered, it started to feel like something inside my intestine was moving. Specifically, it felt like something was kicking. But what happened next was even weirder. I heard a voice. It was coming from inside of me.

It said, "Aye yo, lemme out main, I can't breathe in here".

My heart sank. *Was I imagining this?* I questioned myself. But what mattered was taking a shit to possibly end this pain. I sat on the toilet and pushed as hard as I could. As I did, I felt every vein in my body pop, and I finally felt something come out. But I knew that it wasn't any ordinary poop, since I felt the greatest pain in my life, even worse than the kidney stones I had a while ago. As what felt like the world's biggest poop came out, I heard this tinny voice that said, "Ah much better, I can finally breathe."

Immediately, I stood up and looked at the toilet. To my surprise, It wasn't actually poop at all. It was something even more disgusting. It was this pink cylinder of flesh that was about the size of my forearm, floating in the toilet water, surrounded by my intestinal blood. It had very skinny tentacle limbs, which it used to slowly swim around. But what happened next shocked me. It used its barely functional limbs to slowly turn around like one of those swimming pool noodles to reveal its face.

It was the face of George Floyd. I screamed at the top of my lungs because it was so unexpected, so I reached out and tried to flush it down. But because the motel is so dogshit and low budget, the toilet was too weak. I then found a plunger at the back of the washroom, so I grabbed it and attempted to plunge that George Floyd Fleshy thing, but it was simply too big to fit in the toilet hole.

"Ah fuck main, remove the toilet plunger, I can't breathe!" it said.

I tossed the plunger across the room because it was of no use. There was no way in hell I was going to touch that thing, even with a paper towel, so I just ran out of the washroom and locked myself out. Just the sight of that thing sent shivers down my spine. But I noticed that I was feeling much better now, since I finally shat that thing out, so I went to bed and easily fell asleep.

The following morning, I woke up feeling like a million dollars, since I finally felt no pain at all. I was at last ready to continue driving. I grabbed my bag and opened the washroom door to clean myself up and brush my teeth. However, I realized that I had completely forgot about that George Floyd flesh monster, because when I saw what was inside, I almost passed out. I saw it. But it was now the size of a small child. However, it now looked like it was malnourished.

"Ooga booga, I need nutrients," it said. "Let me back inside you."

Everything then started to make sense. It was a George Floyd parasite, which spawned when I ate the Floyd taco from Taco Bell. Parasites need a host to feed on in order to survive. But the scary thing was, since it was so large, I could not fathom how it would feel to have it in my intestines again, so I shut the door and locked it again. However, that proved a very useless barrier between the George Floyd parasite and me, because it managed to squeeze itself within the narrow crevice between the floor and the actual door.

I ran to the back of the hotel room, across the door, because I knew that it would be able to attack me before I would finish opening the door. But that was equally as bad of an idea, because the George Floyd

parasite was able to maneuver surprisingly fast for its still skinny tentacles, and cornered me.

For a moment I thought my life was over. But, using my quick thinking skills as a surgeon, I searched through my bag and grabbed a small bottle of fentanyl pills. For those who are wondering why I have fentanyl with me, it is common for surgeons to feed their patients a small dose, because it acts as an anesthetic. I threw the bottle to the adjacent wall of me, which alerted the George Floyd parasite.

"Yay! Finally some nutrition at last!" it exclaimed.

It started to wriggle itself in that direction. Using the time I bought, I ran out of the hotel room and closed it. But I knew that the George Floyd parasite could just squirm through it anyway, so I continued to run. When I made it downstairs, I met with the hotel lobby receptionist and told him about this fleshy nigger parasite that was now in the room. However, he didn't believe me, and told me to return my key and leave. I didn't blame him. I'll admit, everything I described about the George Floyd parasite would have been hard to grasp for anyone.

So I handed the receptionist the keys and headed out. But then, I heard this wet slurping sound from behind me. I turned back to see the George Floyd parasite looking right at the receptionist. The parasite seemed hungry, but the receptionist was busy typing something on the computer. I yelled at him to get him to run, but it was too late. The George Floyd Parasite extended each of its legs to the length of its body, and sprang itself toward the receptionist. Before the receptionist could react, it unzipped his pants and then squeezed itself into his asshole. I was witnessing the receptionist becoming its new host. There was nothing I could do to help him, so I turned back and ran out of the motel.

Now, you may think this is a good ending, at least for me. But I don't think it is, because I am beginning to feel that same level of pain again in my abdomen. I believe the George Floyd parasite already had laid its eggs inside me. I am beginning to have a strong craving for fentanyl, being tempted to pop the leftover pills in my bag. I think this species of parasites has the ability to control its hosts to ingest fentanyl, which the George Floyd parasite will then consume as its nutrients. I don't think I have much time left until the eggs finish incubating now, so I will probably commit suicide by crashing my car in the nearest Black Lives Matter building or something. So please listen to me, do not eat the Taco Bell Floyd Taco combo, or else you will contract the George Floyd parasite.

**George Floyd Tried to Kill Kyle Rittenhouse**

By Jordan Cleeman

In November of 2021, Kyle Rittenhouse walked free with a 'not guilty' verdict. I was very happy when I first heard about it on Telegram and I celebrated. It took longer than it should have for the courts to go through the case, since Rittenhouse clearly killed those men, who were convicted criminals, out of self defense. It was quite unfair compared to the case of that nigger Timothy Simpkins, who was quickly released on bond after shooting four people at a school. As a result of the news, there have been a fuck ton of Black Lives Matter monkeys rioting. There was video footage on Twitter of this dirty negress who fumed so much, she ended up not being able to breathe. It was so funny I watched it ten times in a row.

While it was initially all fun and games, the BLM shit escalated fast. Numerous stores were looted, including one that sells one hundred thousand dollar fur coats. The nigga monkeys also started fires in streets, which they probably just learnt how to, with their caveman like brains. The examples I just mentioned above are just the mild ones, however. The BLM rioters did something very very horrible that makes me hate them even more. And that is saying something because I'd drag my balls across ten miles of broken glass if it would make them vanish for a day. I will now tell you my witness account of how Kyle Rittenhouse was almost killed after the verdict.

I was in my bedroom one night going about my typical routine. Doing some homework, playing some video games, watching youtube videos such as the "Bodybuilders walking in public compilation" and hosting anti-tranny raids on Instagram. Very relaxing stuff after a long day at work. I was at the stage where I was preparing to mass ping my ten thousand member discord server to raid this femboy, when I heard what sounded like chimpanzee noises from outside my house.

It annoyed me a lot, so I went for my window to close it. But when I peeked out, I saw a massive crowd of black niggers, all with torches and holding BLM signs. *Ah damn, those baboons are at it again*, I

thought to myself. My neighborhood usually had these BLM riots on a weekly basis. Because my parents are dumbass liberal nigger lovers, they refuse to move out, even though I beg them to. I know for sure my mom is gonna get raped by one of those apes sooner or later if she isn't careful.

This time, the BLM rioters were a bit closer to our home than normal. Maybe around a couple blocks away. I don't remember how far exactly, but I was very concerned. They were close enough to potentially damage our property. I decided that enough is enough and snuck into my parents bedroom to borrow my father's hunting rifle. My parents were out of the city at the time, so I was pretty sure they'd never find out if I returned it after use. The rifle was stored inside a wooden closet which doesn't have any security measures of any form, so it was easy. I took it and returned to my bedroom window to craft up a plan on how I would eliminate the rioters. There seemed to be one hundred of them. Realistically speaking, I wouldn't be able to kill every single one of them because of their large numbers, so my goal was to just scare them off.

I left the front door and made sure to lock it in case one of them somehow knew which house I live in and tried to break in. I sprinted across two of the roadways between the rioters and the house, and then snuck in. I made sure to hide the rifle in my hoodie to ensure I didn't look suspicious. Upon a closer look at the BLM monkeys, I realized that this was no ordinary riot. They all wore this specific robe that made them look like they were in some sort of cult. They all chanted words that were so loud, I could not clearly understand what they were saying. I may sound like a pussy, but I was beginning to have second thoughts about it.

Even though I am everything unlike a nigger, nor a nigger supporter, I was pretty sure that as long as I didn't reveal the rifle, I wouldn't be outted by them. I snuck into the crowd to try to see why they were collectively performing this strange practice instead of the normal riots. I shortly noticed that the individual rioters were not looking at random parts of the neighborhoods. They all seemed to be facing a particular direction.

I pushed a few of them away to see what it was, also being revolted by the idea of even being this close to all these niggers. I finally made it to the front of the crowd, and took a look at what they were all so interested in. It was a very strange assortment of random objects. Soup cans, a rope, a stake, a banana sandwich, and a doll representing a black man. Those were only the ones I noticed. There were many more random objects in the scene, but not important enough for me to remember. All I recall was the stake being held by the rope in the middle of the road, with the black man doll being tied to it. The soup cans were scattered near the bottom of the cross, and the banana sandwich was directly in front of the tied up black man doll, as if it was there for it to eat.

The niggers and nigger supporters continued to chant that exact phrase, but at this point, I heard it so many times that I was starting to be able to understand what the words were. They were somewhere along the lines of, "Our lord and savior George Floyd, we commend you to come back to the world and dispose of the evil man, Rittenhouse".

I was quite bewildered at those words. They seemed to be trying to do a ritual in order to summon George Floyd's spirit. But I didn't think they would succeed in doing so since I didn't believe in the paranormal at the time. I just laughed inside, because I thought those BLM monkeys were being foolish enough to do some bogus Reddit ritual. It was then that one of the front members of the rioters strode towards the mass of random objects and used his torch to light the stake containing the black man doll on fire. It burst to flames.

The rioters' chantings grew even louder, to balance out the scorching sound of the fire. Somehow, the fire was burning all of the objects, with the exception of the banana sandwich. It looked like the fire had some kind of awareness so that it knew to avoid touching it.

But then, I saw a long dark arm emerge from the flame, reaching its hand to grab the banana sandwich. *That must be the spirit of George Floyd*, I thought. I was starting to believe that the ritual the niggers were doing might be real after all. I felt the intensity of the heat since I was so close to it, so I took a few steps backward. But when I did, I tripped on a rock and fell. That was a big mistake, because on impact, the rifle I hid under my hoodie slid out for everyone to see. I looked up to see all of the niggers looking at me, angrily. I've been noticed.

"Oh shit!" I said fearfully.

I immediately grabbed the rifle and ran the fuck away. I heard the whole crowd chimping out. I knew that niggers are fast as fuck, so this was not going to be an easy chase. Another challenge was the fact that most of the rioters were niggers, so their skin would blend in the darkness, practically camoflaging them. But I knew that would only be a problem if they catch up to me, which would mean I'm fucked anyway. I just kept sprinting. I made sure not to run to my house, because that would make it obvious where I live. I instead ran to the direction of where the nearest public place was, so that any potential nigger haters there could save me.

But when I took a glance behind me, I was surprised to see that not a single one of them went after me. They still seemed to be in their crowd formation. They were not done performing the ritual, I realized. Any of them chasing me would have interfered with it, ultimately failing to summon George Floyd's spirit. I still didn't go home yet though, because I was quite certain that some of them were eyeballing me. Instead, I did a lap around the whole neighborhood and then entered our house through the back door. That was a close call.

I ran upstairs and remembered to return my father's rifle to the closet and then went back to my bedroom. I gasped for air as I stopped to sit on my chair. What I had seen was making my mind spin. It was the first time I've ever witnessed a cult performing a ritual. But their intentions were what really got me thinking. They were trying to summon George Floyd's spirit to kill Kyle Rittenhouse.

I thought for a moment, wondering why him specifically. It then all clicked. Because George Floyd is held at such a high pedestal, the Jew media would defend him no matter how horrible his crimes are. While if a rioter murdered Rittenhouse there would be a nationwide outrage and perhaps civil war, if George Floyd killed Rittenhouse there would be no consequences.

This scheme only fed my curiosity, so I decided to watch over them undercover. I just needed a disguise. I changed into a black trench coat and put on my Halloween gorilla mask to look like one of them. And of course, the trench coat makes hiding a gun much easier, so I brought my dad's rifle with me as well. I quickly returned to the so-called BLM rioters. More like nigger lives matter occultists, if you will. The fire seemed to have completely cooled down, indicating they were finished with the ritual.

In front of the crowd, I saw the nigger monkey himself. George Floyd's spirit. I never thought I would see him in person. I know he was just a spirit, but still. The man who was presumably the cult leader went up to George Floyd and whispered something into his big ass ear. I didn't hear what he said, but I knew it was the order to kill Kyle Rittenhouse. In response, George Floyd pounded his chest like a monkey and then ran off. I knew where he was headed to. He was now after Rittenhouse. Because of my sacred knowledge of this, it was my responsibility to prevent George Floyd from succeeding.

Luckily, the trench coat that I was wearing blended with the night sky, so I ran off to chase George Floyd without having to worry about any of the occultists seeing me. Despite being a six foot five tall nigger, George Floyd's spirit was surprisingly slow. Slow enough for me to keep him in my view. I guessed that it was because George Floyd was recently resurrected and he still had to recover from his fentanyl-induced death, which impeded his athletic ability.

I chased him for what felt like an hour. By the time he finally reached Kyle Rittenhouse, I was both relieved and scared at the same time. Relieved because my chest was burning so much due to running for a prolonged period of time. Scared because I needed to think of a way to save Kyle Rittenhouse from that nigger. Because I never truly believed in the paranormal prior to this, my knowledge about ghosts was as shallow as Heather Wilcock's tits. Kyle Rittenhouse still hasn't noticed George Floyd's presence, since he was going for an ambush attack. I aimed the rifle at George Floyd and shot. However, the bullets completely phased through him. Of course, it was because he is a ghost, but I was so nervous and acted before thinking. It wasn't a complete miscalculation on Kyle Rittenhouse's end though, because he took notice of it and turned to see George Floyd about to attack him by pointing his gun to his belly.

"Ooga booga, must eliminate." George Floyd said. It was like he was only here to kill Kyle, under the hive mind of the BLM monkeys.

Before he could shoot Kyle, he ran at George Floyd and grabbed the gun from his hand.

"Main, you better give that back!" George Floyd said.

But George Floyd was obviously too retarded to use his sophisticated spectral powers, so he was pretty much harmless now. But it was now a matter of killing him, since the world is better off without him. I again tried to shoot him with my dad's rifle, but the bullets still didn't affect him. But I realized that since Kyle stole George Floyd's gun, it would affect him, since it was a part of his spiritual form. Kyle aimed and shot him in the neck. And sure enough, it striked it. George Floyd fell down and said, "Ah shit, whenever I inhale, the air leaves my neck instead, I can't breathe!".

Kyle then did the honours and kneed on George Floyd's neck to do the finishing blow, after which, George Floyd turned into mist, looking as if he had been Thanos snapped. Kyle Rittenhouse stood up and walked up to me.

"Thank you for saving me." he said.

"No problem," I said. "Those niggers be violent as fuck."

I left out the details of the BLM cult because that would have probably been too hard to believe. We said our goodbyes and then parted ways.

And that, my friends, was the epic battle between George Floyd and Kyle Rittenhouse.

Moral of the story, the BLM rioters are getting crazier as we speak. The measures they go through just to uphold their delusion that black lives matter are astronomical. Please be aware of them and remember, fuck niggers.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** This story was written before Kyle Rittenhouse declared his support for Black Lives Matter during an interview with Tucker Carlson. For the purposes of George Floyd Creepypastas, please assume that all mentions of Kyle Rittenhouse refer to an alternate universe version of Kyle Rittenhouse where he is actually ***based***. While we admire Kyle Rittenhouses's actions in cleansing the world of two criminal leftists, one of them a pedophile Jew, we disavow his political stance on Black Lives Matter.

**I Was Called to Investigate George Floyd's Former Home**

By Jordan Cleeman

I am a ghost hunter who works for a Minneapolis based company called Paraniggerrs Incorporated. The firm is specifically targeted towards dealing with the ghosts of dead black people. You see, nigger spirits tend to be much more difficult to extinguish than the white ones because their souls are darker. When you think about it, it makes sense. For example, blacks commit fifty percent of the crimes, despite only making up thirteen percent of the population. Their higher degree of evil poses an extra challenge for ghost hunters.

Now, the specific method to vanquish a ghost varies of course, but in general, ghost hunters use what's called a vacuum gun to transport them. In laymans terms, the darker energy that nigger ghosts exhibit makes them heavier, therefore requiring more power to suck them in. Paraniggers Inc. invested hundreds of thousands of dollars to innovate a vacuum gun that is specially tuned for doing this job. So far, we've successfully cleansed over a thousand households, and the only one we've failed to was Breonna Taylor's spirit because she was too much of a fatass to fit in the vacuum gun. As we speak, Breonna Taylor haunts all-you-can-eat buffets now, but that is not important for the story, because recently, we faced an even more difficult nigger ghost. That is, George Floyd.

When I am on duty, I would drive the Paraniggers van around the town with my assistant, Ronnie McNutt. The Paraniggers van has all the equipment we need to conduct a haunted house cleanse, including a camera feed, a microphone for communicating with spirits, and ghost bait. There are many others that I haven't mentioned, but I don't want to overcomplicate the story too much, for those of you who aren't familiar with ghost hunting. That day, Ronnie and I were bored as fuck driving. because we hadn't received an inquiry all week. It is very similar to how a taxi would drive around. Just hoping that whoever calls just so happens to be near our current location. Eventually, afternoon hit and it was time for our lunch break.

"So Ronnie, where do ya wanna eat?" I asked him.

"I wanna eat Equinox Autumn's pussy," Ronnie said, teary-eyed.

"Ronnie, can you shut the fuck up and forget about that ugly whore? Stop being a cuck."

Ronnie wept a tear from his eye. God, I hate it when he brings up his ex-girlfriend who left him for a dirty nigger. Since it didn't seem like he'd cooperate today, I decided on where we ate. We ended up having our lunch at a Burger King. Ronnie and I each had a burger, french fries, and a soda, but the meal ended up costing us two hundred dollars because I purchased their entire stock of cardboard Burger King crowns.

While we ate, I felt my phone vibrate. It was from a prospective client. Knowing we hadn't dealt with anyone in forever, I answered it immediately.

"Hello this is Nate Higgers from Paraniggers, how may I help you?" I asked.

"Hello, I think my house is haunted," a young woman replied.

"Okay I think we can assist you with that. Can you tell us where you live so we know where to come?"

The lady provided me with her street address, but I will leave it out of this story just in case one of you curious readers decides to visit it, which I highly discourage.

"So ma'am, when would be a good time for us to come over?" I asked.

"Tonight at 6:00 PM would be good," the lady said.

"Okay, have a good rest of your day".

I hung up.

"Looks like we finally got a nigga to exterminate," I said excitedly.

When the clock hit 6:00 PM, we arrived at the woman's house right on time. I knocked the door a couple of times.

"Coming," she said as we heard footsteps coming towards the front door. She opened the door to greet us. When I looked at her, I was in shock. She was covered in scars and bruises on her face.

"Um, good evening, my name is Nate and this is my assistant, Ronnie," I introduced ourselves.

"Hi, I'm Dana Hudson," she said. "Come in."

Ronnie and I stepped into the house, as she gestured for us to follow her. The second we went in, we were met with a very peculiar odour. It smelled like rotten bananas. I had a bad feeling about this. Usually when a home is haunted by a malevolent spirit, a very putrid smell is present.

One thing to note, before every one of our paranormal investigations, we always do a brief interview with the client, asking them some general questions to get an idea of the nature of the entity. It is common for people to mistake coincidences as actual spirits, so it is important for us to be certain that we don't end up wasting our time on a false case. Tonight was no different. Once we were settled at the dinner table, we initiated the questionnaire. Ronnie pulled out the video camera and started recording.

"So Mrs. Hudson," I began. "Why exactly do you believe you are haunted by a nigger ghost?".

"Be-because," she stammered. "My precious baby is gone." Mrs. Hudson started to break into tears. I patted her on the back to comfort her.

"It's okay, we'll try our best to get rid of whatever is disturbing you, if you may please elaborate."

"It all started a month ago, on the first night after I moved into this house, eight months pregnant. I was in bed trying to sleep, but I kept hearing this voice that says, 'I will take him'. I thought it was just my mind imagining things since I was sleeping in a brand new place for the first time. But that was until what happened the next morning. I felt much lighter than normal and it felt like my stomach was empty. I went to the medical labs to get an ultrasound, and sure enough, there was no fetus. The fucking nigger ghost took my baby!" Mrs. Hudson began to cry now.

"I am very sorry that happened," I said. "Anything else unusual happen?"

"It doesn't end there," Mrs. Hudson said. "Over the next few weeks, I'd feel like I'm getting suffocated in my sleep, and when I'd wake up, I'd wake up in the middle of the night, feeling I've had a sleep apnea episode. It is extremely uncomfortable and it takes me minutes to catch my breath. It's been happening every single night and I'm sick of it." I took the next half minute to digest everything that Mrs. Hudson

just said.

"So, what do you think this implies ma'am?" I questioned her. "Even though it is technically our job to identify the nature of the spirit, we always like to first hear the client's input. It helps a lot since you obviously know more about it than we do."

"I think I am haunted by George Floyd," Mrs. Hudson said, not completely sure of herself.

"You, what?" I said.

"Yes. Another thing I forgot to mention is that this is George Floyd's old home," Mrs. Hudson said.

Ronnie and I looked at each other wide-eyed. I could not believe this. I believed what she explained to us about the entity itself, but I found it very difficult to accept the fact that she moved into George Floyd's former house. Here's why. No intelligent person in their right mind would do such a thing. Even non ghost believers wouldn't. Unless they are libtards.

"Why the fuck would you even consider moving here in the first place?!" I said, raising my voice.

"Because I viewed him as a hero at the time," she admitted.

"Oh you're another nigger lover, aren't you? Alright then, we will charge you extra."

This is an important policy we have stated on our website and flyers. Nigger lovers tend to get themselves into these nigger hauntings far more often than nigger haters, since they aren't aware of the dangers of black ghosts or black people in general. Therefore, we charge them extra for putting us into these easily avoidable situations.

Ronnie chimed in. "I don't think we should charge her extra," he said. "I think getting rid of George Floyd's ghost ASAP is absolutely necessary, so in a way, Mrs. Hudson helped us by tracking him for us."

I realized that he had a point. George Floyd is absolutely the pinnacle of the nigger criminal. We never really considered how fucking powerful his evil soul would be.

"Okay okay, we'll give you a discount Mrs. Hudson", I admitted.

"Oh my God, thank you, thank you, thank you," she said, relieved.

I turned to Ronnie. "Alright, let's get started."

Ronnie and I left the dinner table to get everything set up. For the next hour, we placed cameras in every room, including the washroom. Now, you may be wondering why we would even consider monitoring such a room. Well that is because nigger ghosts tend to rape their female victims there, because that is where she is most vulnerable. A nigger would anal rape a woman even while she is taking a shit, because niggers would fuck anything that moves. After we were finished planting all of them, we connected all of them to our monitors inside the Paraniggers van. That was where we were to watch over the house overnight.

"Okay Mrs. Hudson, we are all set," I said. "Ronnie and I will stay in our van monitoring everything while you sleep tonight. Please leave your door unlocked, so that we can come in quickly if anything happens."

I pulled out the ghost vacuum gun, which was labelled, "Nigger Spirit Sucker" in Sam Hyde-style text.

We returned to the van as Mrs. Hudson went to her bedroom to start sleeping. It was rather quiet in the first moments of the job. Not surprising, since spirits tend to show up from twelve AM to four AM. It was only eleven o' clock when we started. It was a bit past two AM when we began to see stuff. It was in the kitchen. I was alerted when I saw this tall black shadowy figure whose silhouette resembled a scrawny version of bigfoot. It was looking through the refrigerator. Ronnie was asleep during this, but I didn't care because his eyesight would have been too dogshit to see it anyway, since his suicide attempt ruined his cornea.

I knew the figure was George Floyd's spirit because of what he did next. He grabbed a banana and a jar of mayonnaise from the refrigerator, and then took two pieces of bread from the pantry. Just as I guessed, he made a banana mayo sandwich. Using his ghostly abilities, he sucked the whole thing in his mouth.

"Oh oh Ee Ee Ah Ah, tasty," he said.

I wrote this down in my notebook, and continued observing, but George Floyd's ghost vanished.

One might think it was a worthy chance for us to go and capture it, but the way us paranigger ghost hunters go about it, is that we only wait for the spirit to do something harmful to the victim. We try to let it be for as long as possible so that we could collect data and study it after the fact.

After that, we didn't see George Floyd's ghost for a while. Well, at least for the next hour. At 3:20 AM, I saw Mrs. Hudson get up from her bed to go to the washroom. She sat on the toilet to take a shit. That was when somebody knocked on the washroom door. It alerted both myself and Mrs. Hudson. She of course refused to open it.

"Ayo open up womayne," a raspy voice said.

Mrs. Hudson still sat there. Then, a pitch black aura emerged through the door. George Floyd's ghost sniffed around the washroom.

"Ah, nice breathing in all that fart air," he said.

"Oh God, help me!" Mrs. Hudson screamed.

Her cry was loud enough to wake Ronnie up from his slumber.

"Come on, it's time to go in," I whispered.

I grabbed our trusty ghost vacuum and then we went into the house. The moment we entered through the front door, the air was freezing cold. George Floyd's ghost must be so malevolent that he takes up much more of the hot air than most other ghosts. But that was not at all a concern, when we heard Mrs. Hudson's screams from upstairs. We dashed to the washroom as fast as we could. But when I tried to pry open the door, I realized that it was locked. Because George Floyd's ghost managed to phase through, it was never unlocked in the first place. Slurping noises were soon present, with Mrs. Hudson screaming at the top of her lungs.

Luckily, I am six foot five and three hundred pounds shredded, so I kicked the door down with ease. What I saw George Floyd's ghost do to Mrs. Hudson scarred me for life. He was ass raping her, just like any criminal nigger would. And if that wasn't nasty enough, he noticed Ronnie and I, so he pulled out and his dick was covered in shit. God damn that nigger was a horny fuck. I immediately used the ghost vacuum on him with no hesitation. However, it did not manage to suck him in at all. I tried using it again, but to no avail, it was as if there was no force.

"Hehehe, that ain't gonna work on me main," George Floyd's ghost said.

I stopped and wondered why the fuck he was immune to this powerful weapon. George Floyd was nowhere as fat as Breonna Taylor was, so it didn't make sense to me.

Regardless of my degrading hope, I still continued attempting to blast him. I looked at the space between the weapon and George Floyd's ghost and saw nothing was there at all. That caused me to realize the reason why George Floyd's ghost couldn't be absorbed by the ghost vacuum. It was due to his severe lack of internal air, to the point where his spectral density was simply too high. Almost one hundred percent plasma matter. This rendered the ghost vacuum to be completely useless against him. Ghosts need to have a certain amount of air in them in order for the device to work on them.

We were now out of options to defeat it. But Ronnie was not ready to give up yet. He did the idiotic move of trying to punch George Floyd's ghost in the face. It was useless of course, and it only angered the ghost. George Floyd's ghost then possessed Ronnie. I knew this was the worst thing that could possibly happen, because everyone knows that mentally vulnerable people are the easiest to possess, and therefore the most difficult to perform exorcisms on. Ronnie is a cuck who is constantly on the verge of suicide, so it was pretty much game over for him. Ronnie's pupils became blank and his skin started to darken to the color of a nigger's hide. There was no chance we could help the man whose girlfriend cheated on him with a nigger, being possessed by motherfucking George Floyd, so I thought of making a run for it.

However, Ronnie did not even try to attack us at all. Instead, he began attacking himself. But because he didn't have a shotgun or any weapon with him, he had to resort to strangling himself. Even though that may have seemed like a bad thing at first glance, it was actually just what we needed. As Ronnie strangled himself, I could hear the eerie voice of George Floyd's ghost saying, "Ah fuck I can't

breathe."

Since George Floyd was now technically Ronnie, Ronnie was actually strangling George Floyd's spirit. Not too long after, I saw Ronnie's skin color and eyes shift back to normal. We had defeated yet another nigger ghost.

I gave Ronnie a high five for doing the hard part.

Mrs. Hudson gave both of us a hug.

"Thank you guys so much for helping me," she said.

"No, thank you for helping us locate George Floyd's ghost," I responded. "We wouldn't have found him if it weren't for you."

By the time we left the washroom, the birds were chirping and the sun was shining. We must have been battling it out for at least three hours. Perspectives of time can really get skewed in paranormal encounters.

Mrs. Hudson treated us by making us breakfast. Pancakes with toast. Because her cooking abilities were top notch–as it should be for all women–Ronnie and I ended up not charging her anything.

After we said our goodbyes, I stopped and looked Mrs. Hudson in the eye.

"Listen ma'am, next time, don't move into a niggers house, whether they are dead or alive. It's for your safety. Let this be a lesson for you, alright?"

**Man of Fentanyl**

By Georgemonke

Superheroes. They are all iconic symbols of hope to young children all around the world. They include the likes of Spiderman, Superman, Batman and more. Unfortunately the majority of comic book Superheroes were created by the International Jew with the purpose of profiting off hard working White men. One notable group of superheroes have recently garnered a lot of attention due to the success of their movie franchises. I am of course referring to the Avengers.

The Avengers were adapted from their comic book counterparts, but not faithfully. You see, there were originally 7 members of the avengers in the comics whereas there were only 6 in the original movie. The six Avengers that we all know and love are Iron Mayne, Captain Cuckmerica, HalfThor, Shulk, Hawkeyeball and Black Window. The seventh member was a hero called Fentanyl Man. He wore a surprisingly similar outfit to Supermayne as both Marvel and DC stole many ideas from each other. The differences include how Supermayne's iconic "S" symbol which stood for hope was replaced by the letter "F". Fentanyl Man also didn't wear a cape. However, the biggest difference was that Fentanyl Man was a nigger. He bore a striking resemblance to George Floyd, with a massive nose and leathery, large lips.

Fentanyl Man was by far the strongest member of the Avengers, outclassing both HalfThor and Shulk. He has the unique ability to steal the air of his opponents. Furthermore he could generate pure powdered fentanyl with a snap of his monkey-like fingers. Now you may be asking why am I telling you the unknown origin of a nigger superhero? Well let me begin by saying this, I work at Disney and specifically in the Marvel Studios department. Disney is a company run by filthy Jews but the pay is so high that I've decided to stay there.

For safety reasons, I will not reveal my name so I will be known as Ronnie Cuckasaurus. Just recently, it was Disney Plus day. Disney Plus is Disney's streaming service to compete with the success of Netflix and Amazon Prime Video. On Disney Plus day, the investors held a long ass meeting that I had to unfortunately sit through. The Disney CEO was a Jew named Bob Chapek.

"Alright goys, today we will be unveiling our newest Marvel Disney plus series that will begin filming in the following weeks," Chapek said. The series will be called "Fentanyl Man" starring George Floyd and Breonna Taylor. My eyes widened and my chest started pounding. George Floyd and Breonna Taylor are supposed to be dead, but just then both George Floyd and Breonna Taylor walked into the room.

"This series will be Disney's way of proper black representation after Black Panther, I have agreed with the leaders of Black Lives Matter to let coloured folks watch the series for free while the crackas will have to pay," Bob Chapek said while a giant grin almost as big as his nose formed across his face. He then

took a sip of a dark red liquid which I recognized to be baby blood.

"And now I will be announcing the director for this project," Bob said. "Mister Cuckasaurus, you have been chosen to direct this wonderful project showcasing the beauty of black culture."

I stood up in shock, drenched in sweat. "Yes sir," I mumbled.

"Good goy," Bob snickered. Although I am a ***based*** racist chad, Bob Chapek holds so much authority and wealth that if I disobeyed him, he could easily do away with me and stage my death as a Ronnie McNutt suicide even, so I decided to stay quiet. I left the meeting room shortly thereafter. It was lunch time so I decided to get some KFC.

Although it was nigger food, it was quick and cheap. I had ordered a five-piece bucket with fries as a side. I am a 300 pound racist so I need a minimum of 3000 calories a day to maintain my frame. As I began to eat my food, George Floyd walked into the restaurant.

"OOGA BOOGA give me sum of dat KFC mane or I will shoot your belly," George Floyd said.

"Fuck off nigger," I said. The other customers in the restaurant gasped hearing me say 'nigger'. *They are all a bunch of nigger lives matter supporters*, I thought.

"Oo oo oo ee ee ah ah," George Floyd replied. "You will give me your air then mane. I am the mighty Fentanyl Man, I will steal all of your air."

George Floyd is a bigger dumbass than I could have ever imagined. Even if he had a bug-sized brain, this kind of behaviour was outrageously stupid. I walked out of the KFC as George floyd began devouring my meal, making a huge mess.

My hatred for niggers skyrocketed that day. I began preparing a storyboard for Fentanyl Man. As director, I was given full creative control for the project. I decided it was my mission to show the world the reality of niggers. I was going to attempt to portray niggers as the dumbest living organisms on the planet in this series. I was in luck as George Floyd and Breonna Taylor are by far some of the dumbest of the negro race. Their combined IQ was lower than that of a rock.

The first day of filming was tomorrow so I hammered away at my desk to produce the perfect script. Bob Chapek had given us $200 million for the budget but that nigga George Floyd had already spent $100 million on fentanyl and the OnlyFans subscriptions of pregnant women. I used the remaining budget to get the right filming equipment. We were unable to get anything done on the first day of filming as it took George Floyd 10 hours to get suited up in his fentanyl man costume, and when he came out of his trailer in the ridiculous outfit I couldn't help but chuckle.

On the second day we finally got to filming, so I decided for the first scene, I'd have a black man try to rob a pregnant woman before Fentanyl Man swoops in and saves her. I told this to the two actors and I know it really sucks to have a nigger actor on set. Niggers are by far the worst actors ever. Everything they do sounds fake and done with a lack of effort.

The cameras were rolling. The pregnant woman was walking down a dark alley at night when suddenly a nigga came and grabbed her purse. The pregnant woman, named Heather, began screaming for help. I signalled to George Floyd to come in. George Floyd jumped down from the set. But instead of helping the pregnant woman, George Floyd pulled out a gun and pistol whipped heather. I cut the camera while the entire staff rushed on set as George Floyd demanded for belly pics from Heather. Heather was badly hurt but I didn't feel an ounce of sympathy since she was a BBC race-traitor whore anyway.

With Heather in the hospital, I decided to do a scene with Breonna Tayler next. We had Alec Baldwin on set playing a character called the Chauvinizer. He was to shoot Breonna Taylor. However, the prop manager had loaded the prop handgun with real rounds. Alec Baldwin shot Breonna Taylor dead that day and the entire project was put on hold.

I sat down in Bob Chapek's office the following day. "Goy, you have put me in an impossible position. Our shares are down by 56% due to the second death of Breonna Taylor. Where am I supposed to find a replacement goy?" Chapek said in an intimidating tone. "I will have your foreskin for lunch if you do not deliver on the fentanyl man series.

"I understand sir, but that nigga George Floyd is quite frankly a retard who is ruining the entire project," I said.

"Goy, George floyd is Disney's most profitable character. We have made over $300 billion from George Floyd toys alone, "Chapek called out. "If you make anymore excuses, the Chosen people will decide your fate."

I left his office feeling both scared and angry as fuck. Filming resumed, I decided to just document the daily goings-on of George Floyd while in the Fentanyl Man suit. George Floyd's daily routine included pistol whipping pregnant women and then proceeding to ask for belly pics. When the pregnant women refused, George Floyd would shoot their belly. George Floyd then walked into a corner store called Cup Foods. I walked in while staying out of sight from George Floyd so he didn't notice me filming him. I watched as George Floyd got a banana from the fruit stand and walked to the counter.

"That will be $20 sir," the cashier said. George Floyd then pulled out a twenty and handed it to the cashier. However there was something off about the bill. The portrait of Andrew Jackson was replaced by a picture of a monkey woman. I recognized it to be a nigga woman named Harriet Tubman.

"Sir, I can only accept a real $20 bill not your monkey money," the ***based*** cashier said.

George Floyd got very mad. "OOGA BOOGA, cracka you will accept my money whether you like it or not." George Floyd pulled out his pistol and was about to pistol whip the cashier, but fortunately the cashier whose name was Kyle Rittenhouse (based on his name tag) dodged every attack from George Floyd. Kyle then pulled out an AR-15-style semi-automatic rifle from behind the counter and shot George Floyd in the neck.

"Ah shit I can't breathe," George Floyd yelped as blood began pouring from his neck. George Floyd was gasping for air. Kyle Rittenhouse fled from the scene as BLM monkeys arrived to see their saint die a second time. The monkeys began to chimp out and set the Cup Foods store on fire.

Luckily I managed to get out of there before flames completely engulfed the store. I had recorded everything that went down there. I went home and posted the 2 hour video on every major social media platform. Within minutes, BLM monkeys and their traitorous White supporters chimped out. I was getting thousands of message requests with niggers telling me to McNutt myself. I laughed this all off. I had exposed the negro race proving to the world that these so-called people were nothing more than drug hungry bug-brained faggots.

I then received a very threatening message from Bob Chapek. *You have done it now goy. We the chosen people of Yahweh will gut you like a nigger fish and suck all of the blood out of your foreskin.*

After seeing the bravery of Kyle Rittenhouse, I was no longer scared of my Jew boss. I knew that I had little time before my boss and his Jewish militants would raid my house. So I quickly grabbed a gas mask and some Zyklon B canisters. As I suspected, Jewish militants along with my boss Bob Chapek kicked down my door. I cracked open the canisters and threw them directly at them.

"Ah shit Zyklon B in my system I can't breathe," Bob Chapek said as he along with the Jew militants all dropped dead. I am now writing this on my phone while on a plane to Russia. Niggers and Jews are the embodiment of evil. You must avoid them at all costs. The **[redacted]** of niggers and jews are necessary for the preservation and survival of the White race.

**George Floyd Was the Second Parkland Shooter**

By Georgemonke

The Stonemen Douglas school shooting, otherwise commonly known as the Parkland shooting, was the deadliest school shooting in United States history, surpassing the Columbine massacre. Now most people believe there was only one shooter, a spic incel named Nikolas Cruz. However it is quite unlikely for one person to single-handedly kill 17 people and injure another 17 in such a short time.

I am here to tell you that there was a second shooter. You may think I am a random troll trying to get attention but please listen to me. I was a security guard who was there that fateful day. I had seen everything that went down with my own eyes. My usual routine as a security guard included trolling trannies, watching Ronnie McNutt edits and spying on the hot geography teacher through the security cameras. Stonemen Douglas had the best surveillance system in Parkland so it only made the shooting a bigger tragedy that could have been prevented. I was looking at the teacher's lounge where the hot geography teacher, Mrs. Tates, was. *She has the biggest and hottest breasts in all of parkland, Florida*, I thought as I

began to jack off.

At that moment, I also noticed what appeared to be a student who walked into Building 12. However something was off about him. It was 2:15 pm and school was going to end in one hour. *What was the point of coming into school this late*, I thought. The student was carrying a rifle case and a backpack. But what entered next into the building shocked me to my core. It was a tall dark figure in a black tank top. Whereas the student was only around five foot seven, the dark figure which I identified to be a nigger was a massive 6 foot 5. The nigger was carrying a shotgun that had text written over it. It read Fentanyl Sprayer 3000.

I am quite ashamed of myself for what happened next. Instead of reporting this to the security guards in Building 12 or ringing the alarm. I simply went back to jacking off to Mrs Tates. Her breasts were literally popping out of her tight top and I couldn't resist the urge. After what felt like 5 minutes, I busted my biggest nut yet. It covered all the monitors and even the desk. I began to clean up. As I was wiping the monitor which recorded the goings-on of Building 12, I noticed something strange.

It was that large nigger that I had seen earlier. He walked into a chemistry class. I noticed the room number, 307. That's where the pregnant chemistry teacher, Mrs. Wilcock, was. What I heard next still haunts me to this day. I heard loud gunshots as students began to scream. The screaming stopped as the large nigger walked out of the room dragging Mrs. Wilcock. Mrs. Wilcock, who I will just refer to as Heather from now on was screaming for help as the nigger grabbed her hair.

"Please ma'am, you will teach me how to make fentanyl or else I will shoot your belly," the nigger said. Heather screamed louder, but the nigger didn't let go. I watched in horror as Heather was shot in the belly by the nigger but to my surprise, the body had disappeared.

Instead I saw a big pile of a white powdery substance in the place where Heather's body should have been. The nigger then pulled out a large bag and began to put the white powder inside. I identified the powder to be fentanyl. After he finished, the nigger looked straight into the security camera. I recoiled in disgust and awe as I got a good look at the nigger's face. The nigger had a massive nose and large lips. It was George Floyd. I clicked the monitor to see what was happening on the second floor next.

I saw that same student who was holding an AR-15 semi-automatic rifle had gunned down 3 students in a hallway. I was about to pull the emergency alarm when the student who I identified to be Nikolas Cruz, who was a former student of Stonemen Douglas. Nikolas then pulled the fire alarm. Nikolas Cruz was quite smart to pull the fire alarm, not only did it cause confusion in building 12 but it also made my job a lot harder trying to disable the system. You see during a situation like this, a Code Red would have been called instead of the fire alarm but due to Nikolas Cruz pulling the fire alarm it caused confusion among the staff on who had the authority to call a Code Red.

I watched as students and teachers began rushing out of their classrooms thinking there was a drill to only get gunned down by Nikolas Cruz. I saw that both Nikolas Cruz and George Floyd had met up. They were right outside of the teacher's lounge. My heart skipped a beat as I knew what was about to unfold.

"Ok nigga, I want you to destroy all the windows in the lounge so I can get a clear shot of all the students fleeing outside in the yard," Nikolas said. George Floyd nodded as he kicked down the door. Mrs Tates. saw George Floyd but before she could do anything, she was turned into fentanyl by George Floyd's shotgun. George Floyd then began to consume all the fentanyl that was on the ground.

"What are you doing nigger?" Nikolas screamed. Nikolas pushed George Floyd to the side and began unloading into the windows. However, they were hurricane resistant windows. Even at point blank range Nikolas's rifle only put a dent into the windows. Only the force and power of a shotgun could destroy the windows.

I watched as Nikolas was about to shoot again but his rifle jammed. Nikolas dropped his rifle and ran out of the building along with George Floyd. I grabbed my handgun and rushed out of my office. I was determined to get revenge for Mrs. Tates. I saw that George Floyd and Nikolas Cruz had left school grounds and were heading to a Popeye's down the road. I followed closely behind so I could hear what they were saying.

"Oo oo oo ee ee ah ah, I can't wait to eat dat Popeye's chicken sandwich," George Floyd said.

"Nigger, you ruined my entire plan, we were meant to kill way more students but your bug-brained dumbass just had to consume fentanyl," Nikolas said furiously. "I should have never hired a nigger for the

job."

"OOGA BOOGA, I needs dat fentanyl to breathe," George Floyd said. I watched as the two entered Popeye's. I watched as George Floyd went up to the cashier. "Hey mane, I would want one of dem chicken sandwiches with fentanyl fries as a side," George Floyd said.

The cashier looked confused. "Sir we only have Cajun style fries here."

"Ight mane, just give me two chicken sandwiches," George Floyd replied.

"That will be $15," the cashier said. George Floyd pulled out a $20 bill and handed it to the cashier.

"Sir, I cannot accept your money, this appears to be a counterfeit," the cashier stated.

"OOGA BOOGA lemme speak to yo manager mane," George Floyd demanded while making monkey noises.

While this unfolded, I noticed that Nikolas Cruz was nowhere to be found. The manager, who was a pregnant woman, came out of her office. "What seems to be the problem sir," she asked.

George Floyd pulled out his shotgun and pointed it to the pregnant woman's belly. "Ma'am you will give me belly pics," George Floyd demanded. "I get crazy at the sight of a pregnant belly."

What happened next was a blur. I watched as 15 of the employees rushed George Floyd. One of the employees grabbed George Floyd's neck and pinned him down.

"Ah shit neck being compressed," I can't breathe, George Floyd shouted. The employee held George Floyd in that position for 9 minutes. I breathed a huge sigh of relief. The nigger George Floyd stopped breathing. I returned to Stonemen to see the aftermath of what had transpired. Many of the students and teachers had been injured and 17 people were confirmed dead and 5 people were missing. In their place, the police had found fentanyl. The police caught Nikolas Cruz near the Wyndham Lakes neighbourhood around an hour later and was pronounced as the only perpetrator of the Parkland shooting.

I tried to tell the authorities about George Floyd and his fentanyl-creating shotgun but they all didn't believe me, of course. Even more unfortunate was the entire surveillance system was destroyed by my chad coom so I couldn't show anyone the recordings of George Floyd. I was fired by the school board the following day for failing to alert the school of danger.

I moved out of Parkland shortly thereafter to get away from the angry parents who blamed me for the deaths. I decided to move to Minneapolis. It's been 2 years since then. I now work as a cashier at a corner store called Cup foods. It was a nice warm day on May 25th, when a large black man in a tank top walked into the store. Niggers are usually known for shoplifting in this city so I watched the nigger closely. He got a banana and put it down at the counter.

"That will be $20," I said (there was a lot of inflation, if you're wondering why the banana cost so much). The nigger handed me a twenty but when I examined the bill I noticed that the Andrew Jackson face was replaced by a face of a nigger with a large nose and lips. And instead of saying the United States of America on the top, the note read "Trans-Dimensional Council of George Floyd."

"Excuse me nigga, but this isn't a real $20 bill," I said. I finally made eye contact with the nigger and to my shock it was George Floyd. *How could this be possible, I saw this nigger die,* I thought. My mind raced back to the Parkland shooting which was still fresh on my mind. "

Mane I can assure you dat, dat twenty dollah is a real one. It is always accepted whenever I buy fentanyl," George Floyd said. George Floyd then showed me his Fentanyl Sprayer 3000 which was tucked into his sweatpants.

I was drenched in sweat upon looking at the shotgun. I took the bill and handed him the banana. George Floyd left the store while jumping like a monkey. I immediately called the police and headed home. I am now writing this on my computer at home. The local news has just reported George Floyd's death at the hands of a police officer named Derek Chau vin. But do not buy into that Jew media crap. George Floyd cannot die. I have seen him die twice with my own eyes. He is the embodiment of evil. It's 3 AM, I just heard a knock at my door.

"Oo oo oo ee ee ah ah OOGA BOOGA, can I come in mane?"

**A George Floyd Thanksgiving**

By Georgemonke

Thanksgiving is that special time of year celebrating the fall harvest, where families gather around to have a Thanksgiving dinner which usually includes a large roasted turkey. However, the truth of Thanksgiving goes much deeper. Many think that Thanksgiving was a feast between pilgrims and Indians. Where Englishmen and Indians alike came together to celebrate.

Unfortunately, this is all a lie made up by the Jews. My name is Pussy Farts, I am a renowned historian and practicing cryptozoologist working at the Smithsonian Institution. I have written several award winning books on famous cryptids such as the Jewish Moth Man, Wilcock Ness Monster and Gorilla Floyd. Today I will reveal something kept hidden from the public for many years, the truth about Thanksgiving. Following a dig at Plymouth, Massachusetts. I uncovered a secret document containing the events leading up to the first Thanksgiving.

*November 24th, 1621.*

To anyone who finds this letter, you must adhere to my warning. My name is John James Edward, I was part of a large group of Protestants on a ship called the SS Wilcock. We had left England on a journey to find the New World because of the unbased Jews who had taken over our homes. After 66 days of a treacherous and uncomfortable crossing of the Atlantic Ocean, we arrived at Plymouth where our group began building our settlement.

Among the crew of 102, we had brought nigger slaves. Copying what the jews had been doing for years. We had the primitive niggers build our settlements while governor William Bradford and I negotiated with the Wampanoag Indians. The negotiations were taking longer than anything I had ever sat through primarily due to the fact that the Indians were all speaking their primitive unga bunga language. After what felt like hours, Governor Bradford and the Indian Chief, Fentanyl Horse, agreed upon our requests. The Wampanoag Indians agreed to let our Settlement and Plantation stay, while teaching us how to hunt and map the area around the settlement. And in return we would give the Indians our guns and technology to bring them out of their mud hut Stone Age. While the Indians weren't as primitive as Sub-Saharan niggers, they were still inferior to the White man.

I was tasked by Governor Bradford on mapping the area around the settlement. I was to map out nearby settlements and hunting grounds. I couldn't go alone as I didn't know the layout of the forest and could easily get lost so Chief fentanyl Horse tasked his pregnant daughter, Pocahontas, to help me make my way through the thick woods. I found Pocahontas to be extremely hot, and upon my first glance at her I got a rock hard boner. However, I am a ***based*** chad whose sole purpose is the preservation of the White race so I couldn't let these indecent urges get the better of me. And Pocahontas already had a massive pregnant belly, judging by its size, she was probably 12 to 18 weeks pregnant. Pocahontas led me deep into the woods to show me the best hunting grounds.

The Wampanoag Indians hunt all kinds of animals such as beaver, deer, geese and turkey. Even the occasional rogue nigger that escaped from a nearby settlement is on their menu. I was informing Pocahontas of the satanic evil of the Jew when we heard the snap of a twig. It echoed throughout the entire forest. That's when I finally realized that on our walk through the forest, we hadn't heard a single sound of the forest, neither birds chirping nor leaves rustling. Something very strange was going on.

That's when we both heard an ungodly screech. "OOGA BOOGA lemme lick dat belly mane."

We turned around to see a large nigger. He was a 6'5 nigger with a monstrously large nose and lips as fat as Pocahontas's belly. He was wearing a tank top and jeans. I recognized this nigger from a description of an escaped rogue nigger from a nearby plantation. His name was George Floyd. "You better be gone before I McNutt you nigga monkey," I yelled while drawing my shotgun.

George Floyd paid no attention to me, he walked right past me and was headed straight to Pocahontas. "Hey babe give me some fentanyl or else I will shoot yo belly mane."

Pocahontas shrieked at the sight of George Floyd. George Floyd then licked his massive leathery lips. "OOGA BOOGA I will show you my fine fentanyl and in return I will take yo air mane."

George Floyd then pulled out a plastic bag from his pocket. The bag contained a white powdery substance inside. As soon as Pocahontas looked at the bag of fentanyl, George Floyd pulled out a pistol from

his other pocket and shot Pocahontas's belly. I began unloading rounds into George Floyd but to my surprise he wasn't McNutted. In fact the shotgun shells had no effect on George Floyd.

"OOGA BOOGA your shells have no effect on me, dumbass cracka. Only a fentanyl shell can stop me mane," George Floyd cackled. What I saw next still haunts me to this day. George Floyd then turned around to Pocahontas who was still alive. George Floyd's eyes began to glow white as he sucked all of the air out of Pocahontas. "

Ah now I can finally breathe," George Floyd said as the lifeless corpse of Pocahontas fell to the ground. What happened next was a blur, I don't know what had happened but when I came to, I realized that I was back at the settlement. Both Governor Bradford and Chief fentanyl Horse asked me why Pocahontas and I had been out for so long.

Chief Fentanyl Horse noticed that Pocahontas was nowhere to be found. He asked me where his daughter was. I began to explain our encounter with George Floyd, how my shotgun had no effect on him and how he stole all the air of Pocahontas. Governor Bradford looked bewildered, thinking that I had finally turned into an insane low IQ nigger but Chief Fentanyl Horse had a stern look on his face. He ushered us to his tent. He sat us down and began to tell us the story of the first settlers in Plymouth.

On December 16th 1690. The Mayflower arrived in Plymouth harbour. On board in the slave chambers was a mad nigger scientist named George Floyd. On the 9 week trip from England to Plymouth, George Floyd had created a unique drug able to give him the ability to steal air. When the Mayflower arrived, George Floyd had prepared a roast turkey that had been stuffed with fentanyl for the crew. The entire crew was later found dead. Fentanyl was specifically created to be inhaled into the system of a bug-brained nigger, therefore White people and Mongoloids (Native Americans are an Asiatic race) would immediately die upon consuming the drug. Chief Fentanyl Horse then took out a small pouch. Inside was the same white substance that George Floyd had. I mentioned to Chief Fentanyl Horse that Floyd said the only way to stop him was with a fentanyl shell. Chief Fentanyl Horse nodded. He opened a shotgun shell and put the fentanyl powder in the shell and handed it to me.

Governor Bradford ordered the strongest and most racist chads to hunt down George Floyd, which included me. At dawn on November 25th, Governor Bradford, ten racist chads and I all set out to hunt George Floyd. We had made it to the forest where Pocahontas and I had first spotted the nigger monkey. I had set a trail of the leftover fentanyl that Chief fentanyl Horse gave me as bait. Back in England, I was a renowned nigger catcher able to design simple traps using fried chicken and watermelon to trick small minded niggers. That's when we heard it.

"OOGA BOOGA I smell fentanyl mane!"

Our small battalion hid up in the trees as George Floyd waddled his way to the fentanyl trap. We watched as the dumbass ape began to talk to himself. "Mane these new lungs sure are good for sniffing out fentanyl and panties," George Floyd said.

I aimed my shotgun directly at George Floyds neck. In one swift motion, I pulled the trigger. The fentanyl shell pierced George Floyds neck. "Ah sheit I can't breathe he yelped. Fentanyl shells are my worst enemy," George Floyd said as he began gasping for air. That's when our entire battalion jumped the nigger. All 12 of our knees pinned Floyd's neck to the ground as we held in that position for a good 9 minutes. Although, it was a little gay, it did the trick and George Floyd didn't breathe another breath.

Our battalion returned victorious and the Indians had prepared a big feast with a massive roast turkey, the size of George Floyds head. Unfortunately this is not where the story ends as the entire settlement of 102 pilgrims along with the 69 Indians present all died the next day. Traces of fentanyl were found in their bodies as well as in the remains of the roast turkey. It is unclear and unknown who had stuffed the roast turkey with fentanyl but many sources are claiming that it was an apprentice of George Floyd or perhaps the malicious intent of a satanic Jew.

To our children and the survival of our race,

John James Edward

That is the end of the document. However one thing is clear, George Floyd is still out there. From what we've learned in this document. George Floyd was killed in what is now known as Myles Standish State Forest. But neither a body nor other remains were ever found even in recent expeditions. After

reading through this document, my heart was pounding and I was out of breath. "How could a nigger who died last year be responsible for something that happened 399 years ago," I asked myself aloud.

So many questions were on my mind when I got a text message. It was from my colleague and friend, Ronnie McNutt. He had invited me to a Thanksgiving dinner with his family and girlfriend. I recoiled in disgust as Ronnie's family members are a bunch of liberal retards plus his girlfriend Equinox Autumn is ugly as fuck. I decided to go anyway just to get some free food. Ronnie's parents had recently hired a private chef who was working on the massive Thanksgiving dinner. Unfortunately the private chef was a nigga monkey.

As a ***based*** racist chad, I would rather starve like an African than eat food made by a subhuman. When I arrived, I was greeted by Ronnie's family as well as that bitch Equinox. I caught a whiff of what I could only describe as rotten bananas and fentanyl.

"What is that smell", I asked.

"Oh that's the roast turkey along with some banana sandwiches made by our private chef," Ronnie's mom said. Thinking it was too late to back out, I took a seat at the dining table next to Ronnie. I then grabbed some turkey and a banana sandwich.

"Hey Ronnie I've got something mind blowing to tell you," I said. "It's about this historical document I found."

"Alright sure but it will have to wait after dinner," Ronnie replied. I took a bite of the turkey and immediately began coughing and gasping. Soon everybody in the kitchen started coughing too. I noticed that there was a white powdery substance on the turkey. It was fentanyl. I then heard a voice from the kitchen.

"Enjoying the fentanyl mane?" a voice said. Suddenly the private chef came out of the kitchen.

It was George Floyd.

**George "Nigmund" Floyd**

By Toast Man

In this world, there are horrors that a man's mind must not know, lest he go mad. The expanse of the great, unknowable cosmos. The tenebrous, bottomless depths of the oceans and the wretched creatures that lurk there. The number of sexually transmitted diseases that your art school student girlfriend carries. However, most terrifying of all forbidden knowledge may be the darkness that dwells within the soul of man itself. For if the animalistic creature which stirs within each of us were to one day break the shackles our conscious "self" places on it, we shall truly become the lowest, most degraded of beasts.

Let me introduce myself. My name is Nike, pronounced Knee-kay. I am a high functioning autistic twenty-something. My hobbies include playing Counter-Strike: Global Offensive and making guest appearances on multiple racist and anti-Semitic podcasts while never putting out new episodes of the one show that I actually host, which is called "The Young Hwytes."

I am fiercely racist, sexist, homophobic, transphobic, anti-Semitic, anti-catboy, misogynistic, Islamaphobic, ageist, xenophobic, anti-Fortnite, and anti-cringe. The only form of bigotry I do not hold is ableism, which is because one of my bosses, Eric Striker, is permanently confined to a wheelchair and I cannot risk getting fired from my podcasting job. I believe in these bigoted truthes because I am a ***based*** Aryan chad, or, at the very least, I thought that I was.

My insecurities about my status as a ***based*** Aryan chad began in 2018, when I was first confronted by a meme on the politically incorrect board of 4chan. It had this simple message:

"Greeks are Turks. Turks aren't White. Therefore, Greeks are not White."

Now you see, I am an ethnic Greek, so the meme caused me a degree of mental distress that I had never experienced before. I was in college at the time, and for two weeks after seeing that meme I could not attend class because of how shattered my psyche was. In addition to that, my blue-haired, choker-wearing, communist, art history major girlfriend broke up with me. Although I am a Nazi with totally opposite views, I still miss her to this day because, while she may have left me, the antibiotic resistant syphilis she gifted me hasn't.

Luckily for me, I recovered from that incident and was able to complete my bachelor's degree. However, I was left with underlying damage to my sense of self; a psychological scar which was torn wide open just a few days ago.

I was casually browsing through YouTube watching some clips from my favorite shoujo anime when I saw a strange video in my recommended feed. It was titled, "AVERAGE GREEK VERSUS TURK DEBATE", and was on a channel called Wow_Mao. The video had over three and a half million views. Now, after the psychological harm that that single meme had caused me in 2018, I should have known better than to watch the video. Alas, my curiosity got the better of me, and I ended up clicking 'play'.

What I saw next is now irreversibly branded on my memory like a Pickle Rick tattoo on a bugman's forearm. In the 40 second runtime, the video depicted two men; one Turkish and the other Greek. They taunted each other for being of weak racial stock, saying how an inferior race with 'weak sperm' had copulated with their mother to produce them. However, what truly traumatized me was how they were both essentially the same. Neither of them were ***based*** Aryan chads. Neither of them were White. What was even worse was that the Turkish guy was more White than the Greek because he had blonde hair where as the Greek had black hair.

I was mortified, the horror of the revelation slicing my sense of self to ribbons. I'm not White. Greeks are Turks, and Turks aren't White. Therefore, Greeks are not White.

Immediately, I felt disgusted with my own body. In a fit of blind revulsion, I poured bleach all over my body in a vain attempt to purge my skin of melanin. When that didn't work, I broke down sobbing. I thought about bringing a rifle to my chin and reducing my face to tomato salsa like Ronnie McNutt did after his girlfriend cheated on him with a nigger.

But right as I was getting in the car to go to the gun store, I received a notification through Telegram. It was from one of the dozens of channels that I stole content from so that I had something to talk about on the racist podcasts that I appeared on. I unlocked my phone and saw that it was a shitty Facebook meme of a feminist genderqueer degenerate with white impact font captioned as follows:

*Liberals say that we need SOCIALISM.*

*I say that liberals need THERAPY.*

I stared blankly at it for a minute or two, not understanding the reason why I was so drawn to this awful Boomer-tier meme. Then it clicked. "Therapy," I said aloud. "I need to get therapy. Cognitive-behavioral therapy. I probably have some sort of identity issue that I can get sorted out."

I then got in my car and revved up the engine. Instead of going to get a rifle, I searched up the closest therapist and drove there as quickly as I could. If you're wondering, I didn't break the speed limit or any other traffic laws for that matter because while I may not be White, I am also not a drunk illegal Mexican or a coked-up nigger.

The therapy clinic was named "Floyd Mental Health and Psychological Treatment Center." It was located downtown in between a Cup Foods and a feed and seed store. The building, built of solid red brick, was decently tended to. Yet when I looked at it I felt this heavy, ominous feeling in my chest. I dismissed those feelings though, telling myself that it was just the self-identity issues that I was seeking treatment for, in the first place.

A secretary sitting at the front desk greeted me as I stepped inside. "Why hello there young man," the woman said in a high pitched and nasally accent. "Are you here for an appointment?"

"I, uh, I don't have one." I said, realizing that I forgot to call ahead. "Do I need to have one? It's...it's, erm, I just feel awful and I could really use some help right now."

"Well normally you would," the secretary said, typing away at her computer. "But Dr. Floyd doesn't have any patients for the day, so we might be able to make an exception for you. What's your name?"

I sighed out of relief. "Thank you so much. And it's Nike, pronounced Knee-kay," I said. "When will the session start?"

"Right now if you're ready," the secretary said, placing a credit card reader on the table. "Just swipe your card here. The going rate is twenty dollars for eight minutes and forty-six seconds of time with Dr. Floyd."

"Twenty dollars for eight minutes and forty-six seconds? Pardon me asking, but why so specific with the time?" I asked.

The secretary squirmed a bit before replying. "Well, you see. It's um, it's because of inflation. So we had to adjust rates."

Although I wasn't satisfied with her answer, I knew that I really had to have a session as soon as possible so I brushed it off. I then signed up for a short thirty-minute slot, which came out to a total of just over seventy dollars. I winced when I saw the bill. While being a prominent guest on racist podcasts was a time-consuming job, it didn't pay that well. In fact, my income was so low that ninety percent of my diet was composed of Maruchan Instant Chicken Ramen that I ate straight from the package because I couldn't afford the electricity to boil water.

Grimacing, I took out my credit card. I'll just get a microcredit loan to finance this, like how Zoomers microfinance their pizza. I told myself, then swiped my card and punched in my PIN.

"Thank you for your purchase," the secretary said, then gestured towards the stairs in the corner of the room. "Dr. Floyd will see you now."

I headed up the stairs and found myself standing in a cramped office. What I immediately noticed was the stench. How to describe it? The room was a cocktail of different smells, all equally revolting. There was the odor of rotten bananas, festering mayonnaises, malt liquor, week-old Popeye's chicken sandwiches and Newport menthol cigarettes.

Besides the stomach-turning stink, I saw that there were three articles of furniture in the office; a desk, a medicine cabinet, and a therapy couch. All of them were in poor condition, with papers scattered across the desk and the cabinet missing the knobs on its doors.

I was so thoroughly disgusted by the state of the room that I didn't notice the figure that was standing behind me.

"Is you, uh, missa Nike?"

I spun around, startled by the voice. I then found myself staring into the black, beady eyes of a nigger. *Oh shit,* I thought. *Oh shit. Oh shit.* He's gonna rob me or mug me or shoot me or rape me or all three. I was about to scream for help when I noticed his name tag. It read Dr. George "Nigmund" Floyd.

I forced myself to calm down, then instantly felt a seething, burning anger at myself for not having checked who the therapist I was seeing was beforehand. *I just spent seventy bucks to see a nigger for thirty minutes,* I thought, wondering if I should just leave and go to buy that rifle as I had originally planned. I dismissed that thought, reasoning to myself that I should have expected this outcome since all the psychology departments at universities are filled with low IQ minorities who got in through affirmative action.

I crossed my fingers, hoping that he was the rare black guy who was actually good at his job, then replied, "Yes Dr. Floyd, that's me. But it's pronounced Knee-Kay. Not like the sportswear brand."

Dr. Floyd shrugged. "M'kay. Whatevah you crackas wanna be called muthafucka." he said, then pointed towards the therapy couch. "Sit yo ass down. Imma be doin summa dat, uh, psychoanalysis and shit."

Although I was already put on edge by Dr. Floyd's broken ebonics, I was startled when he said 'psychoanalysis' instead of 'cognitive-behavioral therapy' or just 'therapy'. Cognitive-behavioral therapy has a properly established medical foundation, and its practitioners genuinely seek to treat mental disorders.

Psychoanalysis is the polar opposite. If you have read Culture of Critique by Kevin MacDonald, you would know that psychoanalysis was a pseudo-science created by the Jews to subvert European civilization. I'm not kidding when I say that looking at the members of the American Psychoanalytic Association is the same as looking at a Tel Aviv phonebook. It would take too long to describe the full extent of its pernicious nature here, what psychoanalysis tries to do is reduce all human actions down to being motivated by unconscious drives, and primarily the sex drive. Although this does have some basis in truth, what psychoanalysis does is reduce human beings into animals; mere automatons motivated by lust.

I put on the kindest, least racist-looking smile I could and said, "Excuse me Dr. Floyd, but I think that there has been a mistake. I came here for a cognitive-behavioral therapy session, not for psychoanalysis–"

That was when I felt something long, rigid and made of metal be pressed against my stomach. I glanced down and saw that Dr. Floyd had a gun pointed at me. “Do what I tell ya to cracka. If ya don’t I’ll smoke yo ass muthafucka. Now get on the couch befoh I blow your guts open.”

Shuddering, I raised my hands and complied with his order. I slowly made my way over to the couch and sat down. The old wooden frame creaked under the heft of my Maruchan ramen-induced bulk.

“So whitey, why da fuck do you be here for?” Nigmund Floyd said, plopping down in his seat. “If you don’t say I'm gonna pop yo pale ass.”

It was at this point that I finally got a chance to take a good, long look at Nigmund Floyd. He was a nigger of outstanding size, what some of the Southern guys that I spoke to on racist podcasts might call a ‘buck negro’. However, what astonished me about Nigmund Floyd was how horrifically ugly he was. It was as if some unholy entity had taken the DNA of the world’s most grotesque Jew and spliced his genes with the genetic material of a Chimpanzee. His ears hung off his head like rags off a laundry pole; his eyes were darker than a caved-in coal mine.

Yet the hideousness of all of his other features paled in comparison to the unnatural abomination that was Nigmund Floyd’s nose. It’s shape was a collection of unknowable and unmeasurable angles that shattered every rule of Euclidean geometry, whereas the skin was plagued with acne scars and black heads oozing thick, bubbly pus.

“I-I’m uh, well.” I stuttered. “Well, I was having an identity crisis. You see, I’m Greek and–”,

“Wait!” Nigmund Floyd exclaimed, then started scribbling a couple incomprehensible squiggly lines on a scrap of paper. “Like da yogurt! So you think dat cuz you’re a pale cracka, you think you be like yogurt or sumting like dat rite?”

“What?” I said, not believing what I had just heard. “You think that I think I’m...yogurt?”

Nigmund Floyd nodded. “Yup das rite. You be like yogurt, mayne. My favorite brand is called Oikos or some shit like dat. I bet dat yo hoe mama was yogurt too, and dat be da reason why you wanna become a muthafucka, know what I’m sayin?”

I sat there in awestruck silence, trying to decipher the pure idiocy that was spewing from Nigmund Floyd’s massive, leathery lips. “So you think, Dr. Floyd, that because I am Greek yogurt, I want to have sex with my mother?”

Floyd grinned. “Now you finally be gettin’ it muthafucka. Know what, dats watt Imma call you from now on. Muthafucka, cuz you be one. A Greek yogurt muthafucka.”

Even though he still had the gun pointed at me, it was hard to keep myself from bursting out in laughter. Nigmund Floyd was so retarded that he made people who watch television (also known as TV race) seem like Arthur Schopenhauer by comparison. Alas, my mirth was swiftly quenched as I saw Nigmund Floyd reach into the medicine cabinet and extract a pill bottle.

“What is that?” I asked fearfully, already knowing the answer.

Nigmund Floyd grinned; half of his teeth were missing, the other half were black with rot. “It be yo medicine, Greek yogurt muthafucka,” he said, taking out a white pill and handing it to me. “Take it.”

I stared at the pill that Floyd had given me. It was close to a penny in size. Based upon how it lacked any markings, it was obvious that it had been manufactured in an illegal underground lab. I hesitated at first, but the sight of the gun in Nigmund Floyd’s hand made me swallow it.

“Good. Good on ya for taking yo medicine, Greek yogurt muthafucka.” Nigmund Floyd said, patting me on the head as if I were his pet pitbull. “Now just wait, cause it all gonna be betta soon, you hear me nigga?”

As soon as the pill reached my stomach, I felt an excruciating pain as the muscles in my neck clamped down like a vise around my windpipe. “I...I can’t...I can’t breathe...” I said, hands clenching at my throat. “Please...help.”

“Don’t worry Greek yogurt muthafucka, you gonna be betta soon. You ain’t never gonna wanna fuck yo own mama again.” Floyd said. “The fentanyl I just gave you will change everythin’, know what I’m sayin?”

*I knew it, the nigger gave me an opioid!* I thought as I struggled for air. I writhed on the couch, swaying side to side in sheer agony. I felt like I was about to die when–all of a sudden–the pain stopped. I put my hand on my neck and, to my relief, found that I could breathe normally again.

"Yup yup yup. Look like you can handle da treatment for being a Greek yogurt muthafucka!" Nigmund Floyd said. "Now we gotta do sum moah of dat psychoanalysis to see if it's having da right effect, if you gettin' what I'm sayin."

Still recovering from the effects of the fentanyl, I moaned, "Yeah, sure. Whatever man."

"So, do ya feel hungry at all? Like you wanna eat sumting?" Floyd asked.

I shrugged. "I don't know, maybe some Kentucky Fried Chicken. Or some Popeye's if there's one nearby," I said, then immediately self-corrected. "No, not that. Chick-Fil-A. I want some Chick-Fil-A."

Floyd shook his head. "It ain't never good to repress dem desires, mayne. You just gotta let it all out sometimes. Just go with da flow nigga. Go with da flow," he said. "Now onto da next question or whatevah. What type of bitch do you wanna get summa dat cake from?"

"Them thick girls with them big bellies–" I blurted out, then clenched my jaw out. *What was that I just said? And how did I even know that 'cake' means 'ass*', I thought, horrified at what had just exited my mouth. 'Cake' is retarded slang that only niggers and Zoomers that have had their brains turned to mush by TikTok use.

Nigmund Floyd sniggered. "Now you see nigga, what you did dere was what we in da hood call a 'Floydian slip'."

My eyes narrowed. "A Floydian slip?"

"It be when a cracka says sumting dat only a nigga should know." Floyd said. "Whenevah ya crackas say sumting like 'It do be dat way' or 'It be what it be', dat be a Floydian slip nigga. Whenevah ya crackas speak like a nigga or say sumting in a way dat a nigguh would, dat be a Floydian slip. Whenevah y'all crackas start slappin' yo knee to da latest drill album dat be a Floydian slip."

Nigmund Floyd grinned again, this time wider and even more frightening than before. "It's da black man inside y'all crackas breakin through. Dats why y'all be crackas. Cuz if you crack dat White surface, there be a nigguh down deep inside. Always is."

That was when Floyd handed me a mirror. "Here," he said. "Habe a look, young nigguh."

The scream I let out when I saw my reflection was indescribable. My skin, which had been as pale as fresh snow, was now the color of cardboard. My hair, which had been straight and smooth, was now curling and thickening into springy dreadlocks. I was growing less White and more negroid by the second.

"No!" I said, throwing the mirror against the floor, where it shattered into a dozen pieces. "No, dis ain't be–",

I realized at that moment that I couldn't speak normally anymore, then felt a terrible headache hit me as I tried to think. The voice inside of my head, what most people would refer to as their internal monologue, was growing fainter and harder to access.

"Stop tryna think too hard," Nigmund Floyd said. "All da fentanyl did was help ta break da cracks in yo cracka mind and body, lettin' da nigga out. Thinkin' ain't gonna do you no good man, just go with da flow like me man. Dats muh advice to da new generation of young kids man, don't be lost and instead just go with da flow."

Clinging onto the last few shreds of consciousness that I had, I forced myself to do something, anything, that might help me. Upon seeing the broken mirror at my feet I grabbed one large shard and lunged at Floyd while screaming, "I'll smoke yo nigga ass for what you did to me!"

Now while no sane White man would charge a guy with a gun, there are plenty of examples of niggers who did just that. A few notable ones include Ahmaud Arbery and Philando Castille. This negroid stupidity and recklessness was actually an asset to me in this situation, for if it weren't for the ability to foresee the obvious consequences of my actions, I may not have survived. Ironic, I know.

Nigmund Floyd shot me once in the stomach and once in the leg, but I didn't feel pain in the same way that I had previously, now that I was becoming a nigger. Shrieking like a baboon, I plunged the shard

of glass into Floyd's neck. The shard went straight through, slicing his windpipe right open.

"Awghet!" he gurgled, cupping the wound. He plummeted to the ground squirming in pain as he suffocated on his own blood. "Can't...breathe! Mama, please mama.."

After a minute of bleeding, Nigmund Floyd fell silent. The sight of him dead made me snicker, then I too fell to the floor. I felt faint as blood seeped from my wounds. The last words I remember saying before blacking out were, "Looks like I'll die without becoming a nigger."

When I awoke, I first thought that I was in heaven. However, when I saw the diabetic Boomer on insulin speaking to his Thai wife who barely understood him in the bed next to me, I quickly dismissed that possibility. I was in a hospital ward.

According to the doctor, I had been found unconscious in an abandoned building with severe gunshot wounds. They said that they initially thought I had tried been trying to kill myself, but concluded that it was impossible because there was no firearm on my person. I had been rushed to the hospital and, luckily, I had survived.

I am now writing this while recovering from my wounds. Looking back, I do not know if the experience I had with Nigmund Floyd was real or not–it is impossible to know. My skin and hair are now back to normal, which is a sign that I was hallucinating, but it is also a fact that I was shot twice.

However, even if it was like the Holocaust and only real in my mind, I think that the tale of Nigmund Floyd is a cautionary one. There is a nigger dwelling in all of us, threatening to break through the cracks in our consciousness and take over. A feral, dark animal from the abyss which expresses itself in 'Floydian Slips', which are instances where White people speak or act like niggers.

As a final note, I managed to get the help that I needed on my identity crisis. While recuperating at the hospital, I got a call from my friend Larry Ridgeway. I told him about my experience with Nigmund Floyd as well as my underlying trauma about not being a ***based*** Aryan chad because I am Greek.

To this problem, Larry replied with a single, sweet sentence. "Well Nike, you Greeks may not be White. But look on the bright side. At least you aren't Italian."

**George Floyd's Basilisk**

By Jordan Cleeman

If you are reading this, what you are looking at is one of the several thousands of documents that I have distributed throughout the globe. You see, I am from the year three thousand and I have travelled back in time to two thousand and twenty one, to warn all of you of a catastrophic event that may wipe out all of humanity. Our world might come to an end very soon, and I have very little time to explain this before my unfathomable fate. I can only hope that you, the reader, is a ***based*** racist chad. This will be very important for the story.

For you to more easily understand this plausible extinction event that we are currently going through, I need to explain this thought experiment called Roko's Basilisk. Roko's Basilisk argues that we may eventually develop an AI that will put anyone who didn't support its creation, through eternal torture. How it works is, the AI will use its computing power to run real world simulations to determine all of the individuals on the planet who were aware of its development, but haven't contributed to it, with ninety nine point nine accuracy. You won't be able to hide from this, and the AI will do everything in its power to destroy you. Therefore, by reading this, you are now vulnerable to these conditions. The Roko's Basilisk thought experiment goes more in depth than what I explained so far, but I will only go this far to get to the point faster, so feel free to google it on your own. Since I've witnessed the inevitable development of this AI, and how it works, I hope with all my heart to instruct the inhabitants of the year twenty twenty one, via the mass distribution of the document you are reading at this very moment.

To begin, my name is Macky Der, I am a CEO who runs a super tech company called No Nigger Zone Incorporated. As its name suggests, we do not allow any racial minorities to be hired by the company. But it isn't just limited to them. We also don't allow LGBTQ faggots. We run these hiring practices for a very important reason. As you may recall, niggers have contributed no inventions to the world when compared to Whites, so allowing them in the field of technological development would hinder the advancement of human civilization. Faggots don't have the mental headspace to conduct the necessary

mathematical operations, so the same thing applies to them.

We were the number one leading tech company on the planet in the year three thousand. We innovated several mind blowing technologies, such as the time machine, which I am using as I am writing this. Other noteworthy inventions include cybernetics, DNA manipulation, and the super intelligent AI. It might be hard for many of you to believe that these will all exist, but again, this is the amazing result of having only White people working in a tech company. All of the above mentioned innovations will be important for later in the story.

One night, I was relaxing in my balcony, enjoying living like a king as a multi-billionaire, when I received an email notification from the security team of No Nigger Zone inc. I was a bit annoyed by it since I was trying to have some down time, but I had to read through it anyway, because any report from the security team is considered essential. I sat up from the hammock to reach into my pocket to fetch my phone, then unlocked it, and opened the notification.

"Dear Macky Der, this is not a drill. The angry BLM protestors have attempted to raid the No Nigger Zone headquarters again, this time having broken into the warehouse full of all our inventions. They are still pissed about us being an anti diversity company. They've stolen thousands of niggabytes of data, and even a few of our assets. You need to come here now, both for damage assessment and further action."

I spat my coffee upon reading the email. This was the last thing I ever wanted to happen to the company's assets. Niggers by themselves cannot be trusted with our advanced technology.

I quickly changed into my business suit, and then drove over to the No Nigger Zone headquarters. When I drove somewhat close, it didn't take me long to see the smoke and fire emerging from the building. It was far worse than I imagined. I eventually made it there, even though part of me really didn't want to see the damage. But I knew that it was more important for me to take action than to ignore it. It looked like somebody used a bulldozer to crack open the front walls. One thing for sure, our insurance company would be upset. On the bright side, it was only that side of the building which was damaged and in flames. I drove to the opposite side of the building to meet up with the security team. I asked them why they didn't use the nigger weapons on the BLM raiders or something.

"Well Mr. Der, they got us by shooting down one of our gravity explosives, which wrecked the northside of the building too quickly," one of the guards said. "There was nothing we could do."

"So what exactly did we lose in terms of assets?" I asked.

"The BLM rioters looted our cybernetics protocols, our DNA manipulation technology, and our work in progress AI microchips. Countless more were stolen as well."

Now, I wasn't too concerned about the first two mentioned items, but the latter was what shocked me the most. AI is nothing anyone should fuck with, especially the ones at the level we developed them to. I could not imagine what kind of twisted shit niggers would use them for.

"You have got to be kidding me," I said, as my face went beet red. "Of course those monkeys had to take the god damn fucking AI."

I ordered the security team to initiate an emergency search. Fortunately, we placed trackers on all of our assets, so we could easily retrace their exact locations. It was just a matter of busting the BLM raiders, before they abuse our precious White inventions.

I, along with several of the No Nigger Zone swat team members, mounted onto a helicopter, and headed to where our trackers detected the lost assets. According to the trackers, all of them were in the same place, under some hidden underground bunker out in the countryside. Those niggers were fast with the robbery, I have to admit. We flew the chopper to the location, and eventually we were met with this suspicious looking patch of grass in the middle of farmland. We landed the chopper right by it, and we examined it. The trackers detected our assets to be under the patch. But now the real problem was, how we were going to enter the underground bunker. There was no visible entrance.

"Well guys, guess we gotta do this the old fashion way," I said. "Activate the mining drill."

We were of course smart enough to prepare for this scenario, so we brought our high tech drill that has the sufficient strength to eat through diamond with ease. It was only the size of your everyday carpentry tool, despite its power. We dug down, until we reached an open pocket of air underground. We went in,

and found ourselves in a room filled with all of our assets. I looked around and I was surprised at how they were able to utilize our stuff so well.

"They seemed to have been spying on us for a while to pull off these kinds of things," one of the swat team officers said.

Suddenly, we began to hear the sounds of footsteps. They've heard us. I ordered the swat team to open fire. The back door opened, and a pack of niggers with our laser gun inventions ran in. I wasn't too worried about that though, because I was sure they would be no match for the intellectually superior swat team, even with them carrying much stronger weapons. As expected, they were all shot down. It was an annoying inconvenience, but nowhere close to stopping us.

Things quieted down for a moment. But it was then, we heard a familiar humming sound coming from the back door. It sounded exactly like our cybernetics protocols. We strode to the room next door to investigate. To say I got a near heart attack upon seeing where the humming sound came from, is an understatement. I was right about it being the cybernetics protocol, but it was what the niggers were using it for, that horrified me so much. I saw this giant pistachio-colored mutilated head, floating inside one of our stolen life support systems. It was in a resting state. There were hundreds of long tendrils protruding from its scalp, indicating some plant-like properties. But I knew it was far more than that. From looking at its face, it was definitely ape-like in nature. A large fat nose, complemented with lips resembling that of Kevin the sea cucumber from spongebob after he got stung by a jellyfish. It was the face of George Floyd. However it wasn't just an animal-plant hybrid. I noticed that the head was partially metallic. They were using our cybernetics to rebuild George Floyd as a cyborg.

"What the fuck?" I simply blurted out in disbelief.

"We need to destroy this right now," one of the swat team members said.

"You're right. I order you all to terminate this asset."

Even though our works are extremely technologically advanced, most of them are surprisingly delicate. It only took a few bullet holes to shatter the glass of the life support system which the George Floyd cyborg rested within. As a result, all of the amniotic fluid splashed from the giant container. However, my stomach sank as I saw the George Floyd cyborg still floating, in the air.

It meant it was already alive, but just needed a moment to develop cognitively. I once again ordered the swat team to terminate this organism, since our society does not need George Floyd in this world again. However, the bullets bounced off its hide as if the George Floyd cyborg had impenetrable skin. While it was still in stasis, I touched it with my bare hands and discovered that it was actually made of tree wood. Hence, why it exhibits some plant DNA. The plant DNA also helps it breathe without having to be outside of the amniotic fluid, using photosynthesis.

I then noticed a small chip inserted in the robotic component of the George Floyd cyborg. It was the AI microchip; the cyborg's fundamental intelligence was powered by it. We haven't done any thorough testing on it thus far, so its implications were unpredictable. Either way, I needed to remove it. But before I was able to reach it, the George Floyd cyborg twitched, which startled me, then opened its eyes. It had awakened.

An ominous glow emitted from around the George Floyd cyborg. The glow briefly flashed a binary visual. It was performing a run through a simulation. That is, a simulation representing our very world. At the time, I thought the whole Roko's Basilisk thought experiment was a hoax, but the events that occured after this proved me wrong. In a matter of a few seconds, the glow faded, and the George Floyd cyborg turned to focus on the swat team and I.

"Ooga booga, I see that all of you mains are in opposition to my essence, aren't you? " it said in a sinister voice.

I couldn't help but laugh. This whole George Floyd cyborg thing looked like a cheesy movie prop from the eighties. I really couldn't take it seriously. But that was a mistake.

"Well, we do hate niggers in the grand scheme of things, so that's a yes," I replied.

The George Floyd cyborg was not pleased with my answer. The tendrils on its scalp stood up and sprayed a large volume of this white powder into the air. Strangely, the powder was very much visible

when they were first projected, but quickly went invisible, once becoming stationary. Invisible, yet still there because I could feel the powder rubbing on my skin. I tried to hold my breath, but the powder continued to diffuse into the air, eventually making its way into my lungs.

I felt the worst pain in my life. Before I became a CEO, I was in med school, and I understood precisely the effects of a fentanyl overdose. It felt exactly like that, except I wasn't fainting. It was the sensation of endless drowning. The shocking feeling you get at the split second before you pass out from a fentanyl overdose.

I heard the insufferable screams of the swat team members. They were in as much pain as I was.

"Hehehe, my haters shall suffer forever main," the George Floyd cyborg laughed evilly. Its joy was being fed by our torment.

It constantly felt like I was going to die, but at the same time, I knew that I was still in perfect health on the inside. We retreated from the underground bunker, whilst feeling our sanity diminish. We hopped onto the chopper. I don't know how, but Bert, our pilot, did a good job of operating the helicopter. I looked down, to see the George Floyd cyborg still on the ground, staring up at us, while we screamed at the top of our lungs. It had no reason to chase us down. It had already done its job of Inflicting eternal torture on us, its retrospective enemies.

We finally returned to the No Nigger Zone headquarters launch pad. But that didn't make things any better. We were still in just as much pain as when we first breathed in the fentanyl powder. In fact, it still felt like the fentanyl powder was around us, even though we were kilometers away from where it originally came from. My lungs felt like they were about to burst, and my throat was severely itchy. I saw some of the swat team members attempt to tear open their throats. I couldn't bother to watch. I looked into the city from atop the roof, and saw all the people on the sidewalks. I noticed that only some of them looked like they were in as much pain as I was, and others were completely fine, as if they were carrying on with their day. Aside from my unimaginable agony, I was intrigued. I ran downstairs and exited the headquarters to inspect closer. *Why were only a select few feeling this way?* I asked myself silently.

From observing the crown, I noticed a pattern. All the niggers and liberal looking people were completely fine, while it was mostly the racist looking people who were the ones that were suffering. I think I even saw every pregnant woman experiencing the same pain. It then all made sense. I thought back to when the George Floyd cyborg said that its haters shall suffer for eternity. It fits very well with the lines of Roko's Basilisk. The invisible fentanyl that it sprayed out had already spread throughout the entire globe in a matter of hours, and now all the George Floyd haters in existence have to suffer through it. Basically everybody who would have been against the George Floyd cyborg's creation. It was all in the AI microchip.

Knowing that there is very little I could possibly do at this point, I decided to write out this story, and print out thousands of copies. I will then time travel to the year two thousand and twenty one in order to warn everybody of this. Despite how ridiculous it sounds, Roko's Basilisk is a real and extremely dangerous thing.

**My New Next-Door Neighbour Is George Floyd**

By Georgemonke

I live in the Minneapolis suburbs. Minneapolis is a dangerous city where niggers run rampant looting homes and businesses. This all happened after the death of a monkey man named George Floyd. However, unlike the inner city, the suburbs are quite peaceful where only rich White people and Jews reside. Although, it is mainly populated by liberals and Jews, I'd much rather be here than anywhere near the niggers. I myself as a White privileged individual live a nice quiet life free of niggers.

However this all changed one day. The house right next to mine has been vacant for sometime. The previous owner, a man named Ronnie McNutt killed himself during a Facebook livestream because his girlfriend Equinox Autumn cheated on him with a nigger. I never thought much of Ronnie. He was a short little man and looked like the type who would get cheated on anyway. One day, I went out to my mailbox, my recently purchased George Floyd Creepypastas Volume One with 50+ breathtaking stories had just arrived. After getting the package, I was just about to head back inside when I noticed a moving truck parked in front of the house that Ronnie had lived in.

I had never seen that kind of moving truck rental before. The company was called “We Move Niggers, Car and Truck rentals–a Minneapolis based company”. On the side it read, "No Crackas or Asians." As a 300 pound Aryan chad, it took all the restraint in me not to vandalize the truck. I simply headed back inside my house to start reading some breathtaking stories. A few minutes later, an old blue Mercedes Benz drove up to the driveway of the house. Seconds later, a tall nigger in a black tank top walked out.

It was George Floyd. My eyes widened. At first, I thought I had just mistaken some random chimp for him. But upon a closer look, there was no doubt that the tall nigger was in fact George Floyd. The massive nose and lips were unmistakably his. *This couldn’t be possible. George Floyd has been dead for over a year*, I thought. I was present that day on May 25th, 2020. I was one of the bystanders who witnessed Derek Chauvin putting his knee on George Floyd.

But what the media won’t tell you is that he died of an overdose. I was in Cup Foods that day, it is where I usually shop for something cheap despite the fact that it is a nigger-owned store. I noticed a large nigger walk in. I heard the nigger shout, “Ah shit, I can’t breathe,” as he walked to the fruit stand. The nigger got one banana and headed to the counter. I was in the deli at the time when a nigger woman offered me a banana and fried chicken sandwich.

“Fuck off nigger,” I said. I noticed the tall nigger was dancing around the front of the store while making monkey noises. When it was his turn, he handed the clerk a $20 bill and left. I was next in line when I saw that same clerk get on the phone. He was calling the police to inform them of the drunk behaviour of George Floyd and the fact that the nigger paid with a counterfeit.

That day is still fresh in my mind as if it happened yesterday. I snapped back to reality and continued to observe George Floyd. I watched as he and another monkey were carrying some big boxes. There was a label on the top box that read “Breathing Machine.” After 30 minutes of the two monkeys going back and forth carrying large boxes, they were finally done. I saw George Floyd had paid the nigger mover $150 but I noticed that the bills were all counterfeits.

After the mover left, he began going up to different houses around the block. After 30 minutes of no one answering, George Floyd knocked on my door. I came downstairs and opened it. He was standing on my doorstep with a tray of banana sandwiches. “Ayo mane, I’m yo new neighbour nigga,” he said. “Big Floyd just here to give yo motherfucka some banana sandwiches. Hope we can be good friends, cracka.”

“Fuck off, you subhuman degenerate,” I said as I slammed the door. I went back upstairs and continued to observe George Floyd. After I had slammed the door on George Floyd’s fat ugly face, he walked back into his house with a sad look on his monkey face.

For the next few weeks, I continued to observe George Floyd. I thought that if I collected enough evidence of him being a criminal nigger, I could get him arrested or even better have another police officer knee on his neck. George Floyd had already broken the law by paying the nigger mover counterfeit bills. Unfortunately I forgot to record that and therefore had no evidence against him. I even took time off work just to observe him. You must be wondering why I’m putting so much effort into trying to expose a nigger.

Well you see, I have a powerful hatred towards niggers and George Floyd is the niggeriest nigger of them all. Therefore he is the one nigger I hate the most. Only observing the outside goings-on of George Floyd’s house wasn’t getting me anywhere. So one day while he was out probably terrorizing pregnant women, I broke into his house and installed a bunch of surveillance cameras all around his house. Upon entering, I caught a whiff which nearly made me vomit.

The putrid stench was so strong that I couldn’t breathe. It was a smell which I could only describe as the smell of a zoo enclosure right after the monkey’s threw shit at each other. I noticed small plastic bags everywhere with a white powdery substance in them. They were scattered all across the floor.

I got out of there as soon as possible so I could breathe. I returned to my home to wait for that monkey nigger to return. When George Floyd’s broken-down blue Mercedes Benz pulled up into the driveway, I was surprised to see that a White pregnant woman walked out with him. However, something was off. The pregnant woman had a massive nose, almost as big as George Floyd’s. George Floyd and the pregnant woman walked into his house. That was when I realized the Jewish whore was cheating on her husband despite already being pregnant. The sheer lengths BBC whores will go to just to get chimpanzees inside them. It was repulsive as fuck.

The cameras showed what was happening. “Hey babe,” George Floyd said as he slapped the pregnant woman’s ass. “I will show you my precious fentanyl.” He grabbed one of the plastic bags. Fentanyl. I was shocked upon hearing that word.

All fentanyl production and distribution was made illegal after the death of George Floyd, thanks to the Jew controlled governments. Doctors were forced to use other drugs to relieve cancer pain. Now that I knew that George Floyd was in possession of the deadly drug, I could finally get the nigger monkey arrested. If you are caught in possession of fentanyl, you may receive a life sentence. I was just about to phone the Minneapolis police department when I heard something that sent shivers down my spine.

“Hey babe, now that you’ve seen my beautiful fentanyl, I can’t let you live no more mane, George Floyd said. Big Floyd needs dat air mane, cracka you will provide nutrients to my Breathing Machine mane,” he said. I watched in horror as he strapped on a pack which looked like those proton packs from Ghostbusters. The pack readd Breathing Machine.”

There was a nozzle connected to the breathing machine.” OOGA BOOGA,” George Floyd said as he sucked all of the air out of the pregnant Jew into his breathing machine. The pregnant woman’s body shrivelled up into a husk of her former self. The only thing that remained was her pregnant belly. What I saw next still haunts me to this day.

George Floyd began to consume the pregnant belly.

“Ooo ooo eee eee ah ah,” Big Floyd needs dat fetus nutrients, he cackled. I was truly repulsed at him. I hadn’t felt this disgusted since the time I had looked at Equinox autumns face. I also noticed that George Floyd had gotten bigger in appearance. He was a 6 foot 5 nigger, however, now he looked like he was over 7 feet tall and his clothing had tightened around him.

*Air and fetus nutrients must be enhancing him*, I thought. *There is only one person capable of taking down George Floyd*.

I myself am a 6’8 , 300 pound racist chad so I was perfect to match both Floyd’s size and strength. Plus George Floyd had the brain the size of a McNutt so I could quite easily outsmart the monkey. But that Breathing Machine was quite a formidable weapon.

I went to my safe which was guarded by my life size George Floyd toy and knee pillow. I took out a shotgun, the same shotgun that Ronnie McNutt used to blow his brains out. I grabbed my Sam Hyde face mask and a boom box. I walked outside and began blasting some ***based*** racist tunes.

Just as I thought, George Floyd kicked down his door upon hearing the ***based*** tunes. His eyes were bloodshot and he looked like the bloodthirsty nigger that he was. “Mane I gave you the choice, we wuz either gonna be friends or I wuz gonna steal yo air to power my breathing machine. Yo dumbass motherfucka chose wrong mane,” he shouted.

“Fuck you nigger, I don’t understand a single word coming out of your big lipped dumbass,” I yelled.

“OOGA BOOGA yo crackers are racist,” George Floyd said. “Mane Big floyd ran outta patience. I’ll have to take yo air.”

I saw that he already had his weapon strapped on. George Floyd flipped the switch and pointed the nozzle directly at me. Within a few seconds, I began to feel lightheaded. I noticed that my muscles were shrinking and I had shrunk by 5 inches.

Whereas I was beginning to look weaker, George Floyd only got bigger. By now he had a Herculean body. He now resembled Ernest Khalimov’s body (who is more commonly known as Gigachad).

“OOGA BOOGA, my lungs have more air than all the oceans combined,” George Floyd said. I was surprised to hear that he knew that half of the Earth's oxygen comes from the ocean. For such a bug-brained dumbass to know that, I was genuinely shocked. The shock was so much that my body reacted on its own.

My right hand grabbed my shotgun tightly as my left hand pulled the trigger. A loud crack rang out. However, I couldn’t hear anything after that. My ears only continued to ring. I felt lightheaded so I had to take a knee. I put my left knee down for 9 minutes. When I finally regained my hearing, I heard loud monkey noises, followed by “I can’t breathe.” I looked down to see my knee on George Floyd’s neck.

I had unknowingly kneed on his neck for the past 9 minutes. He let out a final, "I can't breathe mama," as the last of his air left his lungs. I stood back up and looked down at the lifeless corpse of George Floyd. Despite my Aryan chad muscles being noticeably smaller and losing 5 inches of height, I had finally killed the nigger.

*Now this neighbourhood will go back back to being peaceful and quiet*, I thought. As I was walking back to my house, out of breath. My ears were badly damaged from the shotgun blast so I'll probably need hearing aids for the rest of my life. Losing my hearing was a small price to pay for killing George Floyd. But that was when I noticed another moving truck along with a shitty and run-down Dodge Caravan pull up to George Floyd's house. A large fat nigger woman walked out. It was Breonna Taylor.

**I Killed George Floyd in Warzone–It Opened a Portal to Hell**

By BuckFlackPeople and Geedis

Hello my fellow negro haters. I am uploading this after one of the most horrific and breathtaking moments of my life. My life as a man and as a gamer was forever changed recently. I have realized one of my most played games is not what it seems. It is not just a half-assed battle royale game played by sweatlords and niggers who can't afford an actual game. Rather, it is simply a front to a satanic Jewish portal to hell. This is the story of how I killed George Floyd in Warzone, and how it opened a portal to hell.

I am going to begin by introducing myself. I will obviously keep my name anonymous because some shit-skin or even a liberal faggot would easily be able to doxx me if I used my real one. However, my Activision ID is BuckFlackPeople. I will leave my ID number out not only for my own safety but for your safety as well. You see, if we were to 1v1 on any map, I would easily beat you so badly that you would Ronnie McNutt yourself. I am one of the best Warzone players in the world. What I mean by that is, I'm not a nigger, or some sweatlord that isn't actually good at the game. The bar to be good in Warzone is not very high. Since the game is free, it's is played by loads of negroes and spics who can't afford an actual game.

These fucking retarded brownoids can't play for shit, as they run whatever gun pops up first when you look up "best gun in Warzone". For context, it is almost always the Mac-10 with whatever gay ass assault rifle the retarded devs decided to make overpowered that week because a faggot ass looking bundle for that specific gun just got released. These guns are usually overpowered but any Aryan chad can easily overpower a nig using these guns as niggers lack the strategy and coordination to successfully win a firefight. Just like in real life, they can't aim for shit.

But what is Warzone? Why is it so popular? Warzone is the popular Call of Duty franchise's take on the battle royale game mode. The game can be fun even though its devs are niggers, beta male cucks, and women who all bow to a Jewish CEO. I usually play the Rebirth mode, as it is incredibly easy and the matches are very quick.

Anyway, I just got home from my movie theater job and I had been dealing with rowdy messy niggers all night. I turned on my Xbox and saw my friends were online. I'll be referring to them as Boon Goon, Lil Pump, and Juju.

"What up faggots," I said as I joined the Xbox live party.

"Yo, send this dude an invite, we've been needing a 4th," said Lil Pump.

I loaded up Warzone and was greeted with a Black Lives Matter message condemning hate speech and White People. Unfortunately, most game devs are fucking faggots now, who love to worship niggers. These messages are commonplace in games made by jew'd companies like Call of Duty. When I asked them how the games have been going tonight, Juju flew into a rage, as per usual, complaining about how Boon Goon died over something stupid.

"It wasn't my fault," said Boon Goon. "I saw someone playing as Sid, and had to execute them." For those of you who don't know, Sid is by far the most disgusting nigger character in all of gaming. She's easily the ugliest character in the game, with poop black skin and a face that looks like an actual gorilla. It was no wonder Boon Goon was compelled to perform an execution on whatever shitskin felt proud picking her as their character.

"You just wouldn't get it Juju," I said. "Any nigger character must be humiliated by any means."

"Whatever, I'm just trying to win. Join bruh," said Juju.

"Alright bet," I replied.

We were going to play Rebirth Quads on the prison map. It's ironic how this game has so many niggers playing it, and the most popular map is a prison where 1 in 3 of them will end up in said prison. We set our loadouts and prepared to drop.

My personal favorite loadout at the time of this incident was an STG44, since it rapes on Rebirth, plus it was a gun used by Aryan chads to kill Jews during the Second World War. We usually drop at living quarters because it is somewhat safe and offers a lot of loot, plus there are many buildings to go to if someone else beats you to a certain one. We dropped and shit on a squad that tried to drop with us. We managed to wipe them quickly before any of them could respawn. We called in our loadout and picked up a bounty. The bounty was set on a player named George Floyd, who was at the prison.

We laughed a little, although this was nothing out of the ordinary as many turbo ***based*** players on Warzone had names like this. We headed towards the prison. For those of you who don't know, the prison is the center of the map on Rebirth Island, and it usually has the highest concentration of players. This is because niggers subconsciously know they belong in chains, and thus migrate en masse to the prison, where they all chimp out and murder each other. We arrived at the prison through the first floor with our weapons ready, however we noticed the first floor was very quiet, which was abnormal as many people were still alive in the game. However, on the other side of the prison we saw another player.

He moved very quickly into cover and so did we. His aim wasn't very accurate, and we pushed through and easily killed him. Once he was downed, we realized the player's skin was odd. It was an absolutely gruesome looking nigger. He had a nose wider than a flatscreen TV, with nostrils so large my character's entire fist could fit in them. His fat nigger lips were so thick that his mouth looked like a fat woman's pussy. He was wearing a black tank top with jeans, sagging a little bit of course.

We immediately started cracking up when we put the pieces together, and we started kneeling on him and teabagging him. He eventually bled out, and through the death speak we heard whoever was playing let out an ape-like shriek for a split second.

"OO OO AH AH!"

He dropped a Tec-9 with a fried chicken charm hanging off the side as well as a glock with a watermelon charm. We started cracking up even harder, so hard that I had to put my headset down and try to focus on something else as I literally could not breathe from the laughter. However, this was a fatal mistake, as a player named Ahmaud Arbery jogged up behind me with a hammer while I wasn't paying attention and quickly killed me.

Boon Goon quickly dispatched him with a pump action shotgun, however I was already dead. "Don't worry" I said, "I can just get my perks back when I respawn".

However, something strange happened as I loaded into the gulag. Normally on the Rebirth Island map, you respawn after a couple seconds rather than getting sent to the gulag to 1v1 for a respawn. But instead I immediately loaded into the gulag.

I asked my friends what the fuck was going on, and they told me there may be an in-game event right now, but they were just as confused as I was. The audio to my Xbox live party suddenly cut out, and I could no longer hear my friends as I spawned into the showers to face my opponent. I couldn't believe what I saw.

George Floyd was my opponent in the Gulag. The gulag loadout was a Tec-9, a stun grenade, and a Molotov. I knew I was at a disadvantage as the Tec-9 is a very popular gun among niggers, plus I always got my ass handed to me in the gulag when the opponent had stuns. The round started and I took cover. I watched as George Floyd ran around with chimpanzee-like speed, as if he were hunting gazelle like his African ancestors. He was so fast that I couldn't land a shot, however neither could he. I tried throwing my stun at him and missed. Him seeing me throw it must've given him the idea to use his, as he immediately used his and landed it on me. He then walked in front of me and took aim. I bet everything on one last Hail Mary and pressed RB, throwing my Molotov and hitting him directly in his crooked dindu eyes.

“Oh gah!” he said. “Mama, mama!” His character model died and ragdolled, cutting out the audio. I then respawned to my squad.

“Bro where the fuck have you been,” said Juju. “You’ve been gone for 8 minutes and 47 seconds.”

“Dude, what do you mean, it was only a few seconds,” I said. I then realized there may have been some truth to what Juju was saying: there were only 5 people in the game, meaning it was the 4 of us against a final opponent. Most of the other players were alive when I died. It made me wonder if the gulag I was in was an event, a glitch, or something more. I apologized for my lateness as I really didn’t have an excuse I found to explain.

“I just defeated George Floyd in the gulag, I burned that ape nigger to death with a fuel-filled 40 ounce.”

“Good,” said Lil Pump. “He would’ve infected the entire game with his dirty nigger skin.”

I landed and collected a new loadout. “Where the fuck is this last guy, I want this dub.”

Just then, a text bar appeared on the screen. It was very different from a normal Warzone popup. It was red, with Satanic stars all over it–or maybe they were Stars of David, they’re kind of interchangeable to me.

It said “Prevent Floydageddon: Defeat Prisoner N1993R. I had never seen a notification like this in Warzone before. It really creeped us out. Just then, I saw something that almost made me go into cardiac arrest like that fat nigger Eric Garner. A giant George Floyd, at least 847 feet tall and blood pouring from his eye sockets, exploded out of the prison, shattering the roof to pieces and emerging to confront us.

“Ayo niggas,” said this King Kong-looking shoe shiner. “Gimmie all yo air and stimmy checks, I’s is tryna buy a Chrysler 300 with big chrome rims nigga.”

It was a George Floyd boss fight. I didn’t know if I should be excited to kill this nigger for a second time, confused as why the fuck as to why this pavement ape was in my game, or terrified at the fact that this dangerous monkey could jeapordize my Warzone dub. Regardless, we had to kill him. If we didn’t stop him now, he would surely escape to the real world. Or maybe not. In all honesty I just really wanted to just get this ugly nigger off my screen. We tried shooting him but our attacks did nothing.

“That shit ain’t gon work lil niggas, I’s is high on so much fent right now that them bullets don’t do shit.”

I realized he was right. In real life, niggers can take an obscene amount of lead to stop while they are high. An example would be Michael Brown after he robbed a convenience store. Drugs like crack, weed, and fentanyl are a nigger’s natural body armor against their main predators: 9-millimeter pistol bullets, usually fired from another nigger’s unregistered gun.

George Floyd prepared a putrid attack of his own. He dropped his already sagging pants exposing a deformed, primitive root weiner. His saggy nigger balls drooped all over the roof of the prison.

Juju said, “Ight bruh, fuck this shit, this shit is nasty as fuck. I’m gonna go play Shogun”.

Just then George Floyd schlonged Juju with his fat nigger choad, leaving nothing but severed ankles still standing.

“Oh shit,” screamed Boon Goon, “Juju got sucked, what the fuck are we gonna do!”

George Floyd started using the splatter of blood on his dick to jack himself off, “Aww sheet mane I’m Big Floyd the landlord mane, I'm bout ta bust a big ass nut mane.” I recognized this line from the George Floyd sex tape.

“Take fucking cover, right now,” I said. We ran into headquarters to take cover. A white storm passed by the building.

“Bro, what the fuck, this is a nasty ass fucking event,” said Lil Pump as we looked out the window.

“Wait, it’s like a blizzard, not a hurricane,” said Boon Goon, “It's powdery. It's fentanyl!”

“Guys, there may be only one way to defeat him, but we need to get up high on the tower. We’re also gonna need to distract him somehow.” I said.

"Leave that to me," said Lil Pump, "I know what every nigger wants in life."

We reached the top of the tower and we were looking at George Floyd right at his eye level.

"What's the plan Lil Pump?" I asked.

George started charging us, it was now or never. "Hey George!" said Lil Pump, "Look over there! It's a Dodge Hellcat with big ass chrome rims!"

George Floyd immediately diverted his attention from us, "Ah shit, Imma break into that shit and steal that bitch, where that shit at nigga?!" He leaned down to look for the car.

This was our chance, we knew what we had to do. Off some action movie type shit, we jumped off the headquarters tower and all landed on his neck, crouching with our knees perfectly hitting their targets.

"Ah shit mane, ah shit nigga, I can't breathe I can't breev nigga I cannot fucking breev mane."

We started cracking up again, just as we did before. We were laughing for 13 minutes and 50 seconds straight. We got the notification: "Warzone Victory" with Swastikas on both sides of the message. The helicopter picked us up and we flew off into the sunset, that shit was so cool.

It was late at night so we all said our goodbyes and went to bed. When I woke up the next day, I saw the local news and realized Juju had died in his house from asphyxiation. Bobby Kotick, the disgusting goblin-faced Jewish CEO of Activision was also under investigation for human sacrifice to Moloch. We now know that if we didn't stop that jigaboo, he probably would've escaped into reality again.

Most men would've given up against George floyd, but our hatred of niggers kept us fighting to the last bullet, inadvertently saving the world from certain destruction. Moral of the story, if you ever see George Floyd in your Warzone game, don't leave the game. Do everything you can to kill that disgusting, hot dog bun lipped, spear chucking, backwards hat wearing, pants sagging, shoe shining, welfare collecting, fentanyl snorting, banana eating, duracell battery nostril having, 360-degree basketball dunking, shit-skinned, cotton picking negroid.

**The George Floyd ATM Machine**

By Jordan Cleeman

Have you ever heard about the online statistic that vending machines kill more people per year than shark attacks? Precisely, causing 4 deaths every year on average. This fact may be quite hard to believe for many of you, since one would expect sharks to be a much bigger threat than inanimate rectangles. But there is a very specific reason for it, and it is a dark one. Literally and figuratively.

I was looking through a nick nacks store called Collectors Edge one day, just browsing. It is one of those markets that sells items that you really don't find in other stores or even the internet. It's exclusivity is what interests me in visiting it every weekend, even if I am not there to purchase anything. Since I go there on a weekly basis, the cashier who works there everyday recognizes me well. I like him, because he is ***based*** as fuck, just like the store itself. I will call him Risselada for this story.

"So, any new items you guys got in inventory?" I asked him, as I happened to pass by the counter.

"Nothing racist or anything," Risselada began. "But I believe you might be interested in the new limited edition Ronnie McNutt action figure with a detachable head plus hyper-realistic blood explosion."

He crouched down to pick up a large box. The box was about twelve inches long. It depicted an actual size image of the Ronnie McNutt action figure. Holy shit I almost busted a Mcnutt from seeing it. It looked extremely realistic, to the smallest details, such as his enlarged cranial structure. But when I looked at the price, I realized that it was two thousand dollars. But that wasn't going to stop me from copping that work of art.

"No way. Take my goddamn money now!" I exclaimed. I fidgeted through my wallet and then presented Risselada with my credit card.

"Hold your horses," Risselada said, refusing the card. "We unfortunately do not accept credit card payments at this moment, due to the credit card company undergoing downtime for a while. But you may pay in cash."

Drats. I didn't have that much cash at all, let alone with me right now. The Ronnie McNutt action figure was a limited edition, so I knew I had to buy it as soon as possible. The only way was to use an ATM machine. I told Risselada to put it on hold and I was going to be back soon for the cash. Luckily, we know each other relatively well, so he didn't have a problem with it.

I left the store and then drove to the nearest bank, which was the Royal bank of Alberta. However, there was a large yellow tape that said, "do not enter. Crime scene." I scratched my head. Usually the Royal bank of Alberta is well secured, so to see it had been robbed was a huge surprise. But I didn't let that distract me. My mind was still focused on the Ronnie McNutt action figure, and so I drove to the second nearest bank. Just when I thought there was no way another bank could possibly be closed. I saw the same yellow tape on it. Weird, I thought. Must be the niggers stirring up trouble again. In my town, there is usually a massive crime chain that happens every few months by niggers. Us ***based*** locals would call it a mini random chimp event.

Beginning to grow a bit frustrated, I drove to the next bank. But again, it was closed. Something wasn't right. For the next couple hours, I drove through the entire city, checking every bank. All but one were closed due to an apparently recent multi-bank robbery. The only one that was open was this bank called the Dyson Bank. I flinched just from the view of it. You may be wondering why I would hesitate to visit this particular bank. Well, it is because it is a nigger owned bank that supports and funds BLM. Not only did I hate their brand, using their bank services is nothing short of impractical. Niggers are too primitive-brained to do basic math, so ninety percent of the time, nigger bank workers mess up your payments. To make it worse, their underdeveloped frontal lobes induce them to do shady shit with their customers' bank accounts, typically using their credit cards on fentanyl or weed.

If you don't think it can get any worse, you are wrong. The ATM machines in the Dyson Bank are glitchy. They barely function, and are programmed by some black developer who probably took forever to learn how to program text that reads, "Hello World".

Although the risk of financial loss happening as a result of the Dyson Bank is severe, my competitive drive to buy the Ronnie McNutt action figure before everyone else got the better of me, so I went ahead.

The moment I entered the worn out building, it reeked of fried chicken and rotten watermelon. I looked ahead, to see that all three of the counter workers were eating their nigger food while handling their customers credit cards. Their greasy ape-like hands most likely damaged them so badly that they won't work anymore. But this isn't important for the story for now, since I was only there for the ATM machines.

They were in between the external door and the inside door, so I was able to access them without any confrontation. I went up to one of them, and its motion sensor detected me and the ATM machine turned on. I was bewildered by this, because niggers are usually too inapt to build motion sensors.

The screen flashed on, and presented this 3-D animated black man wearing a grey and black hoodie. It looked very similar to bowling alley screen characters, when you get a strike. At first, I thought the 3-D animated black man was created by some ***based*** 3-D sculptor who exaggerated his nose and lips to make fun of niggers, but I then realized that it was George Floyd, because of what was labelled on the top part of the screen. "The George Floyd ATM machine".

I sighed, because it was yet another example of the BLM tards promoting George Floyd as a hero, when all he did was drag society down like a twenty pound weight tied to your ankle. I was presented with two options, deposit or withdraw. I picked the latter and prepared for the super high possibility of getting screwed over. I reluctantly inserted my credit card into the card slot. My heart raced, hoping this shit would work. I entered my pin code, having to tap the touch screen a couple times because of how glitchy it was. I then entered the amount of cash I needed. Two thousand dollars. It mentally stung me like a bitch to type that amount of money. I felt a sense of guilt as I proceeded.

The machine accepted my request, and the George Floyd 3-D character did this thumbs up animation, saying, "Thank you foe yo bread main." Wait what? Why would the machine say that?, I questioned myself. From that point on, I knew things were going rock bottom.

I heard the supposed sound of cash being projectiled from ATM machines, but the sound seemed kind of off. I know this was an ATM machine built by a different company from what I am used to, but this was not the sound of paper money. Something to note, I live in Canada, so our bills have a plastic coating.

However, as the bills exited through the dispenser, it sounded more like chalkboard than a soothing sound.

I began collecting the so-called bills, and then inspected the first one I grabbed. It was nothing like the normal Canadian bill. It was made out of regular printer paper that you can buy at Walmart. They were counterfeit bills. Twenty dollar ones. The usual Queen Elizabeth picture was replaced by a disgusting old nigress. Panic overcame me as dozens of them poured out faster than I could collect them. All of them were counterfeit. There was no point in keeping fake monopoly money shit, so I just let the machine run its course. However, my blood ran cold when I looked to the slot where I had left my credit card in. My card was nowhere to be seen.

The first thing that came to mind was the possibility that it fell under the already massive pile of counterfeit bills. I dug in and scattered them all, until I peeked in every possible surface. No card to be seen. The only place it could have gone was inside the George Floyd ATM machine. It must have sucked my credit card in. Breaking the machine was essentially the only way to retrieve the card. At this point, I gave no fucks about getting in trouble for it. I lifted my leg back, and then swung it forward to kick it.

But the machine didn't budge. Instead, it hurt my toe and I thought I broke a bone. But I wasn't going to give up. I wouldn't let myself be a cuck and let some George Floyd 3-D character win. Since any further kicking would probably result in injuring myself, the next thing I did was shake the George Floyd ATM machine. That was a decision multitudes worse than the former. I grabbed each side, and then shook it violently.

I am built as hell, as the average racist is, but the machine felt strangely heavy. Much heavier than the average ATM machine. I wish I took that cue to give up, because I guess its motion sensors are not only able to detect people, but detect itself being shaken.

The George Floyd 3-D animated character got mad and said, "Ayo main don't shake mah machine like dat." The George Floyd ATM machine then forced itself forward onto me, as if it had a mind of its own.

It caused me to stumble back, then fall onto me. Its weight pressed onto my chest, making it hard for me to breathe. I tried to squirm myself out, but it was simply too heavy. I considered crying for help, but didn't bother because I knew that none of the nigger bank workers there would have felt any sympathy, despite the possibility of getting sued. It was so heavy that it was making it difficult for me to breathe.

I thought this was going to be the next vending machine casualty of the year. Death was near, and this was going to be a shitty way to die. However, the potential humiliation of getting clapped by a George Floyd themed ATM machine dawned on me, and it motivated me to fight back harder. My max bench is six hundred pounds, and the George Floyd ATM machine was at least a ton, but the fear of death pushed me to press way beyond what I can usually do. I threw the George Floyd vending machine into the air, and I was finally free. The fight for my life was finally over, but that didn't mean the war was concluded. I still wanted my credit card back. And so what I did next was what I call a two hundred IQ move.

I knew there was only one thing the George Floyd ATM machine would want enough to give the credit card back. I retrieved a regular twenty dollar bill out of my wallet and then with my emergency pen, drew an enlarged belly on the Queen Elizabeth picture to make her look pregnant. Following that, I switched the George Floyd ATM machine back on and then picked the deposit option. It then prompted me to insert the dollar bill. I knew that I would sacrifice a real twenty dollar bill, but what really mattered now was the credit card.

I inserted the bill with the picture of the pregnant Queen Elizabeth picture. Shortly after, the George Floyd 3-D animated character said, "Oh la la, a pregnant lady sheet I am gon bust a nut to that main".

He then pulled down his pants and jerked off to it, and almost instantly busted a nut. But at the exact same time he did his nutting animation, the machine correspondingly ejected out hundreds of credit cards, as if the machine busted its own nut. I wasn't the only one who was ripped off by it. I searched through hundreds of random credit cards, and eventually found mine. I let out a sigh of relief.

I ran the fuck out of the Dyson bank, never to go near it ever again. This event traumatized me, and who knows what that ATM machine would have done to my card. I could imagine it racking millions of dollars in debt from fentanyl purchases.

Moral of the story, never opt yourself into bank services ran by niggers. Their customer service and ATM machines are shit and they will likely try to steal your money. The George Floyd ATM machine is truly responsible for all the mysterious vending machine deaths. The Jew media just tries to cover it up as regular food vending machine casualties.

**George the Jew**

By Georgemonke

Hanukkah, also known as the Festival of Lights. It begins on November 28th and ends on December 8th. It is a Jewish festival which supposedly commemorates the recovery of Jerusalem and the subsequent rededication of the Second Temple at the end of the Maccabean revolt against the Seleucid Empire in the 2nd century BCE.

However, the truth of Hanukkah goes much deeper. You see, Jews are the spawn of Satan himself. Jews are the evil masterminds that manipulate small bug-brained niggers into doing their bidding. And the original intent for the Hanukkah festival was to call forth Satan to the mortal plane of existence to punish the goyim. My name is Harry Smallcock. I have just uncovered the truth of Hanukkah thanks to an ancient text, the Codex Gigas otherwise commonly known as the Devil's Bible. The Codex Gigas was created by Herman the Recluse in the Benedictine monastery of Podlažice, near Chrudim in the Czech Republic. The monastery was destroyed some time in the 15th century during the Hussite Revolution.

The legend says Herman the Recluse was a monk who broke his monastic vows and was sentenced to be walled up alive. In order to avoid this harsh penalty, he promised to create in one night a book to glorify the monastery forever, including all human knowledge. Near midnight, he became sure that he could not complete this task alone so he made a special prayer, not addressed to God, but to the fallen angel Lucifer. The Codex Gigas is the infamous text that has the massive portrait of Satan you've all probably seen. During a fire in 1697 when the library burned down, the book lost ten of its pages.

However, there is a conspiracy saying that the 10 pages were deliberately removed and the fire was started and used as a scapegoat. I am a historian and researcher working in Sweden where the Codex is being held. The 10 lost pages were found in an old synagogue near Chrudim.

"Of course it was the Jews," I said to my colleague Ronnie mcnutt. The pages were kept in perfect condition using peppermint oil and charcoal. They were also stored away from heat and moisture. I examined the pages. They were in Latin so I had no way of knowing what they said.

I sent them off to be translated. Three weeks passed with nothing eventful happening. I stayed at home playing Black Lives Splatter VR edition when I got a call from Ronnie.

"Hey man, I have something mind blowing to tell you. The pages have been translated however uh–"Ronnie stuttered.

"What?" I said.

"Well you should just come down and see." Ronnie said as he hung up.

I arrived at the Anti Nigger Corp Company where the 10 pages were being kept. I sat down in Ronnie's office as he handed me the translated script of the 10 missing pages. Ronnie had a nervous look on his face but that cuck was always nervous so I didn't pay any attention to it. I began to read what the documents said.

The Devil's Prayer by Rabbi George Perry Floyd.

"George Perry Floyd. Wasn't this some nigga who died of an overdose like a year ago," I said.

Ronnie nodded but he urged me to continue reading.

"Ronnie, if this is some kind of prank then I will blow your brains out with a shotgun," I said angrily.

"I guess that's it," Ronnie said as he walked out of the room. I continued to read.

"Ayo mane to which ever mothafucka reading dis, I must began by saying my name be Big Floyd. I wuz converted to Judaism by sum long nose crackas. OOGA BOOGA anyway mane, today Big Floyd will teach yo motherfucka how to summon da devil. First yo motherfucka need sum fentanyl, a fetus and sum foreskin mane. Next you must suck all da blood outta da foreskin and eat da fetus. You then must chant

these words. Jews are the chosen people, all goyims must be eradicated. Ooo ooo ee ee ah ah mane."

That was only the first page. The next pages truly shocked me to my core. "Ayo mane, my name be Big Floyd. I am a rabbi. We wuz started a rebellion against the Seleucid Empire. Dem racist motherfucka were treating us as subhuman monkeys mane. We wuz kangz mane. Descendants of Abraham mane. King Antiochus IV Epiphanes launched a massive campaign of repression against the Jewish religion. He believed we were spawns of da devil mane. That shit ain't right. We just as human as every other motherfucka. Our forces eventually defeated dem racist motherfuckas by summoning the great one, Satan. Mane he wiped out their entire army and we wuz taken back Jerusalem, OOGA BOOGA."

My jaw dropped upon what I had just read. If this was all true then this could have world altering effects on humankind as we know it. The 10 missing pages of the Codex Gigas brought new light into the celebration of Hanukkah as well as the true nature of Jews. Jews are in fact not the chosen people of God but instead the spawn of Lucifer himself. However, what bugged me the most was Rabbi George Floyd. *How could a nigga monkey become a Jew*, I thought. Jews exploited and enslaved niggers all throughout history. To think they would allow the dumbest nigger of them all to become one of them was illogical as fuck. But if these pages were made public, it would expose all the Jews of the world and perhaps a real Holocaust could commence. However, the Jews controlled world governments as well as the media, so that might be difficult.

This would result in a messy outcome that I didn't know if I could make it out of. You see there was no way a small ***based*** company like Anti Nigger Corp could stand up to Jewish militants. I am a 300 pound racist chad but one man could only do so much. We could either keep this info secret from the public or unveil it and potentially put everyone in this company at risk of being killed by Jews.

I was done reading and so I was able to fit the lost 10 pages back into the Codex Gigas. This would be the first time in over 500 years for the codex to be completed back in its original form. However, I noticed something off. There was a missing passage. I searched frantically for it but resulted in nothing. That means that whoever ripped out the 10 pages must have also ripped out whatever this last passage was. I decided to return to the old synagogue where we had found the missing pages.

Upon entering the old building, I noticed that something was off. There was a plate with a half eaten banana sandwich on the ground as well as a half eaten fetus. I gagged at the sight of the fetus. However, thanks to years of watching gore, I was able to hold off the vomit.

"Hehehe," a voice giggled.

"Who's there!" I yelled.

From the shadows, a tall dark figure emerged. It was Rabbi George Floyd. He was wearing a fedora and he had side curls.

"You hoo hoo, what brings you to my fine synagogue," Rabbi George Floyd said.

"I'm here to find the missing passage of the Codex Gigas," I said.

"OOGA BOOGA, I will give you the last passage mane, but you must give me fentanyl in return," Rabbi George Floyd chimped.

"Nigga, I don't have an ounce of fentanyl on me. Look nigger, I don't have time for your games, you either give me the missing passage or I will knee on your neck," I said.

"Ooo ooo ee ee ah ah, not a chance cracka," Rabbi George Floyd said as he jumped onto the ceiling like a monkey. George Floyd was dangling from a large chandelier. The chandelier broke due to the fact that Rabbi George Floyd weighed as much as a baby elephant. George Floyd fell back onto the ground along with the Chandelier which broke into pieces. One of the pieces of glass had lodged itself into George Floyd's neck.

"Ah shit, glass in my neck, I can't breathe," rabbi George Floyd said as he slowly died. I examined George Floyd's body and inside his pocket, there was a folded piece of paper. I opened it to see that it was the missing passage. It was something written by Herman the Recluse himself.

"Jews are the Devil, Jews are the Devil, Jews are the Devil. I wasn't sentenced to be walled up alive by my own monks. It was the Jews, shady looking people with large noses. They had forced me to write this Codex. As someone who has been a monk his whole life to think I'd break monastic vows and pray to

the Devil is utter evil. The Jews had already called forth Lucifer before I was even to write this Codex. To whoever is reading this now, you must come forth with the truth. Before the Jews become too powerful. They may seem benevolent right now, but that will all end soon."

I had made up my mind, I had to show this to the rest of the world. Just as I was about to send the document to all social media platforms, I heard a gut wrenching sound.

"OOGA BOOGA cracka, did your motherfucka really think you could kill big Floyd with glass? "I turned around to see Rabbi George Floyd. "Big Floyd lived over 1000 years thanks to the rejuvenating properties of baby blood." Rabbi George Floyd cackled.

George Floyd lunged at me but his face was blown away into bits of blood and gore. It was Ronnie McNutt. "Hey guys," Ronnie said.

"Where did you get that shotgun," I asked.

"If you're going to reveal the pages to the public, then we'll need to protect our headquarters from the Jews," Ronnie said. He handed me a handgun.

"Thanks Ronnie," I said. I pressed send. Within seconds, Jews all across the world were calling our company anti-Semitic and trying to ruin their Hanukkah celebration.

I received a call from an unknown number. "Goy, to think that you managed to uncover the secret texts is our fault, we should have never let that nigger convert take the pages, however now that all goyims know the truth about us, the chosen people of Satan will smite thee. Our militants already have missiles on their way locked on to your headquarters hehehe," the Jew giggled.

I hung up. "We need to get out of here, I yelled. Just as the Jew said, 3 missiles hit our headquarters. The destruction was massive. Luckily we both made it out of there. Ronnie and I agreed that we needed to take down the Jews. The two of us are now on our way to Israel. I'm typing this out on my phone. If anyone is reading this, I don't know what the future holds but if we want to preserve our great race, then we must **[redacted]** these parasites. Please just remember these words. Jews are the devil. Jews are the devil.

**The Turncoat Negro at the Battle of the Somme**

By Toast Man

In recent years, there have been many first-person shooter video games that have forcibly inserted niggers and women into historical scenarios where they do not belong. Examples of this forced diversification of games include Battlefield 5 and Call of Duty: Vanguard. If you look at the real historical record, you would know that most of the time blacks were used in construction battalions and that women served as nurses.The replacement of courageous White men by butch lesbians, trannies and niggers in video games is a blatant attempt by the Jewish propaganda machine to erase us from our own history.

However, I recently came across a startling new discovery in my very own attic. One day, while I was getting ready to move out from my house due to the construction of Section 8 housing starting in the neighborhood, I found a yellowed piece of paper sandwiched between a copy of Revolt Against the Modern World by Julius Evola and one of my volumes of Redo of Healer (the latter of which I swear was just a present from a friend).

I opened it and saw that it was a letter that my great-grandfather had sent to my great-grandmother while he was fighting for the British on the Western front. I didn't know how it got to where it did because my great-grandparents had moved to the United States in the 1920's, but I was fascinated by the letter and immediately began to read it. After skimming through, I learned to my immeasurable shock that there had indeed been one black who had fought in the Great War. Yet, upon reading further, I found that the nigger's tale was so horrible, his conduct so egregious, that it was no wonder that even liberal historians scrubbed him from the annals of history.

Now, let me read aloud to you the letter about the traitorous negro at the Battle of the Somme.

*September 9th, 1916*

My dearest Mary,

I hope that you and our little Robert are healthy, especially with the rationing becoming stricter as this war drags on. As you may have already heard from the army, I have been injured at the front and have

been deemed incapable of serving in combat for the next four months. Luckily for me, the doctors say that I only inhaled trace amounts of the gas that was turned against my platoon and will make a full recovery. Charlie and Ronnie, who I've been telling you all about in these letters of mine, weren't as fortunate I'm afraid. Charlie is blind; he will never see his newborn daughter with his own eyes. And Ronnie, well, Ronnie is dead. I know that I got you in touch with his sweetheart, so please offer her your support while she grieves, and once the shock of Ronnie's death subsides, please read her this letter, for she of all people deserves to know how he died.

About two weeks ago, around what I would guess is the end of August, our captain announced that high command had ordered that a new, experimental soldier would soon be joining the platoon. While some of us were excited and others anxious about the new arrival, every man in our unit was flabbergasted upon seeing who the new soldier was. It was a black, brought here from the crown colony of Jamaica.

With great nervousness upon seeing our reaction, our captain introduced the negro. "His name is George Perry Floyd. Depending upon his performance here in this platoon, High Command will determine whether it is feasible to bring in more blacks from the colonies to fight on the front."

There were immediate protests from among our ranks, specifically from the older men who had served in the war against the Boers just ten years earlier. Those who had fought in South Africa spoke about how the blacks were, simply put, an inferior race. According to them, an African, regardless of what tribe he was from or which of the hundreds of languages he spoke, was completely lacking in restraint and discipline; the two most important qualities needed in a soldier.

The captain replied to them saying that it was disgraceful to say such disparaging things of a man who had volunteered to serve the empire, albeit with an uneasy voice which betrayed his lack of confidence. Once he was done doing so, he led George Floyd to his sleeping quarters; the dugout that Charlie, Ronnie, and I had been using.

Charlie was indifferent to the prospect of sleeping next to Floyd, while Ronnie was eagerly accepting as he thought that any man who would volunteer to fight for the crown was an honourable man. I, like Ronnie, had a favourable view of blacks, and how wrong I was to.

Once the platoon meeting was adjourned, I was tapped on the shoulder by Lawrence, one of the veterans of the war against the Boers. I still recall the look of deep, heavy concern that weighed on his face as he told me about his experience with the Africans. According to Lawrence, he could not speak to the fullest extent about his experience with blacks in front of the captain without the chance of being reprimanded. He then began to tell me stories about them that left me in stark disbelief.

Lawrence began with a tale about a pack of blacks which committed ritual cannibalism against a rival clan. Apparently, they would capture women, rape them, then slit their throats, after which the Africans would wrap the flesh of the women in plantain leaves and smoke the meat. Followed by this was another revolting tale about how another tribe he came in contact with would drink the urine of cows in lieu of alcohol. Upon hearing these stories I told Lawrence that I simply could not believe them; for how could people molded by the hand of our Lord exhibit such horrific tendencies?

I then brushed Lawrence aside, reasoning to myself that George Floyd could not be as bad as the Africans that Lawrence had dealt with, for George Floyd had volunteered to serve the Crown. For if he were willing to risk life and limb for the Empire, how could he not be an honourable man? And let me say in advance; it was this mistaken preconception that I held onto which would cost us dearly.

As dusk settled and the sound of artillery subsided, I made my way over to the dugout, eager to take off my mud-caked boots after an exhausting day in the trenches. Yet as I approached, I found my nostrils ravaged by a most noxious odor. While we were faced with revolting smells on a daily basis at the front, this was unlike anything that I had experienced. It was like a mixture of putrid bananas, vinegar, rotten molasses and feces. Regardless I trudged forward, expecting to find a dead rat or dog as the source of the stink.

Instead of a deceased animal, I found the new recruit–George Floyd. I had to hold a handkerchief over my nose to keep myself from vomiting at the odor that was wafting off of him. Floyd was a giant of a man; nearly twenty hands in height and at least fifteen stone. He was also, to put it bluntly, the most physically repulsive creature I have ever laid eyes on. Even in the dim light of the trenches, I could make out the

disgusting contours of his body. Imagine Frankenstein's monster from Mary Shelley's novel, but with leathery black skin covering bulging, bullish muscles.

What truly disturbed me was Floyd's face. It was ugly to be certain, with an oversized nose rivaling Fagin from *Oliver Twist* and cushion-like lips, but what I found troubling was no singular feature. The face was half-animal and half-human, but lacked the virtuous traits of either. Animals are blessed with an innocence that humans do not have, for they did not partake of the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, yet Floyd's face was one filled with malice, greed, and contempt. Humans, who ate the forbidden fruit, may be born in Sin but have the fire of intelligence burning within us, and yet the abyssal orbs that were Floyd's eyes lacked even the faintest cinders of intellect.

As the initial shock of seeing George Floyd wore off, I silently told myself that I should not pass judgement on a man who had volunteered to fight for the Empire and against the Germans. I repeated this in my mind, forcibly convincing myself to act towards Floyd as I would towards another Brit. I said my greetings then asked him where my hammock was, since I saw that it wasn't in its regular place in the dugout. That was when Floyd said something incomprehensible, similar in sound and pronunciation to the babbling of a toddler, then held out my hammock with a greasy, brown stain on it.

I reeled in shock as I realized that Floyd had shat himself, then had the audacity to wipe his bum with my hammock. Disgusted and infuriated, I began shouting at Floyd, telling him rightfully that he was out of his mind to tear down another man's hammock and use it as toilet paper. Floyd cringed back like an embattled animal. The following is the closest reconstruction of what he was saying that I can recall:

*"Come on mayne! Don'tcha understand dat I be poor and shit in Jamaica mayne? It cuzz yo colonization dat I be poor and I don't get dem poo poo rules you crackas set up mayne! Shieet mayne, you be raciss and shit mayne!"*

I was about to clobber Floyd with the butt of my Enfield when I heard Charlie and Ronnie returning from supper behind me. When Ronnie saw me with my rifle over my head, ready to crack Floyd's skull open, he rushed to stop me. As Ronnie and I tussled in the mud of the trenches, he asked me what had happened. I told him about what George Floyd had done to my hammock, and he replied saying that Floyd just might not have understood.

*"He is from Jamaica. Which, while it may be a crown colony, has a culture very different from our own." I recall Ronnie saying as he pulled the Enfield out of my hands. "He likely has a very different understanding of what hygiene is, similar to the Indians. And both are fighting for the crown against the Krauts."*

While I was still frustrated, Ronnie's words had a calming effect on me for they made logical sense at the time. The Indians, as he pointed out, were an example of a people who lived under British dominion but had a strange and revolting custom of doing their business in the streets and then wiping themselves with their hands. So, upon hearing Ronnie's soft, convincing words, I let my rage subside and decided that I could just get another hammock from the quartermaster when they came in stock. For if he were here to fight against the Germans and for the Empire, weren't we allies?

Now that the conflict was resolved Charlie and Ronnie settled down next to Floyd and myself. Charlie, Ronnie and I spoke about our lives back home over a pot of tea and some crackers. Floyd was eerily silent throughout the discussion until Charlie began speaking about his pregnant wife back in Liverpool. George Floyd began sniffing Charlie, then asked Charlie if he had any photographs of his wife's pregnant belly. When Charlie, mildly disturbed, said that he had none, Floyd looked incredibly angered; it reminded me of a rabid dog I had seen in London before it was put down.

Once we finished speaking, we tried to catch what sleep we could since Floyd snored like a steer through those massive nostrils of his. The night was short and dawn came quickly, but when the three of us awoke we saw that George Floyd was nowhere to be seen. Charlie was suspicious, saying that he could be up to mischief, but Ronnie reassured us by stating that Floyd was likely just a good soldier who rose early in the morning.

As we headed to our posts, a courier rushed to us. He was in a hurry, red in the face and out of breath. The courier told us that the captain had just sent orders to engage in a frontal assault against the German line, effective immediately. We were startled by the command, for we had all been told that forward assaults against the German dug-outs were to be halted due to the exorbitant number of casualties.

Those charges were pointless, we knew–all it led to was the loss of good men in the meatgrinder of artillery and Maxim Gun fire.

In a few short minutes, we were ready for the charge. Half of our platoon was here, while the other half were supposedly with the captain about a quarter mile down the trench line. George Floyd was still nowhere to be seen. I felt my heart sinking as if made of lead as the thought of never seeing you again crossed my mind. We then had the signal for the attack, and we all charged simultaneously. I will not describe in detail what happened next, for I am certain that you would already know from the plethora of experiences that other soldiers have spoken about. The chattering of machine gun fire, the screams of men as shrapnel tore them apart, it still rattles in my head like a melody I wish to forget but just cannot. What a waste of life it was, and all to claim but a few hundred yards of ground.

Charlie, Ronnie and I had taken cover behind the corpse of a dead horse when we heard one of the corporals giving the signal for retreat. We saw him sign to us from about thirty yards away, and then he was crumpled forward, dead. But as he fell, I noticed that the bullet that had struck him did so in the back. Although it could have been friendly fire, it was certainly odd that the corporal was shot right as he was relaying the order to retreat.

And that was when the unthinkable happened. A white, creamy fog began wafting towards us. Poison gas. But it was not coming from the German direction, no–it was coming from our own lines.

*"There's something strange going on," Charlie said, strapping his respirator on. "The order to attack was ridiculous in the first place. We need to investigate."*

Ronnie and I agreed, both of us also putting our gas masks on. We evaded the white cloud of gas as much as we could, for while our respirators were potent, they were not infallible. As we approached our trenches, I saw that dozens of men who had been wounded in the charge had choked to death on the gas.

Following the trail of gas, the three of us trudged through the desolate battlefield. We followed it back to where the captain was supposed to have been stationed during the start of the attack. And as the haze of the gas cleared, we saw a horrible sight, one that has been etched irreversibly into my memory. The other half of our platoon which had supposedly been with the captain was dead or mortally wounded, all gunned down from behind. Around them were strewn empty gas canisters, and hunched over what I saw recognized as Lawrence's corpse was a dark, grotesque figure.

*"It cuzz you didn't gib me dem British gurl's pregnant belly pics mayne," George Floyd said as he drank the blood of the dead men. He was wearing the blood-stained coat of the captain."Now I gotta get muh oxygen from dem soldiers mayne. Nuttin' else I could do mayne."*

It was at that moment that all three of us realized that George Floyd had killed the captain, then sent the order to go over the top, after which he had released the gas to kill us all off. All three of us, Ronnie included, held him up at rifle point.

With a teary, horrified voice, Ronnie asked him why he would do such a thing to his own countrymen. To this, I remember Floyd replying with the following.

*"You ain't nevah gonna be muh countryman man. Y'all is raycis crackas and dats all y'all muhfuggas will ever be nigguhs."*

Upon hearing this, a furious Charlie opened fire on Floyd. However, he missed because Ronnie shoved him at the last moment, knocking him off target. While the nigger traitor scampered away over the pile of corpses, Ronnie told Charlie that Floyd could not be summarily executed and that what Charlie had just done was attempted murder of another soldier. Ronnie argued and fought with Charlie over the latter's rifle, arguing that there was the faintest chance that Floyd was innocent, and that as a soldier of the crown he required a fair court-martial. All the while I tried to pull them apart, telling them that we were still in danger.

It was this very infighting that would cost Charlie and Ronnie so dearly, for as they struggled over the gun, Floyd fired back. The bullet caught Ronnie square in the chest. I remember the look in his face as he fell, eyes wide open in shock at the fact that the negro that he had placed relentlessly placed his faith in and treated like any other man had repaid his trust with a rifle bullet.

But there was no time to mourn Ronnie now, for Floyd fired again. At first I thought that he had missed, but then saw that it had grazed Charlie's gas mask, destroying it. Charlie began to cough and

scream in agony as the residual gas burned him alive. Floyd was cackling in glee while watching Charlie suffer, as if feeding on the pain of the wounded man.

*"Y'all be muthafuckin' crackas man! Fuck y'all crackas and shit!" I remember Floyd screeching.*

I was cowering in fear at this point, feeling helpless. My friends were dead or injured, and my respirator was beginning to fail. I could feel the gas begin to burn my eyes and throat. I began to weep, thinking that these were my final moments.

But that was when he came. I felt the thudding of boots closeby, then saw a man in uniform leap across corpses and barbed wire with the grace of a red fawn. It was a German corporal, rifle in hand and a gas mask covering his face.

Noticing the corporal, Floyd began firing at him too, shouting about how he would kill all 'crackas'. I thought that Floyd would kill the corporal, but I was proven wrong. Whether it was the pure martial skill of the corporal or the grace of God, the bullets whizzed by without laying a scratch on him. Calmly then, the German corporal brought his Mauser to his shoulder and fired once.

The bullet caught Floyd in the throat, tearing it apart. The turncoat negro crumpled, clenching his neck while his own blood filled up his lungs, suffocating him. He suffered as he died, his last words being a gurgled *"I can't breathe mayne."*

Once he downed the traitorous nigger, the German corporal turned towards Charlie and myself. I shirked away in fear, thinking that he would kill me next. But to my amazement, the masked corporal threw away his rifle and rushed to Charlie. Swiftly, he took a respirator off of one of the dead soldiers and placed it on Charlie. I was awestruck by the mercy and kindness of the German, who up until then I had been told was a savage, a kraut, an enemy who had to be destroyed in the name of king and country. I had been told up until then that Germans would skewer babies on bayonets and eat them, yet right before my eyes there was a German corporal who was risking his life on the battlefield to save a British soldier.

Although I do not speak German and he did not speak English, I understood that he wanted to save Charlie. I pointed towards the red cross on the first aid kit that I was carrying, then towards the direction of the nearest sick bay. He nodded and, together, we carried Charlie there. Once Charlie was safe with the medics, I turned to thank the masked German corporal, but saw that he had already vanished.

That, Mary, is the tale behind my injury and Ronnie's passing. Based upon this experience, I have distilled what I have learned into two lessons.

First, it is that Africans, blacks, negroes, niggers–whatever you wish to refer to them as, cannot be trusted. They will engage in mutiny and violence at the slightest provocation or even no provocation at all, and can cause catastrophic damage if we allow them to. This is not merely because they lack empathy; they actively take pleasure in the suffering of others. This fact remains true even for those negroes which come from crown colonies, and as George Floyd himself put it so aptly, we will never be his countrymen and he will never be ours.

Secondly, it is that this war is a waste of life for all powers involved. I had been lied to, told that the Germans were savages. Yet when Charlie and I were on the verge of death, it was a masked German corporal who not only shot the true savage, but displayed true mercy by helping to save a wounded enemy. While we and the Germans may have separate cultures and separate tongues, I have come to think that there is more that unites than divides us.

Yours truly,

Nathaniel J. P. Gaynes

**Floydoge the Pitbull**

By Toast Man

According to Hinduism, if a human is wicked and evil while living, there is a chance that his or her soul is reincarnated as an animal. This is because, again according to Hindu tradition, animals are of a lower divine order than humans, and reincarnating a soul as an animal serves as punishment to that specific soul. Just two days ago, I would have said that this was complete nonsense with no grounding in reality. However, after a horrifying experience that I had with a particular animal yesterday, I have come to the

conclusion that this spiritual interpretation of the universe may have some basis in truth.

Allow me to introduce myself. While I cannot reveal my real name here, I go by the moniker "Schizo Senpai Shekelstein" online, where I am best known for photoshopping female characters from Japanese cartoons to look like Nazis for the seven hundred or so young White men with Aspergers who follow my telegram channel. I do this because, through the power of memes and anime, I hope to radicalize them into dyed-in-the-wool National Socialists. You may doubt this method of political persuasion, but as a man who gradually came to love Adolf Hitler after seeing edits of Mugi-chan gunning down communists alongside the rest of the band from K-On!, I can personally attest to its effectiveness.

But since this story is about an incident that happened in the real world, I will tell you that my day job is as a local police officer in a small town in the American Midwest. While I did plan on quitting after the Black Lives Matter chimp-outs of 2020, I was convinced to stay on by the chief of police for two reasons. First, the small town where I live is ninety-five percent White, with the remaining five percent being Chinese. There are virtually no niggers or hispanic drug gangs, leaving my community free of nearly violent and property crime because those two groups are responsible for almost all serious crimes in the country. This means that most of my job boils down to handing out parking and speeding tickets. The very most that I have ever had to do was bust a White scene kid for pot, and everybody on the force agreed that all he needed was a stern talking to. And so no jail time or charges were levied against him.

We can afford to be lenient to minor offenders like this in our community because White people are capable of feeling remorse for breaking the law and learning from their mistakes, both of which cannot be said of black thugs or criminal illegals. This respect for the rule of law also holds true for Chinese, albeit this is so because they are natural social conformists who will follow any given set of rules blindly.

Anyway, my story began when the chief announced that we were getting a new police dog. I was overjoyed to hear that since the last dog, a German Shepherd that I had named Fuchsl after a dog that Hitler adopted during his time as a soldier in the Great War, passed away peacefully in his sleep. Even into his senior years, Fuchsl had done everything that police dogs needed to do; he sniffed out drugs, tracked down evidence and had even found a little girl who had gone missing all by himself once.

After my joyous friendship with Fuchsl the German Shepherd, I was very excited for the dog that would be arriving soon. However, that joy quickly soured when I asked the Police Chief what breed our new dog would be.

A pit bull.

We were going to get a pit bull for our next police dog, which immediately gave me great cause for concern. First of all, pit bulls are not a breed fit to be police dogs. Most police dogs are German Shepherds, Bloodhounds, or one of the retriever breeds. Due to their line of work, police dogs must be large and strong while also being highly trainable. While pit bulls would easily fulfill the physical requirements for being a police dog, they were anything but 'highly trainable'.

Pit bulls, from my understanding, were regarded as the canine equivalent of niggers. This is because despite pit bulls only making up 6% of the dog population, they are responsible for 68% of dog related attacks and 52% of human deaths caused by dogs. Between the years 2009 to 2018, pit bulls killed or severely injured 3500 people, many of whom were children. In addition to this staggering track record of rabid violence, pit bulls and pit bull mongrels are anywhere between 19% to 32% of all dogs put up for adoption or taken to dog shelters. And once they are in a shelter, on average they stay there for three times longer than other dog breeds.

For comparison, blacks are 13% percent of the American population but commit anywhere from 50% to 60% of homicides. And yes, I said 60% as a high-end estimate because blacks also under report crime due to their culture of intimidating bystanders, colloquially known as 'snitches get stitches'. They are also responsible for commiting the greatest number of robberies of any race and have a disproportianate rate of rape, and frankly I can't describe all of these heinous acts so just check out Table 43 on the FBI website if you want to get into the real nitty details. As a deserved consequence for these offenses against public order and basic human decency, blacks make up 40% of the prison population in the United States. While this is frankly far too low considering their absurdly high rate of murder, rape, robbery and overall criminality, it is still disproportionate–just like the number of pit bulls kept in shelters.

Another commonality between niggers and pit bulls is that you have associations trying to defend them from meaningful criticism. The most prominent nigger advocacy organizations are Black Lives Matter and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, or the NAACP for short. Both of these were started by Jews and were wielded as sledgehammers against White society, causing massive property damage and many deaths in countless riots across America. Notable pit bull advocacy organizations include Love-A-Bull and the American Pit Bull Foundation, both of which try to promote the idiotic notion that it is the owner, not the breed which causes pit bulls to maul children. This notion of upbringing and social context being the supposed prime determinant for the violent tendencies that a certain population exhibits is shared with niggers, since the Jewish advocates for niggers explain away runaway black violence by saying that it is due to them being socioeconomically disadvantaged.

However, this also is not true. Instead, both niggers and pit bulls are both genetically more likely to commit violence. In the case of pit bulls, pit bulls were selectively bred to be fighters in dog pits, which is also the etymological root of the name 'pit bull'. Niggers on the other hand have been proven to have an IQ of about one to one and a half standard deviations below Whites, or about 85 IQ on average (which fluctuates based upon how much White admixture they have). And for anybody who thinks that IQ tests are bullshit, let me remind you that IQ tests are the most predictively powerful test in regards to life outcomes in humans, so you are objectively wrong on that. Anyway, their inferior cognitive capacity leads to them having lower impulse control and higher time-preference, which not only explains their criminality but also their chronic poverty since IQ and wealth have been demonstrated to be well correlated. Furthermore this lack of any intellectual ability explains their high single motherhood rate, since in recent decades over 70% of all black births have been out of wedlock.

Also, if you aren't satisfied with the quantitative data I have provided for you proving the genetically predetermined cognitive and behavioral disabilities of niggers, there is also hard genetic evidence as well. For example, blacks are known to carry a copy of the MAO-A gene which predisposes them to violence and overall aggression.

There are even more studies and comparisons that I can draw between niggers and pit bulls, but I'm certain that you've gotten the point after the equivalent of a college-level essay (which admittedly isn't a high bar nowadays due to academic standards being lowered for niggers and mentally-ill LGBT types, but you get the point) of scientifically verified, galaxy brain racism demonstrating the parallels between the respective feral variants of humans and dogs.

Distressed, I asked the police chief why we were getting a pit bull instead of a proper police dog. He replied saying that due to the Black Lives Matter protests in 2020 and the anti-police sentiment that was pervasive in politics nowadays, our budget had been slashed. This meant that we had to get our police dogs from dog shelters instead of from a breeder. He then told me, to my even greater distress, that I would be responsible for training the pit bull police dog when it arrived. Let's just say when I went home that day to my cuck-sized apartment looking like I was about to reduce my face to tomato paste with a point blank rifle shot. However, I refrained from doing so because my telegram fans were looking forward to me releasing a series of edits that made Megumin from Konosubarashi Sekai ni Shukufuku Wo! (also known as Konosuba) look like a member of the Iron Guard, so I finished a photoshop of her cuddling with Codreanu and then immediately went to bed.

The next day, I arrived at the police station. I had not gotten good sleep and was on a stimulant cocktail of adderall, Monster Energy Zero Ultra, and UCC coffee with Asuka from Neon Genesis Evangelion on the can that I had directly imported from Japan. I knew that I shouldn't be importing shitty canned coffee from a foreign country and instead should be donating what I could to pro-White and ethno-nationalist organizations that would fight against the Zionist Occupying Government and Black Lives Matter, but I just couldn't resist the temptation to buy merchandise that had fictional Japanese cartoon girls on them.

I was nervous meeting the pit bull because of their aforementioned violent nature, but when I first saw our soon-to-be police dog I couldn't help but burst out laughing. The pit bull was indeed a massive grotesque beast, with bulging muscles hidden underneath it's shit-colored fur. However, when I looked at its face, I couldn't help but be reminded of the criminal nigger George Floyd. I'm not kidding when I say that the pit bull and George Floyd looked exactly alike; they both had a nose that looked like a butternut squash with two holes in it as well as the mushy brown lips and, to top it all off, the eyes that lacked any semblance of intelligence.

However, my giggling was quickly silenced when I was reminded by the police chief that I was in charge of training the creature. I protested, saying that I was not qualified to train the dog (which I wasn't, I only had experience working with dogs that were already trained) but the police chief told me that I had no choice because we didn't have the budget for proper training anymore. Sighing, I asked the police chief if the dog had a name, to which he replied that it had none. Hearing this fact, I decided that I would name the pit bull "Floydoge" because he looked so much like George Floyd and the name was a mash-up of Floyd and Doge.

Once I finished filling out the paperwork for Floydoge, I hauled him outside of the station in his cage. I held my breath as I opened his cage, and as soon as I did Floydoge burst out at great speed. He was certainly fast and powerful as all pit bulls are, that could be said for certain. I let Floydoge explore his new surroundings for a few minutes, then decided that I should start by training him to respond to his new name, so I began calling for him to come to me.

"Floydoge! Come here Floydoge!" I yelled. "Here Floydoge!"

To my surprise, Floydoge the pit bull came as soon as I called him, as if he already knew his name. At this point I thought that it was a miracle; a pit bull that was not only trainable, but was smart enough to instantly know its own name–I am ashamed at how wrong this judgment would turn out to be later on.

Thinking that Floydoge was smarter than other dogs, I decided that we could get to more advanced training immediately. Now as I said earlier, police dogs are trained to do two major jobs: sniffing out drugs and searching for missing persons. I decided that we could start with the first one, so I took out the small samples of drugs that we used to train dogs.

I decided to start with marijuana since that was the most common drug in my town. For training, I hid the marijuana within the tires of the fake car that we used to stage speeding and DUI situations. To my amazement, I saw that Floydoge was immediately able to suss out where the pot was. I was about to call him a good boy and give him a doggy treat for his hard work, but that was when he began to tear open the tire with his teeth and eat the sample of marijuana. I rushed to try and stop him but I was too late–he swallowed the entire bag.

In a panic, I began to dial the animal hospital and told them that Floydoge would need his stomach pumped because he had consumed poisonous materials, but as I watched the pit bull I saw that he looked fine. Sure, he looked a little zoned out from the pot, but Floydoge was anything but dying from having eaten up a bunch of marijuana. Seeing him acting fine made me tell the animal hospital that it was no big deal and hang up on them since having them see Floydoge for a check-up would cost the department anywhere upwards of 200 dollars, and we needed to save on money.

Once that little fiasco was finished, I decided to continue with training Floydoge. I guess at this point I should describe a bit of what Floydoge's behavior was like, since in retrospect I should have noticed all the red flags that were popping up around that pit bull. Floydoge was, as I mentioned earlier, a humongous pit bull that had a face that resembled George Floyd. However, that was not the only point of commonality between Floydoge and George Floyd. Floydoge was a skittish dog who always seemed on edge. Instead of sitting down and staying still like other dogs, he constantly leaned from side to side and did movements that closely resembled the dance that George Floyd did on camera with a banana in hand inside of Cup Foods moments prior to his deserved death. There was this constant, pervasive atmosphere of aggression about him; it was like standing around an unexploded bomb. Although I have never lived near niggers, I imagined this constant need to be alert around them was a close approximation of the feeling that the unfortunate White people had to dwell in proximity to them felt on a daily basis.

For the next drugs that I decided to train Floydoge on, I chose fentanyl and crystal meth. I chose these out of a feeling of personal amusement since George Floyd had overdosed on the drugs and killed himself with them. If you do not know, fentanyl is a synthetic opioid and is known as a depressant or a downer. On the other hand crystal meth is a powerful stimulant, or upper. So if you combine the two and overdose on them both at the same time, your body is going to be torn apart by receiving chemical signals to be both hyper alert and very relaxed at the same time.

I soon came to realize that this was a critical mistake.

I hid the fentanyl and crystal meth inside of a house that we used to train for the rare home invader response situations, but as soon as I was finished I saw that Floydoge was rushing to the place where I had hidden the drugs and was starting to eat them. Now you see, fentanyl and meth are very powerful even in the smallest of doses so I thought that consuming them would instantly kill Floydoge, but instead of dying he just stood there. I rushed to try and make him spit out the drugs, but he dodged away.

There was this odd look on the pit bull's face now, a face of stark realization that I think I have never seen before on a dog. Looking back, I think I know what it was. You see, according to certain religions where people are reincarnated, people sometimes experience memories from their past lives when they come into contact with something that was important to them in said past life. I think that, by exposing Floydoge to fentanyl and meth–both drugs that were incredibly important to him when he was a human because George Floyd was a criminal nigger–he saw the memories. The memories of when he was a nigger, not a pit bull.

It was at that moment that Floydoge began sprinting away from me and the police station. I shouted at him to come back to me and when he didn't I ran after him, but the boost that the drugs were giving him was too powerful and he was soon out of sight. Knowing that I couldn't let a pit bull hyped up narcotics run amuck in town, I got into my cop car and began driving after him. I searched and searched for him, but he was nowhere to be found. After nearly an hour of looking for him I was about to give up, but that was when I heard the radio crackle to life.

"Officers, reports of a pregnant woman being attacked by a rabid dog. She is in critical condition. Please respond immediately; the address where the incident took place is 109 Exodus Avenue."

I felt my heart skip a beat as I heard that. I could immediately tell that it was Floydoge that committed the attack. I also knew that if the department discovered that the pit bull that attacked the pregnant woman was supposed to be under my supervision, they would most certainly have my badge and, more importantly than that, discharge me without me getting my cushy police pension and healthcare.

In a hurry, I drove to 109 Exodus Avenue. When I arrived at the scene, I saw that the EMTs were busy lifting the pregnant woman into an ambulance on a stretcher. I walked over to speak with one of them, a guy named Alex with a shiny bald head and pierced earlobes so massive that they reminded me of the Buddha. I asked Alex for details about the attack.

"The dog bit her across the neck and crushed her windpipe. It was as if it were trying to suffocate her," Alex replied. "Thankfully, I think she and her baby will survive due to my White paramedic skills. As for the dog itself, I saw it running in the direction of one of the Asian neighborhoods."

I thanked Alex for the information, then drove off in search of Floydoge. While I was driving, I heard another report of a pregnant woman being attacked by a pit bull over the radio. Grimacing, I turned on my police sirens and sped towards the site of the attack. I saw that it was indeed in the Asian part of town, as there was an all-you-can-eat Chinese buffet attached to the apartment complex in a blatant violation of zoning regulations.

I got out of the car with my glock in hand and proceeded cautiously, looking for any signs of struggle. I shirked back in fright as I saw splotches of blood on the pavement, but kept on moving forward following the trail of gore until I saw a horrible sight. It was Floydoge with his jaws clamped around a pregnant woman's neck, squeezing the life out of her. But it wasn't just the sight of the gore and the blood that struck me with fear. Floydoge looked different. He looked even more like George Floyd than he ever had before, and upon noticing me he looked up and, to my horror and surprise, began to speak.

"Aw shit mayne, it be muh officer and shit. How ya doin' officer?" Floydoge said, blood dripping from his maw. His voice was one-third human, one-third chimpanzee, and one-third pit bull bark. "Thank ya for yo fentanyl and meth mayne. You be da nicest cracka evah for gibin a nigguh summa dat good shit mayne. Helped me remember who I was mayne."

I held my gun up at him, but all Floydoge did was grin. "Mayne you can't shoot me nigguh. Not with dis pregnant bitch next to me muhfugga." he then looked back down at her. "When I get de oxygen from dese here bitches mayne, I remember who I was cracka. I get dem flashbacks back to when I was a real nigga. A real one."

I knew that he was right and that I couldn't shoot, which meant that all I could do was watch as the pregnant woman bled to death in front of me. But that was when something close to a miracle happened.

From behind me, I heard a voice. "Is datto a doggu?"

It was the owner of the Chinese buffet. He was middle aged with slits for eyes, beaver-like teeth and yellow skin. He had a pair of chopsticks in one hand and a traditional Chinese kitchen knife in the other. He was backed up by three other Chinese men who looked just like him but were carrying other kitchen appliances.

"Itto izu a doggu!" the first Chinese man said to the other Chinese men. They then began to salivate all at once, as if they were connected to some sort of hivemind which controlled their reflexes on a collective basis.

Without hesitation, the four Chinese men charged at Floydoge. Floydoge, surprised by the new assailants, scampered away from the pregnant woman, which in turn gave me time to run up to her and perform first aid. As I stemmed the bleeding, I watched the Chinese men fight–or should I say hunt–Floydoge.

Floydoge tried to jump forward and bite them on the necks. "I'll steal y'all ching chong's air!" Floydoge screamed. But it was no use because the Chinese, with their Kung Fu, Weng Chung, and other miscellaneous martial arts, were too fast for him to land a hit on. They in turn hacked away at him with machetes and swords and spears until, finally, they caught him in the leg.

As Floydoge tumbled to the ground, squealing as blood gushed from his leg, the Chinese buffet owner went inside his buffet restaurant. After a few minutes, he brought out a massive cooking pot and a stove to match. He then had the other Chinese men boil water in the pot while he began to practice his country's traditional culinary art on Floydoge.

First, he used a hammer typically used to crack open crab shells to knock out all of Floydoge's teeth to prevent the pit bull from biting him. After that, he took out a skinning knife and began to remove Floydoge's pelt. And yes, I am not exaggerating when I say that the mainland Chinese do this to dogs without euthanizing them or stunning them first. There is ample video and photographic evidence from the annual Lychee and Dog Meat Festival held in the city of Yulin in the province of Guangxi that Chinese people do this to dogs.

Even I felt a little sorry for Floydoge as he screamed in agony as the Chinese buffet owner skinned alive, then covered his exposed flesh in spicy oil and salt. They then threw Floydoge into the boiling pot of water and covered it with a lid, where he was slowly but surely cooked to death.

I could hear him shouting from inside. "Ah shit nigguh there be too much water vapor in here and mayne I can't breathe the oxygen mayne I can't breathe! Mamaaaaaa!" Floydoge kept shrieking that until he finally fell silent.

After thirty minutes of boiling him, they took out Floydoge's now thoroughly cooked corpse. The Chinese buffet owner then took the cooked dog meat inside, where it would be enjoyed as a delicacy among my town's Chinese population. Although it is disgusting that they ate Floydoge, this also conveniently got rid of the evidence necessary to hold me personally accountable for the dog attacks, so I got to keep my job.

Anyway, if there's anything to take away from this story, this is what they are. Nigger and pit bulls are alike in that they are violent without reason or restraint, and that it is completely possible that every pit bull is in fact a nigger's soul reincarnated as a dog because of their past lives as criminals and degenerates. Therefore, if you think that niggers are menace to society, you should not only not get a pit bull as a pet, but should be actively campaigning to have pit bulls banned as a legal breed in the United States. The second moral is that if you have a dog, you should not let Chinese people near them because they will cook them alive and then eat them. This cultural fact about the Chinese should teach you that, while Asians and White people may have similar IQs, they are not the same because we do not think of dogs as food and are naturally horrified by how the Chinese torture them then eat them.

**Keep Your George Floyd Toy Away From Other Plushies**

By Jordan Cleeman

You may have all seen the movie Toy Story. You know, the Disney animation that takes place in a world where toys come to life whenever nobody is there to observe them. Apparently, a lot of people in

their childhood thought the concept may be a real thing, since it is not possible to know for sure empirically, as the toys will try to revert to their original position when their owner walks back in the room. As we grow older, the possibility of this would seem less plausible. I am no exception to that rule. However, a very recent experience of mine makes me question this, and I can no longer look at toys the same way again.

I am a man who does toy unboxing videos on youtube. At one million subscribers, I make enough to support my class-A condo, with a private swimming pool. As much money as I make from it, doing these unboxing videos takes very little skill and brain power. That is, a career that even niggers can have a chance to do well in. But I don't do it for the challenge anyway, since I am occupied by more entertaining hobbies that don't earn me quite as much. I one hundred percent do it just for the money.

One day, I was on the internet looking hard to buy a unique toy to unbox. I haven't uploaded a video for a month since then, because no interesting toys were released lately. Now, you probably would have guessed by now that I hadn't unboxed any ***based*** or racist toys thus far, from looking at my number of subscribers, as racist youtubers tend to get banned by the Jew youtube owners, before reaching a seven digit subscriber count. Well you are correct, and I was getting very eager to make a new video, so I decided to try something new this time. I was as high as a kite, so I randomly googled, "George Floyd toys".

Keep in mind, I hadn't heard of the George Floyd toy at the time, so I was surprised to come across this website called GeorgeFloydToys.com. On the site, I found a variety of George Floyd related stress objects being sold, such as the George Floyd plush, the George Floyd pillow, the Among Us Toys, the Derek Chauvin plush, the Ronnie McNutt plush, and low and behold, the five hundred dollar life-size George Floyd plush. I was mostly here for the George Floyd themed toys, so I decided to take a look at the standard George Floyd toy first. It looked freaking hilarious. Its head was shaped in a way that looked like Humpty Dumpty was an egg laid by a chicken through its digestive tracts, resulting in a poop colored egg. The George Floyd toy's lips looks like the pussy of a four hundred pound obese nigress. I laughed so hard at its appearance that I almost broke my desk from punching it too hard. I knew that this is the kind of toy to gain a lot of traction in an unboxing video. Its price was fifty dollars. It may seem like a lot for many, but since I am a famous YouTuber who never swore in a video before, it was like pocket change to me. I easily paid for it and waited through the oddly long three week delivery time.

Twenty days later, I received the package at last. But I wasn't supposed to open it quite immediately. Not until I begin recording the video of course. I fired up my computer, and then removed the tape off my web camera that I use to prevent feds from finding me.

"Hello YouTube, EpicToyUnboxes is back with a brand new video," I began narrating. "Today is a special episode. This package right here contains a very interesting toy that I am very excited to show you all."

I started poking the knife at the opaque bag, and punctured a hole through it, revealing the jean textured leg of the George Floyd toy.

"This right here ladies and gentlemen, is the George Floyd toy."

I used my fingers to further expand the hole until the entire George Floyd plush was in full view. Honestly, I was quite impressed by its size because its pictures on the internet didn't do it justice. As I pulled it out of the bag, I could see the foam protruding through the fabric since it was so tightly packed. Its seemingly fragile skinny legs dangled. I was trying my very best not to make a racist joke to avoid getting demonetized, even though I absolutely hate niggers.

Because of this, I was silent for the rest of the unboxing video, and I didn't have anything else to say. After all, it was just an anti stress doll that was designed to look like a low poly George Floyd. Hard to say anything without referencing the, "I can't breathe!" meme. Even squeezing it would have probably gotten the video taken down. All I did was spend a few minutes showcasing it in front of the camera from various angles, until I got bored and stopped recording.

After I was done uploading the video to youtube, I tossed the George Floyd toy into this cabinet, where I keep all the plushies from my previous unboxing videos. So far, the only stuffed toys I reviewed were characters from the Spongebob Squarepants show. Patrick Star, Eugene Krabs, Squidward, Sandy Cheeks, and Spongebob. It essentially became this closet containing a pile of Spongebob character

plushies, along with that one George Floyd toy.

I tend to get very sleepy after filming videos, so I decided to take a quick power nap. Whenever I'd nap during the day, I'd put on a creepypasta narrator by the YouTuber Mr. Creeps. His voice is very soothing, which tremendously helped with my insomnia problem that I had a while ago. I put on the spooky story through my earbuds, and dozed off to sleep.

After what had felt like a few minutes into my nap, I was awoken by this peculiar muffled voice. I thought it was just a figment from my recent dream, so I just brushed it off. However, When I tried to go back into my slumber, I continued to hear it. The voice was extremely cartoonish, almost like Tom Kenny's Spongebob voice. Hell, it was exactly like Tom Kenny's voice. It seemed to be coming from the closet where I placed the George Floyd toy in with the Bikini Bottom characters. I wasn't able to decipher exactly what the voice was saying, but it sort of resembled a cry for help. I thought I was just crazy for imagining such a thing, so I got off my bed to confirm. But when I stepped closer to the closet, the voice was getting louder and louder. And it was at this point I was able to decode the words of the Spongebob-like voice.

"Get away from us you dirty nigger," was what I heard.

Following that, I heard a high pitched scream that sounded like it was coming from Sandy. My heart skipped a beat. *What the fuck was this all bout?* I thought. There was no way the plushies were speaking. Hell, I've been mass collecting toys for the past decade and yet, I hadn't observed evidence of living toys prior to this.

Either way, I was too afraid to open the closet. I was very uncertain about what would happen if the toys acknowledged my awareness of them. I had a feeling it wouldn't be something pleasant to see. It was the same feeling as not wanting to see my report card after writing a super tough exam in high school. To be extra safe, I dragged my nightstand right in front of the closet to prevent it from being able to open.

Even then, the shit I was hearing was starting to drive me insane, so I decided to leave the house and have a walk outside to cleanse my mind. It helped a ton, and I managed to forget about it during the course of it. However, my walk came to an end when I received a phone call from my next door neighbor. I answered, hoping something didn't go bad at home.

"Hello, is there something going on over there? I've been hearing screams from your house for the past two hours."

After hearing that, a chill went down my spine. Something had to have escalated if the sounds were now audible from outside. I was too distracted by the fact to even respond to my neighbor at all, so I just hung up and dashed back home. My adrenaline gave me the burst of courage to see what the hell was really going on behind the closet. I dragged the nightstand a meter away from it, and then did what I never thought I was ever going to do. I peeked in, and saw a sight that I was not able to comprehend for a few seconds.

My Spongebob, Patrick, Mr. Krabs, and Squidward stuffed toys were completely destroyed. All of them had a hole in their stomach region, with their stuffing leaking out. But I then noticed a very interesting detail. Neither the Sandy Cheeks plush nor the George Floyd Toy were nowhere to be seen. That confirmed my suspicion that those toys really did come to life. But I was dying to find out where those two buggers went. That was when I heard this clapping sound. It was coming from above my head. I looked up and I did in fact find them.

Except it was in a manner far more obscene than I was expecting. The George Floyd Toy was full on raping the Sandy Cheeks plush, looking like he was having the time of his life. And before you ask me how the George Floyd toy magically grew a dick, I don't even know. I was in shock and felt sick from seeing it, even as a man who watches gore all the time.

"Dayum squirrel bitch, there is a reason why dey call you cheeks," the George Floyd toy whispered to the Sandy cheeks plush.

I was so dumbfounded that I froze in place. I had a fear that the George Floyd toy would be able to kill me if I intervened, despite his small size. Eventually, he nutted in the Sandy Cheeks plush.

"You hoo hoo, dat was some good squirrel pussy right there main," he said.

I was done at this point. I grabbed the George Floyd toy by the neck and squeezed him so hard that his head exploded, and all of the foam stuffing flew across the room. It looked like how the Ronnie McNutt toy should be played with. But I was relieved that the George Floyd toy was finally destroyed. I became very sleepy from this ordeal, so I jumped into bed. I relaxed, thinking it was all over. However, I was wrong. Just when I thought things couldn't get any worse than that, what happened the next morning was multitudes more nasty.

I woke up to the rough sound of fabric tearing, coming from inside the closet. What is going on this time?, I mumbled to myself. Hesitantly, I opened the closet once again, and saw the Sandy plush laying down, with an enlarged belly. It was pregnant. The George Floyd toy impregnated it. But that wasn't my biggest concern. My mind was on what the fuck was inside the pregnant Sandy Cheeks plush.

Whatever it was, it was trying to escape, ripping the fabric of the already semi-mutilated squirrel toy. I grew anxious, so I chose to speed up the process to discover what the thing was. I assisted the so-called fetus by ripping the belly of the Sandy cheeks plush myself. The moment I did that, this small mammalian organism jetted itself into my face and began clawing me.

It hurt like hell, so I ripped it off even while it still had its nails dug into my face skin. When it hit the floor, I had a good look at it. At first glance, it looked like any ordinary squirrel that you'd see in your backyard every once in a while, except it had the face of George Floyd. It was a George Floyd chipmunk.

"I need them fentanyl acorns mommy," it said, as it looked up at the now deceased Sandy Cheeks plush.

I couldn't tolerate any more George Floyd-related bullshit any longer, so I grabbed it and put it back inside the Sandy Cheeks plush and sewed the hole back closed.

"Sheet, I can't breathe in here," the George Floyd chipmunk said in a voice that sounded lie Theodore from Alvin and the Chipmunk, but if Theodore were raised by a nigger instead of Dave.

I had no idea what to do with the abomination in my hand, so I just gave it to one of the homeless pajeet families that come knocking on my door for spare change and pics of my girlfriend's bob and vagenes.

Moral of the story, if you ever buy the George Floyd toy, do not leave it unattended with your other toys, or else it will destroy them. That is because niggers are violent, even when they are in the form of a seemingly inanimate toy.

**George Floyd Is XI Jinping**

By SaintUnwardEnjoyer

Hello, if you are reading this, then just know that I am probably dead or being held captive. The reason for this is I am about to release extremely classified documents that will reveal a massive global conspiracy, so complex and secretive that not even the Jews know about it. I will try to explain my story as best as I can before I am inevitably killed.

Anyways, I am the US ambassador to China. I have been working in Beijing for about 3 years now. I have met the Chink president of China, Xi Jinping, many times, but ever since my first meeting with him, things seemed very strange. He looks and acts very differently in person than on TV. As you already may know, Xi Jinping has a fat, nigger-like nose, and a stretched out face, which makes him look very similar Winnie-the-Pooh. This is how he looks on images and TV, but in person, his niggish facial features are much more pronounced, and I have found that he does in fact, speak English.

But, whenever he spoke to me in English, it was not just broken. He spoke in inaudible nigger ebonics, and, the worst part is that he always insisted on speaking English every meeting. I dreaded every meeting with him, it was like picking up an average American nigger off of the streets and trying to have a conversation with it. Once, during an important meeting with Xi regarding Chinese territories, he began to chimp out, screaming like a monkey. He asked for bananas and fentanyl.

To me, these random chimpouts during our meetings were a common occurrence, but the strange thing about this chimpout was his request for fentanyl. The drug infamously used by niggers. It was after this meeting that I started to wonder, *Is Xi Jinping a nigger? Or at least a chink-negroid hybrid?*

My mind began to race with questions, so I decided to begin searching for answers. I had a meeting in Xi's office the week after, and I used that opportunity to come up with a plan. I was going to interrupt Xi's nigger babble and tell him that there was a banana truck crash outside and to get there before all the bananas were gone.

After one week, the meeting began. The plan worked perfectly, Xi immediately sprinted out of the office after hearing about the crashed banana truck. I knew that I only had a brief amount of time, so I got up out of my chair and searched his desk. I found some folders with the words 'CLASSIFIED' stamped across the front. I stuffed them in my briefcase alongside some other papers inside. When Xi returned, I had to thoroughly apologize and explain that the banana truck must have crashed on another street.

“Ooh ooh ah ah how dare you lie to the Supreme leader stupid ass cracka, I'm takin' away your social credit points ‘n sheeeeit.” he said as he cancelled the rest of the meeting and had me escorted out of the building.

When I got back to my apartment, I immediately opened my briefcase and began reading the classified documents. I knew that the consequence for reading these documents would be death, but my curiosity got the better of me and I continued reading.

What I discovered absolutely blew my mind. George Floyd, that monkey nigger that resisted arrest and died from a fentanyl overdose in Minneapolis a couple years ago, was not the only George Floyd. Many may not believe what I am about to write, but I assure all readers that this is the ultimate truth. There is a massive global George Floyd cult, which involves the worship and complete devotion to George Floyd. Once a member has proven themselves loyal to the nig-cult, they are transformed into George Floyd in an agonizing metamorphosis. This cult is extremely powerful and exerts its influence onto every nation and controls every elite. This cult controls even the Jews and all of their cults as well.

You may be asking: *'Why would anyone want to become a dumb nigger like George Floyd?'* Well, once a member has completed their transformation into George Floyd, they are given superhuman strength and the ability to live forever as long as they regularly consume fentanyl.

George Floyds who don't consume fentanyl for a long period of time become irritable and unable to think straight and eventually end up suffocating to death. This is exactly what happened to the George Floyd who died in Minneapolis. After his death, the cult went into panic mode, and all George Floyds in the cult had to wear disguises and manipulate the news to make themselves look completely different. This is why almost nobody knows about the George Floyd cult.

Anyways, after I finished reading the main document, I found out that the cult is having big problems that threaten the entire organization. A global fentanyl shortage. The cult has begun a complete lockdown on new members, and completely stopped global sales of fentanyl. This is the real reason niggers went apeshit and rioted in 2020–there was no more fentanyl. It is a well known fact that niggers are retarded and use drugs so much that their already low IQs are lowered to the mid 50s. One of the most popular drugs amongst niggers is fentanyl.

The fentanyl shortage is beginning to get worse, and soon, it will stir up a massive, global chimpout the likes of which the world has never seen. After reading another file I realized that there was a little black chip attached to the document, it was a tracking device. I began to panic, and started packing my bags.

But it was too late, a squad of chink police officers kicked in my door, and before I could react, beat me with batons, knocking me out. When I woke up, I found myself in a dark, filthy, concrete room with only a large metal door and a picture of George Floyd with angel wings and a halo hanging on the wall.

After a few hours, the door slammed open and in walked Xiorge Jinfloyd, surrounded by around 10 chink body guards. The guards stood me up and put me face to face with Xiorge. He began shouting at me, saying, “Ooh ooh ching chong nigga muh fuggin wite boi tryna steal my filez n sheeeit, I’m funna steal ur air cracka ass bitch.”

Xi then walked out of the room with five of his guards, the other five rolled a large machine into the room, and began unrolling a tube. I noticed a label on the side that said, “Air 2 Fentanyl-o-matic 9000.” This machine was going to take the air from my lungs and convert it to fentanyl. I had to get out of here before they suffocated me to death.

Thankfully, since I'm a 6'5 racist Chad, I easily overpowered the weak chink guards, took one of their guns and ran out the concrete chamber. Apparently some other guards noticed the commotion and ran to the room, and an alarm was activated. Now I had one mission: To kill Xiorge Jinfloyd. I turned a corner searching for his room, and caught the attention of some guards.

I put the rifle to my shoulder and pulled the trigger, but the cheap Chinese piece of shit rifle didn't work, and I took a shot to the shoulder, and another shot that grazed my ear. I took cover behind a wall and ambushed them, easily overpowering the entire squad of weak chinks and picked up one of their rifles, hoping that this one would actually fire. I ran down the hall and began to hear faint monkey screams over the blaring alarm.

I followed the screams as they became louder and louder. I turned and found a broom closet where the monkey screams were emanating from. I kicked open the door and saw Xiorge Jinfloyd in the corner kicking and screaming like a baboon. I began to raise my rifle and aim it at him.

“Ooh ooh ahh ahh shiet mayn please dont kill me mayn,” he yelled.

Tired of listening to his incoherent pleas, I fired twice, hitting him in both his lungs.

“Ahh shieet mayn you shot my lungs. I can’t breathe!” he then lunged at me, knocking me over and pinning me on the floor. I aimed my rifle at his stomach and unloaded the entire magazine into his abdomen. The fat nigger-chink fell on his back, slamming onto the floor, making the whole building shake.

I quickly got up and ran through the fire exit out of the facility. I managed to evade the chink police and escaped into the wilderness. I have heard that Xiorge Jinfloyd survived after receiving new lungs, probably from some muzzie Uighur in their concentration camps. Shortly after his lung transplant, Xiorge Jinfloyd ordered the entire country on lockdown and a massive search for me began.

I knew that I couldn't hide in the forests for too long because forests in China are tiny, due to chinks being retarded and cutting down most of the trees. I decided to try and sneak back into the main city area and make it into the sewers. I knew that even if I made it out of China, I wouldn't last long, as the George Floyd cult would easily track me down. I put on my jacket hood and tried to cover myself up so that I wouldn't be recognized. I walked for what felt like hours until I got into view of the city. I began walking on the sidewalk, but I started becoming very nervous. Not that I was being followed or anything, but that im walking on the streets of China, and, as everyone knows, chinks are even worse drivers than niggers, and the streets for that reason are extremely dangerous. I kept walking until I found a manhole, and crawled inside.

My God the smell, it smelled like a bunch of rotting nigger carcasses down here. I knew that I couldn't bear to live down here for long. I thought of getting a shotgun and Ronnie McNutting myself. Or just waiting on the street until I inevitably get run over or crushed by a building. I decided to explore the sewer, maybe there was a part of it that didn't smell like nigger body-odor. I descended deeper into the system until I found a strange sign with almost unreadable handwriting that said “No niggas may go further unless u loyal to george floyd n sheeeit.”

*I must have accidentally gotten close to their lair,* I thought. I decided that, since I have nothing to lose, I may as well search for their base. I continued going further, following a trail of warning signs written in the same manner of unreadable nigger handwriting,Imust be getting closer, I thought to myself. The further I went, the stranger things got. I began seeing strange symbols on the walls, and portraits of George Floyd’s fat nigger face. As I descended further, it also became much harder to breathe, every breath I took began to hurt me. It felt like my lungs were starting to shrink, and I started to feel extreme fatigue.

I then fainted. When I woke up,Ifound myself bound to a chair, and, all I could see was a massive bell-pepper nose and fat nigger lips in my face. It was Xiorge Jinfloyd. There also appeared to be a dozen more George Floyds draped in dark robes behind him. I noticed that all of the George Floyds had bright red eyes that penetrated the darkness to gaze upon me.

My heart sank, I could not imagine what brutal endIwould meet at the behest of these nigger cultists. Xiorge Jinfloyd then began speaking loudly. “Ooga booga ching chong, this cracka ass nigga tryna reveal our secret plans, let’s steal his air."

One of the nigger cultists began to walk foward, carrying an Air 2 Fentanyl-o-matic 9000.

*Holy shit, I have to escape before they steal all of my air,* I thought. I began to vigorously shake in my seat, loosening the rusty shackles that bound my hands. I managed to get one hand free, and immediately grabbed Xiorge Jinfloyd's fat nigger nose, and squeezed as hard as I could.

"Ahh shieet mayn, let go of my nose please, I can't breathe," Xiorge yelled.

I managed to break my other hand free and grab Xiorge Jinfloyd's leg, then using my extremely powerful racist energy, lifted him up over my head and slammed him into a group of the George Floyd cultists. I picked up the Air 2 Fentanyl-o-matic 9000 and stuck the tube down Xiorge Jinfloyd's throat, and turned it on.

"Shieet mayn, please turn that off, I can't breathe," he yelled as all of his oxygen was sucked from his lungs and converted into pure fentanyl.

"Why you kill our leader main? I'm funna get outa here," one of the cultists said. I took advantage of their panic and bolted out of the room to the nearest door I could see. I opened a door and found a metal ladder that went up. I climbed up, and unlocked a metal hatch that led to the surface. When I finally climbed out, I found that I was in another forest, and decided to hide amongst the trees again.

I am currently hiding in an undisclosed location, writing this on my phone. As a warning for anyone reading this, pay close attention to famous celebrities or politicians. They might actually be George Floyd.

**George Floyd Caused the Extinction of the Dinosaurs**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Pornelius. I work at the university of Tomasso, as a researcher in the paleontology department. We study not only the fossils of ancient creatures, but also the cretaceous paleogene extinction event. That is, the crisis that ultimately caused the downfall of the Dinosaurs. The general public believes this was caused by an asteroid that hit the earth, since there is apparently evidence that suggests this. However, this is not the case at all. In fact, not even close. I know what truly ended the dinosaurs.

You see, we have a super advanced research facility that is miles ahead of every other when it comes to human resources and technology. With our superior technical skills as a whole, we are advanced enough to time travel and engineer flying vehicles that are capable of travelling at hypersonic speeds. Of course, because we are so much ahead technology wise, we have to hide under the radar in order to avoid getting questioned by the Jew government. The thing is, in this cucked liberal country, it is mandatory for corporations to hire employees regardless of their race. We only hire applicants who aren't niggers, at least for the higher positions. We only accept them for janitorial positions and other mundane jobs that don't require intricate cognitive ability. This is the reason why we are so technologically advanced. We are likely the only research firm that filters out niggers out of our workplace. Anyways, I am getting out of topic, so I will go onto the story.

About a month ago, we went on this trip to explore the Chicxulub crater, which was the location in the Gulf of Mexico where the supposed asteroid wiped out the Dinosaurs. We used one of our super mining drills to dig through the crater, hoping to find any evidence that could further argue that this very asteroid was really the cause of it. The mining drill in question is essentially this heavily armored vehicle that can dig through solid rock, at the speed of a bullet train. This enables us to explore the depths of the crater in a far more efficient manner than traditional methods. Eventually, we came across this extremely wide pocket of space between the surface of the crater and the mantle layer of the earth. It was an unexplored region. The reason this specific area exists is that the Chicxulub crater used to be much deeper than it is now. Over the millions of years it existed, layers upon layers of soil piled on it, which significantly skewed the actual depth of the crater. Therefore, the actual crater itself is as a matter of fact, underground. We collected a few rock samples, and then headed back to the University of Tomasso campus for analysis.

Once we arrived back, we studied the most important characteristics of the rock samples. Their age. We used radiometric dating to examine the proportion of their isotopes, and concluded that they were four to five thousand years old. That came off as a surprise to us, because the dinosaurs went extinct sixty five million years ago. The rocks were far too new to indicate that. It was major evidence that could suggest that the asteroid may have not been the real cause of the dinosaur extinction.

The news quickly spread across the department, leaving all the scientists confused. It was strong enough proof that it far outweighed every other piece of evidence that supports the asteroid theory. Accordingly, the director of the paleontology department, Doctor Goldthorpe, assigned a team of three to time travel to the past to see what actually killed off all the dinosaurs. Because I was one of the smartest ones in the department, I was chosen to be a part of the team, along with two other fellow researchers, Tucker and Colton. We were soon escorted into a room called the time converter. The time converter is a large time machine in disguise of a large lecture room that houses a complex group of controls which we use to travel to the past. It is a large number pad that enables us to dial the number of years into the past that we would like to travel to.

We set the value to a moment shortly before the sixty five million years into the past, the window of time being a few hundred years. We then launched the time converter. After a split second, the room filled with steam and the lights completely shut off to help preserve power during the journey. I felt a strong gust of wind blow my hair back, as we travelled at the speed of light. After a few hours, it began to slow down as we inched closer to the sixty five million year mark.

The time converter eventually stopped, indicating we were finally at our destination. The door which was originally the way to the University of Tomasso slowly opened automatically, unfolding to a vast natural scenery. Tucker, Colton, and I put on our gas masks and equipped our hazard suits as we exited the time machine. The reason we need to gear up so much is that the oxygen levels in the prehistoric times are fifty percent higher than present day oxygen levels, and modern humans aren't adapted to breathing this kind of air.

"Well guys, we finally made it!" Colton exclaimed.

"It's beautiful here," I said, as I pulled out my camera and snapped a few photos.

Looking around, I noticed hundreds of plant species that don't even exist today. Aside from our main task of finding out the demise of the dinosaurs, I thought this was going to be a rather fun trip. We hiked this specific point of interest, observing everything we could. We paid attention to even the smallest things, as those could be a possible contribution to the extinction event.

Secretly, the only thing in my mind was the opportunity to see a dinosaur for the very first time, since I've never been picked to be a part of a time travel expedition to the prehistoric age prior to this.

After half an hour of our travels, Tucker beamed in excitement and pointed to our right.

"Holy shit, I see dinosaurs!" he said.

Colton and I looked to where Tucker pointed at. I saw a horde of these large duck billed Dinosaurs. They were parasaurs. The pack was right by a lake, drinking the water. Of course, I instantly whipped up my camera and took as many photos as I could, making sure the flash was off to make sure I didn't scare them off. With my paleontology expertise, I was able to tell which one of them were male and female. Out of the pack of four, I deciphered that three of them were male and the remaining one was female, judging by the shape of their crests. I studied the female closer. It had an enlarged belly.

"Hey, this one appears to be pregnant!" I pointed out.

Tucker, Colton, and I were nothing short of amazed. Not only were we looking at dinosaurs for the very first time, we even got to see one in gestation. In addition to that, it was very refreshing to see nature untouched. The absence of industrial buildings.

We were half distracted by this aesthetic view, when we heard this super loud call that came from somewhere nearby.

"Ooga booga!"

It startled us and we instinctively looked around to try to see where exactly the call came from. Whatever it was, it sounded like it came from a predatory creature of some sort. Not a large one, but perhaps one quick on its toes. A few seconds passed and we heard the call again.

"Oh oh Eh eh ooga booga Ah Ah!"

It now sounded closer, and the now clearer call indicated it was emitted by an ape-like animal. We knew that apes in this age are usually more dangerous than the modern ones, so we ducked down to make ourselves harder to see just in case. All of a sudden, I noticed that the vegetation across us shook in a way

that no wind could replicate.

"There's something there," I whispered.

As a little bit of time passed, the sound grew until we saw a group of humanoid figures emerge from the woods. All of them exhibited dark brown skin and stood at a height of six foot five. They all wore coats made of animal fur and each of them held clubs of rock in their large hands. The typical caveman look. But then, I noticed their insanely large noses and lips.

Now, I know cavemen did have rather large noses, but the primates I was looking at possessed noses far larger than all the caveman species we studied so far. Almost incomprehensibly large. The Homo Troglodytes, Homo Erectus, and Neanderthals all didn't have noses nearly that large. That, along with their dark skin, made them look insanely like the Minneapolis nigger who overdosed on fentanyl, George Floyd. They were for sure an undiscovered caveman species, so I called dibs on naming them.

"Let's call them the Homo Floydians," I said laughingly, snapping a couple pictures of them. "Get it? Cause they look like George Floyd."

"What a ***based*** name," Tucker said.

We were distracted by the jokes, but that was when the group of Homo Floydians started to charge at the pack of parasaurs. They were trying to hunt them. The parasaurs took notice, and the three males ran off fast. However, the female was significantly slower than the rest. It was because its pregnant belly weighed it down, rendering it harder for it to run away. Of course, that made it an easy target for the Homo Floydians. They threw their rocks at the pregnant parasaur with their insanely strong arms, which quickly broke its limbs, further slowing it down.

I was a bit curious on why they weren't using spears to hunt instead, but I realized that it was because they were nigger cavemen, so they were too retarded to be the ones who invented the spear. Once it was incapacitated, the Homo Floydians gathered around it and began to dig into its flesh with their bare hands. However, they did not seem to be interested in the meat itself at all. They seemed to be looking for something in particular within the corpse of the dead dinosaur. One of them who was digging at the stomach eventually retrieved this large round colorful object.

It was the egg of the now-dead parasaur. The rest of the group of Floydians took notice of it, and they all began fighting over the egg. They scratched at each other, as if the egg was worth as much as a counterfeit twenty dollar bill was to George Floyd.

As the Homo Floydians fought like pigs, the egg was being thrown into the air, looking like they were playing volleyball. That was until one of them got a good catch of the egg, and then bit into it. Streams of egg yolk leaked out as the egg cracked.

"Oh oh Ah Ah," the Homo Floydians screamed at the same time, as they all then ate at the edible parts of the egg like a pack of piranhas. The sheer pace they were consuming the egg at was pretty terrifying to look at. To put it into perspective, the parasaur egg was the size of a bowling ball.

It only took ten seconds for there to only be the egg shells left, and one of them started wearing that on top of his head as a helmet. After that, the pack of Homo Floydians did not bother eating the meat of the Parasaur.

They just ran off back into the woods, leaving the corpse as if they didn't crave the meat at all.

I scratched my head. "Hmm, why would they spend so much effort hunting a fully grown dinosaur, just to solely eat its gestating egg?" I wondered out loud.

"Maybe dinosaur eggs are the Homo Floydian's main diet," Colton guessed.

That was strange though. Never have I heard of a creature from the early age to the present that exclusively eats eggs.

I then recorded everything that we've observed so far. We decided that we probably had enough empirical data recorded for this particular point in time, so we trudged back to the Time converter to time travel a few hundred years forward, to the very moment when the dinosaurs went extinct.

Once all three of us were in the chamber, I activated the time converter. The trip this time didn't take as long, since the time difference was significantly smaller. It was only a twenty second journey this time.

When the time machine stopped at the precise 65.5 million year mark, the door opened and we were greeted by what I call a chaotic territory.

The terrain was inhabited by thousands of the Homo Floydians. They were everywhere. At least a dozen of them per square meter. Most of them were eating the giant egg yolk of dinosaur eggs. Alongside those, there were hundreds of left out dinosaur corpses with all their stomachs ripped open. Again, the dinosaur meat was left untouched. Colton was right, they really did exclusively eat the eggs of female dinosaurs.

I really wanted to further observe them, so we strode a few hundred feet away from the time converter. However, one of the Homo Floydians spotted us, and then began to chimp out, pointing at us. This got the attention of all the other Homo Floydians and they all pounded their chests while looking at us. I knew they saw us as intruders.

"Run!" I shouted.

Tucker, Colton, and I turned back to run to the closest safe zone. The time chamber. *We shouldn't have wandered so far away from it,* I thought. I glanced back to see that one of the faster Homo Floydians managed to grab Colton by the leg and tore him to shreds with its claws until he was just a ball of bloody tatters. They didn't even eat him at all–all of it was a hunt for sport.

Tucker and I were fortunately fast enough to make it to the time chamber alive and shut the door. However, my heart skipped a beat when I realized that one of the Homo Floydians made it inside as well. We had no other option but to return to the present day. With my racist chad strength, I tackled the Homo Floydian and kept it at bay while Tucker set the time destination to 2021. To my partial relief, the familiar surge of steam emerged into the chamber. After that, Tucker assisted me in holding down the aggressive Homo Floydian.

By itself, it wasn't that strong compared to us, so it wasn't too difficult. We made sure not to kill it though, because we decided that keeping a live one could be useful for research. The further the time machine traveled to the future, the weaker the Homo Floydian became. It was as if it was having a harder time breathing as the years passed.

Once the Time converter made it to 2021, the Homo Floydian was gasping for air for a mysterious reason. Neither of us were kneeing it, but it was still dying.

"Ooga booga, hoe hoe he he booga booga ha ha," it chimped in this hoarse voice, as it held its neck.

It didn't take long for it to die from the loss of air. Tucker and I worked together to carry the dead Homo Floydian's corpse out of the time converter chamber, and then presented it to the rest of the researchers who welcomed us.

For the rest of the day, I worked on an informal report write-up that showcased everything we saw in the expedition. Over the course of writing it, the events that played in my head began to make sense, relating to the extinction of the dinosaurs. I realized why there were so many Homo Floydians and so many dead dinosaurs in the specified year they all went extinct. Over the hundreds of years, the Homo Floydians bred like rabbits, akin to modern niggers, to the point where they managed to completely kill off all pregnant dinosaurs for their eggs. The Homo Floydians had evolved to adapt a diet that exclusively consists of dinosaur eggs, because the weaker pregnant dinosaurs are the only prey their primitive brains were capable of hunting. As a result, male dinosaurs had no way of reproducing, eventually leading to the extinction of the giant lizards.

Aside from that, there was one interesting inference I came up with about the Homo Floydians. Remember when I said that oxygen levels were much higher in the prehistoric times? Well that might explain why that one particular Homo Floydian that made it to our time machine died when we travelled to 2021. It wasn't adapted to the present day's lower oxygen levels. This made me wonder if George Floyd himself is actually a modern descendant of the Homo Floydian species, since he had such a hard time breathing in Minneapolis. And his aggressiveness towards pregnant women must have been inherited from his ancestors' instinct to hunt only the pregnant dinosaurs.

**Do Not Let Fruit Rot for Too Long**

By Jordan Cleeman

If you ever happen to find fruit laying around, throw it in the trash asap. The last work in that sentence would most likely come across as superfluous, but please listen to me, it is important. The rancid decomposition of berries is the catalyst of beings of unimaginable perversion; the culmination of blackness. If you ever heard of the saying, "never let one bad apple ruin the great populace", take it not only metaphorically, but also literally. For the naive ones reading this, my ramblings may come across as spurious nonsense. But please take a moment and read through the horrifying experience that I had to go through. It might change your mind.

Let me start off by saying I study at a school called Concordia University of Edmonton, pursuing medicine. I mention this, because of how notoriously garbage the cafeteria food is. The french fries taste like raw sardines, the pizza tastes like cardboard, and the fruits are leftovers from harvests in the wrong season. If you visit the rate my teacher website, ninety percent of the reviews regarding Concordia university is a complaint about the food that is served. The sole reason that the school doesn't have a five star rating. Almost none of the students at Concordia even visit the cafeteria for the purpose of buying the food. They just bring their own food whether it be from external fast food restaurants or homemade, and use the room as a medium to hang out with friends.

I myself am no different from that. I would go to McDonalds every morning before school to pick up four Happy Meals for lunch. Call me childish all you want, but Happy meals are actually the main course of racist chads like me, since at the moment, the McDonalds I go to has a ***based*** manager who sells **[Sam Hyde]** Happy Meals that come with the epic **[Sam Hyde]** action figure that says, "Subscribe to Pewdiepie," when you press a button. So far, I have ninety five of them sitting on my trophy shelf in my bedroom.

Today was the first day of class coming from the fall break, and I, in all honesty, dreaded it. I don't really mind school itself at all, but the problem is, there are so many niggers who go to Concordia University. When I say many, I mean almost a third. The remaining two thirds consist of shit skins and a very small minority are white. This is the result of all the pajeet families who want their children to become doctors and the fact that niggers need some of that cheap cafeteria food since they are so poor.

After I picked up the four happy meals, I drove over to the university to attend my first class, biochemistry. I was glad to have that to start the day, since it is the class with the least amount of niggers. Biochemistry is one of the hardest courses, so niggers tend to avoid it. I pulled up in the parking lot and started to walk to campus, when I saw a niggerheading to me in the corner of my eye. My adrenaline accelerates when there are niggers nearby me because they are so violent, so I fully glanced at them. Sure enough, he was coming to me as if he wanted something.

"Heyo mayne, I smell dat nice chicken nuggets coming from yo bag," he said, salivating. "Gimme some o' that."

"Nah, I'm good," I said, trying not to call him a nigger, since racism is not allowed on campus and I already paid so much for tuition.

I had the unrealistic hope that he wasn't going to be a nigger who is as evil as his skin is dark, but I shouldn't have had such high hopes and let my guard down. He pulled a knife on me and threatened me.

"Give me your meal now!", the nigger demanded.

I had so much to live for since I was so close to being able to apply to med school, so I unzipped my backpack and handed him one of the Happy Meals. He quickly grabbed it and gobbled up both the chicken nuggets and the french fries in less than a split second.

"That was some nice food main, now gimme more!" the nigger demanded again, somehow looking even more hungry. It was like he had some kind of fried chicken addiction far more severe than the average nigger.

I realized at this point that I was already late for class because of this nigger wasting my time, so I turned back and started running. However, since niggers are so fast, he caught up managed to snatch the remaining three of my happy meals. That angered me, so I wacked his head with my bag. But that wasn't enough, and he soon enough gobbled all of the meals and let out a burp that smells like a mix of watermelon and diarrhea. I didn't have anything else to lose, so I just ignored him as he further asked for more.

Once I arrived at the organic chemistry class, he stopped following me, since the sophisticated lecture scared his low IQ ass off. I plopped down my bag at my seat and sat there not knowing what to do because I was so late and behind the class, thanks to that nigger thief. In addition to that, I was super bummed out that my lunch was now gone, so that meant I would have to buy the shitty cafeteria food. It was one of the only days I was not looking forward to lunch, which was right after this period.

The bell eventually rang and it was time to head to the cafeteria. I went up to the super obese lunch lady with twenty three inch biceps, and ordered a pizza combo, which included a banana and a strawberry. It was only a dollar and fifty, so it wasn't a bad price at all for what I was receiving, minus the taste. Five minutes later, my lunch was served and the lunch lady presented me with a tray with the pizza and banana on a paper plate, along with the individual strawberry inside a plastic carton.

I eventually found a table with the least number of niggers and settled there. Upon looking at the pizza, I was very repulsed. But eating it was better than nothing. Gotta have something to maintain my gains, I thought. I slowly took the first bite and damn it tasted like somebody puked in my mouth like how a mother bird would feed her babies in her nest. I swallowed each piece without chewing, trying my very best not to taste it. Eventually, after maybe thirty minutes, I was finally finished eating the pizza. However, the lunch break was already over and the bell rang, so I didn't have time to even start eating the banana and strawberry at all. Knowing the consequence of being late to class, I shoved both of the fruits inside one of the smaller pockets of my backpack and went to my physics class. I figured that I could probably finish my lunch during the lecture. Turns out, I was wrong. The physics lesson ended up being an especially heavy one, so I had to constantly take notes, completely forgetting to eat the banana and strawberry sitting inside my backpack.

Once physics class finally ended, my brain was fuzzy and I was excited that school was finally done for the day. I was tired and in need of a nap. The moment I arrived back home, I crashed in bed and slept for like eight hours, still having forgotten to eat the banana and strawberry. Now, I've always considered myself to have a decent memory, scoring straight A's in my classes if I studied well. But for some reason, I had completely disregarded the two fruits from that point on. Well, that was the case until the end of the school year.

Fast forward seven months, it was finally the month of may; the last month until my graduation. I decided that it was about time I did a backpack cleanup, so I dug through every compartment of it, including the very pocket I had put the banana and strawberry in over half a year ago. When I did, I found out that both of them were covered in dark spots, indicating they've been rotting for a very long time. The stench that came out of them was almost as nasty as the pizza from the Concordia university cafeteria, so I had to plug my nose as I first fumbled the banana from the pocket. However, I felt this vibrating sensation that originated from the banana, so I stopped for a second. It shook again. That was weird, I thought. Maybe it was just my imagination. But then, I heard a muffled voice come from inside the banana that said, "Ooga booga open up the banana peel main!, Banana Floyd can't breathe in here!". It sounded just like George Floyd. What the fuck, I thought. Even though I was super confused, my curiosity got the better of me and I peeled the rotten banana. The second worst mistake in my life, following the mistake of leaving the fruits in my bag to rot in the first place.

When I opened the first half of the banana, I saw one of the most hideous forms of vegetation in my life. Hell, I don't even know if it was considered vegetation because of how unnatural looking it was. The long-ago inner edible part of the rotten banana was even darker than the brown spots on the outer skin. But what made this fruit so ugly was the face. Yeah you heard me. It had a face. The face of George Floyd.

"Phew, thank you for peeling my skin," it said. "I couldn't breathe in there for a second!"

I screamed in disgust and dropped the rotten Banana Floyd and stepped back. Moments later, it somehow grew a pair of dinosaur-like legs instantly and began moving towards me.

"Get away from me you nigger fruit," I panicked. "I don't want you in my life."

Just when I thought things couldn't get any crazier, I saw my backpack move for a moment, and then a brownish red fruit organism sprung out of the pocket. It landed with a silent thud. It sported skinny legs that branched from its lower body that made it look kind of like Mike Wazowski from the Monsters Inc. movie. It was the rotten strawberry, and it somehow came to life, just like banana Floyd. It noticed me and stared right into my soul with its googly black eyes. Those eyes. Something about their psychopathic look

struck out as familiar. They reminded me of this other dead nigger named Ahmaud Arbery..

“Ayo you racist cracka, it's me Ahmaud Strawberry,” it introduced itself. “How dare ya leave me and mah niggah banana Floyd rotting in there!”

“What are you two nigger fruit going to about it?” I said. “Neither of you have arms.”

“Hehehe, you are wrong there,” Banana Floyd said, followed by his mouth doing this gurgling motion. “Do not underestimate the abilities of a nigga fruit.”

I scratched my head in confusion and even laughed a little. I thought he was getting overconfident when there appeared to be no way they could do any physical harm to me. But it was shortly after, I learned that I was the cocky one.

Banana Floyd inhaled a gust of air, and then proceeded to spit out a fuck ton of seeds at me, similar to the Annoying Orange on YouTube. Each of the seeds were the size of a pea, but upon hitting my flesh, they hurt a lot. Even more painful than a BB gun.

“Youch!” I yelped in pain. I ran out of my room and then shut the door behind me. I knew Banana Floyd was still spitting out projectile seeds, because I felt the door rattle. I didn’t understand his motive for that, but it eventually came to a stop.

“Ah shit, I’ve been spitting out seeds for too long, I can’t breathe!” Banana Floyd said from inside my bedroom.

Since Banana Floyd was on his seed spitting cooldown at the moment, it bought me time to try to defeat the forbidden fruits. The first thing that came to mind was killing them using a blender. I rushed downstairs into my kitchen and grabbed my two thousand dollar blender that I had gotten for Christmas the previous year. It was one of the best blenders in the world and could create breathtaking slushies and smoothies. Not only that, it is chargeable, so it could operate without being plugged in.

I returned to my bedroom and showed the powerful blender to Banana Floyd while he was still in his speed spitting cooldown, vulnerable. I then scooped him up and started it up.

“Awe sheet, blenders are my weakness, I can't breathe!” Banana Floyd screamed as he liquified into a smoothie of rotten matter.

Just when I thought the battle was all done, I realized that I had forgotten about Ahmaud Strawberry, because I heard the tiny voice from below.

“Ayo you forgot about me main!” Ahmaud Strawberry said.

My stomach sank. But so far, Ahmaud strawberry still hasn't demonstrated any lethal ability, so I called it safe to pick him up into my blender. However, the moment I touched him, I yelped in pain as his seeds, which were as sharp as knives, pierced my hand.

“Bahaha, you know that anybody who tries to kill me will suffer severe trouble main,” Ahmaud Strawberry laughed.

Scooping him up with the blender was no longer an option, since that would mean spilling the Banana Floyd rotten smoothie, so I tried the next plausible option, which was to simply step on him with my shoe. I stomped on Ahmaud Strawberry. Believe it or not, I regret doing that. The same way its thorn-like seeds pierced my hand, they somehow poked through my shoe, ultimately stabbing the sole of my foot that replicated the pain of stepping on lego.

I instantly jumped up, as I felt a volume of blood rush into my foot. That was Ahmaud Strawberry’s ability. Anyone who tries to physically kill him magically suffers an ungodly amount of pain. It precisely mirrored the real human Ahmaud Arbery. The chads who killed him got into trouble for no reason, I thought. There was no possible way for me to physically kill the fruit form, so I took an empty pickle jar from my nightstand and then trapped Ahmaud Strawberry, by placing it upside down on him. It worked. I didn’t feel any slight bit of pain at all. It was now only a matter of making sure he's trapped there for good, so I quickly put the lid on and sealed the jar.

“Let me go main,” Ahmaud Strawberry said.

I’ll admit, I was slightly offended by the fact that such a tiny nigger fruit was bold enough to ask me to release him after what he had done to me. I just ignored it. However, he still continued to beg me while

jumping up and down, making sounds with the jar glass, so I just put the jar inside my soundproof file cabinet.

Now that I had Ahmaud Strawberry out of the way, I stopped for a moment and thought about what I should do with the Banana Floyd smoothie. It definitely would have been poisonous to drink, so I decided to put it in the soundproof cabinet as well. I didn't consider pouring it into the sink or outside, because smoothies in the form of a nigger are probably toxic for the environment, just like how niggers in general are a detriment to society.

Well, I hope my experience convinces you not to leave fruit rotting out in the open. The black spots that form in the rotting fruit's skin are actually melanin pigment developing in large amounts, resulting in the creation of living nigger fruit.

**Michelle Obama's TRUE Identity**

By Toast Man

In recent decades, manipulations by the Jewish press have led to the creation of what is known as "transgenderism" or the "transgender movement."

Transgenderism, as I am sure you are all aware, is the subversive idea that an individual can be born as a biological male or female but have the mind of the opposite gender, which is commonly expressed as 'being born in the wrong body'. This ideology was first devised by a Jew by the name of Magnus Hirschfeld in the Weimar Republic of the 1920's. However, it's spread was curtailed by the rise of the National Socialists, who burned his "research" to keep it from corrupting Germany.

The delusional, Semitic idea of transgenderism was correctly regarded in the West as either a niche fetish or a severe mental illness up until the mid-2010s, where it started being used by the Jewish press to further dissolve traditional White and European values. At the time of this writing, transgender ideology has metastisized to the point where the plural pronouns of 'they' and 'them' are now being used to refer to singular individuals and new gender identities like non-binary and demigender have been fabricated to further muddle what should be obvious to all: that men are men and that women are women.

Although I am quite certain that anybody reading or listening to this would be aware of the menace that transgenderism poses to the civilized world, I had to give you a brief reminder of just how pernicious it is before I divulge the covert information that I have recently obtained. But before I tell you exactly what that entails, I think you need to know a bit about my background. While I cannot release my real name to the public without fear of being assassinated by the FBI, you may refer to me as Dogbot. I can also let you know that my job has let me come in contact with former Secret Service agents who served during the Obama administration. This report is based upon eyewitness testimony from one such agent.He used to be a democrat-voting liberal, but since then he has become ***based*** and red-pilled, and so he has become willing to come out with this information. To help him remain safe from the CIA and the Israeli Mossad, we have placed him under the protection of a foreign government that will remain unnamed so as to prevent the start of a nuclear war.

The presidency of Barack Obama was a key period of change in modern politics. He is well known for being the first black president and for having had gay marriage legalized under his watch. Another process that was occurring during his administration was the radicalization of the left into rabid anti-White sociopaths, which then consequently organized under the banners of Black Lives Matter and Antifa.

However, what you will not know about the Obama administration is that not only was Barack the first black president, but also the first homosexual president. And–this may be even more disturbing to readers or listeners–that Michelle Obama was not the first black First Lady, but the first black First Man. The silence on these concerning facts will end today, as I will now proceed to provide you with the truth about the first gaynigger president and his so-called "wife".

My source first became suspicious of Michelle Obama in 2013, right after the acquittal of George Zimmerman in his justified shooting of Trayvon Martin, a teenaged criminal nigger who assaulted him. The shooting of Martin the Monkey was what first got the hashtag #blacklivesmatter trending on Twitter, if there are any younger guys listening who aren't old enough to remember where BLM first came from.

According to my source, the First Lady was asking for what is known as a 'dilator' after the shocking acquittal of Zimmerman caused her "serious psychological damage". For those who do not know, a dilator is a device that is used by male trannies who have undergone gender reassignment surgery. For those who do not know, gender reassignment surgery does not consist of just hacking off the tranny's cock and balls. I will not go through with all of the medical details here, but basically the doctor (who is typically a Jew) will use the flesh and skin from the amputated male genitalia to create what is known as a neovagina. What the doctor will do is carve a large, gaping hole into the pelvis and then graft the skin of the testicles on with stitches. A tranny's neovagina is registered as an open, festering wound by the body's immune system–because that's what it is–and the body tries to seal it. To prevent their neovagina from sealing up, trannies need to constantly insert objects into the festering wound, a process that is known as dilation.

Anyway, my source was told that the First Lady required a long, hard device that could be inserted into the vaginal cavity, and that it was urgent he procure one within the next five minutes. Of course, this sudden request left my source in quite a difficult situation, as White House security measures and D.C. traffic put getting a long object fit for use as a dilator at a store impossible, so he would have to search on White House grounds. At first, he thought about kindly asking a police officer that was patrolling the surrounding area for their batons, but then realized that none of them were actually nearby because of a reported upswell in "urban violence" following the Trayvon Martin verdict.

He then thought about retrieving a rolling pin from the kitchen, but when he arrived he was refused by the White House chef. The chef told him that he was out of his mind if he were going to let the First Lady stick one of his kitchen utensils inside herself, even if it were an emergency. Time was now running low, and my source had to hurry to find an object that the First Lady could use for dilation. Out of desperation, he grabbed an unripe banana from the kitchen and headed back to the Oval Office.

When he arrived, he expected to be admonished by Obama for not having brought Michelle a proper dilator. However, when he knocked, the "person" who opened was unlike any other living creature that he had seen before.

"Awww shit mayne. Thanks for da dilator mayne. Really helps with stretchin' dat muh pussy."

The individual who met my source at the Oval Office door was an African-American male of outstanding height and even more extraordinary ugliness. His lips were like burls on a tree; cracked, rough and of grotesque proportions. His nose looked as if somebody had punctured two holes in a rotten eggplant and stapled it to his head. But what truly stood out to my source was the presence of long, straight hair on the negroid male's head. As you all may know, the coarse, springy hair that niggers grow from their scalps is as rough as twine, so there was no way that could be his real hair–it had to be a wig.

The negro man spoke. "Hey white boy, actually could ya help me with da stretchin'? I need ya cuz Barack gotta call from sum place called Tel Aviv to start doin' sum sorta press conference and shit for da Trayvon case mayne."

It was at that moment that my source realized who he was speaking to. "Miss, miss Obama?" he asked hesitantly.

The negro smiled a wide, toothy grin, the gums blackened from decades of hard drug abuse and a diet consisting of fried chicken and grape fanta. "Of course it's me lil' cracka! I just don't have muh make-up and necklace on. Now come on in mayne, I need ya to help me dilate and shit."

Although my source's gut reaction was one of discomfort and fear, he was obliged as a member of the secret service to step inside. As he did, an odor so disgusting it could not be described with the English language assaulted his nostrils. Michelle Obama laughed when he saw him choking on the scent.

"Haha mayne, it gonna be smellin' even more funky when you be doin da dilating mayne!" Michelle said. "Barack loves it though."

While my source was unaware of this at the time, a disgusting fact about transsexual neovaginas is how they are extrememly prone to infection, causing them to stink like nothing else in the mortal world. The number of diseases within the average neovagina is so great that it has been prophesied that the pandemic which–unlike COVID-19–will actually wipe out humanity will emerge from between one of those sets of diseased, pus-filled meat flaps.

The First "Lady" walked over to the couch in the Oval Office and lay down. "Come here, lil' cracka. I need ya help gettin' muh panties off."

My source nodded, but as he followed Michelle Obama he began to ask him some questions. "Madam, why do you sound so different in-person?" he asked nervously. "Erm, I don't know how to say this, but you sound...refined? When you're up on the podium. But here, speaking to me, you're much more, uh, down to earth."

"Oh, that cuz I'm not wearing the necklace dat Mossad gave me and shit." he said, reaching inside a cupboard and taking out a brown-colored choker. When Michelle Obama put it around his neck, it blended right into his skin.

When he spoke, he sounded entirely different. "You see Mr. Serviceman, this necklace helps to regulate my manner of speech. It really helps me to speak like the wives of any of the other world leaders. Barack told me that it's advanced Israeli spytech that isn't detrimental to my health, but I prefer to keep it off whenever I'm not in public because it makes it difficult for me to breathe."

Michelle then snapped the choker necklace off. "Ya mayne, I just can't breathe with dat on mayne. Whenevah I wanna get choked I have Barack do it to me in bed while I'm pegging him mayne. Now stop standing there and help me here mayne, I need to dilate and sheeeit."

According to my source, he reportedly puked a little in his mouth when he imagined Barack and Michelle having sex. But that was nothing compared to what he was about to experience. Slowly, he helped the First "Lady" remove his underwear.

I will spare you the details of what my source told me he saw there, for even a verbal description of what Michelle Obama's neovagina looked like may induce vomiting for anybody who is listening to or reading this report. The only statement from my source that I will put here is as follows:

*"If I were a mentally ill man who had slashed my dick off and had some (((doctor))) stitch together that frankenstein cavern of body parts within me, it wouldn't be a question about killing myself but about how, because I would know beyond a shadow of a doubt that I no longer deserve to exist."*

As my source was frozen in shock and disgust upon viewing the neovagina, Michelle Obama began coaxing him into sticking the banana into that festering wound. "Hey mayne, ya gotta do dis for me cracka, you muh secret service guy. Please cracka, I gotta dilate or else muh pussy is gonna close up."

With quivering hands–thankfully he was wearing gloves–he began inserting the banana. As he did, white pus, jellied blood and even clumps of hair (this is because the interior of neovaginas is created from the skin of the testes, which have hair follicles) began oozing out. Michelle Obama squirmed in pain. "Ah shit shit shit!" she roared like a gorilla. "Stahp dat nigguh! Stahp dat!"

Gasping for air, Michelle Obama took out a bottle of white pills and dumped them all into his mouth. "Mayne, dis shit hurt like hell mayne," he said, his voice growing lower and more drowsy as the pills took effect. "Need summa dat fentanyl to get through it all. Helps with da pain mayne. Now get back to dilating me muthafucka."

My source shook his head in revulsion, refusing to continue. "I'm sorry Madam, but I don't have the heart for this."

But when he tried to walk away, he felt Michelle Obama grab him by the arm and point a gun at his stomach. "Sit yo cracka ass down. We doin' dis shit."

Shuddering in fear, the secret service man sat down to start the dilation process over again when he heard the door creak open.

"George? What the hell are you doing?" Barack Obama said, a look of horror on his face. "George, are you...are you cheating on me?"

"It cuz you ain't nevah here for me Barack!" Michelle screamed like a Chimpanzee. "And it ain't 'George' or 'George Floyd' no longa! It's Michelle! Stop deadnaming me nigga!"

When Barack heard that, he stamped over to his "wife" with a look of seething, ape-like rage. "You know what, that's it. I have had *enough* of you going behind my back and getting dilated by other men, George." he said, taking off a similar brown-colored choker to what the First "Lady" had been wearing. "George ma nigga, we ain't nevah gonna be together evah again mayne. Get the fuck outta muh sight

mayne!"

Michelle–or should I say George Floyd, shrieked like an injured bonobo as he brought the pistol to bear on Barack Obama. "Make me nigga! Make me!"

Barack Obama and George Floyd then started a screaming match. My source cannot describe what exactly was said between the two of them because it was closer to monkey noises than actual human speech. However, to my source's stark surprise, they seemed to have calmed down.

Obama turned toward my source and began to speak. "Sheeit mayne, you was here all da time and heard all dat shit mayne?" he sighed, then reattached the voice modifying choker from Mossad. "I guess I will have to tell you the truth, but remember if you leak this, then America may be in danger of becoming the laughingstock of the world."

Barack Obama sat down at his desk. "My wife, Michelle, is actually my husband. His name is George Floyd–"

"It was George Floyd! And I'm yo wife nigga!" George Floyd shrieked, but his voice was getting hoarse from having screamed for so long. "Stop deadnaming me!"

For all of those who don't know, deadnaming is whenever you call a tranny by its real name, the tranny's name given at its birth. For example, the real name of the actor known as Elliot Page is Ellen Page. She, in her desperate and ironically very feminine attempts to get attention, hacked off her breasts and got ab implants, so whenever you call her Ellen Page, you are "deadnaming" her. I personally recommend doing this for any trannies that you encounter because it reminds them of reality; that they will never be a real woman or a real man and that even with all of the modern "trans-positivity" and Jewish propaganda, normal people still know that they are abominations of nature.

Obama rolled his eyes. "That's right, it's Michelle," he sighed. "Anyway, Michelle and I go very far back. The story that we give the press is that we met at a law firm, but in reality we met in a gay bathhouse. And once I was in a position to run for president, George decided to transition to Michelle. I mean, can you really tell the difference between Michelle and a real black woman?"

George Floyd snorted. "I am a real woman, just not no biological woman."

For those of you who are wondering how it is possible that George Floyd could "pass" as a woman for all those years, it is because niggers have the lowest sexual dimorphism of all the races. Sexual dimorphism is the condition where the different sexes of a given species exhibit different phenotypes. An example of sexual dimorphism in humans are the male's broader shoulders or the female's lower bone density. However, in niggers this sexual dimorphism is not as pronounced as in non-African races, which is to say that female blacks are the most masculine females and that male blacks are the most feminine males of all the races. And if you are some science-worshipping faggot who think that this is pseudoscience, there are numerous peer-reviewed academic studies confirming this to be the fact.

Obama continued. "Anyway, you need to stay silent about the fact that Michelle is not my wife, but in reality my husband."

When the word 'husband' Obama's lips, George Floyd began crying. "Barack! Why you gotta be like dis mayne. I am yo *wife*!" he said, then brought the pistol that he had been holding up to his temple. "I guess that's it mayne."

"No! G-I mean, Michelle!" Obama said, hugging George Floyd. "I love you no matter who or what you are, Michelle."

"Stahp it mayne! I know you think Imma a man nigga!" George Floyd said.

My source sat there, watching in stunned silence as the "leader" of America comforted his delusional mentally ill sodomite friend who thought that it was a woman. Everybody knows that transgenders are very likely to attempt suicide, with numbers reaching anywhere from 40 to 50%.

Another fun fact that you may not have known is that, according to the University of California, black and brown people are more likely than any other race to idenitify as transgender or gay, which actually lines up well with their lack of sexual dimorphism. This data, coupled with the anecdotal evidence coming every day about what nigger inmates do to each other in prison, is proof that niggers aren't just criminals or thugs, but also the gayest of all the races.

As George Floyd cried there on the floor with Barack Obama trying to stop him from killing himself, my source quietly left the room. They let him do this because, as a member of the secret service, he was expected to hold his tongue about whatever happened inside the White House–which he has done until now.

After that particular day, known among White House staff gossip as the Banana Dilator Incident, my source did not interact with Barack Obama or George Floyd directly. And as I am sure that you already know, George Floyd overdosed on fentanyl in 2020 and died, so my source said that the current Michelle Obama may be either a clone or a hologram.

The moral of this story is that trannies are mentally unstable freaks of nature. The only good thing about them is that their degenerate behavior will lead to their genes being culled from the population, leading to a healthier tomorrow. If you know any trannies online or in real life, please deadname them relentlessly to bring them back to reality–which is that you can never be a real woman or a real man because that is biologically impossible. Also if there are any younger kids that you know who are "questioning" their gender identity, intervene immediately so as to keep them from doing irreparable damage to themselves.

Fuck trannies, fuck niggers, and fuck Jews for making us have to deal with trannies and niggers.

**Do Not Bust a Nut to the George Floyd Toy Maker's Onlyfans**

By Jordan Cleeman

One day, I was browsing through Instagram watching some sexy Instagram model videos. I have to stay low key by going on Instagram and watching softcore porn instead of going on Pornhub. You see, my internet service provider has the ability to look through my browsing history. I came across this post on an Instagram workout page called Brittany Perilee. She usually does these hot workout squatting videos, clearly trying to show her ass. It was hot. Chicks who do these kinds of Instagram pages are really just whores who are trying to show off their asses more than teaching their followers how to workout. I started to rub my dick to that shit and busted a nut right when her ass cheeks lowered to about three inches above the floor.

After that, I got a notification from the Among Us toys official page. It is the page that sells the George Floyd toys. The notification was an Instagram story. I clicked on it. The story featured a picture of what appeared to be a hot Russian chick in a bikini with George Floyd toys all over her. There was an OnlyFans link on it. I instantly got turned on, and then typed the OnlyFans link into my internet browser. I entered it and successfully found the page.

It featured a black and white image of the Russian chick with a snake in her hand. I was eager to see more picks of the sexy George Floyd toys, so I purchased the OnlyFans subscription. I then had access to all the photos. One of them showed a George Floyd toy's legs under her panties. That turned me on so much that my dick got hard again, even though I had just nutted.

The whole day, I was edging to that particular photo, because I prefer busting my final nut before I go to sleep. When it was eleven o'clock PM, I was ready to bust a nut. I pretended my dick was George Floyd's stubby arm, fisting the Russian chick's ass while pulling her panty lines out. When I busted my nut, I visualized semen coming out of the George Floyd toy's hand and flowing into her ass. It was the best nut I have ever busted, at least until what I found out after that.

I scrolled through the rest of the OnlyFans photos to see which ones I would be interested in nutting to in the future. But I noticed something very odd about the photos. It was one of those moments, where I could tell something was very wrong and that I would feel a sense of devastation if I inspected closer. I decided to analyze it more closely. I looked at the face of the Russian chick. Something was strange about her jaw. Or I should say, his jaw. It was far too masculine to be a girl. I looked at the hands. The fingers were far too thick to be those of a woman.

My mind was spinning at this point. I really did not want to accept what I had just done. I busted a nut to a tranny. As we all know, jerking off to trannies is almost as degenerate as actually becoming one. I felt a massive sense of guilt phase through me, but it wasn't my fault. I didn't know it was a tranny at the time that I busted a nut. I thought about my great-grandparents in heaven watching over me, disappointed at what I've done. The guilt was so bad that I spent the rest of the night having a hard time sleeping. Though this may be something bad enough to send me to hell, what happened the next morning was even

worse. Nothing in my life prepared me for it.

I was awoken by a very subtle knock on my front door. Not extremely silent, but just enough to nudge me out of sleep. Because I am a known racist in this liberal town, I don't have a lot of real life friends, so I sprung out of bed to answer the door hoping that one of my racist friends was here to visit. But when I opened it, all I saw was this ordinary looking envelope on my door mat. Although I was a bit disappointed it was still something, because of how lowkey my life is. I picked up the envelope and opened it.

Half expecting some money inside of it from a fan of my ***based*** meme page, it was actually just a messy handwritten note. It looked as if it were written by a five year old who had been forced by their parents to send a birthday card to their uncle. It took me a while to scan through it, decoding what the words said. After a few minutes of piecing each sentence together and making sense of how each word fit in with each other, I finally figured it out. But the result absolutely terrified me to the core. The following is a transcript of the letter:

"Dear Jordan Cleeman, we are the George Floyd toy legion. How dare you jerk off to our lord and savior toy maker. Only we may feel the sexual arousal of her. Because of what you did, we will raid your house tonight at twelve AM. And yes, we obviously know where you live if you are reading this letter. Don't bother trying to defend your turf because we will easily outnumber you. Sincerely, the George Floyd toy legion."

After reading it, I was shocked. My mind was flooded with so many questions. What the hell is the George Floyd toy legion? How did they know where I live? And what was their motive for raiding my home?

I know, jerking off to a tranny is horrible as fuck, but their desparation to attack me in mass still struck me as odd. Why would they need an entire legion to take me down? Either way, the thought of it made me anxious. I needed to do something about it. Now, because I have a powerful hatred towards niggers, I sort of already had a plan.

In my early years of being a racist, I would look out my window every night with a bolt action sniper in my hand and shoot down every nigger who enters within a one hundred meter radius of my property. After doing this for years, I've become a very skilled sniper with god-like aim that rivals even Ninja from Fortnite. I essentially became a human aimbot who reacts to niggers at extreme speeds.

I grabbed my sniper rifle from my closet and kept it with me for the rest of the day, just in case the supposed George Floyd toy legion launched a surprise attack on me. I also went to the hunting store near me to purchase some home defense equipment while I had time. I bought various anti nigger traps, including bear traps, fried chicken cages, and monkey spray. Even though I had no clue of how many members were in the George Floyd toy legion, it was better than nothing. In all honesty, surrendering to a pack of niggers is cucked as fuck. Always best to do whatever you can to fight them off.

I spent the rest of the day setting up the home defence. I lined the perimeter of my yard with the bear traps. Niggers usually run fast as shit despite their low IQ, so they'd easily get stuck in the bear trap before they can think. After the bear traps, I set up the fried chicken cages. How it works is, there is a bucket of KFC chicken under a hanging cage. Once a dumb nigger eats the chicken, the cage will fall on him and trap him. And finally, I keep the can of monkey spray with me. Sniper rifles are bad for close quarter combat, so the monkey spray will help me in the event the George Floyd toy legion manages to break through my anti nigger traps.

Later in the following night, I made sure to text all my online racist friends that I might not make it through this epic battle and that if I don't text in the groupchat the next day, I am most likely dead. After that, I was filled with adrenaline. This reminded me of the Goku versus thirty thousand Spongebobs meme. But a part of me was relieved. Niggers are dumb as fuck, so my tactics should outsmart them with ease.

By the time the clock hit twelve o'clock AM, I was already scouting through my bedroom window with my sniper rifle. At first, I didn't see anything. But it makes sense. Niggers have black skin so they tend to be hard to spot at night. I was pretty sure the George Floyd toy legion was already here. That was when I heard a very loud ruffling sound echoing throughout the neighborhood. I decided to quickly grab a flashlight to see what the hell was making the noise. When I shined the beam of light into the dark abyss, what I saw nearly gave me a heart attack. There were a fuck ton of George Floyd toys. All staring into my

bedroom window. There had to be at least ten thousand of them. They all glared at me with pure hatred. There was no doubt that it was the George Floyd toy legion. I knew the drill. I pulled out my sniper rifle and began to shoot them down.

"Ooga booga attack him!" one of the front line George Floyd toys cried out.

The George Floyd toy legion then started to charge at my home. Each time I shot a George Floyd toy, a ton of stuffing would burst out. It was beyond me that these nigger toys were alive. Even though I was killing them very quickly and without missing a single shot, their insane numbers overwhelmed me. Now it was up to how effective my home traps were to defeat this army of George Floyd toys. It didn't take long for the first of them to reach the perimeter of my yard. The bear traps. As planned, the bear traps did an excellent job of asphyxiating them.

"Ah shit, bear trap I can't breathe!" I would hear the George Floyd toys say as they got crushed.

But because of the immense manpower of the George Floyd toy legion, the bear traps were quickly overrun. It was now time for the fried chicken cages to do the job. Even though they're only toys, the George Floyd toys were all still heavily attracted to the KFC buckets. It was like seeing a mass of house flies hovering over a slab of meat. The cages would fall on a group of three to five of them. Because the cages did not have holes on them, the George Floyd toys wouldn't be able to breathe once they are in.

But that still wasn't nearly sufficient to take down the entire George Floyd toy legion. As effective as my traps were, their numbers were still too high. I watched as piles upon piles of George Floyd toys managed to walk over the fried chicken traps.

*This is the end*, I thought. I imagined various ways those toys could kill me. I pictured them all piling on top of me, kneeling on my neck until I die due to asphyxiation. Shortly after, I heard glass breaking from downstairs. *Oh shit oh fuck*, I thought.

I decided that there was no way for me to defeat all of them, so I just gave up. I figured that warning the world of this massive army of George Floyd toys would be far more productive. I am now typing this on my phone while hiding inside my closet. It is only a matter of time before the George Floyd toys find me. I just want you all to know, if you find the George Floyd toy makers OnlyFans page, do not jerk off to the photos. An army of George Floyd toys will be sent to kill you. Also, he is a tranny, so you shouldn't jerk off to that disgusting shit anyway. Anyways, I am probably going to Ronnie McNutt myself before I get clapped by the nigger dolls.

**A Cozy Christmas Love Story**

By Toast Man

Hello frens, my name is Apu Apustaja and BOY–do I have a story for you guys. The days leading up to Christmast this year were an absolutely wild winter adventure for me and my frens. It's a story about frenship, love, Christmas cheer, and most important of all, racism and anti-Semitism. So go get some milk, eggnog, chocolate chip cookies and candy canes to eat, and listen as I tell you the most ***based*** Christmas story of all time.

My story begins three days before Christmas. My girlfren Aspie and I were hurriedly putting up the final Christmas decorations for the party that we were going to host. As "White Christmas" played on a loop in the background, we hung up twinkling lights, baked gingerbread, and wrapped presents. We were going to have over a dozen or so frens, so we were working as hard as we could to make sure that everything was nice and tidy and not a mess. We were as diligent in our preparations as we were because we are a White couple. That means that despite our meager standard of living, we still have a sense of dignity unlike niggers or illegal spics when it comes to how we present our home to guests.

I was especially proud of our Christmas tree. While it was a bit on the short side due to our cramped apartment, it was no doubt the most ***based*** Christmas tree in the world. Instead of the same old ornaments ike those glass red orbs and jingle bells, we had decorated it with Nazi swastikas, Confederate flags, and all sorts of other racist memorabilia. There was a Moonman ornament, a MillionDollarExtreme Sam Hyde chibi figurine, and even some coveted Murdoch Murdoch merch. Aspie had even folded an origami doll that resembled the Black Lives Matter terrorist Darrell Brooks that hung from the tree by its guilty nigger neck, representing exactly what that nigger deserves in real life for mowing down dozens of White people

and killing six–legally of course.

Although our apartment was very small because Aspie and I were a poor Zoomer couple with no savings and tons of college debt that the Jews had put us in, that tiny little space was bursting with cozy Christmas joy because we loved each other. Just to give you a bit of backstory on how we came to be a couple, Aspie and I met in what I can say was very absurd and ironic.

Back when I was an undergraduate, I took animation as a minor (I was a philosophy major). This was not because I was some sort of dumb liberal bugman who wanted to use the opportunity to get with dumb art hoes. No, quite the contrary. I took animation classes in college because I wanted to make pro-White political propaganda that I could disseminate to my fellow brain-fried Zoomers. Based upon my studies in philosophy, I had concluded by that point in my life that most modern humans lack qualia due to their constant exposure to social media like Instagram, Twitter, and TikTok, and therefore could only be redpilled through short-form content that could be easily digested.

So I walked in on the first day of class with the intention of learning how to make racist animated videos, but when I took my seat I saw that everybody in my class was one of the following: a girl, a thirsty male feminist, or a queer. Not a single male in that room looked like they could throw or take a punch, while I was just sitting there looking like goddamn Gigachad by comparison because I could bench two plates and throw a half- decent jab-cross-lead hook combo.

One day, I got paired up in class with this one girl with blue-haired girl who identified herself as "non-binary" and preferred "they/them" pronouns. Normally, I would go along with their bullshit in college because I didn't want to get suspended for not conforming to their anti-fren Jewish gender ideology, but there was something different about the way that this particular girl was acting around me. When she spoke to me her voice was softer and more feminine-sounding than when she was conversing with anybody else, so I decided to prod her a bit. I called her a "her", just as God, the English language, and basic human biology dictated. To my pleasant surprise, she responded with no complaints. I then noticed that under the dyed hair and faggoty make-up, she was decently cute, so I asked her out and she agreed.

On the first date, I learned that that she had "discovered" that she was non-binary because her 'fren' in high school (who was a 2 out of 10 fugly spic feminist) had told her that enjoying Minecraft and camping were signs that she was neither fully a man or a woman. I then told her that even though I was taking an animation class full of girls and enjoyed cooking, neither of these made me a tranny.

After that date was finished, we scheduled another. And then another and another. Within a month of us meeting, she cut out the non-binary bullshit, saying that she had taken up the fake identity because "Everybody else was doing it."

We quickly grew on each other after that. Even though I never went out of my way to red pill her, she eventually figured out that I was a Nazi and didn't care that I was. And that is the story of how Aspie and I met. I know it sounds crazy that a racist got together with a nerdy chick who declared herself as non-binary at first, but relationships like this can blossom wonderfully as long as you are a masculine, racist chad.

However, little did we know, this happy relationship was about to have a very rude interruption. I was busy putting the final few touches on an old Chevrolet Corvette that my grandparents had given me. The car was mostly in good condition, but it needed a couple complex repairs and they had intended to have it scrapped. I told them I wanted it instead, and they gave it to me for free. I was now fixing it up with the intent of giving it away to a family of frens who desperately needed a car.

All of the other Christmas gifts that Aspie and I were giving away were also either homemade or hand-me-downs that we had patched up. Although we really had no other choices because we were dirt poor, that wasn't the main reason why we had decided to do this. Nowadays, most presents that don't cost at least $200 dollars are cheap junk made in the People's Republic of dog eaters, the country of curry and shitted-in streets, or the nation of tranny prostitute sex tourism. While I will let you guess which three countries I was specifically talking about, what I am saying is that most modern presents are mass-manufactured plastic trash that get thrown away by March. Nothing lasts and everything is dispensable. This is because Jewish capitalism has commodified Christmas and turned it into an annual profit-making opportunity. So instead of giving money to Jews by buying industrially produced crap for your gifts, make them your own. In the case that you don't have the creative talent to do that, buy them from local White frens.

Trust me; a gift made by a pair of skilled White hands will never disappoint.

After checking that the Corvette's battery was charged and fully functioning, I closed the car hood with a grin. I wasn't a mechanic, but thanks to my mild autism I had finally managed to get everything looking alright. I wiped the muck and grease off myself as I walked up to the floor that my apartment was on. It was cold outside, but I knew that inside my girlfren would be waiting for me with my favorite meal: chicken breast, broccoli and white rice.

But when I arrived at the door, I noticed that something was off. The wreath that we had hung on the door had been knocked off, and when I bent down to pick it up I noticed muddy shoe prints that didn't belong to either myself or Aspie. My suspicion grew into panic as I tried the doorknob and found it to be unlocked. Aspie and I never leave our door unlocked, even when we are in the home. We do this because we live in America, a country which is infested by feral criminal niggers and illegal alien gangs.

I barged inside and saw that all of our holiday decorations had been ransacked. The lights had been smashed and the tree toppled with all the ***based*** ornaments cracked and shattered. Even the gingerbread house we had been making was a collection of broken bits on the floor. But my immediate concern wasn't for the room–no, it was for Aspie. I called out to her, but there was no response. I searched for her too, but she was nowhere to be found, save for a couple strands of her auburn hair that looked as if they had been torn out in a struggle.

It was then that I knew she had been kidnapped. I was on the verge of panicking, but forced myself to calm down. My first reaction was to contact the police. However, as I was about to dial 911, my eyes caught upon the ***based*** Christmas ornaments–specifically the Swastikas and Uncle Adolf memorabilia. Contrary to the Jewish media will tell you, cops aren't biased against niggers; in fact, its quite the opposite. The FBI makes a constant, concerted effort to go after White Nationalists to try and frame us as domestic terrorists, even though organizations like Black Lives Matter and Antifa have caused infinitely more harm. If I were to let the cops into my apartment, they would surely frame me for harming Aspie so that they could boost their White Nationalist terror statistics.

I stood there looking around our apartment as if looking for a clue on what to do. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I glanced at a gingerbread man with both his legs snapped off. Seeing that reminded me of the one person I knew who might be able to help me out. I called him.

"Hello, this is Eric Striker of National HYPHEN Justice. How may I help you fight Federal Agents and Zionism today?"

"Hey Mr. Striker, I desperately need your help. My girlfren, you know her right? Aspie? Well she's just been kidnapped. Somebody broke into our apartment and I've looked everywhere but I can't find her! I'd call the cops but...well, you know what my place is like right? I couldn't let them see it all else they'd frame me for hurting her or..." I swallowed in fear at the thought. "K-killing her."

"Hey kid, don't sweat it." Striker reassured me. "I'll be over there right away."

After hanging up, I waited for ten minutes inside, searching for whatever clues I could. I didn't find any besides the hair by the time I heard a faint roaring sound out in the distance. I walked out of my apartment to see Eric Striker flying down the road at 88 miles per hour in his rocket-powered wheelchair. It wasn't like he was strapped into that thing with a seatbelt either. He just held onto the armrests with his chad strength which was fueled by his sheer hatred and disgust for Jews.

Once Striker came to a stop, we said our greetings and headed up to my apartment room. I had to carry Striker up the steps, which was pretty difficult because Striker was 300 pounds of pure lean tissue.

As he headed inside in his wheelchair, Striker said, "So do you have any guesses on anybody who might've had reason to target Aspie or yourself? Any nasty ex-boyfriends she might've had or any creepy colleagues from work?"

I shook my head. "No. Aspie hasn't had a single boyfrens besides myself, not even in middle or high school. She also does all of her work online through Zoom and she's told me that everybody she works with is a woman, so I doubt that anybody would come after her from there."

"What about the demographics of this neighborhood?" Striker said, rolling over to the strands of Aspie's hair that were on the ground.

"89% White, 8% Indian and 3% Korean. Nearly all the money we make goes to rent on this place because neither of us wanted to live near non-frens like niggers or wetbacks."

Squinting, Striker leaned over and touched the hair.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, nearly falling out of his chair as his eyes became instantly bloodshot.

"Mr. Striker?" I said, propping him up. "Mr. Striker, are you alright?"

He gasped for air. "Holy shit man. Have you or your girlfren been using or something?"

I raised an eyebrow. "Using what?"

"Drugs," he pointed to the strands of hair. "Because whatever trace narcotics are on those hairs are strong enough to knock out a fucking elephant."

"What? Hell no?" I replied. "Why would we ever do that?"

Striker grinned. I could tell from his smile that he was a little high, but it wasn't enough to impair his genius-level intellect. "Apu, I think it's a clue. There's only one drug that I can think of that could be this potent in such small doses, and there's only one racial group that would even *think* of using it."

My eyes widened. "Fentanyl?"

Striker nodded. "Exactly. And that means we've narrowed our range of suspects to just 12% of the population."

"Wait, I thought they were 13% of the population," I asked. "What happened?"

"Abortion. Birth control. Also the U.S. swelling with latinos breeding like rabbits." Striker said as he put on a glove, grabbed the hairs and placed them in an evidence bag.

"Well, saying that a nigger kidnapped Aspie is like saying that a Pakistani was responsible for a terror attack in Britain, it's way within the bounds of expectations. They might be only 12% of the population but commit well over half of all kidnappings," I said.

"I agree," Striker said. "But fentanyl this powerful and pure doesn't come from nowhere. This is like the Blue Sky of fentanyl, if you get the Breaking Bad reference."

I shook my head. "No, I don't get the reference fren. But do you know where it possibly could have come from?"

Striker took out his phone and showed me an article that he had been working on. "An underground Antifa laboratory in Minneapolis," he said, showing me the details. "As I'm sure you're well aware, Antifa is a festering shithole of degenerates. Most of their foot soldiers are mentally ill mixed-race whores and left-wing bugmen who simp after said whores. Both are groups that have severe drug addiction problems, so the Jews in leadership positions need to give them access to a consistent supply of hard drugs to keep them in the organization. Although most Antifa are manipulated race-traitor Whites, there are enough affirmative action blacks that were recruited off of college campuses to warrant manufacturing large quantities of fentanyl."

My eyes widened. "So you're saying that if we go to this Antifa drug lab, we might be able to find clues on the non-fren kidnapped Aspie?"

"Exactly right my man," Striker said, then grimaced. "There's one problem though: How do we infiltrate the facility? You look too fit and healthy to pass as one of their members. And it goes without saying that I can't do it because my mere presence causes Antifa piss themselves."

I thought for a good long moment. Was there anybody that I knew could infiltrate Antifa for us? It took me a good long while, but a name came to mind. "I know! How about getting Nike to infiltrate them?"

"Nike?" Striker said. "The Greek guy who goes on all the racist podcasts but never releases a new episode of the one show that he actually hosts?"

I nodded. "My fren Nike is a Greek, which means he can pass as a Turk. Antifa wouldn't suspect that he's actually a White nationalist infiltrator," I said as I messaged him through Telegram to see if Nike was available. He instantly replied, saying that he was and that he was going to meet up with us in Minneapolis.

"Striker, Nike said that he's willing to help!" I said excitedly. "We just need to travel to Minneapolis now."

Striker gave me a thumbs up. "Alright, let's go take out some Antifa scum!"

Together, Striker and I journeyed to Minneapolis. I drove the newly repaired Corvette as a test run while Striker sped down highways in his jet-powered wheelchair. It took us twelve hours to travel to the city.

When we finally entered city limits we had to be careful because of how many criminal niggers were lurking around the streets. I saw that some young niggers were dressed up as United Way or Salvation Army members to try and bait their White victims into interacting with them. This was an especially pernicious criminal innovation from negro kind because it exploited the Christian kindness of White people, who are very likely to give to charity during the Holiday season. Basically, what a criminal nigger would do is dress up as a person representing a a charity and–once a White person pulled out their wallet to donate–would rob them at gunpoint.

It took us another thirty minutes of careful travel through the nigger infested streets of Minneapolis before we reached the place where the Antifa drug lab was supposedly hidden. I gasped out of sheer shock as I recognized the building. It was the Speedway gas station right across the street from the infamous Cup Foods in which the chimp criminal George Floyd spent the counterfeit bill that led to his deserved arrest.

"Gas stations receive large quantities of chemicals," Striker said, "It allows Antifa to cover up their operations. It's not like they need to since the FBI is on their side, but there's always the chance that local police who aren't in the know could cause a stir."

As we approached the Speedway gas station, I saw a guy dressed in black leather and a Kyriakos Grizzly t-shirt. It was Nike.

"Hey Apu, hey Striker," said as we met him on the sidewalk. "So I heard that Aspie's been kidnapped and you need somebody to infiltrate the Antifa lab that's underneath this Speedway gas station?"

Striker and I nodded.

"We need you to pretend to be a Turk or a Moroccan or something along those lines so that we can get access to the lab. The fentanyl that we found in Apu's apartment could only have come from here," Striker explained, then handed Nike a wire and a USB stick. "Once you've found the fentanyl manufacturing section, download all the documentation about where fentanyl sales have been going to on this USB stick. We're counting on you man."

Nike smiled. "No problem," he said as he took two spray cans out of his suitcase. One was filled with spray-on tan and the other was filled with the distilled scent of cockroaches. He sprayed himself with both cans, then took off his leather jacket and Kyriakos Grizzly shirt to reveal that he was wearing a dirty apron underneath. The disguise was completed by a kebab sandwich in one hand and a cone of stretchy ice cream in the other; Nike was now a Turkroach.

"Wish me luck guys," he said, heading into the Speedway station. As he did, Striker and I tuned into the frequency of the wire that Nike was wearing.

"Hello I am Ahmed," Nike told the gas station attendant, a White guy whose acne studded skin, green hair and piercings betrayed the fact that he was an Antifa. "I need to get access to the drug lab."

"Who the fuck are you?" the Antifa attendant said. "I don't recognize you being associated with us."

Nike then feigned anger. "What? How dare you say that as a White pig to a Muslim such as myself! Check your privilege, cracker."

The Antifa attendant's voice became high pitched with fear. "Oh, oh no. I'm sorry for saying that. Right this way, Mister Ahmed."

"Good," Nike said, then spat in the Antifa attendant's face to distract him, then punched the anti-fascist faggot in the gut. The Antifa non-fren went down with one punch since all the men who join Antifa are physically deformed weaklings with drug problems.

For a few moments the radio went silent, then Nike began to speak again. "Okay guys, I'm in. I have to say, this drug lab is absolutely massive. I can't believe they could build this place down here. They

have manufacturing or growing facilities for almost every recreational drug imaginable. Crack-cocaine, methamphetamine, Australian petrol for abbos to sniff and–"

Nike coughed violently. "Judging by the smell, jenkem. I think I see the fentanyl manufacturing facility though, so let me just get up to and–"

That was when the wire suddenly went silent. "Nike?" Striker said, "Nike, are you there?"

I turned to Striker. "We need to go down there. Nike is almost certainly in trouble."

Striker agreed, and both of us made our way to the Speedway gas station attendant's booth. The unconscious Antifa faggot was next to a trapdoor that led downwards. Thankfully for Striker, it was a ramp so he didn't have any issues going down it in his wheelchair. Once we were inside, we both immediately began to choke on the stench.

The Antifa drug lab reeked of powerful pharmaceuticals, feces, and what I guessed was the sweaty vaginal stink of mystery meat mulatto landwhales. However, the stink was the least of our problems. We were surrounded on all sides by Antifa. None of them looked physically healthy; they were all either skin and bones or fatter than the average League of Legends player. But I knew that Antifa non-frens were a threat in numbers, so I kept my guard up.

They snarled their usual, worn-out slogans and threats.

"It's Eric Striker! Get that fucking Nazi!"

"Kill the White kid and rape his dead fucking corpse!"

"Bash those fucking fascist chuds!"

Without uttering a single word to the other, Striker and I stood back to back, guarding each other's flank. Striker drew out his massive, 200-pound steel shield, his preferred weapon for anti-anti-fascist action. I only had my bare fists, but with Striker behind me and my opponents being degenerate Antifa, they were more than enough.

"Go ahead, you dysgenic non-frens," I said as I shelled up, "See if you can land a punch on these Nazis."

The Antifa charged us in a semi-coordinated fashion. What I mean by that is that, while a hook-nosed commander Antifa gave the order to attack, all of the other Antifa were either too high or physically unfit to fight in unison.

As the Antifa lunged at me, I slipped their blows and countered with my own. When my right cross made contact with the face of a bearded and bespectacled Antifa male, the force of my fist blew his head apart, making his shattered skull look like a broken jar of pasta sauce.

"Oh my Science! Ronnie!" a fugly female Antifa cried as the guy's corpse crumpled to the floor while squirting out blood like fruit gushers candy.

"All these Antifa are faggot vegans who never work out," Striker said as he carved through three fat Antifa mulattoes with his shield, killing them all instantly. "Their bones have atrophied to the point where you can smash them like glass."

I laughed when I heard that. "Fucking bug-eating non-frens get what they deserve!" I roared as I uppercutted the fugly Antifa female, the force of my punch tearing her head from her shoulders. Now to my frens who are listening to this, I was able to generate force on my punches because I was throwing my punches with my entire body. I wasn't punching with just the muscles in my arm. Every blow I threw was with the strength of my legs, hips, and shoulders that had all of my weight behind them, making them lethal to any communist cuckold that came in contact with my knuckles.

After cleaving through about two dozen Antifa without so much as a scratch on ourselves, their hook-nosed Jewish leader shouted, "Retreat and regroup! Retreat and regroup!"

All the Antifa who weren't dead or maimed began sprinting away as Striker and I began to search around for Nike. We hurried down the halls of the underground lab shouting his name. We were about to give up on the search when we heard a faint voice.

"Hey guys! Down here!"

It was Nike. When Striker and I looked in the direction of his voice, we saw that he was down a flight of stairs and seated on a swivel chair in what appeared to be the fentanyl manufacturing plant. Nike was grinning triumphantly. However, he wasn't alone. A skinny Antifa chick with a spiked black choker and a nose piercing was sleeping with her head on his thighs and her top off.

"Nike!" Striker shouted at him angrily. "What the *fuck* are you doing? Get the fuck up here this instant!"

Nike's smile melted away as he blushed bright red and shamefully began going up the stairs. "I, I uh, got the fentanyl sales data," he said as he handed Striker the USB stick. "Liza helped me access their records."

"Who in the *hell* is 'Liza'?" Striker fumed as he plugged the USB into his wheelchair, which had a built-in Nazi supercomputter. "Is it that Ramona Flowers-look-alike chick that you were banging while Apu and I were fighting for our...I guess not for our lives but fighting nevertheless?"

Nike twiddled his thumbs. "Yeahhhh. Sorry about that. I was sneaking down to the fentanyl manufacturing plant when Liza just suddenly grabbed me from behind and told me that she wanted to go right there and now," he said, half-laughing. "I think what made her so turned on was that she saw through my disguise because she kept moaning about how I was a '***based*** Aryan chad' while I was deep in–"

"That's it! TMI man, TMI." Striker exclaimed. "Compromising the mission just because you're horny and some four out of ten offered up some easy pussy, really man? Do you know what kinds of diseases these Antifa chicks have?"

I tried to shift the conversation back to the data before we got into another bout of right-wing infighting. "Frens, can we look at the fentanyl sales data? We need to do this as quickly as we can. Please remember that my girlfren's life is in danger. Please stop fighting each other because we are all frens with the same goal, okay?"

Striker and Nike nodded in agreement, then all three of us began skimming through the sales data that was on Striker's wheelchair supercomputer. All three of us gasped in shock as we saw that despite the thousands of pounds of fentanyl that had been produced at the Antifa laboratory, all of the supply had been bought by a single buyer. As we traced the sales could be traced back to a single location: the North Pole.

"The North Pole?" Striker exclaimed, not believing what he was seeing. "Why the hell would somebody at the North Pole need all of those drugs? And assuming that its a nigger because of the drug in question in fentanyl, why would a nigger be there in the first place? Aren't they adapted to the scorching heat of the savannas?"

As we were conversing over the meaning of the fentanyl sales data, a voice came from behind us. "Hey, I can tell y'all why."

We swerved around, expecting another rabid Antifa, but instead saw that it was the four out of ten chick that Nike had been busy screwing, Liza.

"Soooooo, uhhhh," Liza said, twirling strands of her hair that had been damaged over years of being dyed and re-dyed. "All those drugs are being like, used for a ritual."

Striker's gaze narrowed. "How can we trust druggie whore like yourself?" he asked. "Tell us more, then we'll see if what you're saying is true."

Liza shrugged. "I don't know like, what it is, but I think that they needed specifically like, young White girls and fentanyl.

My eyes widened when I heard that. "White girls?" I blurted out, then added, "Please, Liza, go on."

Liza shook her head. "Wait wait, let me have some weed before, like I go on because I can't remember it at all." She took a blunt out from inside her bra and lit it up, taking a puff. "Okay that's better," she said, grinning. "Anyway, there was like this one *kinda* black looking guy who came around two weeks ago offering all the White girls here literally twenty million bucks to travel to the North Pole. No cap. All the women of color got pissed at them but he like, told them all to shut up because it was for the chosen people or something like that, I dunno."

I nodded, then asked, "Well then Liza, why didn't you go? I'm sure that twenty million dollars was a lot more than you can make from your OnlyFans–which I haven't asked about but am sure that you have."

Liza sighed. "Yeah, I tried to go but like, he told me I couldn't come when he asked me if I could get pregnant and I told him no because of my drug-resistant chlamydia."

Striker gave Nike a good, long look that read 'I warned you' when she said that last part, but I kept paying attention to her story.

"So like," Liza continued as she smoked her weed, "He said that only women who could get pregnant or were already pregnant could go to the North Pole or like something like that. Yeah."

It then all clicked. "Striker, Nike, my frens, do you think that maybe, the reason why Aspie was kidnapped was because...?"

They both patted me on the back. "Congrats dude, you're gonna be a dad!" Striker said, "Awesome job on securing the future of the White race."

I blushed. "I, uh, thanks I guess?" I said.

"You need to marry her now though," Nike added. "I'm pretty sure you were planning on doing that but remember that sex before marriage is a sin."

I ignored Nike's hypocritical statement and said, "Okay frens, all this means is that we don't just need to go to the North Pole to save Aspie, but my unborn kid as well. Whatever ritual is taking place there sounds very non-frenly and evil and probably Jewish."

I turned to Liza and asked, "You said something about the black guy saying that it was for the 'chosen people'?"

She nodded and replied, "Yup. That's exactly what they said. Chosen people or like, something like that."

Striker smirked. "Alright then, it seems like we need to go beat the shit out of some women-kidnapping, Satan-worshiping nigger working for the Jews at the North Pole!"

"But how are we going to get there?" Nike asked. "It's not like there's a plane that could get us directly from Minneapolis to the North Pole."

"There might be a way frens," I said, scratching my head. "We could ask Santa Claus to do it."

"Santa Claus?" Striker said, "What are you, crazy?"

I shook my head. "No I'm not crazy fren," I said. "But first we need to get out of this Antifa lab."

We all turned back and headed towards the trap door roof, but Liza called out to us. "Nike!" she said, running after the Greek. "Nike, where are you like, going? I thought we were going to be a thing!"

"Silence, **THOT**!!!" Nike said as he slammed the trap door shut. "Hey guys, since we're at a gas station, do you want to flood the Antifa lab with petrol and blow it up?"

Striker smiled. "Now you're speaking my language."

Together, the three of us pumped an entire tanker's worth of gas through the trap door. I then lit the fuse. As we walked (or in Striker's case, rolled) away, the gas station exploded into a massive fireball. The screams of the non-fren Antifa being roasted alive was like music to my ears, but I had to ask Nike one question before we could leave Minneapolis to summon Santa Claus.

"Nike, aren't you sad about having killed that girlfren?" I asked him.

He laughed before he replied. "Apu, it's called being a Sigma Male. Sigma Male Rule 112: Fuck Communist bitches, then incinerate them in a gas station explosion as you blow up the underground lab they worked at."

We were all a little hungry so we decided to have a bite to eat at Cup Foods. As a sidenote, there was this homeless guy in front of Cup Foods named Richard Spencer that we decided to beat up for being a faggot and a narcisstic traitor. After we finished beating him to a bloody pulp, we threw his body to a pack of feral niggers, who then proceeded to eat him alive.

Once we were finished bullying Richard Spencer, we decided to have Cup Food's famous bananas, the same yellow fruits that the Monkey of Minneapolis had died trying to buy with his counterfeit twenty dollar bill. I bought and ate twenty of them because I was that hungry. After stuffing myself, I told them my plan to get to the North Pole by getting in touch with Santa Claus.

"So we need to get Santa to come and get us in his sleigh. We can do this by combining all of our Good Boy Points that we've gotten together over the years and asking him to do it by sending a letter through the mail," I explained.

"Ok Apu, I'll just admit that I don't get a single fucking thing you're saying," Striker said. "How can sending a letter through the mail get us into contact with Santa Claus? The United States Postal Service is staffed almost exclusively by obese nigger women."

"We will use FedEx," I said, taking out pen and paper. I started to write:

*Dear Santa,*

*It's me Apu. I need you to come and get me and my frens, Eric Striker and Nike the Greek, and take us to the North Pole to save my pregnant girlfren who has been kidnapped. Our total sum of Good Boy Points should be about 1488, because while Nike lost a thousand points by banging that Antifa chick he regained them by helping to burn all of the Antifa druggies alive.*

*Sincerely,*

*Apu Apustaja*

I then licked the envelope shut and mailed it through FedEx. While FedEx isn't the greatest service, it's still better than the nigger-run USPS.

"So what do we do now?" Nike asked.

"We wait," I said, looking at the time on my phone. "Don't worry frens, Santa will respond quickly."

Striker facepalmed. "Apu, honestly this is retarded. I've been playing along you with you for a bit, but Santa just isn't real–"

That was when I heard the jingling of bells and saw a flying shadow in the distance. "Santa!" I cried out as I saw his sleigh. "We're down here Santa! Down here at Cup Foods!"

"Holy hell, what the fuck?" Striker said, his eyes growing wide in astonishment.

"It's a Christmas miracle!" Nike cheered.

The sleigh slowed to a halt in front of us, but that was when I saw that Santa wasn't at the reins. The reindeer were pulling it by themselves without him.

"Hey, where's Santa?" I said aloud. "I asked for Santa to come and help us!"

"Santa has been captured, and we need your help to save him," a voice said. I looked around for its owner, then saw that the leader of the reindeer had stepped forward. "I believe, based upon the contents of your letter, that we share a common enemy."

"Who are you?" I asked.

The reindeer responded by making his nose shine a bright, bloody crimson. In the center of the blazing red orb, I could see a Nazi Swasitka. "My name is Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer, Santa's second-in-command and deputy fuhrer of the North Pole."

"Rudolf Hess?" Striker said, his face now resembling a soyjak after hearing the name. "Are you really, the...?"

"Yes, I am," Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer replied. "After being tortured into giving all those false confessions at Nuremberg and *supposedly* killing myself, here I am now, reincarnated as a talking reindeer with a nose that glows. At least I can fly places without having my enemies capturing me as I try to have peace talks, but I'm getting off on a tangent."

The deputy fuhrer of the North Pole turned back to me. "Thank you for sending that letter because it alerted us to the fact that there was somebody we could ally with to purge the infestation that has taken over the North Pole. I'll explain in detail as we fly there."

I nodded at Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer. "Okay Rudolf, take us there!"

Striker, Nike and I got onto the sleigh, with Striker having a bit of trouble because the sleigh was not handicapped accessible. We took off at extreme speeds, accelerating from zero to supersonic speeds in a matter of seconds.

Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer began to explain what had happened at the North Pole. "Around about a month ago, two Jew elves in Santa's Work Camp began causing a ruckus, stirring up trouble. You see Santa's Work Camp is a totally fine place to be, with in-door swimming pools, spas, and even a roller coaster, but these two Jew elves said that Santa was being a racist bigot because he never gave presents to the black children of the world. When Santa told them that mud babies don't get any presents because they make up more than half of the naughty list, the two Jew elves decided that Santa had to be made a more inclusive, diverse Santa. And so, they quite literally stabbed him in the back, then started a mutiny against him. They then used diversity visa lottery programs to bring in a bunch of niggers to be their private little army, which they then used to captured him."

I swallowed in fear for Santa's sake. "What are they going to do to him?"

Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer continued. "The two Jew elves are planning to replace Santa Claus with a nigger. They are trying to turn him into George Floyd, otherwise known as Jingle Floyd."

All three of us gasped in horror. "So it's kind of like that book "Santa's Husband" by that Jew Daniel Kibblesmith?" Striker asked.

"Worse I'm afraid," Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer said. "If Jingle Floyd were to become Santa Claus, it would mean that every depiction of Santa Claus in the past, present, and future would become a nigger. The very soul of Christmas would be turned coal black by that nigger's leathery black skin. The Jew elves have already summoned George Floyd's soul back to this realm. Now all they need to do is to conduct an ancient Jew-elf ritual to transfer George Floyd's soul into Santa's body."

I shook my head. "Let me guess, they need pregnant White women and fentanyl for the sacrifice?"

Rudolf nodded. "Exactly, for there isn't much more in the world that is sacred as a White woman who carries a White child inside her. Since the Jew elves have an instinctive desire to defile anything that is good, true and beautiful, their rituals require the lifeblood of such women."

I grimaced. "I will rescue Aspie, my unborn kid, Santa, then I will exterminate all the Jew elf nonfrens who have done this!!" I roared.

We arrived at the North Pole, right outside of Santa's Work Camp. Now you may be wondering if we would freeze out here in the North Pole since we didn't have any protective gear, but we were all ok because of the thermogenesis coming from our Aryan chad muscles.

Santa's Work Camp was a huge building, kind of resembling a factory. However, for some reason it didn't have any chimneys for smoke and ash to leave the work camp, which was kind of strange since if they were going to burn anything in there they would need chimneys, right? Anyway, we crossed through the entry gate, which had the camp logo "Work Will Set You Free" written across it.

"The Jew elves are holding Santa and the pregnant White women in the fumigation chambers, where we make sure that all the Christmas presents don't have any pests infesting them," Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer said. "We need to hurry. The ritual may start soon."

As we hurried through Santa's Work Camp, we were attacked on all sides by the Jew elves' army of feral diversity visa lottery niggers.

"Kill da White crackas!" the monkeys chimped. "We need dat Jingle Floyd so dat we can get dem presents instead of y'all crackas! It be reparations and shit!"

Striker fought them off with his shield while Nike shishkebabed those apes with his Greek Hoplite spear.

"You niggers will *never* understand!" Nike exclaimed as he cut down the bonobos with his spear. "Christmas isn't just about presents, it's about family and love and friendship and faith! But you peabrained, Homo Erectus-looking, fentanyl-consuming freaks will never get that because you aren't capable of thinking of anything that isn't vulgar or profane!"

While we fought valiantly, there were just too many niggers. So Striker and Nike told me that they would stay behind to fend them off while I would go ahead to find Aspie and Santa. So Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer and I rushed through Santa's Work Camp, sprinting towards the fumigation chambers. And when we finally got there, I gasped upon seeing that horrible sight.

There was Santa, chained to the center of a Jewish ritual altar in the shape of the Star of David that was as large as a basketball court. On each tip of the Star, there was a pregnant White woman. And at furthest one was Aspie. She was chained to a candy cane pillar with her head facing down.

"Aspie!" I cried as I sprinted towards my girlfren.

"No! Apu! Stop!" Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer warned me, but it was too late.

Suddenly, I was struck across the back of my head, knocking me to the floor. It took everything in me to not immediately go out. As I pushed myself back up, I saw what had attacked me.

"Hey cracka, dat dere be my bitch mayne. I need her pregnant baby blood to become Santa Claus and shieeeet."

It was a six-foot five-inch tall nutcracker doll, but built from a crystal white substance that I recognized to be fentanyl. The doll's face was that of the criminal nigger, George Floyd. It was just like the face he had while alive, but with a word in Hebrew on his forehead. "I need ta becum Santa and shieet cause I need to have dem presents for those reparations of black baybays not getting dem Christmas presents."

"Hehe goy, how do you like our George Floyd fentanyl nutcracker golem? It's the same one that kidnapped your shiksa girlfriend," two snarky, subversive voices said in unison behind me. I turned around and came face to face with two diminutive Jew elves. One was male and had a name tag that said (((Seth Rogen))), while the other was female and wore a tag that said (((Sarah Silverman))).

"Or as I like to call it," Sarah Silverman said, rubbing her crooked kike hands. "The Cracker-cracker!"

Seth Rogen then began to laugh hysterically. "Oh Sarah, that's so funny!"

I squinted in confusion. "What? How the hell is that funny? That joke stinks." I said as I created space between myself, the George Floyd fentanyl nutcracker golem, and the two kike elves.

"Yeah, it might stink. Just like my Jewish penis after a long night out!" Seth Rogen said, making Sarah Silverman laugh.

"Haha Seth, you're so funny because you said that your dick smells," the she-kike said. "Our comedy is so good. Really goes to show why we get paid millions of dollars to write our routines."

I stood there, absolutely dumbfounded by the sheer amount of Jewish narcissism that was radiating off of those two oven dodgers. "Literally, and I mean *literally*, every White guy fren I've met online or in real life had a better sense of humor than you," I said as I squared up in my boxing stance. "There was even this group of creepypasta writers on Telegram whose entire thing relied on the shock value of writing 'nigger' a hundred times per story that were funnier than you two toucan-nosed gremlins."

"Oy vey, don't be such a racist!" Seth Rogen said, "It's because of racists and anti-Semites like yourself that *forced* us to overthrow Santa Claus. And we shall soon transfer the soul of George Floyd, which now rests in the Cracker-cracker, into him using the lifeblood of your pregnant girlfriend!"

"Yes goy," Sarah Silverman said as she took a swig from a flask labeled 'The Blood of Palestinian Children'. "It is because you White Gentiles kept on ruining Hanukkah by making us feel inadequate. It is because your White supremacist standards of behavior make it so that Santa never delivers presents to little black girls and boys on Christmas. That is why we *had* to do this to you. You left us no choice."

"Shut your lying non-fren mouths!" I shouted as I threw a punch at the two kikes, but the George Floyd nutcracker fentanyl golem blocked my way.

"Aw shieet mayne don't attack dem Jooz mayne. Dey be muh muthafuckin' greatest allies and shit!" George Floyd said, then smacked me away with one of his long, orangutan-like arms. The force of the blow flung me back nearly ten feet, right back to where Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer was standing.

"Are you alright?" Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer asked me.

My only reply was a spray of blood that I coughed up.

"It's no use, filthy gentile," Sarah Silverman said. "We will turn Santa Claus into George Floyd and make sure that Christmas is no longer a White, Christian holiday!"

"You...you kikes," I said, blood trickling from lips. The George Floyd golem then scooped up my limp body.

"Get away from Apu, you shit-faced monkey!" Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer said, biting and kicking at George Floyd. But it was no use though, as the golem infused with the soul of the Chimp Counterfeiter brought me right up to his nutcracker mouth.

"Imma steal all dat cracka air now!" George Floyd said, then began to drain the air out of my lungs. I felt my already weak grasp on consciousness begin to slip as he took my breath away.

But at that very moment, a Christmas miracle happened...if it can be called a miracle. Do you remember the bananas that I ate at Cup Foods? Well as George Floyd stole my air, I actually threw them all up, sending the semi-digested banana goo right into the fentanyl golem's mouth.

"Ahh shieet! Banana barf in my throat mayne! I can't breeeth! I can't bweeve! Mamma pleeeze nooo!" the salacious simian shouted as it choked. The golem toppled over, not dead but incapacitated. The shock of falling out of his gorilla-like hands made me come to my senses.

"Oy vey! Why are you hurting that gentle giant?" Sarah Silverman said as she began charging me with a Jewish circumcision knife.

"We'll kill you ourselves!" Seth Rogen said, drawing a similar knife. "This is peaceful defense against your anti-Semitic aggression!"

Even as injured as I was, no Jew was a match for me, even if they were armed. With a quick flurry of blows, I incapacitated and disarmed them. I shattered Sarah Silverman's schnoz with a right cross and smashed Seth Rogen's face so hard that his spectacles shattered, causing the glass shards to enter his eyes and blind him.

"Oh gawd!" Seth Rogen said, clutching his face. "You'll be hearing from my lawyer, who is also my cousin, about this!"

I then rushed to Aspie. "Aspie, are you okay?" I said, tugging at the chains. They were too strong and I couldn't break them, even with my chad Aryan strength.

"Apu?" Aspie said faintly.

"Yes it's me, let me just get you unstuck–"

Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer nudged me on the shoulder. "Let me help you with this," he said, gesturing to his nose with his hoof. "Unlike a Jew's, this isn't just for show."

Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer then brought his nose right up to Aspie's chains and made it glow bright. The nose burned as bright as the sun as it melted through the chains like jet fuel through steel beams. "I will free all of the pregnant White women and Santa Claus," Rudolf told me. "I need you to fend off the Jew elves and George Floyd."

I nodded, then turned to see that the Seth, Sarah, and the George Floyd nutcracker fentanyl golem were all back on their feet. I gritted my teeth at the prospect of taking on so many non-frens at once, but then felt Aspie hug me from behind.

"Apu, I believe in you," she said, then kissed me.

That gave me the motivation and power to do what I had to. As Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer melted away the chains of the other pregnant White women, I fought off the two Jewish "comedians" and George Floyd. Really though, the only major problem was George Floyd because Jews are physically pathetic. I evaded them with superb ease, throwing shots where I could. I knew that I couldn't destroy the fentanyl golem with my bare fists, so I focused the majority of offense on Seth and Sarah. By the time Rudolf had finished freeing all the pregnant women as well as Santa, those two Jews had lost a total of twenty-two teeth and had all their ribs broken.

"Oy vey, why are you so cruel to us?" Seth said pleadingly. "Why are you Gentiles so violent towards the Chosen People of Israel?"

"Quit your whining, kike!" I said as I roundhouse kicked him, shattering Seth's jaw.

"Apu! Let's get out of here!" Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer said, having placed all Aspie, Santa, and all the pregnant women on Santa's sleigh.

"Aw nah I'm not lettin' ya crackas get away with my bitches!" George Floyd shouted, reaching towards us. As he did that, an idea popped into my head for a final solution on how to get rid of George Floyd and the Jew elves permanently.

I dug into my pocket for my wallet and took out a polaroid photograph of Aspie. "Rudolf, light this on fire." I said, and Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer did so without asking any questions. I then flung the burning photograph of Aspie at the George Floyd fentanyl nutcracker golem.

"Here, George! Pregnant women pics!"

"Ooga booga! Me want dem pics!" George Floyd said as he caught the picture in his hands. As he did, the crystal fentanyl that he was made of began to melt, then evaporate into gas.

Seth Rogen and Sarah Silverman, who both realized what was going on, began to scream.

"Oy gevalt! You're gassing us with fentanyl!" Seth Rogen said as he began to choke on the white fumes. "This is anudda shoah! Oh gawd I can't breathe!"

"You bigoted nazis! You'll never forget this!" Sarah Silverman said, coughing up blood as the fentanyl saturated her lungs.

I used what remained of my chad Aryan strength to slam the doors to the fumigation chambers shut. In the last glimpse of the room I got through the cracks in the doors, I saw the George Floyd fentanyl nutcracker golem writhing in pain as the fire melted him.

"Ah shieet mayne, the fire is melting mah lungs and wind pipes. I can't breathe! Mama pleeeze mayne oh lord mayne!"

I laughed as I saw George Floyd melt into nothing, then collapsed. I don't remember much of what happened next because I was blacked out from my injuries. In the darkness, I do recall Striker and Nike coming to help me, but that's about everything because all of it was a blur to me.

When I next came to my senses, I was in a bed with somebody sitting next to me.

"Where...where am I?" I asked.

"You're in my cabin. You've been asleep for so long that it's now Christmas Eve, Ho Ho Ho." Santa Claus said, "Thank you for saving me. Christmas would've been doomed without you."

"How is Aspie?" I asked, my voice still hoarse. "Is she going to be ok?"

Santa smiled. "She is completely fine. So is Striker, Nike, and Rudolf Hess the Red-Nosed Reindeer. My Work Camp has been reclaimed from the traitors. All the niggers who were imported here as their private army have been deported back to Africa, where they will live out their short, primitive lives in sheer misery due to their naughtiness."

I then remembered something, making me spring out of bed and to my feet. "Santa, I need to get back to my hometown. I promised my frens that I would host a Christmas party at my apartment–"

I then paused as I remembered how my apartment had been ransacked by the George Floyd fentanyl nutcracker golem. "Nah, forget it. While I may have saved my girlfren and unborn child, my Christmas has been ruined."

Santa smiled even wider. "But that's not true, Apu. Because as a special Christmas thank you, I've brought all of your friends to the North Pole to have a Christmas celebration here!"

Santa then opened the drapes to one of the cabin windows and showed me what was outside. I nearly burst out crying out of sheer joy at what I saw. All of my frens and family were out there. My mom, dad, sister, brother, and the old family dog. As for frens, there was Striker, Nike, Nathaniel Higgerson, Larry Ridgeway, Andy Semydyck, and even the world-renowned author Jordan Cleeman. Not only that, there was a collaboration concert between Mr. Bond, Moonman and Morrakiu jamming out some Christmas tunes (oh and I guess there was this old boomer named Sven along with them as well).

"Wow Santa! All of this for me?" I asked.

"Not just for you, but for you, your girlfren, and your child who will soon enter the world," Santa said. "Because as White people, we understand that Christmas isn't just about yourself. It's not about presents or shopping or post-Christmas sales at Wal-Mart. It's not about Hallmark movies, or even Die

Hard. Christmas is about spending time with your family and friends and loved ones, and by selflessly fighting to save your girlfriend and unborn child, you proved that you were willing to *give* your life to save them. That bravery is something worth celebrating."

And so, I celebrated Christmas with my frens and family all throughout the night and into the early morning. As Christmas day dawned, I met it with pride and joy in my heart. Fuck niggers, fuck kikes, and fuck all those non-frens who want to destroy White people and their Christmas cheer. Don't worry bros, we're all going to make it.

**The Masque of the Brown Death**

By Jordan Cleeman

It was a stormy, dark and cloudy night. The sound of thunder rattled our eardrums and the lightning fell in bright flashes. The unfathomable amount of wet rain drains the alfresco. Anyone who steps out would have suffered an unpleasant shock from the cold. To my relief, along with many others, the robustness of my castle is sufficient to shelter us from the frigid nature of the outdoors. However, that is the least of our concerns. There is something out there far more formidable than the extreme elements. Almost sinister in itself. That is, we are primarily hiding from a pestilence that has been terrorizing our country for a long time, the Brown Death. The Brown Death is a deadly illness that cognates some of the most gruesome symptoms of any disease. This includes the shortness of breath, the drainage of air from the lungs, and the opening of pores in the victim's skin that leaks all of the oxygen supply.

Now, I am a man who happens to have lucked out, being born from a privileged pure White family. Because I accumulated most of my kin's wealth, I have a lot to lose. Therefore, death is a concept that I am afraid of. I consider the fact that I am not a Jew nor a nigger a blessing, and the idea of being reincarnated as one of them terrifies me more than death itself. The almost guaranteed death rate of the Brown Death disease is why I am here in the insulative castle with a select group of nobles. We leave the lesser classes out, because we do not want to have anything to do with the peasants who drag down the commonwealth, especially the aforementioned niggers. Also, the upper classes are less likely to contract the Brown Death due to being able to access health care, so the fortitude of the castle should keep it at bay.

Despite the scare in the outdoors, the banquet I held in the citadel was rather enticing: the cheerful embellishments, and the fine wine for all of us to enjoy. The superstructure spanned a very wide corridor that is segregated into seven distinct sections, each of them exhibiting unique colors with windows stained with the corresponding hue. The first one in the far east is painted blue; the second one has been painted purple; the third one being green; the fourth one orange; the fifth one white; and the sixth one purple. Finally, at the far west is the black room, which is different from the others, sporting windows of a different color: red. Another differentiator of this black room is the clock that stands. Every time an hour passes, it would resonate so loudly, that nobody in the vast building could fail to hear it clearly. The sound would be so intense, that they almost always stopped in their tracks. As strange as many may see this, I've created these rooms for a specific reason. Within classes, there are still subdivisions of wealth and value of individuals. Because they tend to be more ambiguous than the broader leagues, I separate them using the colored rooms. The further they are to the east, the more valuable they are. In other words, the most wealthy and successful of the nobles end up in the blue room, while the contrary round up in the purple room. You may notice that I've left out the black room from this list. You see, there are occasionally times when the forbidden ones successfully sneak in the banquet. In the event of this, the black room is used as a way to lock them in order to keep them away from the invited ones, until the party is over. The unpleasant and coldness of the black room makes it an uninviting area in itself, so it is not like the outsiders are going to have a much better time there than outside. There are other factors to this too. I conducted mandatory skin checks for every guest who showed up to the banquet and used it as an additional weighted means to measure their worth.

The filter I use is also an amazing way to ensure the preservation of the White race. Horny niggers are an absolute no-no, so it is a planned guarantee that not a single BBC whores in here will race mix to create albino gorilla-looking abominations (not that nigger lovers are welcome in the banquet, but they tend to be harder to filter out, due to them passing the skin check). It aims to enable a beautiful atmosphere of being surrounded purely by chauvinists such as myself. At least, that was what I thought.

The party was going well, with me hanging out in the blue area. All the guests had a good time discussing our collective grudge towards the inferior races and classes and eating all the bread in the world that only those niggers could ever dream of having a fraction of. Well to be frank, maybe they could make that a reality if they wound up in the hands of a generous slave owner. Hell, slave owners are probably no longer a thing because of the disproportionate number of niggers who are now infected with the Brown Death, hence the name. It was refreshing to see everybody so unified, after all of us had to worry about being infected by that disease for so many months.

I thought it was going to stay that way for the remainder of the night. However, it came to a stop when the clock all the way in the black room played that familiar hourly ring, indicating it was now midnight. As usual, we all stopped whatever we were doing and paused in silence for a moment. The ritual per se was not abnormal, but something seemed a bit different this time. Subtle, not explicit. At first, I was not sure whether it was more so the change of smell, or the ominous tone, but it was until I noticed that the majority of the crowd was staring in a particular direction.

I slowly crept my view towards whatever they were looking at. I almost missed it, but if it wasn't for its, or should I say his, peculiar outfit, I probably would have. To describe what the outfit looked like, it resembled a costume depicting a corpse who was formerly a victim of the Brown Death. To say it was super well made, is an understatement. The outfit was ridiculously detailed, sporting exposed flesh under dead skin. The trickles of blood coming out of the pores did not look painted at all. In addition, whoever was wearing the outfit was acting like it pretty well. The way he portrayed himself as a Brown Death victim struggling to breathe looked so life-like. In the past, I have witnessed Brown Death fatalities with my own eyes, and it was almost the exact same thing. His shortness of breath was accompanied by violent coughs that sounded like his flesh was being torn by the leftover escaping air that he was lucky to still have in his lungs. I then looked at the frontal of his face – it was a mask. Despite how convincing the rest of his outfit looked; his mask was the dead giveaway. The mask was supposed to characterize the human face of said Brown Death corpse. Sure, it was almost life-like just like the rest of the package, but there was an uncanny valley that I felt upon staring at it. The glossiness of the eyes was spot on, and the skin exhibited a realistic texture. However, upon glancing at the nose of the mask, I noticed an extraneous lump on the middle of it. It was exactly what would happen when a wearer with an oversized nose would wear a mask. The monstrous nose would have to protrude the mask outward. That was when I realized: whoever was wearing this costume was not one of us. No normal White person could possibly have a nose so large to the point where it distends a mask. Unsure on what to do, I resumed looking at the rest of the crowd. My theory was confirmed once I noticed they all looked rather frightened, as if they were staring at something that doesn't belong here. Wait a second, none of them were looking at his face – they were all focused on his hands. Particularly, his actual hands weren't in gloves, leaving the skin visible. They were leathery, with a dark brown color. The kind of skin color that resembles the color of feces so much that you wouldn't want to touch it at all. The very reason that most of us admittedly wouldn't go anywhere near any of the black kids in preschool. This was an intruder. I was enraged by this for multiple reasons. For one, whoever this was somehow snuck into the banquet, he would've had to pass my skin check. Secondly, I, Prince Prospero, was highly offended by the fact that some peasant nigger had the audacity to sneak into a rich White man's domain uninvited, in such a lighthearted fashion. At last, I was the first to open my mouth to speak since the silence began.

"Who dares?" I demanded. "Who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize this nigger out of the building and unmask him – that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"

The anger in my words produced enough energy to project my voice through all seven of the colored rooms for every single guest to hear. In response, a nearby large subgroup of the crowd began to make their way towards the masked nigger intruder. However, not a single soul dared to lay a hand on him. Even though I tried to be true to my request, I didn't blame them. Asides from the grossness of touching a nigger, who knows what he could do? Niggers are also known to be violent, and I didn't want any of my blue room people to be harmed.

The masked nigger intruder then started to head to the west direction. He was headed to the next room: the purple colored one. That was when I decided to take matters into my own hands, so I followed him. The swift rate at which the masked nigger intruder was walking was the icing on the cake regarding

his nigger-like characteristics. The closer I got to his back, the faster he walked. It eventually became a full-on chase. We rushed through the purple room, the green room, the orange room, the white room, and the violet room. Eventually, the masked nigger intruder stepped into the black room; the seventh. It was the last room with a dead end on the other side, so he had nowhere to go. It was about time I find out who this nigger is. I pulled out my dagger, and then prepared to corner him. It was in my best interest to do the deed as fast as possible, so I charged at the masked nigger intruder. However, once I was around a meter away, he turned to face me whilst taking off his mask.

Before I describe what his face looked like, I need to warn you readers. Its appearance was the literal epitome of *looks can kill*. The first thing I noticed about his facial features was his nose. It was even bigger than I thought. The skin tight mask that covered it, forming a bulge, did not do its size justice. The width of his nose took up the majority of the widest horizontal component of his face. It looked like somebody heated a vase the color of feces until it turned into clay and then used it to layer a normal nigger's nose to enlarge it. To put into perspective, I am a notorious rich White man who's been to hundreds of nigger slave auctions in the past decade, and never have I seen a nigger with those atrocious proportions. The closest one to this imposter's appearance that I've seen was a particularly ugly twenty-dollar slave named Georgie Floydicus.

"G-Georgie Floydicus?" I stammered, "I-is that you?"

No verbal response. He didn't even move his big lips a single millimeter. However, he did nod his head upward, which revealed the under most chunk of his muzzle.

I gazed upon his pair of cave-sized nostrils, which was ten times as grotesque with liters of liquified oxygen leaking out in the form of snot, and that was when I reached my breaking point. I was overwhelmed with so many different emotions. A part of me desperately wanted to laugh at its foolish essence. Another part of me steamed with unbelievable rage toward our lord for creating such a beast. The last third of me felt... happiness. The happiness stemmed from the idea that I am such a superior being to whatever that thing was. My wealth, my intelligence, my handsome face contrasted by this chimpanzee looking entity. All those emotions playing at once were nothing short of overpowering. They grew in magnitude rapidly, and then I began to feel a pain in my chest. Physical pain, increasing at a rate in proportion to the three emotions. Breathing became exponentially more burdensome, along with the beat of my heart amplifying. Within the span of one of those heartbeats, my skin felt a boiling heat. Large pores formed, and I felt large volumes of air rushing out, akin to a reverse vacuum. The pain became unbearable, and I collapsed to the ground and uttered my last words: "I. . . can't . . . breathe. . . "

I Know the Real Cause of Sleep Apnea

By Jordan Cleeman

Sleep apnea, one of the most uncomfortable sleeping disorders one can experience. For those who don't know, it causes the victim to not breathe during their sleep. This can lead to various symptoms, such as the feeling of shock when you suddenly feel the need to gasp for air when you wake up, drowsiness during the day, and sometimes, heart problems and elevated blood pressure. Sleep apnea is a common occurrence for people who are overweight, since it is caused by the blockage of airways. I myself have never suffered this disorder in my life, since I am a perfectly healthy human being who regularly works out. I am a man who is against all those liberals who try to promote body positivity, so I make sure not to look like a land whale.

Because of my record of never having any serious health problems prior, I never thought I would experience sleep apnea; it is one of the last things I would expect. However, I was wrong. Despite my healthy lifestyle, I recently managed to suffer a chain of sleep apnea episodes. There are non health related causes of it that the world needs to know, and I will now write up an example of one.

It was another night that I was looking forward to. It had been an exhausting day due to my service job for a construction firm that consisted of dealing with faggots and niggers. They'd constantly make my job miserable. For example, a nigger chimped at me when I didn't allow him to use the rest room since niggers tend to trash the place. Can't blame me for trying to keep the place clean. I laid down on my pillow at last, feeling like a king. It is hard times that create strong men, and those men will be able to appreciate the good times. Even with the knowledge that I would have to go to work again the next day, I was

still content. It will be soon before I can quit the job, I thought. I am fresh out of college, trying to hammer down student debt, so working overtime was absolutely necessary.

Now you may be wondering, why not just get a better job with the bachelor's degree of science that I have, such as a lab technician? You see, I would say that I am a racist in my cover letters, which easily outs me from job interviews. I am just a proud racist who never lies in my cover letters. The construction firm that hired me as a service worker happens to be run by a ***based*** manager, so I lucked out on that.

I rested my eyes and hoped for the best. Just like every night. Despite expecting myself to sleep shortly, the clock on my nightstand cycled through hours for what felt like a matter of minutes, and I realized that it was one of those nights where I simply could not sleep, so I decided to go on my phone and browse through YouTube to find a good ASMR video. The rainfall ones are my favourite type, so I went on my subscriptions page to quickly find the rainfall ASMR channel that I am subscribed to. But upon some scrolling, I found out that one of the ***based*** channels that I am subscribed to uploaded a video ranting about a violent BLM protest. I immediately got mad because I hate those chimping apes who wreck cities and clicked on the video. I don't watch him for the video, but for the comments below. Because YouTube is run by Jews, it is full of libtards, and seeing the libtards triggered in the comments over a ***based*** video is far more entertaining than the video itself.

Scrolling through the comment section, there were a fuck ton of colored hair profile picture users trying so hard to cope and defend BLM, so I decided to do a little bit of trolling. When I say a little trolling, I mean a marathon of internet bullying. I replied to those comments by describing the ugliness and low IQ of the chimpanzee they view as a god, George Floyd. I spent a few hours doing this, until I got legitimately sleepy at last and dozed off.

I woke up to my alarm clock reading seven AM. I rubbed my eyes and got up, but when my vision cleared, I realised that my bedroom looked a bit different. Instead of waking up in my bed, it was a filthy mattress on the floor. Instead of my usual beige walls, they were now a dark brown colour. Precisely, the color of nigger skin. Hell, every object around me was dark brown. My blanket was no longer red, my TV was no longer white, my floor was no longer the white slabs that I remembered. The wallpaper was peeling, and the room was dimly lit. When I looked out the window, I went into a state of shock when I saw that the tree leaves and grass were also that brown colour. As a result of the shock, I attempted to gasp, to realise that I had completely lost the ability to inhale. Specifically, it felt as if my throat was completely sealed. Each time I attempted to breathe in, it was impossible to take in air. However, I was able to exhale perfectly fine. But it was a somewhat automated process. I didn't even have to consciously breathe out. Panic quickly escalated when I came to the realisation that I probably didn't have much time to live, and holding my breath was impossible. What the fuck was going on? Suddenly, I heard an echoey voice coming from some unknown source.

"I've been expecting you main."

"Um, hello?" I managed to call out, with my last bit of breath.

There was not a response for a moment, but it was then, the voice repeated itself in different words.

"You are exactly where I want you to be."

I tried to further question wherever the voice came from but realized that I was now completely out of air and couldn't talk any longer. I again tried to inhale as hard as I could, but that only caused pain in my throat. As time passed, the feeling of carbon dioxide building up in my lungs increased, and I felt the worst pain in my life. I prepared for my mysterious death and waited. However, three minutes passed, and I remained alive, still completely conscious. For those who don't know, you die when you stop breathing for three minutes. However, that was not the case for me. I was physically unharmed, except for the tense pain in my lungs that makes me want to McNutt myself. But what distracted me from the extreme discomfort was what was happening around me. What's with everything being the color of nigger skin ever since I woke up? And who the hell was the eerie voice coming from? It was then, the voice spoke again.

"You are in the Floyd Dream Dimension main," it said. "I am the keeper of this realm."

Based on what the keeper just said, it seemed to answer the pair of questions that I thought of. I figured that it is capable of reading my thoughts. I decided to put it to the test.

*Show yourself*, I thought.

Suddenly, I heard my bedroom door knock.

"Ooga booga open up main," the keeper said.

I stood up from my bed and went for the door. Upon opening it, I saw this extremely tall and slender figure that stood at seven feet tall. Its body was completely pitch black and had limbs as thin as broomsticks, similar to Christian Bale from The Machinist. Because it was so tall, I was initially only looking at its torso, so I looked up to see its face. Now, because of its obviously unnatural proportions, I was expecting its face to look like some demon from a horror movie, but it was far more grotesque. Its nose, which took up half of its face, looked like it belonged to this giant extinct mammal called the Paraceratherium. I also noticed how fat its lips were. It awfully reminded me of George Floyd. Hell, it was probably him in the form of a demonic entity reincarnation, since this was the Floyd Dream Dimension. I precisely acknowledged its grotesque facial features, which angered the keeper.

"How dare you disrespect my appearance main,"the keeper boomed. "Mah homies, get in here. We need to judge this cracka's soul."

I heard loud, yet crisp, footsteps walking up the stairs. By the sounds of it, there were multiple beings out there. My heart pounded and I was quickly reminded of the burning sensation in my lungs. What did he mean by judging my soul?

Moments after the footsteps finally sounded like they were within a yard away, the keeper stepped into the room, and welcomed in two other entities. Both of them exhibited a very similar appearance to the keeper, except their noses were slightly smaller. Another subtle difference is that they have thinner lips. Still as thick as Nikki Minaj's forty-inch ass, but not to the extreme extent of the Keeper. Of course, I tried my very best not to think too much about their ugliness, as that would obviously lead to terrifying consequences.

"Allow me to introduce the asphyxiation council main", the keeper announced to me. "We exist here to assess your soul main."

The asphyxiation council member on the left stepped forward and bowed.

"Aya cracka, mah name Jerome Floyd. I am da one who gunna gauge yo intellect," he said.

The asphyxiation council member on the right stepped forward as well in a symmetrical fashion to Jerome Floyd.

"Hey main, ah am Theodore Floyd," he introduced himself. "I am he-ah to see if ya are like us niggas."

"Okay main, we will begin by testing yo IQ," Jerome Floyd began. "What is a good way to make bread?"

Translation for all you non nigger speaking readers: he was asking me what a good way is to make money. I thought for a moment. Even though they hadn't indicated any potential consequences of failing this so-called soul assessment test, I was scared of what could happen if I expressed an answer against their favour.

"You got fifteen seconds to answer mah question main," Jerome Floyd said.

Even with my lack of air at the moment, my heart rate rose even more. Prior to now, I was too distracted by the overall strange nature of whatever the hell I woke up to, to even consider the outlandish physics.

"Seven seconds main," Jerome Floyd boomed, growing impatient.

With all my wits, I came up with my final answer. The only response I could think of with my rational intuition: invest in stocks.

"Whatda main, I dunno what stocks are, so I guess you are wrong right there," Jerome Floyd said. "The correct answer is robbing them vulnerable mains, such as pregnant bitches. Ya cracka ass failed the intellect test."

*What the fuck?* I thought. Everyone knows that robbing others, especially the weak, is monkey behaviour and only incompetent parasites do it. Hell, comparing monkeys to those who exhibit this violent

behaviour is selling monkeys short. I looked at the keeper. He shook his head as if I were the dumb one.

Theodore Floyd then nodded to invite me to his examination, which was to measure how nigger-like I am. Now, I was extremely offended by the fact that he would even put me through this, because of how much of a nigger hater I am. Just like how I try my best to strive from looking like obese liberals, the idea of me being anything like a nigger makes me want to Ronnie McNutt myself.

"Aight, let's say you see a main eating his Popeyes chicken sandwich. What would you do?" Theodore Floyd asked. "You got fifteen seconds main."

I knew exactly what he wanted as an answer for me to pass. It is a well-known fact that niggers have a thirst for fried chicken so intense, that they would do anything just to lick a piece for a millisecond. Even though I had the tools to answer Theodore Floyd's question, I had zero interest in submitting myself as a nigger associate.

I am nothing like you big, lipped monkeys, I thought out loud.

"You are not one of us!" the keeper chimped. "Asphyxiation council, arrest this cracka!"

Shit, I thought. This was what was to happen when I failed the asphyxiation councils soul assessment test. Jerome and Theordore Floyd both began to stride towards me with their ridiculously long, twig-like legs. It was such a sight to see they weren't gasping for air even from just standing. But I wasn't in a position any better. I had been in the sensation of drowning for what felt like hours so far, while being questioned by a squad of George Floyd dream monsters.

I turned back and tried to run, but I realised a problem: it is impossible to run fast in dreams. Ever try to sprint in a dream, but can't because it feels like you are in a body of water? Well, that was what I was experiencing.

I paused. Wait a second. If I am in a dream, wouldn't it make sense to conjure up some way to destroy whatever demonic creatures are going after me? I decided to give it a try. With all the little energy I had left in my brain, I tried to imagine a giant Derek Chauvin-esq knee crushing all three of the demonic Floyd dream monsters one by one. However, it didn't work at all. Nothing.

"Hehehe, that ain't gonna work main," the keeper said. "Only us Floyd dream dimension keepers can control this dream realm main."

Jerome and Theodore Floyd both grabbed my arms and used this handcuff made of fentanyl to bound my hands. It was ironic to say the least, because niggers are usually the ones who get arrested, while it is the chad White cops who knee on them. Go figure.

The keeper left the room, with Jerome and Theodore Floyd following him, leading me. I was expecting the layout of the house to be similar to mine in the Floyd Dream dimension. However, the downward stairway which I assumed was to lead to this dimension's version of my kitchen, was actually a stairway to what looked like some sort of prison.

The asphyxiation council led me downstairs and then showed me around, like it was an actual federal prison. The cells we passed by were occupied by prisoners who all looked like ***based*** racist chads. They weren't awake though. They all appeared to be asleep, with this white colored powder smeared on their faces. I knew that I was about to be one of them. Eventually, Jerome and Theodore Floyd settled me into an empty cell.

"Welp here is your new home main," the keeper said. "Enjoy your stay."

Jerome Floyd fidgeted his fleshy pocket that was probably a wound cut into his hips, and then retrieved a key and locked the cell. The sounds of the chains hitting one another was the icing on the cake for my already filled dread.

I soon felt very tired and lay down on the floor to sleep, just like the rest of the prisoners. The cold as the floor was, it somehow didn't deter me from entering my slumber.

The familiar ring of my alarm soon played next to my ears and I instinctively slammed it. I found myself back in my bed in the real world. To confirm, I looked around my bedroom and sure enough, everything was of normal colour. My ability to breathe was restored. It felt nice to finally inhale again. However, I did have the need to gasp for air, as if I hadn't actually breathed in a long time, despite all of it being a dream. It was so bad that I thought I was going to have a heart attack.

I plopped out of my bed and went on with my day.

That very night happened a week ago. I thought it was going to be a one-time event that will never have anything to do with my life ever again. Well, there is a reason why I am writing this. The following night after that dream, I woke up in the Floyd Dream dimension again, in that prison cell which the asphyxiation council locked me in. It happened right away, immediately after I snapped to sleep. My breathing privileges were again absent. I tried my very best to wake up from the nightmare via methods such as sleeping within the dream like how I did last time. However, there seemed to be a grace period that didn't allow me to wake up at all, trapping me for however long the dream naturally lasted. There wasn't any reference of time, so I could not perceive how long I was stuck there until I woke up from the dream for real.

Similar to the morning before, I gasped for air upon waking up, which mirrored how long I spent dreaming that torturous prison. For the rest of the day, I'd feel extremely tired, it was impossible to concentrate at work, and I was borderline unable to function afterward. The very same symptoms of sleep apnea.

This cycle repeated from that point on. Sleep. Awake in the Floyd Dream dimension with the sensation of breathlessness for hours. Wake up the next morning to the atrocious feeling of having to catch my breath. Every time I sleep, my dream consciousness remains in the Floyd Dream dimension asphyxiation prison, which prevents me from breathing in the real world too. A whole different means of suffering sleep apnea

As each day passed, the symptoms have been getting worse and worse. My energy drain is cumulative, and I don't think there is much time until I collapse for good. Moral of the story, if you see any entity in your dream that resembles the face of George Floyd, do whatever you can do to avoid putting yourself in my position. Make sure to lie in the asphyxiation council's soul assessment test, even if you are a ***based*** racist chad who doesn't want to associate with niggers.

About the authors

Jordan Cleeman is a passionate Floydologist who started the idea of George Floyd Creepypastas.

Horatio Nelson wrote "Papa Floyd's Pizza."

Gorg Floydson is an avid Floydologist and Ronnie Mcnutt expert. Before becoming a Creepypasta artist, Gorg was known on Instagram for trolling the pages @Blacklivesmatter and @feminist. Gorg became a Floydologist in early June right after the death of George Floyd. Gorg's breakthrough creepypasta was "Ronniezilla Vs Floyd Kong" which kicked off the George Floyd Monsterverse. He lives in Minneapolis.

IGotQuality wrote "Do not Buy the Floyd Burger", and "The Real Reason Why Roblox Went Down for Fifty Hours."

Toast Man is not a real person. He is actually one of the voices in Jordan Cleeman's head. He wrote "George Floyd Was the True Perpetrator of the Holocaust", "King of the Apes: The Peculiar Slave Owning Negro", "Shadows Over Minneapolis", "George 'Nigmund' Floyd", "The Turncoat Negro at the Battle of the Somme", "Floydoge the Pitbull", "Michelle Obama's TRUE Identity", and "A Cozy Christmas Love Story."

SaintUnwardEnjoyer wrote "George Floyd is Xi Jinping."

BuckFlackPeople and Geedis wrote "I Killed George Floyd in Warzone–It Opened a Portal to Hell.

Acknowledgements

Big shoutout to The Liberal Termination Crew for being the best people in my entire life.

Thanks to Ray Cistman and Joshua Caviar for helping moderate the George Floyd Creepypastas Telegram channel.

Thanks to Elijah Smith for helping manage the Telegram channel.

Thanks to Toast Man for editing.

And thank YOU reader for supporting George Floyd Creepypastas.

Subscribe to the Telegram channel to access the audio versions of all our George Floyd Creepypastas!

https://t.me/georgefloydcreepypastas

[IMAGE: Qr code Description automatically generated]

**Floyd Kong: Fentanyl Island**

By Gorg Floydson

My name is Conrad, I am an Ex-British Special Air Service Captain who served in the Vietnam war. I've recently been tasked on a mission to the Indian Ocean by Billy Randa who is the head of the US government organization Monarch.

Hidden in an everlasting storm in the Indian Ocean is a newly discovered Island dubbed Skull Island because it is shaped like a nigger skull. The reason why the US government is so interested in Skull Island is because two World War 2 fighter pilots disappeared in the Indian Ocean around where Skull Island is located in 1944.

It is currently 1973, along with myself, there was a battalion of US troops commanded by Lieutenant Rittenhouse who would lead us to the Island along with a war photographer hippie Ronnie McNutt, a pajeet guide Hardeep Singh and seismologist Andy KiggerNack. It was a warm day in September 1973 when we left in a massive submarine that carried a fleet of helicopters onboard to Skull Island. Since the raging storm would be too dangerous for any ship or aircraft.

"We'll be arriving near the shore in about 20 minutes," Lieutenant Rittenhouse said. "The fleet of helicopters should be operational once we reach land."

"Will we really find anything on that island?" Hardeep Singh chimed in with his unbearable pajeet accent.

"Our elders warned our people to stay away from that island, it is taboo!" Hardeep said.

"Shut up street shitter," Andy KiggerNack said.

It was nice to know that the crew were all ***based*** racist chads. However Hardeep stank up the entire submarine with the stench of curry so I wanted to get onto land as soon as possible.

"We're here!" Lieutenant Rittenhouse exclaimed.

Once we docked, we boarded the helicopters to scout out the island. The sun was beginning to set so the island looked very beautiful from below, the greenery was unlike anything I had seen anywhere else. It was a breathtaking sight. Suddenly, a giant log struck one of the helicopters to our left.

"What the fuck!" Lieutenant Rittenhouse yelled.

"Look!" Hardeep said, pointing in the direction of the sun.

There was a massive shadow in the shape of a monkey.

"That's the neegro bandar!" Hardeep said.

"English please, you shitskin," I said.

"It means nigger monkey sir!" Hardeep explained.

The choppers began firing shots at the massive monkey however they had little to no effect. "We need to land!" Lieutenant Rittenhouse said to the other chopper pilots. We landed in a clearing as night began to descend. We noticed that half of the choppers were nowhere to be seen. That's when we saw the remaining choppers falling to the mountainside causing a loud explosion.

"What do we do now my friend?" Hardeep asked.

"First of all, I'm not your friend and second, we need to make our way back to the beach where the submarine is, that's our only chance of leaving this place." Lieutenant Rittenhouse said.

"We'll just have to set up camp here for the night, it's too dangerous with that nigger monkey roaming around!" Rittenhouse said.

Along with Lieutenant Rittenhouse, Andy KiggerNack, Hardeep, Ronnie McNutt and I there were also two men from Rittenhouse's division. A tiny man let of a spic named Beano and a Jap named Watanabe. While Beano was struggling to set up the tent because he's retarded, the rest of us discussed on how to make our way back to the submarine.

“We’re about a few miles away from the beach judging by Hardeep’s map,” Andy KiggerNack said.

“How do you even have a map of this island if this was taboo among your poop skinned people?” I asked.

“Stop picking on Hardeep, make love not war!” Ronnie McNutt the hippie said as he lit a joint.

“Shut the fuck up McNutt and throw that joint away, you’re supposed to be a photographer not a race traitor,” Rittenhouse said.

“Bruh help bruh, not da shmoke, I can’t breathe nigga!” Beano cried as he was being suffocated by the tent.

“Watanabe, go help Beano,” Rittenhouse ordered.

“Hai Rittenhouse-san,” Watanabe said.

Hearing a spic, pajeet and jap talk within such a short period of time really made me want to blow my face off with a rifle. That night, I had to sleep on the ground as Beano couldn’t set up a tent. When morning came, we headed out up the mountains to see if we could see the beach from there. When we made it up to the tallest mountain, Ronnie noticed two massive skulls in the ground. They were apelike skulls.

“What the hell is this place, something like this could have never existed!” Andy said starstruck at the sight of the massive skulls.

They were about 15 meters in height with a diameter of 7 meters.

“Those are the remains of his parents.” A voice said.

Our group turned around, and Watanabe and Beano had their guns drawn.

“What, who said that?” Ronnie said.

An older looking man with a grey beard walked from the eye hole of the larger ape skull.

“Bruh who the fuck is you?” Beano said, pointing his gun at the man.

“I’m Marlow Higgerson, I was stranded on this island in 1944 after my craft was shot down.” The man said.

“I’m Lieutenant Kyle Rittenhouse and this is my crew, we were tasked to find you along with another pilot,” Rittenhouse said.

“I see, explain the rest to me after we arrive at my safe house, it isn’t safe out here in the open with Floyd Kong and other threats lurking around,” Marlow said while ushering us to his safe house.

“Who or what is Floyd Kong?” I asked.

“I’m sure you’ve seen him, the giant nigger ape Floyd Kong, although he is a retarded nigga monkey, he is the protector of this island.”

“Protecting the island from what?” I asked.

“The native inhabitants of this island, they are the descendants of an ancient race of hominids that I’ve named Homo Floydian, the natives are called the Floydi.” Marlow explained.

“What other creatures inhabit this island, my friend?” Hardeep asked.

“I’m not your friend but there are dangerous creatures such as the knee crawlers who are giant reptilian creatures, they are the natural enemy of Floyd Kong’s species.” Marlow said.

“So you’ve been on Skull Island for all this time sir?” Hardeep asked. “Skull Island?” Marlow said, confused.

“That’s what we’ve named the island since it looks like the skull of a nigger,” Andy said.

“Haha, good one!” Marlow said.

“But this ain’t no Skull Island, this is Fentanyl Island!”

“What, what is fentanyl sir?” Hardeep said.

“It’s a powerful opioid used as a pain medication, however it can be super dangerous to us if exposed due to our Aryan DNA,” Lieutenant Rittenhouse said.

“Only the primitive minds of a negro can handle such a powerful opioid, not even a spic like Beano can handle it,” Rittenhouse explained.

“Das Rite, I don’t want no shmoke!” Beano said as he began to blast his unbearable Spanish covers of anime songs.

“Stop that!” Marlow yelled as he ripped the boombox Beano was carrying in half.

“You’ll get their attention!”

“Attention of who?” Ronnie said but he was quickly cut off as a massive arm swiped his head clean off.

“Bruh what the fuck bruh!” Beano yelled as he loaded round after round with his shotgun into the air.

“Holy fuck, what the fuck is that thing sir?!” Hardeep said.

“Those are the knee crawlers, now run!” Marlow said sweat dripping down his face.

I turned around to see Beano and Watanabe firing off their guns, however since they were minorities, they had shit aim. The knee crawler fully emerged from the ground and placed its right knee on Beano’s neck, crushing him to death immediately. Watanabe on the other hand followed the path of his ancestors, rather than die this pathetic death, Watanabe committed ritual suicide otherwise known as Seppuku and disemboweled himself with an army knife.

“I rove anime and tentacle hentai and eating whales!”

Those were Watanabe the Jap’s last words. The Knee crawler then moved its attention to our posse as it began to give chase. The knee crawler was quickly catching up to Hardeep since he is an un athletic pajeet. However before the Knee crawler could place its knee on Hardeep’s neck, something grabbed its tail. It was Floyd Kong the nigger ape! As a typical nigger creature, Floyd Kong raped the knee crawler to death and then began to eat it despite the crawler being made almost entirely out of bones.

“Why is it eating that thing like that?” Andy asked.

“That’s because the Knee crawlers have fentanyl in their bones, that’s Floyd Kong’s source of food.” Marlow said.

“Where did that thing come from in the first place?” Lieutenant Rittenhouse asked.

“From deep underground, millions of years ago, all titans lived underground, that’s how they managed to survive the extinction of the dinosaurs, I call it the Hollow Earth theory,” said Marlow.

“That was also a small one, Floyd Kong can take care of them easily but if the big one awakens then everyone on this Island will die.” Marlow said.

“The big one?” I said.

“It’s the one that killed off Floyd Kong’s species, the natives call it Derek Chau vin,” Marlow said.

“I really couldn’t give two shits about the nigger natives or that giant nigger ape, I just want to go home to my wife and kid,” Lieutenant Rittenhouse said.

“Please guide us to the beach, we might as well be dead either way,” Rittenhouse said.

“I’ll do what I can, I also have a wife who has been waiting for me for the last 29 years, I also want to get off here but it might already be too late,” Marlow said.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Your expedition to this Island most likely woke the big one, even I heard the helicopters explode from miles away,” Marlow said.

“We need to hurry up then and make it in time,” Andy said.

Our posse of ***based*** chads and Hardeep armed ourselves with the last remaining guns and ammunition left. We made our way out of the forest and came to a river.

“Follow the river south and we’ll make it to the beach,” Marlow said.

Just then, the ground began to shake violently, throwing us off balance.

“Earthquake?!” Hardeep said.

“No, it's the big one!” Andy replied.

We looked to our left and saw the massive knee crawler emerge from the ground. It was at least 5 times bigger than the previous one we encountered. The big knee crawler let out a deafening noise. Seconds later, Floyd Kong the nigger titan charged out of the forest and attacked the Knee Crawler. However the Knee Crawler was not the least interested in Floyd Kong as it quickly pushed the giant nigger ape away causing the ground to shake.

“What, why is it targeting us?!” I said.

“It must be because of your pajeet friend,” Marlow said pointing to Hardeep.

“Knee crawlers are racist chads, that’s why they hunted Floyd Kong’s species to extinction.”

The Knee crawler was right on our tail so in order to slow it down, I pushed Hardeep. He immediately fell down and was crushed by the Knee Crawler. Serves that pajeet right however the Knee Crawler did not stop pursuing us.

“The fuck, why the fuck is it still chasing us?!” Andy and I yelled.

That’s when it hit me.

“Marlow, how have you survived on this island for nearly 30 years?” I asked.

“The native Floydi gave me food and shelter, I even had some fun time with a female,” Marlow said.

“Oh god, you fucking race mixer and here I thought you were a racist chad!” Andy and I said in unison.

“Oh come on, don’t tell me you wouldn’t pleasure yourself if you were stranded on an island for as long as I have,” Marlow said.

“No, I still would not fuck a nigger, niggers are the least attractive race,” I said.

While we were discussing the looks of niggers, Floyd Kong jumped back up and tackled the Knee Crawler.

“I can’t believe I’m saying this but we have to help that nigger monkey if we want to live,” Lieutenant Rittenhouse said.

Andy and I agreed so we armed up and began firing at the Knee Crawler. It didn’t have much of an effect however it was annoying the Knee crawler since Floyd Kong managed to land a good punch on its face. The knee crawler fell to the floor not moving.

“Is it dead?” Rittenhouse said.

The creature quickly got up and swiped its tail at Rittenhouse, leaving a massive cut around his torso. Lieutenant Rittenhouse gave me a look and I knew at that moment that it was already too late for him. However Kyle Rittenhouse did not go down without a fight as he strapped some grenades around his body and jumped into the Knee Crawlers mouth causing a massive explosion which destroyed the Knee Crawler’s jaw. While the Knee Crawler was distracted, Floyd Kong jumped on the Knee Crawler’s neck, breaking it. The crawler let out one last gut wrenching roar before being penetrated by Floyd Kong’s BBC. After the Knee Crawler was raped to death, Floyd Kong pounded his chest like the ape that he was and began to consume the fentanyl within the knee crawler.

“He is the King of Fentanyl Island!” Marlow said.

We made our way to the submarine which was luckily unharmed by the creatures on the island. It’s been 3 weeks since then. We were able to return to the mainland. Marlow Higgerson was questioned for what he went through, the most interesting thing he explained was the Hollow Earth Theory. After Monarch was done questioning him, we lynched Marlow for being a race mixer. Andy KiggerNack and I were also questioned but not by Monarch. Andy and I sat down in an interrogation room.

“We’re not like that dirty race mixer, we’re ***based*** chads!” Andy said, throwing a pen at the one way mirror.

Suddenly, the door opened and a man in a suit walked in.

"Who're you?" I asked.

"My name is Nate Higgers and I work for an organization called Golden Nigger Corp," the man introduced himself.

"I know that the two of you have been through a lot recently but that Island is just the beginning," the man said as he played a film reel.

There were what looked like cave paintings showing a giant lizard holding a shotgun, a three headed monster with nigger shaped heads, a giant moth and more.

"Floyd Kong is not the only king!"

**I Served With George Floyd in Vietnam**

By BuckFlackPeople

War. It changes a man. And I don't mean getting your dick turned inside out into an impossible whopper equivalent of a pussy change, as in turning a man into a tranny. I mean it changes a man into a warrior. War brings out the best and worst in men. But when I was deployed to Vietnam, I saw things that went beyond what was worst in human beings. I saw the worst of niggers. And arguably worse, I realized my government had been taken over by Jews who only cared for their own preservation and wellbeing, and would sacrifice countless gallons of White blood to preserve themselves.

Let me begin by introducing myself. My name is Siggers Nuck, formerly Staff Sergeant Siggers Nuck. For those of you wondering why I have such a strange name, it's Italian. I grew up in Detroit, good ol Motor City. My grandfather fought in World War One, and my father fought in World War Two, both in Europe. I carried on the tradition, however I shook things up a bit. I joined the Marine Corps as opposed to the Army. I enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1965. I excelled in training and was transferred to officer school, where I was made an NCO. I was put in charge of two fire teams of four men each. Although the army had long since been racially integrated, all the men in my unit were White. They did this because at the time, racial tensions were hot, and thus high brass did not want to compromise unit efficiency with infighting. At the time, I could not understand why we as Americans couldn't all just get along. I supported segregation, as although I was from a state with no segregation, I felt no two races should be forced to live together. Just like a military unit, integrating the races makes everything worse, because we will all simply see in terms of color. It is our nature as humans. However, I could not understand why blacks were so insistent on access to White society, the society of the people who supposedly hated them so much and did everything they could to put them down. I still respected them as my fellow man, and I assumed they felt the same about me. Boy, would I find out how wrong I was.

In late nineteen sixty six, my unit and I were sent overseas to Vietnam. We landed at Da Nang Airbase. Now, the Jew media would have you believe that niggers served disproportianately in the war. However, when I touched down at Da Nang, there wasn't a shoe shiner in sight. Some basic research would show that about 10% of troops in Vietnam were black, which makes sense as that coincided with their makeup of the US population at the time. We were assigned to a base near the border with North Vietnam, so we were transported via truck to our base. When we finally got there after a cold and wet ride through the rain, we settled in and received our armaments. I was given a new M16, which looked sleek with its carry handle, plastic furniture, and triangular handguard. The rest of my squad were issued M14's, M60's, and shotguns. We were given a briefing for our first mission, which didn't sound very exciting or adventurous. We would simply be conducting a peace mission with a local village. We would be making sure they weren't harboring any Viet Cong, but also we would try to show them that we were the good guys. I was beside myself, I was there to blow gook faces in with 5.56 NATO, not give them candy bars. But off we went, assuming a pretty easy mission. However, we weren't sent alone. Command thought as new recruits, we weren't capable of a mission dealing with locals on our own, so they sent another eight man team with us. However, when we saw the squad, we were extremely let down. They were all black, and not like polite rural black. Like urban nigger black. The entire walk to the village, they spoke their ebonics so loud, I was worried a squad of VC would hear us and ambush us.

"Ay yo man you think these yellow bitches got that cake mane."

"Nah nigga all these bitches starving and shiet, they aint like them nigga bitches we got back home, dey all thick as hell you know what im sayin."

He wasn't wrong, still to this day haven't met a black bitch that wasn't fat as fuck. Still, I was terrified of getting ambushed. It was if each and every one of these shitskins had a megaphone built into their throat, with their fat nigga lips flopping like a manta ray on land whenever they talked. When I told their black NCO to quiet them down, he simply just told me he would in a bit, then never did. Since I wasn't their NCO, I couldn't give them the orders to shut their loud nigger mouths myself.

We made it to the village, and man, that place was a fucking shithole. It smelled as if Seth Rogen's gooch had been smeared with cow shit and then George Soros fucked it. The villagers were ugly as shit, they all looked like Timmy Turner got hit with a frying pan and then were spray painted a pale yellow.

We casually started checking huts, and handing out hershey bars to the kids. As we were doing this, I noticed a difference in the behavior of our squads. My squad actually stuck to the mission, searching the huts one by one and playing with the kids. The blacks however, did no such thing. All they wanted was that sweaty Vietnamese pussy.

I heard one black private say "God damn baby girl you know I thinks I got dat yellow fever, how dat head feel with yo buck ass teeth."

The Vietnamese woman responded with what I can best recall as "Gow gah nee nee gua gee oh wa nigger le chun ba."

Between ebonics and gook, I could not understand either language. I went to get the Black NCO, as I was sick of his men acting out of line. The Marines were supposed to be the prime example of our military, and these niggers were sullying our reputation. When I got to him, he was going through an old man's hut, moving around all of his belongings and making a mess.

"Come on old ass nigga I know you got dat weed in here niggy."

The old man just looked at me with a face of confusion and disappointment. I resisted the urge to magdump my M16 into this fucking coon and approached him. Before I could tell him to get his ass in line, a burst of AK fire shot through the weak walls of the hut and riddled both the NCO and old man. Luckily, I was standing behind the NCO, so when the bullets came through the wall Sergeant Nigga Lips took all the bullets for me.

After I pushed his body off of mine, picked up my M16, and rushed outside, I had realized that the village had been harboring Viet Cong, and they had launched an uncoordinated ambush at the expense of their own people. I joined in the fight, which was extremely close quarters. As we have seen with Japanese Banzai Charges, the Korean War, and COVID-19, Asians do not care how many casualties they take to even slightly harm their enemy. Lives are simply numbers to them.

When the dust had settled, all the black soldiers were dead. It turns out all the Vietnamese women in the village were Viet Cong in disguise and had done us a favor by killing all the blacks. However, I was furious. Not because the blacks died (fuck them niggas). I was furious because in the ensuing firefight, I had five of my eight men die.

I saw a thirteen year old child, crying over his dead prostitute mom. As I approached, the kid pulled out a grenade, trying to blow himself up alongside me.

Stepping back, I said "Hey kid, ya mom's a ho," and then shot him in the face, killing him instantly. I took cover as the grenade blew both his and his whore mother's corpses to bits. I then did a victory dance over his body. I should have copyrighted it, as this dance would later become the Fortnite default dance.

We returned to base, licking our wounds. We had lost a shotgunner, a marksman, a pointman, a machine gunner, and a rifleman. I was upset and held it against myself so hard as I was in charge of protecting these men, even though it was not my fault as the briefing we were given had told us this village had been peaceful for a very long time. I would learn years later that the village planned to kill the blacks as they had been raping their women, stealing their drugs, and drinking their alcohol for a long time before we first showed up, and the day we went was the day they had planned to destroy the groids once and for all.

We were stationed at the base for a month or so while we awaited our new reinforcements. I swore that I would get these men home safe. They would make it back to the world, even if it meant me sacrificing myself to see them get back. This was my intent until I saw my new recruits, and how fucking completely retarded they were.

You see, our recruits were not normal recruits. They were part of Project 100,000. For those of you who don't know the history behind this program, I will try to sum it up briefly. Robert MacNamara, the Secretary of Defense responsible for many major fuck ups during the war, decided it would be a good idea to run an experiment in Vietnam. They would let soldiers with an IQ below 80 join the Marine Corps, as this would open up the Marines to new potential draftees. Basically, Uncle Sam wanted to see if he could rely on retarded niggers to bolster his ranks, as Whites were tiring of the war in Vietnam as nobody gives a fuck what some retarded rice farmers do all the way on the other side of the planet. The retarded soldiers would be assigned to me and what was left of my previous squad.

When I saw them, I pretty much told myself, "Yeah, I'm gonna fucking die here." We had a pointman, Ahmaud Arbury, a dumb looking nigger with a shitty mustache. A rifleman, Jacob Blake, an ugly ass nigga with yet again, a shitty mustache. Private Blake had a butcher's knife which I guess he brought from home, which I could already tell was gonna end badly since combat in Vietnam rarely got that close quarters. A shotgunner, Ronnie McNutt, who looked like what people today would call a "soyboy". He had glasses, unkempt hair, and a beard that looked like someone had glued pubes to his face and called it a day. His one and only redeeming quality was that he was White.

Next was a Puerto Rican marksman. He was roughly five feet tall, lightskin, with a Winchester Model 70. However, while I expected broken English, what came out of his mouth was unlike any English I had ever heard come from a spic's mouth. He spoke ebonics far stronger than that of any nigger I had ever listened to. It was as if he spoke the language of an alien race, and an alien race of autistic niggers at that. What few words I could understand were utterly retarded and made no sense. The only phrases I could understand were "Yo nigga I want that shmoke yerrr", "Lorddess", and "Sydney." I could never catch his name, so we all just referred to him as Beano.

However, Beano paled in comparison to the most retarded, and yet most interesting member of the group. He was an enormous negro, at least 7 feet tall. He was fugly as hell. At first, I thought he had been shot in the face and the medic had done some shitty patchwork. His nose was so large it looked like it was swollen after receiving a bash from the butt of a rifle. His nostrils were so large everytime he breathed it was like I was gonna get sucked into this baboon's nose. His lips looked like two hamburger buns, only instead of a delicious burger in the middle, you had a mouth that let out words so retarded that they made what Beano said look tame. He was a menacing looking soldier. He had a flak jacket, a shirt with sleeves he had presumably removed, and standard trousers. His helmet had a band around it holding menthol cigarettes, which he reeked of. His helmet had writing on the side, reading "Born to Breathe." His M60 had a carving on the side that said "Breathtaker."

He introduced himself to me.

"Yo whats good nigga you my officer n shiet. My name George Floyd niggy but all my boys call me Big Floyd the landlord. I got this big ass gun n shiet I'm yo mushine gunna nigga you know?"

Although I was pretty pissed my squad was completely retarded, I had some comfort in knowing my machine gunner was a 7 foot tall giant.

"Welcome to my fireteam," I said, shaking his leathery hand, "I'm Sergeant Nuck."

Me, My old squad members, and my new recruits all went to the mess hall to get some hot food. I sat very distant from my team, still shaken about what had happened a month ago. I was listening to the radio about the riots in Detroit, about how a black insurrection was destroying the home that I loved so much. It filled me with a deep hatred. Suddenly George Floyd sat down next to me. He must have noticed me in distress.

He said, "Man this young generation clearly lost man, clearly lost, like, like I don't even know what to say no more man." I told him about my time growing up in Detroit, and how much I loved cars. My favorite at the time was the Ford GT40 which had won Le Mans the previous year.

“Aw shit mane, I love cars. I want like an all black Dodge Charger with big ass chrome rims you know man, I wanna flex on all them bitch ass niggas in the projects.”

I laughed, this George Floyd guy was alright. At least right now he was.

The next day, we were given a briefing on our next mission. Command had realized there was a Viet-cong operating base nearby the village where I had lost my men a month ago. This was most likely where the Viet Cong received their supplies from, and it was our job to destroy it. We went there, the nine of us, and arrived nearby. After observing for a while, I started strategizing how we could take down the place, as there were a lot of VC in the area, and the gunshots would alert them to our presence very quickly.

Before I could even decide, George Floyd started sprinting towards the base.

“Oh my God, George went in!” Ronnie McNutt said.

We opened up and gave him cover fire, however once George Floyd reached the Viet Cong, I realized he didn’t even need it. That man was a monster. He was killing all of the Viet Cong, who were stunned by his ferociousness and brutality.

After he was done, we met up with George Floyd, who saluted me and said “Objective complete sir.”

However, a gook we thought dead got up and tried to stab George Floyd in the back with a machete. George Floyd turned around with superhuman-like speed, grabbing him with one hand and lifting him off the ground, strangling him. He stared at the VC directly in the eyes, watching him die.

He said, “Now, you can’t breathe.”

I had no idea why George Floyd was so obsessed with the notion of breathing, but I had to stop this as that VC was a potential prisoner that we could extract important info from.

“Private Floyd, stop, that’s a direct order!” I yelled.

But it was no use. George Floyd was like a pitbull, once the attack starts, it was futile to attempt to stop it. The VC’s body fell to the ground, dead.

“Aw sorry nigga my bad, I started thinking of my daddy who left me, similar to 57.6 percent of black children.”

I was kind of weirded out on why he knew such an odd statistic for the situation we were in, but it was time to delta the fuck out of there, as the gunshots surely alerted anyone in the area to the fact that we were here. Once we got back to base, I didn’t know whether to reprimand George Floyd for putting the whole squad in danger, or congratulate him for such a tremendous feat of valor. I thanked him and told him I’d put him in for a metal, but I told him not to do that again.

“Aight lil nigga I see you,” he said.

A few months passed. It was now January 1968. Some would think that I now respected my squad. But I didn’t. They were still absolute retards. I honestly had no idea how none of them had died in battle at this point. They were nonetheless the same, except for George Floyd. Ever since that day, George seemed like he was hiding something. And I was about to find out what.

It was a normal morning. The nigs at the mess haul were eating their daily rations of banana and mayo sandwiches with purple drank and collard greens. Suddenly mortar shells started exploding around our perimeter.

It was the Tet Offensive. My group prepared for what we didn’t know at the time would be our final battle. We gathered at the frontline trench of our defenses to repel the enemy's opening attack. A wave of NVA was pushing our base, and we started to mow them down. We picked them off one by one but they got closer and closer. Our air support was going to take a bit to come so we had to hold off. George Floyd and my 3 other White squadmates went to the other side of the perimeter to defend while me. Beano, Ronnie McNutt, Ahmaud Arbery, and Jacob Blake held our end.

I was reloading when the concussive force of a mortar shell knocked me unconscious. I woke up and realized the NVA were now in the trench, and everyone thought I was dead. I was barely conscious, however I felt I couldn’t move nor speak. Ahmaud Arbery tried to run up behind an NVA soldier and grab his side-by side-shotgun, but the soldier knocked him away and blew his head off, killing him instantly. Jacob Blake tried to stab a soldier with his machete, but an NVA soldier shot him 9 times with his pistol.

"Aw shieet," Blake said "I can't walk nigga I can't walk shieet."

The NVA soldier placed a follow up shot in his head, killing him. I then noticed bullets flying past the NVA soldiers. It was Beano, using his Winchester from 10 meters away or so.

I weakly called out to him, "For God sakes man just use your pistol."

To which he responded, "Bruh, shut up bruh, mind ya neck, live a day in my life bruh."

The NVA then magdumped their AK's into Beano, whose body landed right next to me.

Then, I saw the saddest, and worst thing I have ever seen in war. Ronnie McNutt, who had been wounded, was being surrounded by NVA, all pointing their guns at him.

Rather than be taken as a prisoner, Ronnie McNutt said without any emotion, "Well guys, I guess that's it," and blew his own head off with his shotgun. His exploded head looked like the demogorgon from Stranger Things. In a rage, I picked up a dead NVA's AKM and mowed down all the NVA present, then fought my way to the other side of the base in an effort to save what was left of my squad.

When I got there however, everyone was dead. Everyone except George Floyd. I heard footsteps behind me and turned around. George Floyd was standing there, beaten, bloody, and bruised. He looked pissed. I thought he'd be happy to see me.

"George, it's me," I said.

"I know," he said. "I'm glad you showed up."

I noticed something strange. "What happened to everyone? I don't see any NVA bodies over here." I said.

George Floyd stared at me.

"George. What happened?"

George said, "Wasn't supposed to be like this nigga. All you cracka ass bitches was supposed to die, and our whole squad could've been brothas. But nah, you Mayo monkeys was always up in my shit. I thought you'd all die off eventually, but I got impatient and ended their shits right here mane."

I was shocked. "George. How could you do this? We were brothers. You were my brother."

He smiled, and said, "You crackas ain't nevah gonna be our brothers nigga. Y'all are raciss as hell. Y'all don't let us rape yo women and kill your kids and shiet. Y'all don't let us rob your stores and steal yo tax money for the gimmie dats. Y'all hold us to da same standards you hold yourselves to. Y'all racis as fuck. And to me, you were never my brotha, you was jus a bitch ass nig-"

Before he could finish, I threw my gun at him in a rage. It hit him in the face, stunning him. I tried to tackle him, but even all my weight plus my gear couldn't overpower that monster of a man. He pushed me off and kicked me to the ground.

"Shiet you think you can beat a nigga like me White boy?"

He held me up with one hand by the neck and threw me into the weakened barracks wall, smashing me right through it. I landed dazed. I saw George slowly walking through the door, reloading his M60 and getting ready to kill me.

"Any last words?" he said.

I noticed something as he said this, either because he wasn't looking at his gun or just because he was a retarded coal skinned dumbfuck, George Floyd had put the ammo belt of his M60 in backwards. I clutched a M1911A in my hands and took aim.

"I'm not White. I'm Italian, bitch." I said. I shot him, putting a 45 right through his neck.

"Aw shit man, shit you fucking bitch ass nigga mane I can't breef fuck oh my fucking God nigga I can't breathe gwaaa nigga I can't breathe gah nigga mama mama I can't breathe mane!"

I tackled him with all my weight, knocking him to the ground. I picked up his M60, loaded it correctly, and emptied the entire belt into his gorilla looking ass face. By the time I had reached my last bullet, his face was unrecognizable. Maybe this was for the best, as he was ugly as shit beforehand–if anything I did him a favor.

Hueys came in to relieve us soon, and I was sent home with a Purple Heart medal. I was never convicted for the murder of George Floyd. Instead another guy, Private Derek Chauvin, took the blame for me. But I think they let him go after realizing George Floyd was a smelly ugly nigger and nothing of value was lost. But I could never forget what happened to me in Vietnam, nor could I forgive my government for running a war like that.

While I despise communism and Marxism in the west, I don't give a fuck what some brownoids do in their countries. If they want to implement communism and starve to death in bread lines, let them, who gives a shit. None of this is our problem. The war in Vietnam was run so scumbag men like Lyndon B Johnson could profit off the blood of true Americans. I was told to hate the gooks, that they were my true enemy. But the truth is while they were an enemy of mine, they were not my worst enemy. Your worst enemies are the ones right on your doorstep, not across the world. And the Vietcong were not burning down Detroit or running the US government.

There was something George Floyd said to me that I ironically agree with to this day. Whites will never be the brothers of blacks. They view us as an external pack, and they will always prioritize their own well-being over the well-being of any other race. And until Whites realize this, the fact that blacks are simply not compatible with White civilization, and the fact that Jews know both of these aforementioned facts and use blacks as a golem race to destroy Whites, we will be at a great disadvantage, and never truly reach our true civilizational heights.

One last remark. Do not join the military if you are White. You will not find adventure. You will not find joy. The Jews simply use your youth and strength to push their own agenda overseas. If you want the benefits the military gives you, go to the gym, improve yourself and be the best version of yourself you can possibly be. That is my final advice to you.

**The Floydwaffen Division**

By Toast Man and Elijah Smith

In the fall of 2021, it was uncovered that the infamous Atomwaffen Division was a psy-op run by the United States federal government to entrap impressionable young White boys into committing acts of violence. While Atomwaffen Division was mostly a loose collection of fourteen-year olds LARPing as Nazis on sites like Omegle, there were some serious bad faith actors who recruited those fourteen-year olds and convinced them to take narcotics and plan terrorist attacks. However, the true darkness of Atomwaffen is something that even the press has failed to report upon. And why would I know the truth about Atomwaffen Division? It is because I briefly used to be a part of it.

Although I cannot tell you my real name, my online pseudonym used to be "Standartenführer Nekochan." I am currently a 20 year old who likes lifting weights and spending his weekends going on hikes with his girlfriend, but just a few years back I was a teenage year old edgelord who haunted sites like Omegle and /pol/ on 8chan before it got shut down. I thank God every day now for not having been doxxed after all the Nazi LARPing and fedposting that I did on those sites. Anyhow, this background of social isolation is important because it feeds into my harrowing experience with Atomwaffen.

One day I was hanging out on Omegle searching for LGBTQ faggots and Black Lives Matter supporters to trigger. You could say that I was a forerunner to GypsyCrusader and CatboyKami, who went on to copy the style of trolling that I did back in the day. I was cruising around giving Roman Salutes to trannies and niggers with my puny, stick-like seven inch arms when I came across another guy in a skull mask and Pit Viper Sunglasses.

I raised my arm. "Heil my brother!" I said. "Sieg heil!"

The guy with the skull mask raised his hand in a similar salute. "Yeah mayne, Heil Hitler and shiet mayne."

Now in retrospect, this manner of speech should have immediately put me off because only a nigger would speak like that. However, I was a socially awkward Zoomer teenager whose language facilities had been thoroughly damaged by years of exposure to YouTube and rap music, where the use of ebonics is ubiquitous.

I grinned behind my skull mask, overjoyed to see another guy who was saluting the Fuhrer. I was very lonely back then because I had to hide my political views from my other students at school, so any sort of social connection that I received–even if it was online–made me genuinely happy.

"Hey bro, do you want to play CS:GO together?" I asked. "We can shoot terrorists and maybe do a couple surfing maps together. It'd be awesome."

The guy on the other side of the screen paused to think for a moment, then replied, "Hey mayne, a muthafucka like you might like playin' video games and shit and popping niggas in dere, but whatabout in real life mayne?"

I squinted in confusion. "What are you talking about?" I asked, laughing a little. "I mean, I don't know where you live, but if you ever want to play airsoft together that'd be cool. But I have asthma so it might be–"

"Nah mayne. I'm talkin' 'bout dat, uh, Atomwaffen Division and shiet," he said, scratching his mask. "Habe you evah heard of dem?"

I shook my head. "No, who the hell are they? It sounds kinda gay and larpy, not gonna lie."

"Don't fuckin' talk shit about Atomwaffen!" the guy on Omegle said, pointing a glock at the screen. "If you talk shit about Atomwaffen and shit Imma smoke yo ass nigguh! You fuckin' coward pussy mayne. You be da real larpers and shieet."

Startled by the sudden outburst of violent energy, I raised my hands even though I was in no real danger. "Hey man, chill out. Alright alright, tell me more about Atomwaffen." I said.

He put the gun down. "Good shit. Atomwaffen be dis here group for dem young niggas like you. Cuz you know dat our young generation is clearly lost mayne, clearly lost. I mean I don't know what to say no more. Know what I'm sayin'?"

I nodded in agreement. Based upon how many good White kids who I had known since first grade had been corrupted into self-harming, mentally ill LGBTQ+ degenerates, I could agree with the idea that people my age led aimless lives. However, since I was a socially isolated teenager whose only notable accomplishment in life so far was getting on the honor roll at school, I honestly was not much better than them. This lack of direction in my life, coupled with my inability to socialize with anybody in real life because of my political views, would then be exploited.

"Okay mayne, so dis Atomwaffen ting mayne, it be a group where you youths do summa dat direct action and shit mayne. Evah read a book called Siege mayne? It has stuffs dat you should be doin mayne, to destroy America and stuff," he said, taking out a bong and puffing on it. "But if you don't wanna read or can't like muhself, you can come and meet up with me and muh homies. We'll teach ya da stuff to take out da Jooz an' shit, got it mayne?"

"Alright, so where should I meet you?" I said, replying eagerly. "Also what should I bring with me?"

"Minneapolis mayne. At a shop called Cup Foods. Dat be our secret hideout," he replied. "And as for stuff you should bring, ask your mom for pics of when she was pregnant with you mayne."

I chuckled when he said that, thinking he was just joking. "What? Why do you need that LOL?" I said.

"It cuz we need dem for summa dem Satanic Nazi rituals mayne. White power mayne, we gotta habe dem pregnant belly pics to summon Satan Hitler." he said. "But I gotta go so, uh, see you in Minneapolis dis weekend mayne. Lookin' forward to seeing you and da otha lost generation and shit."

After we unmatched, I shut off my computer and sat there at my desk, contemplating the conversation that I had just had. At the time I was too immature and lonely to notice the obvious red flags surrounding the man that I had just spoken with. In addition to the aforementioned use of ebonic nigger slang, I should have been appalled at him taking a hit from the bong.

A pro-tip about real White Nationalists and National Socialists is that they have a culture of physical fitness. If you cannot bench press your bodyweight, do a pull-up, or run a 10K, White Nationalists would force you to work out until you can meet those basic physical requirements. Use of hard drugs would be condemned and cracked down on (that was a pun, by the way).

Another thing I should have paid more attention to was the reference to Satan and a "Satan Hitler." As anybody who has read even a single history book about the NSDAP should know, the Nazis were anything but Satanic. The vast majority of the party were members of the Catholic church or one of the Protestant sects. The association between Satan and National Socialists is a result of Jewish propaganda targeted at Boomers. It is part of the same subversion of American christianity as the Scofield Bible, which was used to brainwash people into thinking that being a Christian is about loving Jews and defending the State of Israel.

However, neither of these now-patently obvious facts came to mind. All I could think about was how cool it would be to meet up with other guys who shared my views, people that I could speak to without constantly having to pretend that I was a libtard or a conservatard. I will also admit that I had this vague, completely unrealistic hope that I might even meet a cute Aryan girl who was ***based*** and redpilled. That is why that night I asked my mom for the family photo album, from which I took a photograph of my mother when she was pregnant with me. I just wanted to be accepted, and that basic human desire was utilized against me.

I then told my parents that I was going on a camping trip with my friends from school on the weekend. They seemed so happy for me when I said that. They eagerly gave me the go-ahead to use the family car to drive out there. I think that they didn't ask any questions about where I was going or who I was going with because they were more worried about me never hanging out with anybody from school. I didn't have a track record of getting into trouble either, so they trusted me to take care of myself.

Anyway, I waited until the weekend and then began my journey to Minneapolis. I lived about eight hours away from the city, so while the guy on Omegle had not told me to pack a change of clothes and my toothbrush, I brought those with me anyway. On the way there, I listened to the OSTs from Undertale and Minecraft because I thought that listening to music from video games was an indicator for having a unique personality. It took me a while to find the Cup Foods that the guy had been speaking about, but as I approached it on Google Maps I started getting a bad vibe from the surrounding area.

I was definitely in what normies would call "The Hood," which is just a euphemism that non-racially aware White people use to refer to nigger enclaves in cities. As I drove around, I wondered why Atomwaffen would have their hideout in such a degenerated place. There were young blacks on every street corner; all the males were drug dealers and all the females were prostitutes. Shivering homeless blacks were huddled in dark alleyways, some with needles stuck in their arms while asleep. When I listened closely, I could hear the echoes of gunshots in the distance.

I let out a sigh of relief when I finally found the Cup Foods. I parked, then went inside. The shop was just a dimly lit convenience store, but when I saw the cashier my jaw dropped.

"Hello, welcome to Cup Foods. How may I help you?" she said. The cashier was a super hot White girl. She was either a goth or scene chick, with a choker wrapped tight around her neck and chrome piercings in her ear. She didn't have big breasts, but those weren't and still aren't my thing.

"Hello, uh, I'm here for a..." I hesitated, but she finished my sentence for me.

"For the Atomwaffen meeting?" she said, then giggled. "Of course, soldier, just a moment

She then knelt down and opened a trap door behind the counter. "They're down here." she said, beckoning me to follow.

I was getting all hot and heavy just being around the girl, but I managed to keep my composure as I went behind the counter and began walking down the stairs. "H-hey," I stuttered. "What's your name? My name is [Redacted]."

She squeezed my shoulder, which made me blush like a turnip. "It's Christina. I'm looking forward to when we take out the Jews together, right soldier?"

I nodded eagerly, never having been complimented like this by a girl before. "Yeah, of course. Fuck the Jews," I said, then blurted out what immediately came to mind. "D-do you have a boyfriend?"

"No," Christina said, pinching my lanky bicep. "But I'll consider you as a candidate if you do well on your first training assignment, my strong, handsome soldier."

I nearly came in my pants at her touch. It was as if my wildest fantasies were coming true. Once we reached the bottom of the stairs, I entered what I presumed to be the basement of the Cup Foods. My eyes widened in excitement as I saw seven other White guys around my age, all of whom were sitting in foldable chairs. However, when I looked closely at them, I saw that they were all asleep for some reason. Every single one of them was also wearing a pair of matching headphones.

"Hey Christina, why are all those guys asleep?" I asked.

Christina shrugged. "Oh, that's because they are undergoing the initial training assignment for Atomwaffen Division. That's what you'll be doing too, once you meet our commander."

Although I was a bit put off by the sight of all those guys, I followed Christina into a separate room. There was a single desk there, and behind it was the guy with the Pit Viper sunglasses and skull mask that I had met on Omegle. When he saw me, he stood up and saluted.

"Hey mayne, nice ta see ya mayne," the commander said. "Welcome to Atomwaffen. My name is Commander Floyd of da Atomwaffen Division, and I'll be given ya yo first assignment and shiet."

When I met Commander Floyd in person, he was even more suspicious than he was on Omegle. Commander Floyd was super tall and super built, but he didn't make me think "Chad" because the scent that was coming off of him was just atrocious. It was like somebody had thrown a dead rat, bananas, and malt liquor into a blender and then let the mixture fester for a month.

"So for your first training assignment mayne, I need ya ta take dese here pills," Commander Floyd said, handing me a bag full of medication. "It be yo, uh, battle medication."

I glanced at the pills. My eyes widened in horror as I recognized what they were. It was fentanyl. I knew what fentanyl looked like because once in school I had once found a couple of the theater kids overdosing on it and had called the ambulance for them.

I handed the medication back to Commander Floyd. "I can't take this. This is fentanyl. It's a powerful narcotic."

"Dats why you gotta take it!" Commander Floyd chimped. "You need da fentanyl to become a real Aryan soldier mayne! To do terrorism against da government mayne!"

I felt Christina hug me from behind. "Soldier. Take it please. For me. I love you." she whispered in my ear. "And as you take it, listen to this." Christina then placed a set of headphones over my ears.

I listened as the headphones played the same phrase over and over and over again. *Serve your race and shoot up your school. Serve your race and shoot up your school. Serve your race and shoot up your school.*

"Oh...ok Christina...." I said, hesitantly. Everything was off, but I felt that if it was for Christina, I would be willing to take the fentanyl. But right as I was about to ingest the pills, there was a crashing sound, followed by a shout:

"I've FINALLY found you fucking Feds!"

I looked away from Christina and Commander Floyd and up towards the trap door entrance. There were two men there, one of them standing upright and the other in a wheelchair.

"Spectre, help me out here," the guy in the wheelchair said. "Stairs are, after Jews and criminal blacks and transexuals, my worst enemy."

"So your fourth worst enemy?" the other guy said, easily picking up the guy in the wheelchair and helping him down the stairs. "And what about federal agents?"

The guy in the wheelchair sighed. "You're right. So chairs are my...fifth worst enemy."

"Aw shieet." Commander Floyd said, getting up from behind his desk. "We gotta deal with dem uh, infiltrators and shit. Chris, follow me and stuff," he then pointed to me. "But you, you stay put here or else I'll steal yo air."

"Fine, but don't forget that that's not my name anymore, ok?" Christina snorted. "She" then turned to me and said, "Just wait here for us to clear up this, erm, misunderstanding. Alright? We'll continue the training later."

"Bring it on, you fucking Federal agents! Let these White kids go!" the guy in the wheelchair said. I could now see that he was ridiculously jacked, with arms as thick as a boa constrictor's body and pecs larger than the breasts of any woman I knew. He was holding a steel shield, although frankly it was too big to be called a shield. Massive, thick, heavy, and far too rough. Indeed, it was a heap of raw iron.

"Your Satanic psy-op ends here and now." the other guy said. He was almost as muscular as the wheelchair man. However, he wielded a scythe as long as he was tall, and this guy was something like six foot five.

"Eric Striker," Christina said, stepping forward. "I should have realized you were after our operations. And I assume that the man beside you is Spectre?"

"You're goddamn right, Fed." Striker said, spitting on the ground. "Feeding drugs to kids then programming them into engaging in terroristic activities, all in an attempt to push the blame onto real White Nationalists like us."

Christina began to laugh. "Fine, you might be right. But it doesn't matter if we get away with it!" "she" said, then whistled. "Floyd, get the crackas!"

Commander Floyd tore off his disguise. As the mask fell to the floor, I saw to my shock and disgust that Atomwaffen Commander Floyd had just been a massive, gorilla-like nigger. And just like a gorilla, he began to beat his chest like a monkey.

"Ooh ooh ahh ahh ooh ahh!" he screeched, then charged at the two racist chads. Both easily dodged out of the way, with Striker propelling himself at breathtaking speeds using his wheelchair.

"Spectre, deal with the tranny! I'll handle George Floyd!" Striker said, blocking Floyd's attacks. "You know what to do!"

Spectre nodded, then began swinging at Christina with his scythe. Christina dodged around his attacks while firing back at Spectre with "her" federally-issued sidearm.

"I know who you really are, Chris. My investigations into your true identity have uncovered everything." Spectre said, deflecting the bullets with his scythe. "You know that you will never really be what you claim to be."

"Stop fucking deadnaming me!" Christina snarled. "One of the reasons why I joined the FBI was because they provided everything for me. The hormone therapy, the surgery, even the fees to legally re-register my name with the government. No matter what you say, I am a woman according to U.S. law."

Spectre chuckled. "Maybe, but what about according to the law of the Lord?" he said, swinging his scythe across Christina's chest. The scythe did not draw blood, but slashed off "her" clothes. I felt like puking when I saw what had been hidden under "her" black goth sweater.

Christina–or should I say Chris–had a chest as flat as Kansas and shoulders as wide as the Grand Canyon. There was no denying it. Chris was a tranny. I thought at that moment whether I should swallow all the fentanyl pills that George Floyd had given me so that I could die without having to admit to the two racist chads that I had nearly coomed when a tranny touched me.

"No!" Chris screamed, covering himself up. "Don't look, please don't look."

"Of course I don't want to look. I'm a normal guy with a wife and kids. Not some faggot." Spectre said, digging into a pouch. He took out a small glass bottle. "And speaking about my wife, here's a little present from her!"

Spectre opened the bottle and poured the contents all over Chris. I watched as the liquid melted the layers of foundation and eyeliner from Chris' face, revealing the masculine jawline and beard stubble that he had done everything to hide.

"No, not the make-up remover!" Chris screamed. "Please, let me just be myself! Why are you being such a bigot and denying me my humanity?"

"It's because you deny the humanity of White people. Now, see yourself for what you truly are." Spectre said, turning his scythe toward Chris. I noticed that the steel was so polished that it was like a mirror, and when Chris saw his reflection in the mirror he began to weep.

Chris now looked like some weak, soy-filled bugman. You know, the kind of guy who cried when he saw the ending of Avengers: Endgame. He was neither a handsome, masculine chad like Striker or Spectre nor a real woman. He was something in-between, an unnatural, deformed monstrosity.

"All these years transitioning," Chris cried, his voice becoming deeper as his facade broke down. "And that's what I look like. You know what, I get it now."

Chris brought his pistol to his head. "Guys, I guess that's it." he said, then reduced his face to tomato ketchup. Chris' body fell to the ground. That was all that remained of Chris. No family, no loving children, no legacy, nothing. Just a body which would eventually decay into a skeleton with unmistakably masculine features.

Meanwhile, Striker was fending off the rabid attack of George Floyd. While Floyd was a criminal nigger, he was pretty strong because of his prolific abuse of anabolic steroids. However, now that Spectre was finished dealing with the tranny FBI agent, he could help Striker defeat George Floyd.

Spectre hacked at Floyd's ankles, bringing him to the ground. "Now's your chance!" Spectre said.

Striker launched himself out of his wheelchair, diving through the air and elbowing George Floyd over the neck. The force of Striker's racist chad body striking Floyd on the neck made Floyd strike the ground with striking force.

"Awwww shieet mayne. I can't breathe and shieet mayne. Fuck mayne." Floyd groaned.

"This is for all the White boys you've turned into drug addicts and false flag terrorists!" Striker said, then drove his elbow down into Floyd's throat. Floyd struggled, then died.

Spectre put his scythe away. He pointed to the sleeping White boys in the chairs. "Striker, I'll take all these comatose kids to the hospital. Can you deal with the one who is awake?"

I was on the verge of tears as Striker came to comfort me.

"Hey kid, are you alright?" Striker said, handing me a whey protein shake with a sippy straw in it. "Here, drink this. It'll make you feel better."

I took it and began to sip. "I, I think I should kill myself. I fell for this fed op and, even worse, I was tricked into having horny thoughts about the tranny."

Striker patted me on the back. "Hey now kid, don't beat yourself up over this. It's all going to be okay. We all did stupid shit when we were younger. And if you fall for a tranny, just remind yourself that trannies do everything they can to 'pass' as women. They'll fool you from time to time."

Striker then handed me something. I looked down at it and saw that it was a card for a gym membership. "Any White Nationalist movement that calls for open acts of terror and violence is either run by spergs or federal agents. And it's not like random acts of violence are going to do anything productive. On the contrary, they are used to further demonize White people in a country that already hates them. Not to mention that acting out in fits of violence is one of most nigger-like things you can do," he said, then gestured towards the gym card. "But I can understand why you might feel rage. Why you might feel angry at this society. But instead of joining shit like Atomwaffen or fedposting, channel the rage into the weights. Strive and struggle to be the greatest version of yourself you can be. And who knows? If you get some muscle on that frame of yours you might even find a good girl. Feminine women like masculine men."

He then paused, then added almost as an afterthought, "But make sure to train legs. In my case my upper body got so huge that it led to my spine snapping in half, and as you can see that has left me paralyzed."

With those words, Striker helped me up. Together, the three of us drove all the way back to my home. Since that incident with what I now refer to as the Floydwaffen Division, I have gone to the gym every day and have been a productive, non-violent activist on behalf of White people. After a year of lifting, I felt confident enough to ask out a cute girl to the prom and we have been together since.

Anyway bros, the message I have is that movements that advocate violence are run by federal agents, who are all either trannies or niggers. They will lure you in, then use drugs and neuro-linguistic programming to turn you into a terrorist against your will. If you ever feel like fedposting, use that energy to improve yourself. Remember that by finding a good girlfriend who you can eventually marry, you can save the White race one baby at a time.

So stop fucking sperging out online and pick up that barbell, you fag.

**There is Something Wrong With the Minneapolis Water Treatment Plant**

By Jordan Cleeman

Even in the most developed countries, you should never let your guard down and blindly trust corporations that are publicly managed. Many times, they are behind some of the biggest and most malicious schemes, especially when it is a Jew ran government. A good example of this is water treatment plants. That's right – the water you are drinking now is potentially adulterated. If so, it is usually not instantly fatal. Though occasionally, you may come across plants that, whether intentionally or not, will contaminate their water dangerously enough to kill you.

Before I begin my story, I need to provide some context. My name is Harry dal Bello and I live in the city of Minneapolis. We've been experiencing a very strange phenomenon for the past couple of days. It all started when I was going about my usual nightly routine, brushing my teeth before going to bed. I typically spend at least an hour doing this each time, because of how much I enjoy listening to racist music that says the word 'nigger' every ten seconds. The good tunes entrances me into an imaginary world where niggers and jews are non existent, which makes time go by quickly.

By the time I had gone through my whole playlist, I checked the time and realized that I had already been brushing my teeth for an hour and a half already, so I began rinsing my toothbrush. However, when I turned the tap on, the color of the water looked slightly abnormal. Instead of the regular clear color, it had this cloudy tint to it. Now, tap water may occasionally be cloudy from increased pressure or higher temperatures, so I just shrugged it off.

*Perhaps it was something to do with the pipes,* I thought. I usually get thirsty in the middle of the night, so I casually filled a glass of water, and then placed it on my nightstand right before I went to bed.

During my sleep, I would usually get thirsty at around 2 AM, so that was when I got up to take a drink from the glass. *There is no better feeling than that first sip,* I thought. Quenching my prolonged thirst felt so good, that I overlooked the strangely sweet taste of the water. At the time, I was groggy, so my senses were worn out and I didn't think much of the peculiar taste. Assuming everything was fine, I went back to sleep.

The next morning, I woke up to an irritating sore throat. *I must have caught a cold from that one coughing homeless nigger who comes to the McDonalds I work at everyday,* I thought. The sore throat was a lot worse than an ordinary cold, so I retrieved a bottle of cough medicine from my drawer and chugged the whole thing. Hoping it would have helped somewhat, I was disappointed to find that it didn't make the sore throat any better. I hate being sick, so I cursed that homeless nigger who I thought gave me this cold. Lucky for me, it was a saturday, so that meant I didn't have to work that day. I carried on with my day and went to the washroom to brush my teeth again. I blasted that same playlist of racist music on my washroom speakers, and began to rinse my toothbrush. But when the water dispensed, my heart skipped a beat when I noticed that it was now even cloudier than it was last night. When I say cloudier, I meant it was now almost completely opaque. Almost identical to the color of milk. That was when I knew something was wrong.

The first thing I did was open the sink cabinet to inspect all the pipes, to make sure there weren't any contaminant sources throughout. Part of me was hoping not to find anything bone chilling, such as an insect nest. But at the same time, I wanted to find out what was causing the unusual hue of the water. I unscrewed and disassembled the entire network of pipelines and thoroughly peeked inside all of the individual

vessels. Nothing. Didn't find anything except some rusted metal, but I knew that wouldn't cause the water to exhibit the white color.

The next thing I did was call a plumber. I thought that maybe a professional could take a more comprehensive inspection of my pipes. A half hour later, I heard a knock on my door. It was Jose the plumber. I invited him in and explained the water problems I've been having.

"Let me take a look," he said affirmatively, as I guided him to the washroom.

As we got closer, I started to hear my washroom speakers play the music I was listening to. The moment it got to the part where the nigger was dubbed repeatedly, I broke a sweat, because I was thinking that if Jose is an anti racist libtard, he would probably refuse to do the plumbing check up. Thankfully though, I lucked out on the plumber who was assigned.

"This is some ***based*** music you got there man," Jose said, nodding to the tune. "Keep it playing if you don't mind."

I let out a sigh of relief. I almost shot myself in the foot by forgetting to turn off the speakers, but Jose turned out to be a nigger hater just like me. Once we got to the washroom, I turned on the tap in front of him to show him how foggy the water was. It was in fact even worse than how it was when I first woke up. I didn't even want to touch it.

"I've never seen anything like this before," Jose murmured to himself.

He reached into the sink drawer and used the wrenches he brought with him to investigate the further down pipes that I didn't even know existed. He then used one of those narrow tweezers to grapple the sides of the narrower ones. After several minutes, Jose poked his head back. "

"Nope, found nothing," he said. "Your problem might be on your water company's end."

"Alright, well thanks for the heads up," I said.

Jose packed up and left after I paid the bill. A part of me was relieved that there wasn't some nasty cause of the white colored water, but at the same time, I wasn't very fond of the fact that I was going to have to call my water company to solve this problem. On top of that, I highly doubted that they were the cause of the white colored water, so it was unlikely I would ever find a solution.

I dialed their call center.

"Hello, lately, the tap water has been of very poor quality," I began.

"Ooga booga main, what do ya mean? We have the best water out there," the man on the other end responded.

"That water... it's become way too cloudy to the point where I refuse to drink it. I would like you guys to review your water treatment procedures."

"Okay main, I will do dat ASAP."

He then hung up. I thought the way the caller on the other end communicated was rather unprofessional. But for now, I was going to have to drink via bottled water for now, until all this gets sorted out. Quite an inconvenience for me, since I've never been accustomed to going to the store regularly just to buy those massive jugs of water.

A few days had gone by and my sore throat was getting significantly better ever since I stopped drinking from the tap water. It was an obvious correlation, but I chalked it off to a coincidence. I thought that it was due to my powerful immune system after I had pneumonia. At this point, I hadn't even bothered turning the tap on at all, so I decided to see if the water company did anything about my complaint. Sure enough, the water still had a milky color. It was then I knew that I needed to take action. Something fishy was going on at the water treatment plant. It would have made sense for them to send me a follow up phone call after a water procedure review even though they wouldn't be at fault for the water problem.

I got into my car and then drove off to the water treatment plant in question. I rehearsed the possible in person conversations I would be having with the operators. In the event of them admitting to my issues, I planned on filing a lawsuit. It is completely unacceptable and neglectful for a company managed by the government.

The water treatment plant didn't have a public parking lot, so I had to rest my car a few blocks from the main site, and walked there. Looking at the signs along the way, I was clearly not supposed to trespass, but I didn't care. I needed answers, and most importantly, the restoration of high quality water.

When I entered the building, I was immediately met with a strong scent that I am not able to describe. It was similar to paint at most. My throat immediately got sore again and I started coughing like a child who's had a cold for two months. The air in here was inducing such a painful sensation for some mysterious reason I wasn't aware of at the time. The more I breathed in the scent, the louder I coughed. It eventually got so loud that someone heard me, because it was then, I heard steps headed my way. The man who came up to me snarled.

"Ayo welcome to Big Floyd's water treatment plant. How may I help ya?"

While trying to stifle my coughs, I looked up at him. He was a six foot five black nigger who seemed to have grown used to breathing in whatever smell was in this building, despite having nostrils the size of a blue whale's mouth. He was wearing this elegant suit that CEOs normally wear on the job. On the left side of his chest was a name that read, "Mr. Floyd". It was so weird to see it on such a dumb looking nigger.

"I assume you are the owner," I said in between coughs.

"Indeed I am main," Mr. Floyd said, proudly.

"Okay you dumb monkey, I demand an explanation on why my water has been the color white."

"Oh oh ee ee ah ah, how dare you insult my high quality fentanyl water."

The last couple of words startled me. Fentanyl water?

"What the fuck do you mean by fentanyl water?" I asked.

"Oh, follow me main, I will show you mah beautiful clean water," Mr. Floyd said, gesturing to me.

He led me through the building, which was dead silent minus our echoing footsteps. We were the only ones here. In front of us was a double sided door that was followed by a room partially outdoors, indicated by a breeze of wind that escaped through the slight opening. Mr. Floyd then unlocked it with a key and opened it. Just when I thought the previous odor was bad, the room we entered was ten times worse. I instantly went down to my knees and hacked nonstop, thinking I was going to cough up blood.

"Relax main, dis air ain't bad to breathe," Mr. Floyd said.

It took what felt like hours for me to regain my composure and hold back my coughs. I opened my eyes and got up to see that we were now on a network of bridges above a massive pool of water. It was cloudy, just like my tap water.

"Hehehe. What do ya think of the nice fentanyl water," Mr. Floyd said. "The perfect beverage for you all to enjoy."

Everything then all started to make sense. The severe sore throat I get from drinking the foggy tap water. The color being very similar to fentanyl. The entire water treatment center having that sour smell throughout, which I assume is from fentanyl. My tap water was being laced with that nigger drug the whole time.

"So it was you who has been messing with the water," I concluded. "And how the hell do you even own this place now?"

"Okay so basically, when I faked my death to make it look like I was killed by that White cracka Derek Chauvin, I revealed to the government that I only suffered a minor overdose on fentanyl, so they allow me to run da water plant to support da black lives matter cause, after I lost mah job. Look on the bright side doe, I be providing you all with da tasty fentanyl water," Mr. Floyd said.

"Nigger, I don't want any of your shitty poison," I yelled, pushing him back.

"Ooga booga, you hurted my feelings. I spent so much time on dis."

I was done with his nonsense at this point. I threw a punch and struck Mr. Floyd's face, which caused his massive nose to unshape for a moment.

"Oh oh ee ee ah ah, that hurt main, Grrrr," Mr. Floyd sputtered. "How dare you disrespect mah work."

"Work? What are you talking about? Nothing impressive about money you stole from pregnant women to buy all that fentanyl," I snapped back.

Mr. Floyd then opened his mouth wide and started to regurgitate a white liquid. He must have drank so much of his fentanyl water himself. His fentanyl projectile vomit hit my right arm and it dissolved the outer layer of my skin and it burnt like hell. It was the exact same burning sensation as when my throat was sore.

"Ahh that should have done sumthin to ya main, I can't breathe from all that puking," Mr. Floyd said.

I took a step back, and then utilized my racist chad strength to the fullest to push Mr. Floyd over the bridge's rail. His momentum caused him to tip and fall into the fentanyl water.

"Ahh sheet too much fentanyl on me," Mr. Floyd screamed. "Get me outta here main!".

He reached his hand out, hoping for me to pull him out, but there was no way in hell I was going to do that, so I stomped on his hand against the concrete bridge.

"Oooook, oooook, oooooook!, I can't breathe!," he said as he started to submerge into the fentanyl water. "Dissolved fentanyl has a lower density than regular water, so I can't float main!"

"Haha, get a taste of your own medicine," I chuckled.

With enough time, Mr. Floyd sank to the bottom of the one hundred meter deep pool of fentanyl water, and drowned in his own creation.

Now that he was finally dead, I needed to leave the treatment plant as soon as possible, because I could tell the toxic fentanyl residual floating in the air was destroying my lungs now. I used one of the small openings to quickly get out of the building and ran back to my car. Disregarding the toxic air, I was now more so concerned about government officials tracking me down for killing Mr. Floyd the water treatment manager, because they wouldn't get mad at the slightest at him for poisoning our water since they are jew nigger lovers.

I am now writing this in my car, as I am driving to the countryside. I believe that all of you deserve to know the truth behind this water treatment plant that can potentially kill citizens of Minneapolis or worse, turn White people into niggers. I don't think reporting this to the authorities is a good idea since this was ultimately due to the negligence of the jew government. I hope this reaches everyone in time before they find out I killed Mr. Floyd to save humanity.

**I Matched with George Floyd on Tinder: It Almost Cost Me My Life**

By AntiScienceWarmaster

My name is Nate Higgers, and I am what is known as a Sigma Male. One of my hobbies is to make fake profiles on the dating app called Tinder. If you do not know what Tinder is, it is a dating app that fat mudsharks flock to so they can disappoint their parents by running around and being BBC whores instead of marrying nice young White men and having children with them. I digress. I would usually use the app just to troll weak beta soyboys, but sometimes I would lure niggers out to my house so I could troll them. One night my roommate, Ronnie McNutt, was on vacation and I was enjoying my weekend off from my job as a teacher. If you were wondering, I am supposed to teach math, but I mostly teach kids how to prove the Holocaust never happened.

I was passing the time pleasantly by playing my favorite video game, Black Lives Splatter: Drunk Driver Edition, listening to Nazi Black metal, and jelqing. I played Black Lives Splatter for about two hours and checked my phone. I saw a notification that said I had a new like on Tinder. I hadn't gotten any new likes that day, so I opened the app instantly. I did not have Tinder Gold so I couldn't see who it was. I only had a small pixelated image to go by. This time I was using pictures of my roommate, Ronnie McNutt's ugly ass ex-girlfriend, Equinox Autumn. Goddamn that bitch is ugly.

I could instantly tell whoever liked me on Tinder was a nigger. I swiped left on everyone who wasn't a disgusting jungle gorilla. It had been about a month since I lured a nigger over to troll. I put my headphones in and started to listen to my favorite podcast from TheRightStuff, The Paranormies Present, and started swiping right on every shitskin I saw. After spending about an hour wading through the filth, I came

across a profile using George Floyd as the profile picture. It was the infamous brick wall picture.

His bio read "Aw shit all these fine White bitches be takin my breath away and shit dawg."

I couldn't contain my laughter. I stared and laughed until I couldn't breathe. I felt like I was overdosing on fentanyl much like George Floyd. I swiped right on the profile just for the hell of it. I was shocked when I matched with the profile. At first I thought it was another racist chad like myself who made a trolling profile or some BLM college whore who made a tribute profile. I sat my phone down, and went back to playing Black Lives Splatter. About 5 minutes after doing so, I heard my phone's notification tone go off. "WOLLT IHR DEN TOTALEN KRIEG?" echoed through my room. I checked to see what it was.

I was quite amused when I saw "George sent you a new message" on my screen. I instantly opened it. It read "AYO BABYGIRL WHAT DAT MOUF DO?"

At this point, I was assuming it was another racist chad, but I was committed to doing the bit. I figured best case scenario I would meet a cool new bro to hate niggers and kikes with. Worst case scenario nothing happens. Since I was so committed to the bit, I sent him my address. I replied with "Come to 1488 McNutt Street and find out."

He replied instantly, saying "Sheeeeeeeeit, I be right over bitch." I stuffed my empty Glock 19 into my waistband. I kept it empty so my roommate, Ronnie McNutt, didn't kill himself while I was at work.

I sat and waited, and eventually dozed off. I awoke to the sound of someone moving around in my kitchen. I looked at my clock and saw it was almost 3AM. At first I assumed the noises outside were Ronnie. Then I remembered that Ronnie was on vacation at the Holocaust museum and wouldn't be back until the next day.

I slowly stood up, being careful to not make any noise by rustling my Bashar Al-Assad bed sheets. I slowly crept out of my bedroom and down the hallway. As I got closer to the kitchen, I could hear a deep voice. It was as if a gorilla had been demonically possessed and was talking to himself. I also began to smell the typical nigger stench.

It was the smell of Popeye's chicken, purple drank, Newport menthols, and cheap shitty weed. The stench was completely overpowering, and I felt as if I were going to vomit at any second. I reached the kitchen doorway, and hid behind the wall for a moment. Who or whatever was inside my kitchen was rummaging through my cabinets. It was still muttering to itself in a deep voice, but I could clearly make out the phrase "Big Floyd needs that fentanyl."

I poked my head out from behind the wall and saw a nigger in my kitchen. I readied myself, prepared to chalk up another victim of my trolling scheme. I drew my pistol, and quickly threw myself into the kitchen while pointing it at the nigger.

I said, "GET ON THE FUCKING GROUND, MONKEY!"

The nigger turned to face me. It wasn't just any nigger. It was actually George Floyd. We locked eyes, and I noticed his eyes were glowing red but still lacked any sign of intelligence.

"Sheeeit nigga, you gonna be the one on the ground nigga and then I'm gonna steal all yo air nigga," he said in the same deep voice.

He raised his arms in front of him, and a portal opened to his left. From the portal came 2 large Hellhounds, which looked no different than your average pitbull. They both wore collars made of pure fentanyl. He attempted to sic them on me, however, due to the pitbulls inability to be trained, they just began attacking each other instead. I saw this as an opening to retreat to my car. I hoped I could get to the police station and have another cop kneel on his neck. I turned and ran to the bathroom, and locked myself in, intending to jump out the window. I heard him violently slamming his apelike arms into the door.

"OOH OOH EE EE AH AH LET ME IN, MAIN! BIG FLOYDS GONNA STEAL YO AIR AND SHEEEEIT!"

I threw myself out the window, and heard the door shatter as soon as I got up and started running. As I ran, I fished around in my pockets for the keys to my 1994 Ford F150. I specifically only drive Ford because Henry Ford was an anti-semite like myself. My heart sank when I couldn't find them. My salvation laid right in front of me, but I couldn't get to it. I was all out of options, so I kept running.

I jogged into the construction site at the end of the road. I was in such a panic, I wasn't looking where I was going. I tripped. I tripped over a solid 30 pounds of unattended copper wire. Under normal circumstances, I would call that a jackpot, but since I was running for my life, it was the worst possible time. George Floyd caught up to me. He stopped in front of me, and he doubled over in pain.

His already deep and demonic voice got deeper. His iconic black and gray sweater was torn to shreds as a horrific shapeless mass of banana tentacles shot from his chest and abdomen, much like the character Wilbur Whateley from the H.P. Lovecraft novel, The Dunwich Horror. Each tentacle grasped either a jogging hammer or a banana mayo sandwich. I was completely out of options at this point, so in a last ditch effort, I threw my empty pistol at his fat fucking nose.

I missed, because of course I fucking missed. I was out of options, and I felt like I had no hope. That was when I heard a voice from behind George Floyd say "Hey guys. I guess that's it," followed by the blast of a shotgun. Buckshot pellets tore through George Floyd's centermass and reduced his tentacles to bits of banana gore. George Floyd fell to the ground.

Behind him stood Ronnie McNutt.

George Floyd began to squirm, and I saw white smoke rising from underneath his body. If I had to guess, I would say he was using some sort of demonic healing ability. Ronnie also noticed, and began to kneel on George Floyd's neck.

"Aw shit I can't breathe. Please man I can't breathe." he pleaded.

Ronnie didn't let up though. A ring of fire rose up around them, and they both slowly sunk into the ground. I believe it was George Floyd opening another portal to Hell so he could escape the danger he was in. He dragged Ronnie with him.

I still have no explanation for this event to this day. So many of my questions will never be answered. How was George Floyd able to gain demonic powers? Did I somehow summon him back into our world by accident? How did Ronnie know I was in danger? Why did he give his life to save mine? These thoughts keep me up at night. That's all there is to this story. The only advice I can give you is do not match with any profile on Tinder claiming to be George Floyd, and as always fuck niggers, fuck kikes, fuck spics, and fuck jannies.

**The Truth About Tornadoes**

By Igot Quality

What I experienced today was so confusing, it's hard for me to explain but I will try my best. First off, I'm not going to share my name as I do not want my identity to be revealed, however I will say that we live in Northwestern Tennessee. Secondly, I'm sure all of you have heard about the deadly tornado that completely destroyed several cities in Tennessee and Kentucky. It was one of the, if not the most deadly tornadoes in all of United States history. Now let me describe what I was doing the night the tornado hit, me and my wife were cuddling in bed talking about the storm as we have a slight interest in tornados and other forms of bad weather.

We were really enjoying the soothing sounds of the rain as the storm had not really picked up speed at that time. After cuddling for a while, I felt horny so my wife got on a cosplay outfit and we started to do sexual things to each other. However, we did not have sex in the way you might think we did. Obviously, we are both ***based*** racist chads, so my wife started shouting out "fuck niggers" a bunch of times. Seeing a ***based*** hot girl say that so many times made my dick hard as fuck and within seconds, I busted a huge McNutt all over her face. I then experienced some post-nut clarity but was not able to let it sink in for long because soon afterward, me and my wife both heard a loud obnoxious beeping noise coming from both of our phones.

We checked and realised that it was a tornado warning telling us to get in our basement for the next 2 hours. We were so distracted by the racist sex that we had not even noticed how strong the storm got.

"This is our chance *censored*, should we take a closer look at this storm?" I asked my wife.

"Yes," she responded confidently.

We wanted to hurry as we didn't want to miss anything so my wife wiped all the cum off her face and we rushed out our door. Right as we were about to get in our car, our neighbour Ronnie saw us and asked to come along with us. Now we have known Ronnie for a while and he is a massive suicidal cuck, but we decided to let him go along with us anyway because we didn't have any time to think of an answer. Ronnie got in the back seat of our car and we started driving in the storm. Ronnie then started flinching every time lightning struck the area.

"Uhh guys, this rain is really scaring me, can you guys please drive me home," Ronnie said in a frightened voice.

I told Ronnie to shut the fuck up and that it was his idea to even come with us in the first place. After around 30 minutes of driving, we managed to see a tornado in the distance. Believe it or not, despite me being a semi-fan of storms, this was actually my first time seeing a tornado that close in person before. Since nobody was out on the road we were in, we decided to park our car and watch the tornado wind around for a bit.

But we weren't able to enjoy the storm for very long because another panicked man who was way worse than Ronnie came sprinting to our car. He looked very upset and freaked out. He told us that the tornado was like one he had never seen before. He described that it had a face and a nose that was supposedly wider than a beluga whale. He also claimed that it had a voice, the scariest voice he'd ever heard in his light. He described that the tornado killed his wife and his future son and that the tornado shouted in a deep echoey voice: "Yoohoo mane, your wife got a nice pregnant belly, gimme dat pregnant belly please mane."

He said that the tornado also asked him for fentanyl for some reason. After that, he told us that we needed to get as far away from the tornado as possible and then continued running in the opposite direction. Despite the desperate man's words, me and my wife were curious and decided to drive towards the tornado again. But fuck my choice, I wish we would have listened to the man and had just home. As you could imagine as we were driving, Ronnie continued to yelp like a cuck. But we simply ignored him as we continued to drive. My wife then started scrolling through Facebook and saw that lots of other people, mainly men, were commenting on how horrifying this tornado with a face and huge nose was. My wife noticed a trend after scrolling through several of the posts, this tornado seemed to be going after pregnant women. It also seemed to be interested in fentanyl and banana sandwiches as some of the people who had encountered the tornado claimed they had those respective items in their cars at the time of the incident. This had simply made us even more interested as now we were dying to see what this tornado was like. Then my wife gasped very loudly. She claimed to have seen a video of a nigger wearing a black sweater and jeans transform into a giant tornado. We pulled over and I analyzed the video.

"What the fuck is this?" I questioned myself out loud.

How the fuck could a nigger have the intelligence to do some impossible shit like that?

But once I saw the final form of the tornado, I gasped identically to how my wife did. The tornado had the face of George Floyd. Now I really hate niggers, but I REALLY REALLY hate George Floyd. He has the typical behavior of a nigger but 10 million times worse. After my wife looked closer at the photos of the tornado, we had confirmed that it did indeed have the face of George Floyd.

"So that explains why the tornado had such a big nose," my wife said.

Me and her chuckled a bit but we were once again interrupted by Ronnie.

"Um guys, I don't think we should be making fun of black people like that. You guys are being very racist and disrespectful right now," he said in a polite but slightly angered voice.

"Shut the fuck up Ronnie," my wife and I yelled.

Now we were extremely determined to see this tornado up close. So we continued driving at 100 MPH for another 15 minutes or so. The Highway we were driving on was straight and had no turns whatsoever which is why we were able to drive so fast in harsh weather conditions.

But then, the tornado suddenly changed directions and started coming towards us at around 200 MPH. Right at that moment, my wife noticed that all the posts that she saw on facebook about the tornado had been deleted. Right when I heard that, I knew something was up with this whole George Floyd tornado shit. At this point, I didn't even care if I died or not. I just wanted to see what all this bullshit was about. However, as soon as the tornado started heading towards us, Ronnie yelled "I CAN'T TAKE THIS SHIT ANYMORE, HEY GUYS, I GUESS THAT'S IT" as he pulled out a giant shotgun.

He put the shotgun up to his chin and pulled the trigger. Blood splattered over our car. It was like we were inside a tomato. But we got so distracted by the George Floyd tornado that before we knew it, the tornado was right in front of us. I slammed the breaks and got out of the car. Me and my wife, still in her cosplay outfit as I previously mentioned, got a close-up look at the tornado as it completely stopped at the exact same time as us.

"What the fuck are you doing George Floyd, I thought your nigger ass died a year ago," I yelled to the tornado.

The George Floyd Tornado then spoke back to me in the same deep echo voice that the man who I had come across earlier described.

"Lol you dumbass White cracka mane, I never died n sheeit mane. I've been alive fo centuries 'n shieeet. Also yo wife be lookin fine in dat cosplay n sheeit, can I have some of her pregnant belly pics please mane."

I called George Floyd a dumb nigger and explained to it that my wife wasn't pregnant.

"How dare you be racist to me n sheeit mane. Prepare for both of you guys' air to be stolen 'n shieet."

The George Floyd tornado then moved towards us and sucked us into it.

I remember going unconscious and then waking up several hours later in what appeared to be a business meeting. My wife and I were tied up and couldn't move at all. We saw a bunch of niggers, jews, and faggots. I swear to god the jews had even bigger noses than the George Floyd tornado. Then another jew walked into the room with George Floyd himself.

"Well goy, it seems like you have learned the truth of tornadoes," the Jew said.

I was so confused, how could there be a hidden meaning to tornadoes. They're just natural disasters that occur during hot and rainy weather conditions. Well that was what I thought at the time.

"You dumbass cracka n sheeit mane, you literally just experienced what tornados are mane. When I don't get my fentanyl and pregnant belly pics n sheeit, I turn into a tornado and I go after cities where there are lots o pregnant woman n sheeit. That's why that White cracka town Mayfield or some shiet like that got fucked n sheeit. I detected there were fo show lots a pregnant woman n sheeit, and when I got there it was a field day for me mane. I got to torture so many pregnant woman mane, it was the best sex I've ever had in my thousands of years of existence mane."

I couldn't believe what I had heard at first. Was George Floyd really the one behind tornados? I asked them why I had never heard of George Floyd as a tornado before. Well as you could probably expect, the jews who run social media constantly monitor videos and pictures of the George Floyd tornados to hide the truth.

"Yeah mane, I been doing dis sheeit for years mane. Ever since I killed dat cracka Baker family back in 1860 and sheeit mane. Cracka whore wouldn't gimme her pregnant belly pics n sheeit so I wiped dem entire house out killin all those damn crackas n sheet."

I then realized it was true. Everything sounded right. That explained why all those damn niggers were idolizing George Floyd when he "died".

They didn't want him to destroy their cities when he turns into a goddamn tornado.

"Well now that you goys know the truth, we have no choice but to kill you. We cannot let the truth that George Floyd is an invincible god who has been behind every tornado in all of history be released." The jew said.

What happened next was a blur. When the Jew came over with a knife to stab me in my heart, I somehow managed to pick the knife up with my feet and stab the Jew in his eye, causing him to act like that autistic Holiday Inn employee. I maneuvered the knife with my feet and cut my rope so I could escape. I then ran like no tomorrow and stabbed all of the Jews and faggots. Then I dove out and stole one of the nigger guards' pistol. And then just shot all over the place. Thankfully, none of the bullets went towards my knife. After I did that, I just had to deal with George Floyd. I managed to steal his pistol and then shot like there was no tomorrow at him, after a while he stopped moving on the ground.

But then I heard a deep creepy voice. George Floyd's spirit said, "I'll be back to get ya cracka."

But I simply ignored it for the time being as I have tons of guns in my house so I would easily be able to shoot him if he tried to invade.

Me and my wife then walked out of a door that led us to some random city. Unfortunately, both of our phones were dead so we had no idea where we were. However, after walking for a few minutes we saw that we were in a town that was very close to our hometown so we paid for a taxi and we got home safely.

I am now typing this on my computer at home. I need to stay under the radar for a while as I am leaking very confidential information. But I am sharing this story so I can spread the truth. George Floyd was not only behind the EF4 tornado that destroyed Mayfield and several other cities but also behind every tornado in history. I am also letting you know that George Floyd is still alive. Do not fall for the media's tricks when they say he got killed by a cop. That was just a trap to get an innocent White person in jail. Anyways before I go, please just stay away from tornados. It's not worth checking it out closer, especially if your girlfriend is pregnant. And if a tornado is coming for your town, get the fuck out of there.

**The George Floyd Nuttcracker**

By Gorg Floydson

I am an avid collector of all things George Floyd. I own 20 human sized George Floyd toys, 50 George Floyd toys, 15 Derek Chauvin toys, 5 Ronnie McNutt toys and even the Elon Musk and Among Us toys. By now it's only a few days before the holidays and there was nothing George Floyd related left to buy. And no I am not a nigger lives matter supporter for buying George Floyd merch. I simply just find them hilarious and it pisses those useless niggers off.

I had already pre ordered Volume 2 of George Floyd Creepypastas by Jordan Cleeman as well as the George Floyd cassette tape. I needed something to get through the holidays so I went onto the dark web to look for any George Floyd merchandise. I stumbled upon something interesting that I had never seen before. A George Floyd Nuttcracker. However it was spelled as the George Floyd Nuttcracker, the two Ts reminding me of Ronnie McNutt. I checked the price listing, it was $26,000. Although it was a hefty price to pay, I was a privileged White male with more than enough money to spend. The seller justified the price because apparently the George Floyd Nuttcracker was made from the last remaining wood of the George Floyd tree.

I contacted the seller, the username was Hinderless. Hinderless and I arranged the payment and where to meet up for the transaction. Fast forward to Wednesday, just 3 days until Christmas, I met up with Hinderless outside Cup Foods in Minneapolis. I parked my Rolls Royce Phantom on the sidewalk and waited in-front of Cup Foods. A few minutes later, I noticed a short man with purple hair, glasses and an unkempt beard.

"Are you Hinderless?" I asked.

"Yes but my friends call me Ronnie," the man responded. "But more importantly, do you have the 26 grand in cash?"

"Yes it's in my pocket," I said.

"Alright let's make this quick, my girlfriend Equinox is pissed that I left the house to make this transaction instead of pounding her pussy," Ronnie said.

But before we could make the transaction, a tall 6 foot 5 nigger in a tank top grabbed the money along with the bag containing the George Floyd Nuttcracker.

“What the fuck?!” Ronnie yelled.

“Get that nigger bitch!” I screamed.

Ronnie and I chased after the large nigger who had ran into the Cup Foods. Ronnie and I followed and made our way into the tiny corner store. We noticed that the nigger grabbed a banana and left a $20 bill at the counter before quickly running out of the store. Ronnie and I tried to chase the nigger but we were no match for the “mostly peaceful” jogger. I returned to the Cup Foods and noticed that an employee was on the phone talking to the police. Apparently the nigger used a counterfeit which was retarded as fuck because the nigger could have simply just used the real money he had taken from me moments ago. Just goes to show how retarded niggers really are. A few minutes later, I noticed that two police officers were escorting that same nigger into their vehicle. I noticed the nigger was resisting and fighting back.

“Ah shit officer, I ain’t done nuffin wrong mane, I’m claustrophobic mane, please mane!” The nigger pleaded while crying like a baby orangutan.

The two officers were struggling to fit the nigger into the car. I saw that the nigger was still holding onto the money and the bag with the Nuttcracker.

“Hey that nigger stole those things from me and my friend,” I said.

The two officers stopped and looked up, “What?” they said in unison.

“So not only did this criminal pay with a counterfeit bill but he also stole money,” one of the officers said.

Officer Thomas Lane handed the money and bag to me. I then handed the money to Ronnie and kept the bag. I continued to watch as two more officers arrived on the scene. One officer Derek Chauvin pulled the nigger out of the car and knelt on his neck.

“Ah fuck mama, I can’t breathe!” The nigger cried while gasping for air.

I knew this was bullshit however as Chauvin lightly knelt on his neck to keep him from chimping out. Before the nigger died he looked over at me.

“Ooo ooo eee eee ah ah, I place a voodoo curse upon y’all crackas, I will be reborn in the vessel that resembles me da most closest in the vicinity!” The ape said while making monkey noises.

The nigga monkey let out one last “I can’t breathe” before he died. After the event had unfolded, I returned home and placed my George Floyd Nuttcracker next to the rest of my George Floyd collection. I noticed that the Nuttcracker looked very realistic, almost freakishly real. The pictures of the website showed a very cartoonish face of George Floyd similar to the George Floyd toy, I chalked it up to the website not doing the Nuttcracker justice. I was hungry so I microwaved some instant noodles. While the noodles were heating up in the microwave, I heard a noise come from the living room. I went over and checked, to my surprise the George Floyd Nuttcracker had moved a few metres. I had originally placed the Nuttcracker on-top of my copy of George Floyd creepypastas volume 1 but now the toy had moved to below my PS5 next to my physical copy of Be My Mom - maternity simulator, take care of your child, a pregnancy simulator. I noticed the George Floyd Nuttcracker was looking at the cover image which was an outline of a pregnant woman.

I was confused as I lived alone because I am a depressed rich loner. I picked the Nuttcracker back up, that’s when I felt a sharp pain in my hand, I saw that the George Floyd Nuttcracker had bit me. “What the fuck!” I yelped.

“Hehehe mane, I am the George Floyd Nuttcracker, you will let me play Be My Mom - maternity simulator, take care of your child or else I will eat yo belly!” The Nuttcracker threatened. “Alright you can play Be My Mom - maternity simulator, take care of your child but please just don’t hurt me,” I said in fear. “You hoo hoo!” The George Floyd Nuttcracker said in excitement.

I watched as the Nuttcracker turned on the PS5 and began to play. In only a matter of seconds, I saw that the newly pregnant woman’s belly was already as big as George Floyds nose. She looked like she could give birth any day now.

“Oh la la, dem pregnant bitches make me so horny!” The George Floyd Nuttcracker said as it cracked some nuts.

I watched in disgust, despite having a face carved out of wood, the expression the George Floyd Nuttcracker made was clearly that of a horny motherfucker. What's even more disgusting is how he got so horny over some pixels.

"You hoo hoo, I'm so horny mane, I could bust a McNutt any second now OOGA BOOGA!" The Nuttcracker said while making baboon noises.

While the Nuttcracker was busy cracking his own nut, I phoned Ronnie.

"What the fuck did you sell me?" I said angrily. "What do you mean?" Ronnie said, confused.

"The George Floyd Nuttcracker, it bit me and it's now playing a pregnancy simulator, please help."

"Alright I'll be there in 1 minute after I bust a McNutt to nudes of my ex," Ronnie mumbled.

For the time being I had to figure out a way to stop the George Floyd Nuttcracker, at the moment the Nuttcracker hadn't done anything violent besides biting me and threatening me to play a pregnancy simulator. I did not want the Nuttcracker to be completely destroyed as I had paid good money for it. A few moments later, I heard knocking at my door, it was Ronnie McNutt. I opened the door for Ronnie, Ronnie was holding a shotgun.

"Dude, I don't want you to destroy it, I paid too much for that nigger Nuttcracker," I said. "More importantly, where is the Nuttcracker?" Ronnie asked. I

turned over to the living room, the Nuttcracker was nowhere to be seen. We cautiously walked over to the TV, I looked up and saw that the George Floyd Nuttcracker had beaten the game despite the fact that it should take 9 months to finish the game. Ronnie and I headed upstairs to investigate, I noticed that there was a huge mess of photos scattered all over the second floor. There were photos of my ex who I dumped because she questioned her sexuality and gender identity. Near the master bedroom, there were photos of my parents including my mom when she was pregnant which were covered in wood chips.

"That horny monkey, those wood chips are its seed," Ronnie explained. "What?" "So you mean the Nuttcracker is able to ejaculate?" I asked. "This shouldn't be possible but the Nuttcracker is being possessed by dark nigger voodoo magic, I've only ever seen this once when my Breonna Taylor hippo statue attacked me after the ghost of Breonna Taylor possessed it," Ronnie explained.

We walked into the master bedroom and heard a gut wrenching noise, "Hehehe mane, welcome to my pregnant sex dungeon!" the George Floyd Nuttcracker said while watching pregnant porn. I was shocked to see that the Nuttcracker had somehow managed to bring a pregnant woman into the master bedroom. Ronnie shot the Nuttcracker in the arm

"Oh fuck, my arm can't breathe, you hoo hoo!" The Nuttcracker said as it used the tied up pregnant woman as a meat shield.

Ronnie continued to shoot at the George Floyd Nuttcracker turning the pregnant woman's face into tomato paste.

"She was probably a BBC whore anyways," Ronnie said.

The Nuttcracker dodged Ronnie's shots because he had trash aim. The George Floyd Nuttcracker bolted outside my house heading into the night to cause more nigga monkey shenanigans. "What do we do now Ronnie?" I asked.

"Ever heard of the Derek Chauvin toy ritual?" Ronnie asked.

Around 3 AM, Ronnie and I grabbed the following items. A Derek Chauvin toy, a wooden cross, string, nigger blood and a lighter. Ronnie and I followed all the rules provided for the Derek Chauvin toy. Afterwards we headed back inside my house because you have to get up at 10 AM for the ritual to succeed. Once we got up, I saw that there was an army of Derek Chauvin toys as we had used all 15 of mine. Since the ritual worked that meant the Derek Chauvin toy legion deemed my hatred of niggers worthy and even Ronnie's to a degree despite him being a soy boy.

"Kill the George Floyd Nuttcracker," I ordered the Derek Chauvin toy legion.

The legion went into combat mode and began to run in this one direction. Ronnie and I followed closely behind.

"Wait a minute, doesn't this road lead to Cup Foods?" Ronnie asked.

We saw the Cup Foods only a few metres away from us. The Derek Chauvin toy legion jumped through the window of Cup Foods and began to knee on all the nigger employees in the store. I noticed the George Floyd Nuttcracker was holding a banana while waiting in line. The Derek Chauvin toys all jumped the nigga. It was a brutal beating, all 15 of the toys had their knees on the Nuttcracker's neck.

"Ah fuck, I can't breathe mane, shiet mane mama!" The Nuttcracker cried out in pain.

Before the Nuttcracker could let out another word, the Derek Chauvin toy legion pressed their knees down even harder which caused the head of the George Floyd Nuttcracker to dislodge from its body. What came out next still haunts me to this day, it was the ghost of George Floyd.

"OOGA BOOGA, you've done it now mane!" The ghost's voice boomed.

All the nigger employees began to bow down and pray while crying tears of joy as if they had just seen Jesus rise from the dead three days after his death.

"Now that you have destroyed my vessel, I will need a new one mane," George Floyd's ghost said.

George Floyd's ghost began looking around for a new vessel to possess. He settled on Ronnie McNutt as he moved at supersonic speed and possessed Ronnie.

"Oh shit what the fuck?!" Ronnie yelled.

I watched in horror as Ronnie's stupid looking purple hair began to fall out and Ronnie's leather jacket turned into the George Floyd hoodie, the same one that monkey Floyd wore in that famous picture of him behind a brick wall. Ronnie McNutt had turned into Ronnie McFloyd! It was horrifying to watch.

"Hey guys, OOGA BOOGA, you got belly pics of my girlfriend?" Ronnie McFloyd asked.

The Derek Chauvin toy legion tried to knee Ronnie McFloyd, however he was too fast. Ronnie ran out of the store with the toy legion chasing after him. I returned home afterwards, I turned on my TV to watch the local news. There were multiple reports of a 6 foot 5 person with the face of a soy boy sucking the air out of pregnant women. 20 pregnant women were confirmed dead with all the air in their lungs sucked out and their fetuses had been eaten.

Moral of the story, never and I say never buy anything George Floyd related especially if it is a toy or doll of the monkey. You never know if it is possessed by the ghost of George Floyd and the profit made from the toys could potentially be funding BLM or some other jew owned organization. Stay safe and have a White Christmas.

**Krampus Floyd**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Andrew Burrows. I am a man who has been studying cryptids for my whole entire life. When I say that, I mean it. As a child, I would read countless books and magazines about them. This persisted even throughout my teen years, as nerdy as it sounds. However, it paid off really well, because I went through university and graduated to become a cryptozoologist without having to do much studying because I had so much prerequisite knowledge.

Having been a certified cryptozoologist for half my life, I've given a shot at heavily investigating some major cryptids such as monkele-mbembe, the yeti, the chupacabra, the Japanese Kappa, and so on. In my field of studies, I aim toward trying to figure out whether or not these mythical creatures are real. Unfortunately, I still haven't proved one yet, despite how long I've been working because of how hard it is. Even the world famous cryptozoologists out there are lucky to discover one. For example, one of them who is known as Pussy Farts confirmed the Loch Ness monster's existence by finding a specimen dubbed the Wilcock Ness Monster. I have to admit, I am super jealous of his accomplishment and it motivates me even more to either debunk a cryptid or prove one's existence. Even debunking a cryptid is as big of an achievement as discovering an existing one because of how vast this planet is. I will go as far as to say I'd be willing to die to accomplish either task.

For those of you who aren't familiar with how cryptozoologists do their work, we follow a procedure that is different from the scientific method. It is one that is simple in theory, but complicated in practice. We constantly scan around the media to fish for any strange patterns that occur around the world. For

instance, if we notice that there is a suspicious surge in injuries or deaths in a given location, we travel there ASAP and go looking for potential cryptids that could have possibly caused it. We always have to be quick though, because cryptids tend to be shy, even the aggressive ones, so they will flee as soon as they have done their deed. The deaths don't have to be humans though. The chupacabra feeds on the livestock of farms, so we will be notified if there is an insane number of farms that get wiped within a short timespan.

My introduction aside, there is a reason why I am writing this report. I think I have proved a high profile cryptid to be real. But because I didn't manage to collect any evidence at all, I have to draft my encounter that I hope is convincing enough for my superiors. Now you may be itching to know – what cryptid did I encounter? Well you've probably heard of Krampus, a Christmas legend that has been going around throughout Eastern Alpine folklore and popular culture. Conventionally, Krampus is known for being the opposite of Santa. Instead of rewarding children with presents, he punishes them. The way he accomplishes this varies depending on how bad the said child behaved near christmas. Most of the time, Krampus uses scare tactics such as chasing the naughty children. Hence the lack of material harm, it is for those who commit mild acts of misbehavior. Occasionally, when a child critically misbehaves, Krampus would lean toward punishing them brutally. This includes using physical force, and sometimes kidnapping the child using his basket for drowning, eating, or transporting to hell. In terms of physical appearance, Krampus differs depending on the given culture depicting him, but generally speaking, he is a bipedal mammalian creature that possesses goat-like horns on the top of his head, hooves, fangs, and a long pointed tongue. This is all at least how popular folklore interprets him.

The real Krampus that I witnessed with my own eyes is way distinct from how most think he is. I won't spoil it here, but I will tell you now that he is far more vile, gruesome, and aberrant. I don't know if this is the right word, but perhaps, more powerful. That being said, there is another reason why I am creating this report – to warn all of you to avoid the Krampus that I speak of.

It all started when I was sitting at my desk at work on Christmas Eve, sorting some case files of brief cryptid sightings from a pool of my colleagues, that contain photos that look like they were taken by a pajeet using a shitty Android phablet. You know what I am talking about. Like the infamous black and white Loch Ness Monster photograph from the nineteen hundreds that looks like the silhouette of a black nigger who dislocated his elbow at the surface of a lake. Let me tell you, they are almost always a hoax since it is statistically unlikely for a cameraman to do such a shitty job of capturing an extremely rare sight.

I did my first quota of the day before I was allowed to do the fun part of my shift, which is what every medium level employee has to do everyday, because the company I work at is owned by a Jew named Mr. Peters, who all the employees secretly want to be overtaken by a better manager. Not to mention, it was supposed to be our Christmas break right now and the kike boss doesn't like to adhere to the provincial employee standards, which allows any employee to excuse from work in both Christmas and Christmas eve.

After I was done with that mundane task, I went on my lunch break because I was so fatigued and I desperately needed to eat the ten steaks in my lunchbox to maintain my 300 pound physique, that resembles the average racist chad. It was the first time I've ever packed such a big meal for work, because After I pulled the Ziploc bag full of red meat out of my limited edition Land of the Lost lunch box, I approached the public microwave to heat them. However, I stopped when I felt someone breathing on the back of my neck.

"Goy, you can't eat too much of that cattle in my workplace," Mr. Peters said in his jewy nasal voice.

He tried snatching my bag of steaks from my hand, but his scrawny jew physique could not reach it when I recoiled it above my head. *God, I hate jews who support veganism*, I thought.

"You better hand me that or else I will fire you," the jew boss said.

I really didn't like the idea of losing my job because I worked so hard to be in my position, so I slowly gave the bag of steaks to him.

"This is your last warning Andrew," my boss said.

He then left me, with the bag still in his hands. I know that he is a vegan who is irrationally afraid of eating meat, so I wondered what the hell he would possibly do with it. But I quickly came to the realization that the bag of steaks was the only food that I brought, so I got paranoid about losing my hard earned gains.

I just sat at the lunch table alone on my phone, looking like one of those quiet kids at school who has no one to hang out with because his sole friends are too sick to come to class.

After the lunch break ended, I returned to my office to continue working. I scanned through the news section of the search engine, trying to find anything noteworthy. However, it was very difficult to concentrate, due to my hunger. It was the equivalent of being a slit eyed asian who has just as much of a difficulty seeing as niggers on fentanyl have of breathing. Eventually, I said *fuck it* and decided to go to my other colleagues offices to ask for food. I know it is a nigger thing to beg others for food like that, but I could feel my roided up muscles begging for mercy, so I went for it. The first colleague I went after was one named Quinton. He works at a room across from mine, but he was my first pick because just like me, he is a heavily muscled racist chad who also force feeds himself regularly. However, he keeps all his food in a mini fridge in his work office, so I figured he'd most likely have food to spare. Of course, Mr. Peters doesn't know of this, otherwise, he'd confiscate it too.

I knocked at the side of Quinton's office door.

"Come in," he said, while typing on his keyboard.

"Um sorry to bother, but do you have any extra food in that cooler of yours?" I asked politely.

Quinton rotated his flexible office chair to face me. His eyes appear bloodshot, as if he had been busy with his work for a long time.

"Andrew, do you really think I'd let you in on some for free?" he asked rhetorically.

"Look, that fucking kike boss took my entire lunch and I can't work without food in my stomach," I whispered, making sure Mr. Peters wouldn't happen to hear me.

"Alright well I got a deal for you. Come over here, I want to show you something first."

Quinton motioned me to look at his computer screen.

There I saw a foreign government statistics website for a different country that displayed a number. A number representing a reported missing person statistic since the night before Christmas on their end. It was for an eastern country that is twelve hours ahead of us, so Christmas had already started for them. Fourteen thousand was the number, and counting. My jaw dropped at the statistic. However, I didn't read the label correctly. After rereading it, I realized that it was specifically a missing person count for children.

"What the fuck?" I said. "What could have caused this? And what kind of sick fuck would hurt that many kids?"

"This has to be the doing of a malevolent cryptid," Quinton said. "And it is physically impossible for one single human to pull this off in such a short amount of time. Not even an organization that traffics children."

"You're right."

"So here is the deal. I would like you to assist me in tracking down whatever the hell is on the loose this Christmas, since it is most likely a deadly being given the amount of victims. If you come with me, I will let you have one of my protein sandwiches."

The thought of the word protein made me salivate, so I immediately said "Yes."

Quinton opened his mini fridge and then took out a bagged sandwich that he bought from Tim Hortons and tossed it at me, and I caught the sandwich with one hand.

"Thank you," I said, as I quickly blasted through the sandwich.

"You're welcome," Quinton said. "Now you have a job to do."

In the equipment room, we grabbed all the equipment necessary: a bear trap, tranquilizer snipers, raw meat for bait, assault rifles, and armored vests.

We weren't exactly sure what prospective cryptid we were to encounter, but that was the kit we went with because of how versatile it is.

Quinton and I met with the helicopter pilot, Hopee, at the launch pad. Even though he is quite skilled at flight, Hopee comes across as a sketchy man, because he is a former convict who was apparently caught preying on women in his ARK Discord server. I myself really didn't want to be in the same flying vehicle

as the creep, but it was a time sensitive mission and there weren't any other chopper pilots on duty at the moment, since they all happen to be on Christmas vacation.

"Alright Hopee, get us to um," I began. "Quinton, where exactly are we to head over to?"

"New Delhi, India," Quinton replied.

*Drats*, I thought. New Delhi is the last country I would visit. It is filled with horny pajeet Indians who would rape any foreigners that would visit. And when I say any foreigners, I mean absolutely any. Those Pajeets are so desperate that they would turn into faggots and rape men as well. However, I knew that Quinton and I are built chads, so we wouldn't have a problem with heeding them anyway.

"Okay, New Delhi it is," Hopee said.

The three of us boarded the cyan colored chopper that had our company logo branded on it. As Hopee initiated the flight, I felt the large propellers spin which formed a circular gust of wind around us.

"Hold on tight!" Hopee said over the microphone

He launched the helicopter around 1500 feet in the air and then headed to the direction of India. Now, for us to know exactly where we were supposed to head to, as simply knowing where New Delhi is isn't sufficient information, there is a built-in radar in the helicopter's control panel. You see, cryptids tend to emit a special type of radiation that even humans can detect with the naked eye, hence why cryptids all evolved an extremely effective means of hiding. And when I say detectable with the naked eye, I mean the radiation exists in the form of a mass of light green fog floating in the air. This is the primary reason why they have to be so elusive in the first place. Though the radiation in question is identifiable without the use of technology, our radar is able to magnify it by one million times, enabling us to spot its source from thousands of miles away.

"So Quinton, what cryptid do you think we will possibly encounter?" I asked, as I tried my best not to inhale the excess propeller wind.

"Given that we are headed to India, I would guess the poop golem which formed from the excess poop that the pajeets leave out on the streets," Quinton said. "Or maybe the famous rape creature that is capable of telepathically raping White women who don't send it bobs and vagene pictures."

"Makes sense. I am thinking we might come across Krampus, because you know, he comes out and hurts misbehaving children at around Christmas—"

"Woah woah hold your horses," Quinton interrupted. "I thought pajeets didn't celebrate Christmas, so wouldn't it make sense for the Krampus to carry out its attacks in other countries to be more efficient?"

"Yeah I guess you got a point there," I said. "But you have to consider the fact that there are plenty of cucked White families who move to New Delhi even though it is full of shitskin rapists who seek their White women."

"Oh yeah I forgot about those."

"Let me tell you, I hope whatever this Krampus thing might be out there, it will be easy to capture or debunk, because I have to visit my family for Christmas tomorrow," I said. "This trip better be quick."

"I wouldn't be too worried about that," Quinton shrugged. "Remember, most of our expeditions are nothing but false alarms, such as when we mistook a mass casualty for the doing of the Jewish Moth Man, when really it was actually a psychotic nigger on the loose."

Quinton was most likely right. You see, the probability of us finding a cryptid in a given expedition is microscopic, since our call to adventures are usually prompted by natural disasters or serial killers. Even though I am all in for actual Cryptid sightings, a part of me was hoping for that to not be the case, because finding one would mean an extensive follow up analysis which takes days, and like I said, I really wanted to spend time with my family for Christmas.

Since we were traveling on a chopper, it was going to be a long trip. I texted my family group chat that I may or may not make it to the Christmas dinner because of work. Thankfully, my family consists of ***based*** people, so they knew to blame it on my Jew boss and not me.

After I had a good chat with my folks, I put away my phone and took a nap because I was getting sleepy from the redundant motion of the helicopter.

I woke up to a loud bang. I sprang up, to see Hopee looking a bit hazy. He must have almost crashed the helicopter into something.

"What is going on here?" I asked, rubbing my eyes.

"Sorry about that," Hopee said. "I got distracted by that billboard displaying a hot bikini model over there."

I looked over to Quinton, who fell asleep as well. He did not seem to be phased by the turbulence at all, because he was still snoring deep in his slumber.

I then looked at the billboard that Hopee pointed at, to see the bikini model he got horny over.

It was an Indian woman. It struck me as odd for a second, because no intelligent clothing brand would dare to use an Indian woman as a model for their advertisements, because as we all know, Indians are one of the least attractive races out there. But I then shortly realized why the billboard advertisement displayed such a hideous woman. Looking at the warm hue of the polluted air and the poorly maintained architecture, it was evident we were now in India. The one and only country that would promote pajeet women in clothing ads. Not that there weren't any White women ads, because pajeet men idolize them like celebrities.

"How close are we to our destination?" I asked Hopee.

"We are approximately two hours away," Hopee responded. "The radiation signal of our radar should activate shortly, if there are any."

Seconds later, a high-pitched sound alarm emitted from the radar at the front control panel. Quinton woke up as a result, and we both bolted to the front to examine what it was picking up. On the radar screen, there were a bunch of dotted light visual indicators scattered together which represented detected radiation.

"Holy shit," Quinton exclaimed. "Looks like a cryptid is nearby."

"Precisely two hours away," Hopee said.

The two hours went by slowly, as Quinton and I eagerly waited. I saw the expected green colored radiation particles floating in the air. We were finally here. Surrounding us was a normal looking neighborhood. Normal for the most part for us Americans, at least. Because we were in India at the time, there were gobs of shit in the driveways as per usual. The collection of homes here summed up to give off a powerful accumulated odor of curry. Looking around, it didn't seem like there was anything special going on. However, when I looked over a few blocks from where the chopper was, I spotted one house with Christmas lights on. But the Christmas lights were not what caught my eye, despite its appealing look. There looked to be a high concentration of the radiation surrounding that house.

"Hopee, fly us over to that house," I pointed.

"Okay, will do," Hopee said, as he steered towards the flashing colorful lights and headed there.

The closer we got to that house, the more we noticed this stench. No, not the smell of pajeet poop that we would have expected. It was more like the smell of rotten flesh. It was so putrid that I pinched my nose. I could not fathom having a big ass Jew nose to inhale a large volume of whatever smell this was.

By the time we landed on the road in front of the house, I had gotten used to the odor. Quinton and I equipped our gear and then began to carry out the initial investigation. We circled around the exterior of the home, to gauge for any signs of a cryptid. Everything appeared to be normal, until I looked to the roof. The chimney, to be specific.

"Hey Quinton, check that out," I said as I pointed my flashlight. "The chimney is half broken. Something must have broken into it."

"Yeah, let's go check it out, "Quinton said as he pulled out his grappling hook. I reciprocated and we projected ourselves up the roof of the home. The top part of the chimney was shattered, with the small fragments of mortar sprinkled on the roof. Bits of smoke were coming out of it. I turned to Quinton.

"So," I began. "Should we go in?"

"I'd say we should. Hopefully we don't wake up the people living here."

Quinton and I easily fit through the chimney, since the top part that had been ripped off was what would have prevented us from going in. The smell of rotten flesh increased exponentially as Quinton and I lowered ourselves. At the bottom of the chimney was a pile of charcoal that was the byproduct of a previously lit fireplace. On the very pile of charcoal was a duo of negative space that formed the shape of goat hooves.

"Quinton, check it out, there are footprints down there," I exclaimed. "I wonder what it came from."

"The Jersey Devil maybe," Quinton said.

"We are not in New Jersey, what are you smoking? I think this is from Krampus."

"Ohh makes sense, because this is the sole home that celebrates Christmas in this neighborhood," Quinton said as if he was the one who figured it out.

By the time we landed on the black charcoal bedding, we noticed a peculiar white contrasting speck of powder on it. I picked up a sample and decided to smell it. Oh boy did I regret my decision. I don't know what exactly the smell was like, but I immediately coughed up blood. Whatever the white powder was, it had to be some kind of drug.

"Fentanyl," I said. "What the hell is fentanyl doing here?"

"I don't know," Quinton said. "But we shall find out. Let's get out of this fireplace and explore around the house."

I carefully opened the metal enclosure that locked us in the fireplace, and then we tiptoed out, hoping not to wake anyone up, and most importantly, not startle the potential cryptid that might be here. Around us was a heavily decorated living room. There was a Christmas tree next to the fireplace which had a stack of wrapped presents under it, each of them having no visible label. Coming from the fireplace was a trail of that same fentanyl powder that persisted throughout the living room, reaching far into the doorway which was the kitchen.

I started to follow it, motioning Quinton to do the same. Again, that smell of rotten flesh grew even stronger the longer we tailed the line of powdered fentanyl. However, I was not too bothered by it any longer since I was very much focused on our investigation, and also the fact that we were inside somebody's damn house. The trail of fentanyl eventually led to the kitchen counter. On the counter was a large piece of red craft paper that looked like it had been through a lot; it was definitely not a new sheet of paper. On it was a handwritten sentence which read: "Where are the banana cookies and milk at?" It took me a while to decipher the sentence because of how horrible the handwriting was. It looked like it was written by a nigger, because niggers tend to have similar handwriting to chimpanzees at the zoo when the zookeepers would attempt to teach them how to write simple text.

"That is weird. I didn't know Santa has such a preference for banana cookies," Quinton said.

"Hm, I don't know if this note is from Santa," I said. "This has to be the doing of the cryptid we are dealing with."

"But what kind of cryptid would write this note? As beastly and animalistic as they usually are, I don't think they could have as much of a craving for banana cookies as niggers would."

"Okay but you need to consider, niggers are too retarded to break into a home via chimney, even though they are responsible for a large portion of home invasions in the USA."

"Well then let's stop wasting our time arguing. We still haven't even searched half of this house."

I then noticed a second fentanyl trail which branched from next to the first trail. This one led to a staircase which directs to the second floor.

"To the stairs," I whispered to Quinton, as I pointed to the staircase.

We quietly made our way up, trying our very best not to creak each of the wooden steps. The fentanyl was sprinkled along the stairs, so we knew that it was the correct way to keep going. The moment we reached halfway through the stairs, I noticed a very distinctive noise. Very ambient-like, yet dissimilar enough to be a different sound from the air conditioning. It sounded more like a helium birthday balloon slowly deflating due to a small hole that was carefully poked into it. However, its volume was not constant. Every half second, it would quiet down, and then another half second later, it would grow louder. It

creepily resembled the pattern of breathing.

Once Quinton and I made it to the top of the stairs, I looked down and saw that the fentanyl trail continued further, tricking into one of the bedroom doors.

But we were quickly distracted by the rotten flesh odor having become so prominent, that we could now tell where it was coming from. It was coming from another room next to the bedroom where the fentanyl trail trailed to.

"Which room should we venture into first?" I asked Quinton.

"I am more curious about what is causing the smell of rotten flesh," Quinton said.

We tiptoed our way to the other room. It was a bedroom as well. At the center was a king size bed with what appeared to be a married couple sleeping on it. When we stepped in further, the smell got tremendously worse, just when I thought it couldn't. Along with that, I noticed the sound of insects flying around, combined with a wet squirming coming from the center of the bed. It was dark like nigger skin, so I took out my flashlight and aimed it around to guestimate where all the grotesque elements were coming from. I was a bit hesitant to shine the light on either of the people sleeping on the bed, but I did anyway because I didn't find anything interesting around them. I almost got a heart attack when I saw what was in the bed. I saw what, because both the wife and the husband were deceased. But that alone was not what really shocked me. It was the manner in which they were slaughtered. Looking at the husband first, there was an extrusive deep wound on his chest area. It was so rooted that you could see parts of his ribs. It was so sickening to observe, but I bore in mind that as a cryptozoologist, it is my job to closely examine any plausible evidence of cryptids and this was definitely a candidate, so I stepped by the bed. I don't know whether I regret my decision of doing so or not, because I saw countless maggots and flies digging at the leftover meat of the husband.

*Wait a minute, that chunk of meat–it's a lung,* I realized. The lung, which was barely hanging off the remains of the trachea, appeared to be almost completely drained in volume. It looked like a flesh colored sponge that was deprived of internal air. Quinton seemed to gain some composure, because he at last strode towards me.

"What in tarnation is this?" he said.

"I have no idea what happened to this man," I said. "Check out his lungs, have you seen anything like this before?"

"That is even nastier than gay nigger porn," Quinton belched. "I mean, look at all those insects-"

"No," I interrupted. "Notice how deflated the lung is. Keep in mind that lungs in equilibrium, even for a dead corpse, should retain some degree of inflatedness."

"You're right. Whatever cryptid is lurking in this house, it must have done something to drain it."

I used my specialized camera to take a picture of the fucked up lung, as evidence.

"I think for now we should move on. There may be more important things to examine," Quinton suggested.

I forced myself to forget the peculiar piece of potential evidence and then moved to the other side of the bed to examine the wife's corpse. I wasn't expecting it to be as bad as the husband's fate, but it was pretty damn close. Her reason for death was completely different. Her lungs didn't appear to have been mutilated, but instead, it was her belly that was mangled. However, it was far more obvious that some malevolent being caused it. On her pregnant belly was a humongous claw mark. Four sharp serrated cuts with the overall shape of a bell were formed. To my relief, there weren't as many maggots and flies present there, but turns out, the cuts were even deeper than I initially imagined. When I pointed my flashlight closer, I found out the cuts didn't just penetrate the epidermis. The cuts reached to the uterus, and there was a visible fetus in it. I had enough, so I leaned to the side and puked out the remains of the sandwich that Quinton gave me in exchange for my assistance in this expedition. Quinton noticed my visible disgust.

"Okay, there is definitely something out there," he concluded.

"Yeah no kidding," I said. "There is no such accident that could simply create those demon-like claw marks. Something evil is on the loose, something more sinister than even the baddest of niggers."

“I wouldn’t make such a bold statement because it is a world class feat in itself to be badder than those leather skin big lipped monkeys,” Quinton corrected. “But yes, I see your point.”

I took a photo of the pregnant woman's severed belly for evidence purposes, and then continued around the room. After a few minutes of searching, neither of us found any additional evidence, besides extra blood splatter from the married couples attack, but it wasn’t relevant enough to be noteworthy.

“I think that's enough for this room,” I said.

We exited the master bedroom, and I realized how well we grew accustomed to the putrid flesh odor, because it almost felt like I was breathing fresh air in the hallways, when in reality, it was still somewhat present. The eerie sound that was coming from the bedroom next door was still audible, so Quinton and I quietly strode towards the door, which thankfully for us, was not completely shut. Once we got close enough, I gently grabbed the door and swung it wide open. I peeked into the bedroom, to see what was something I had been waiting to see for almost my whole entire life.

There it was, an eight foot tall bipedal goat-like creature with medium length curved horns protruding from the top of its scalp. It possessed deep black fur that was covered in a white residue that I couldn’t tell was fentanyl or snow since the glow of the moon through the window was the only light source. I looked at its lower body. It had short and skinny legs which resembled that of a goat, complemented with hooves that were the exact same shape as the footprints which Quinton and I saw at the bottom of the fireplace.

*Holy shit, it’s Krampus*, I thought. This was the first ever cryptid I saw; a moment I have been waiting for my whole entire life. The Krampus’ appearance was very similar to what the folklore depicted Krampus to be, except for the shape of its fur. Legends portray Krampus to have thick straight fur, just like any regular goat. It also had a massive bag made of animal hide on its back, being carried like a backpack. However, the Krampus that I was looking at had very curly fur. The same kind of curliness that all nigger hair exhibits. The thought of a mythical creature in front of me almost distracted me from the fact that it was right beside a bed with a child sleeping. Krampus was kneeling on the floor to gravitate its head to the level of the bed, with its head hovering closely to the child's face; an inch or two away. Each time the child snored, Krampus would inhale, as if it was breathing in whatever the child was exhaling.

“Ah, nice breathing in that cracka’s snore air,” Krampus said in a deep animalistic voice.

I thought the way in which Krampus was punishing this child was interesting. Not a single cultural folklore that I knew of at the time characterizes Krampus as an air stealing monster.

“Quinton, are you seeing this?” I whispered as silently as I could.

“Yeah, what the hell should we do? Wait?” Quinton whispered back.

“Whatever this creature is, it is most definitely not friendly. I say we should just wait and see.”

Krampus continued to breathe in the child’s snore air for the next few minutes, looking like it was drinking its favorite soda. As time passed, I noticed that the skin of the child grew pale, along with his body going limp. The rate at which this happened was perfectly in sync with Krampus’ breathing pattern. *Wait a second, is Krampus sucking the air out of that sleeping child?* I questioned myself. Eventually, the boy became as pale as a lychee, and Krampus grabbed the body by the neck and then dragged it inside his bag, looking like a murderer trying to hide a body. After things got clear for Krampus, it turned around to exit the child’s bedroom, to meet eyes with Quinton and I. My blood ran cold.

Its eyes stared into my soul, as if it wanted to tear me to shreds. Picture a deer in headlights, except imagine the deer has a mixed feeling of both anger and threatened. Krampus gave off the impression that its primal instinct of fighting back is about to kick in. Though, it was not a survival mechanism; it looked to have rather heinous intentions. When I looked at Krampus’ face, I realized that it was completely different than what the legends tell you. It was not a goat's face at all. Instead, it looked more like the face of a hairless ape. Not any ordinary ape though. Its nose spanned across its face like how butter is uniformly spread on a slice of bread. Flat, yet exceptionally wide. Its lips were as thick as two hot cheeto puffs stacked on top of each other. It looked like a plastic surgeon student used a chimpanzee test subject for both nose job and lip enlargement practice simultaneously. As comical as its facial features were, its face was haunting enough to give me nightmares for subsequent nights.

“Ooga booga, what are you mains doing in my path?” it growled at us. “Want me to steal ya mains snore air too? I can steal grown ups’ air too.”

I didn't know how to respond to it. It's overwhelming appearance made my feet plant to the ground, rendering me completely frozen momentarily. I have been studying these beings for such a long time knowing I haven't seen any before, and here one was, right in front of me. This food for thought replayed in my mind a few times, until I snapped out of my trance.

*This is the one and only chance for me to prove a cryptid's existence,* I thought. Without any prior thought because of my on-the-moment nervousness, I quickly pulled my camera out of my pocket and then snapped a photo. It was one of those super technical cameras that gives off a blinding flash. Ah shit, I cried to myself. I used the wrong camera setting. The camera setting I used was meant for capturing photographs of residual cryptid evidence, which is a situation where high contrast lighting is essential. Obviously, the setting we use to capture cryptid photographs minimize flash. Unsurprisingly, the bright flash pissed off Krampus.

"How dare you dishonor I, Krampus Floyd," it boomed.

*Huh, Krampus Floyd,* I thought. Glancing back at its face, its name made perfect sense, since its ridiculously large nose and lips resembled the Minneapolis drug chimp, George Floyd. Quinton and I quickly turned away and ran.

As we bolted down the stairs, I heard what a horse galloping on wooden planks would sound like. I glanced back, to see Krampus Floyd on all fours, going after us. It was unrealistically fast, and at this point, I wanted to escape with my life more than studying this cryptid further. I turned my body back and pulled out my shotgun, pointing it at Krampus Floyd's head. I pulled the trigger without hesitation. However, all the pellets bounced off its seemingly solid metal fur, which formed an illusion where its curly fur is made out of steel wool.

Quinton and I continued to run and we realized that we had nowhere to go, but back up through the chimney. I had a bit of claustrophobia, so it didn't feel ideal to me, but it was much closer to us than the front door, which we don't even know the location of anyway. One by one, we both used our grappling hooks to quickly haul ourselves up, escaping through the roof. We made it up just in time, because we found Krampus Floyd still climbing his way up the chimney slowly. Since it is eight feet tall and probably weighed a ton, it had such a hard time keeping up with us. But I didn't let my guard down.

With my quick thinking, I found a pile of pajeet poop beside me. I was grossed out by it, because the household that we were in aren't Indian, so it was evident that some random pajeet outsider was bold enough to shit on the rooftop of this house. I grabbed the gob of poop while trying my best not to puke, and tossed it into the chimney. The half dried-out pajeet feces happened to strike Krampus Floyd's mouth while it had its mouth open, ultimately splattering in it and sinking into its throat, which blocked its airways.

"Aw fuck, poop in my mouth, I can't breathe!" Krampus Floyd choked.

Quinton and I took advantage of our bought time, and bolted away. Using our grappling hooks, we both descended off the roof and landed perfectly since we both have quads that measure over thirty inches. From our position to the helicopter was a distance of a few yards. Seems manageable, I thought. But shortly, I heard a clicking sound coming from up on the roof, so I looked back up. There it was, Krampus Floyd sitting like a gargoyle on the edge of the roof. It drooled a white fluid which I could tell was fentanyl infused saliva.

"Hehehe, yall mains will not escape me," it growled.

"Start flying now!" I cried out to Hopee. However, I was filled with dread when I realized that Hopee was on his phone, busy predating girls on discord. Quinton and I pedaled our legs and we must have done a good job running, because we beat Krampus Floyd to it by a decent margin. As we got in, I shook Hopee in the shoulder.

"Get off your phone for fucks sake!"

Hopee at last heard me, and he started up the chopper. Once we began to ascend up, I let out a sigh of relief. However, the relief only lasted until I saw Krampus Floyd charging at us, again on all fours, and used its nigger speed to latch itself onto the side stool next to Quinton.

"Quinton look out!" I cried out. However, it was too late. Krampus Floyd used its inhumanely long tongue to grab Quinton by his neck and lifted him up as if he only weighed an ounce, even though he is a

300 pound racist chad.

“Help me! The nigger goats tongue is choking me and I can’t breathe!” Quinton gurgled.

I thought it was now going to be the demise of both Hopee and I. However, Krampus Floyd’s face turned green all of a sudden, and let go of Quinton.

“Aw shit main, the helicopter is making me airsick main,” it croaked.

Before Quinton fell, I managed to grab his arm. Because he is a built Chad like me, it was a bit challenging to haul him back up to the chopper, but thankfully, my workout routine paid off for once.

Krampus Floyd’s airsickness weakened it, so it lost its arms grip and let go of the chopper's side stool, then launched itself horizontally away from the helicopter. While Krampus Floyd was still up in the air, it used its claw-like hands to somehow conjure a crimson red portal in front of it. It then swiftly swung itself into the portal to completely disappear with no trace. The portal quickly shrunk in size until it vanished, leaving a fade of lighter red sprinkles trickling to the ground, similar to the blood splatters of Ronnie McNutt’s brain matter when he blew his brains on Facebook live.

“Holy shit!” I exclaimed. “That was crazy.”

“I know. I was not expecting to get this close to a cryptid, let alone get attacked by one,” Quinton said.

As Hopee continued to drive the chopper, he asked “What on earth did you guys just mess around with and why does it have such a big ass nose?”

“It was Krampus, but I have no idea why its face appeared so different from what we were expecting,” Quinton said.

“I think it is a Floydian cryptid,” I said. “It named itself Krampus Floyd back in the house when it was about to attack Quinton and I. You see, the suffix of its name is Floyd, which probably originates from George Floyd.”

“You have got to be kidding me,” Quinton chuckled. “I know its face resembles him a ton, but I think it is too far-fetched to assume that. You know how rare they are.”

“But it’s not just that. The way Krampus Floyd attacked the boy. It stole his breath each time he snored. This is typical behavior of Floydian creatures. Also, remember the parents' bedroom? The father who had his lungs completely punctured and his wife who had her pregnant belly torn apart. Those two pieces of evidence in the same place at the same time can’t be a coincidence.”

“Now that we got that out of the way, I wonder where Krampus Floyd went when it jumped into that red portal it created.”

“According to most legends,” I said. “ Krampus brings naughty children to hell. It would make sense if that was a portal to hell it created.”

“Alright, before we get ahead of ourselves. I think we should go back in the house to search for any further sample evidence, now that the coast is clear.”

“Hopee, descend the helicopter please!” I requested. “We would like to do some further investigation.”

Hopee landed the Helicopter onto the roof of the house, and then Quinton and I jumped down. We again grappled ourselves down the chimney. The smell of pajeet, or should I say poojeet feces became present. I wasn’t too grossed out by it this time, because it reminded me of the epic high IQ move I did of using the random pile of shit to slow Krampus Floyd down in the chimney.

Once we were back in the now abandoned house, we began doing a more in depth search.

“We should split up since, you know, there is no longer a cryptid to worry about,” I said. “I’ll search the living room while you search the kitchen.”

Quinton went off to the other section of the home, while I scanned through the living room walls, cabinets, and compartments. Nothing. However, I remembered the pile of presents under the Christmas tree. A lightbulb moment snapped and I realized that the Krampus in folklore is known to give naughty children unpleasant gifts, such as coal and dirt. Looking closely, all of the wrapped presents were not box-

shaped. The wrapping paper of all of them appeared to be encasing plastic bags. I took one of them and opened it. Interestingly, I found an impressively large bundle of fifteen hundred rupee bills. For those who don't know, rupees are the currency in India, and fifteen hundred rupees is equivalent to twenty dollars USD.Those must be the presents from Santa, I assumed. However, I shortly discovered I was wrong. I used my fingernails to puncture the plastic bag open and then took one of the fifteen hundred rupee bills out. But something about its texture was a bit off. Now, because I have never been to India prior to this since I avoid this poop filled country like the plague, I have no idea what India's bills are supposed to look like. But the portrait that was printed on the fifteen hundred rupee bill was something that would most definitely convince me it was not real money. It was a familiar face that had a large nose and lips, with goat-like horns.

It was Krampus Floyd that was printed on the bill. Initially though, I decided to play devil's advocate because I was well aware that Indians worship monkey gods, so I probably mistook a printed picture of an Indian monkey god for Krampus Floyd, since George Floyd's face itself looks so much like a chimpanzee. I thought back and remembered finding some change inside one of the cabinets that I looked through, so I took it and compared it with the fifteen hundred rupee bill. Sure enough, its texture was completely different. This confirmed that it was actually a counterfeit bill. Krampus Floyd punishes naughty children by giving them counterfeit bills as gifts. I took the whole plastic bag that contained all the counterfeit Indian bills and put it in my duffel bag, since it was great evidence of Krampus Floyd's existence.

I continued searching through the pile of presents, when I heard Quinton call me over.

"Andrew, you need to come over and see this!"

"Coming!" I replied, as I ran over to the kitchen.

Quinton was sitting by the kitchen counter, holding that same red color craft paper that we found when we first entered the house.

"Remember this?" he said as he pointed at the paper. "Well I flipped it around and discovered an even longer handwritten message."

I took a look at it and saw that it was a string of text in a letter format. Again, it was written in nigger handwriting style, so I struggled to comprehend it even more than when I learned Shakespeare in grade-school. Despite its messiness, I was able to make sense of the message after reading it a few dozen times. It read:

*I have been watching you all year main. Yo cracka ass be naughty all year, so on the night befoe Christmas, I will be taking all yo air while you sleep. Most importantly, I will drain ya dads lungs and attack yo pregnant mother's lungs, hehehe. Dis is what you get foe bullying all da non crackas at yo school main so ya better pay da price. Enjoy the bogus money too.*

*Sincerely, ya nigguh Krampus Floyd.*

"Holy shit Quinton, that is the best evidence we've found so far, besides the actual crime scene of the pregnant wife and husband corpses," I said. "This one is a keeper."

"Yep. We are going to make bank off our work," Quinton said. "I could imagine the amount of media coverage we are also going to get."

For the next few hours, we continued our thorough investigation, without having found anything significant. Later, we mounted back on the chopper and started heading back home to the USA. I was very happy for two reasons: first, we got to finally leave this poop-filled country full of shitskins. Second, not only did we successfully collect sufficient evidence to prove the existence of a cryptid, it was a ***based*** discovery as well.

Half a day went by, and we found ourselves back at the headquarters. It happened to land in the afternoon, so that meant Mr. Peters was on the worksite. Perfect timing, since our boss is the one to talk to regarding cryptid reports.

Quinton and I strode through the halls, until we found Mr. Peter's office. There we found him, on his computer. He was facing away from the doorway parallel to his desk, since that is how all of the offices in the headquarters are layed out. We noticed that Mr. Peters appeared to be busy doing something on his computer, so Quinton and I just gave it a wait. Minutes later, Mr. Peters invited us in.

"Sorry for the wait goys," Mr. Peters said. "I was busy firing off some emails. What should I help you goys with?"

"Mr. Peters, you will not believe what Andrew and I encountered," Quinton said enthusiastically.

Quinton shuffled around his bag and fished out the red craft paper note, while I pulled out the photographs of the husband's punctured lung, the mother's scratched pregnant belly, and ultimately, the photograph of Krampus Floyd itself. Subsequently, I presented the counterfeit fifteen hundred rupee bill.

"So, allow me to explain our findings," I began. "We witnessed, and heavens forbid, had physical contact with this being called Krampus Floyd. Essentially, it is Krampus, but in the form of George Floyd-"

"Goy, what do you mean by George Floyd?" Mr. Peters said.

"Well you see boss, the Krampus that we know of is nothing like the real Krampus. The actual Krampus is an evil black anti-Santa being that first slaughters a naughty child's parents by puncturing the father's lung and mutilating the mother's belly. After that, it will proceed to steal the child's air during their sleep by using its snore suction ability, and then put the child's dead corpse in a bag. Aside from that, it will give naughty children counterfeit money as additional punishment."

"Are you being serious here?" Mr. Peters uttered. "You goys are just trying to be racist aren't you?"

I emphasized the photographs.

"No sir, I swear this all happened. The pictures say it all. You can even see that they were directly printed from the camera, so we didn't photoshop them."

"I don't believe you. You should be aware of the no racism policy of the company!" Mr. Peters began to grow frustrated.

"I know that policy is a thing, but I swear, we aren't making anything up for the sake of being racist. Everything we gathered here is authentic evidence."

"I am sorry, but there can't be a George Floyd-based creature out there. You're fired!"

Mr. Peters pointed at Quinton.

"And you are too! Both of you goys are fired! Now pack up your stuff and leave!"

I was dumbfounded. Of course a Jew boss would dismiss such a ***based*** discovery.

"Are you kidding me?" Quinton yelled. "No, you can't do this, give us a second chance at least."

"We do not tolerate racists."

I began to argue with rage. "Fuck off you crook nose thing, I knew having a jew boss like you is problematic. And yes, we are racists, because of the corruptness of kike bosses."

My anger accelerated to full heat, and I stomped over to Mr. Peters, then grabbed him by the neck and lifted him a foot off the ground. Doing so was easy as cake, since jews tend to be built like twigs.

"I will gas you kike if you fire us!" I screamed at Mr. Peters.

My racist gigachad energy scared the shit out of the little jew, so he begged me to let him go.

"Goy goy goy! Stop it!" Mr. Peters choked.

I let him go, just in case the kike court system screws me over, in the event of a lawsuit.

"Okay, I will not fire both of you, under the condition that you goys take me to a live sighting of that Krampus Floyd you speak of."

Quinton and I looked at each other in shock. Mr. Peters' offer seemed almost impossible, since it is a well known fact that seeing a specific cryptid a second time is even rarer than seeing it the first time.

"Quinton, how are we going to do this?" I said.

"I don't know man," Quinton said, scratching his head.

I turned back to face Mr. Peters.

"We'll think of something, just give us a moment."

"You goys better come up with something," Mr. Peters said.

"I think I have an idea," Quinton beamed. "Given that Krampus Floyd went to hell after it got airsick, in the helicopter, chances are, it probably lives there."

"And so what are you implying?" I questioned him, even though I knew where this was heading.

"We need to go to Krampus Floyd's lair, since Christmas night is already over for all countries. That is, we are gonna have to go to hell."

"Alright, well you better be right, because getting there in itself is not an easy task."

Now, among us cryptozoologists, a lot of us know how to go to hell, since a lot of cryptids originate there. The steps to go there are simple in theory, but can get quite intricate in practice. First, one would have to gather a ridiculous amount of obsidian, whether it is from underground, volcanoes, or mixing water with lava. Second, the obsidian has to be built in a certain way, where it forms a four by five rectangular donut shape. After that, the obsidian structure has to be lit by flint and steel. I know, this process is very similar to the process of entering the Nether dimension in Minecraft, but it actually works as a means of entering hell in real life.

Since we as a company have been anticipating an event like this, we have a lot of stockpiled obsidian readily available in the storage room. Quinton, Mr. Peters, and I went there and assembled the portal by applying extreme amounts of heat pressure with a machine that is similar to a Minecraft infinite cobblestone generator.

Finally, I used one of our blowtorches to light it up. After the small flame was present, it vanished after a split second, to form a hazy purple film that spanned across the inner space of the obsidian structure.

One by one, each of us entered the portal to hell, with Quinton going in first, Mr. Peters second, and me last. The interval between the upper world and hell was a blur. To illustrate, it felt like somebody with a gallon bucket of water splashed it on me, leaving me dizzy for a few moments, after which I found myself, along with Quinton and Mr. Peters, in a hot reddish environment. We paused for a while in awe, since it was all three of us' first time here. Under us was a platform of scorching rock that would have probably burned us to death if we were to take our shoes off. Surrounding the platform was an ocean of lava where hundreds of individual sparks ascended up from. I swear I could see moving hands amongst the lava. Wispy, yet ear piercing eerie background noise could be heard across the abyss, which exhibited the traits of wind and screaming. Quinton finally broke the silence and said "So here we are, hell."

"Yep. Now we just have to look for Krampus Floyd, if he is even in here," I said.

"You goys better make this quick, because I need to attend my baby blood tea party soon," Mr. Peters said.

"Alright Quinton, where are we gonna head to?" I asked. "You are the man in charge."

"Shit, I have no clue," Quinton said in a matter-of-factly voice. "We might have to go with our gut instincts."

He started walking forward, and so we followed. I could hear the sound of sizzling bubbles forming under our feet, each time we took a successive step on the molten rock platform. As we advanced, the wailing ambient noise got louder. That was when I realized we were going closer and closer to the lava.

"Um, are you mistakened? I don't see a reason why we should go anywhere near there," I said.

"I dunno, I just have a feeling that this is the way," Quinton said confidently.

I was now able to feel the heat of the lava on my face. Holy shit did it burn. I've always seen videos and movies of people near lava, but I was never able to fathom the remote smoldering sensation it can invoke.

Once all of us were next to the pool of lava, the ambient noise turned into highly disturbing screams that sent shivers down my spine. The hands that I thought I saw within the overwhelming flow of the flaming liquid became more apparent, and turns out, I was correct on them being hands, because I saw three human faces pop up near their corresponding hands. Well not human faces exactly, because they were the faces of niggers that I recognize. The first face that I identified was that of the nigger Emmett Till. Besides him was Breonna Taylor, who was surprisingly capable of floating well because her excessive amount of fat

allowed her to. The last nigger was at the very right, who I recognized to be Ahmaud Arberry. Despite his nigger skin, his face was so red from the insane heat that he looked like a strawberry. Haha, more like Ahmaud Strawberry. I watched all of them in pleasure, because it was nice seeing some niggers getting the punhishment they deserve. As a joke, I kicked a few molten rocks at each of their faces to top it off. The rocks left burn marks on their faces that aren't even visible, since their nigger skin blends it.

"See? I told you you are a racist!" Mr. Peters pointed out.

Mr. Peter's nasal jew voice was getting so annoying, to the point where I was about to push him into the lava, but I took being called a racist as a compliment, so I kept my cool.

Suddenly, a subtle tune started to play from under the loud screams. It got my attention and it was coming from in front of the three screaming niggers. As the song played, I was able to recognize the name of it. It was the samsung over the horizon ringtone, which I only know of because of the hilarious Ronnie McNutt tomato suicide video. I gasped in shock, as I saw a White hand emerging from the lava, next to the shoreline. Soon after, a head popped up. To my relief, it wasn't a nigger. I say relief because seeing Emmett Till, Breonna Taylor, and Ahmaud Arberry all at the same time made me sick to my stomach because as a racist, there are only so many criminal niggers I could have in my view before I go insane. Anyway, I am getting off topic, so back onto the White face. He had a pair of thick glasses that barely stayed on due to the lava, and a streak of purple hair that made him look like some LGBTQ supporting cuck. Below his face was a slightly visible leather jacket along with a white t-shirt under it. It was then, I recognized who it was.

"Holy shit it's Ronnie McNutt!" I exclaimed.

I was awestruck because I never thought I would meet the infamous suicidal cuck. I didn't know whether I should ask him for an autograph or make fun of him.

"Help me!" he cried out, as he waved his hand to us.

"What should we do about this geek?" Quinton asked me.

"He looks like he wants to get out of the lava," I said.

As Ronnie McNutt was bobbing up and down, he struggled to let out his next few words, "Let me out of the lava!"

Even though I have no sympathy for him since he was such a loser in life, I decided to help him up anyway because I felt that this cuck had enough niggers ruining his life after his ugly girlfriend, Equinox Autumn, cheated on him with a nigger.

After I lifted him up and dragged him into the shore, I saw all the residual lava on his leather jacket quickly evaporate.

"Oh thank you, thank you for getting me away from those niggers," Ronnie said. "They were bullying me after I told them the story about my girlfriend leaving me for BBC. They made me cry. I cannot thank you enough."

"No problem, we hate niggers too, well except for that one kike right there," I said, pointing at Mr. Peters.

"Again, I don't know how to repay you guys, so I guess that's it."

"Oh actually, there is something I have in mind," I said, grinning. "Do you happen to know where Krampus Floyd is?"

"Krampus? I know that thing from my Dungeons and Dragons game a while back! It was my favorite character!"

"No, not that Krampus. I am talking about an actual living and breathing one that has the face of George Floyd."

Ronnie then all of a sudden began breaking into tears, then full on cried.

"Um, you alright there?" I said, as I patted his back.

"Yo-you said his name... George Floyd," Ronnie stammered.

"So? What about it?"

"That is the name of the nigger that my ex-girlfriend left me for. You just brought me back to those bad memories."

"Okay, I am sorry about that, but listen, we are trying to hunt this Krampus Floyd creature and I am wondering if you are willing to help us do so, since you obviously know much more about this place than we do."

Ronnie beamed with excitement. "Did you say hunt down?" he said as he wiped off a tear. "I am down for that!"

"Okay great. So, have you actually seen Krampus Floyd?"

"I think I did yesterday. I was busy jerking off to to Equinox Autumn with my mind since I don't have access to her nudes here in hell, but anyway, during that, I saw the nigger goat thing sprinting over the lava lakes and it immediately turned me off, so I quit the jerking off and watched it head southward."

"Alright then, could you help guide us to where you call south, because we don't exactly have any reference of direction here?"

"Follow me," Ronnie said affirmatively.

"Wait a hot minute," Quinton interrupted. "Are we really going to trust this man? He looks mad sketchy. I mean, after all, we are in hell of all places. For all we know, this Ronnie dude could be some demonic creature in disguise trying to lure us somewhere dangerous."

"Now you're hurting my feelings," Ronnie gulped.

"Chill out Quinton, there is nothing else we could do at this point," I said. "Better than spending our lives blindly looking."

As we walked, Ronnie did seem to know where we were going. To be frank, it had been over a year since his suicide, so him being here for that long would definitely yield him some decent navigational experience.

After some time passed, we crossed a bridge made out of this dark brick, which was leading to a dungeon-like castle. It was gigantic, probably spanning two football fields wide and as tall as a skyscraper. It gave off a vibe that told us that we didn't belong here. All four of us stopped when we reached the giant front gate of the castle, because it was locked.

"So I guess this is where Krampus Floyd hangs out?" I questioned.

"Yup, this is the place," Ronnie said. "Now we just need to figure out how to get in."

I knocked on the gate. "Anybody here?"

No entity within the fortress responded, but the gate automatically opened. Turns out, it wasn't locked after all.

We went in, to be met with a gargantuan main room, which appeared even bigger than the exterior of the building. The way the interior of the castle was decorated was distasteful. Along the walls were lines of stitched-on lungs. Judging by their size, the lungs most likely belonged to young children. There were numerous dining tables scattered across the room, each of them with a plate on top containing a placenta. It was nothing short of sickening. I then landed my eyes to the center back of the room, where there was a huge supercomputer that was left on. My curiosity got the best of me, so I got sidetracked and strode towards the computer. On the screen was the browser Google Chrome, which had some tabs open. The one that was currently onscreen was some form of a surveillance feed that displayed hundreds of live camera footage of children around the globe.

*This must be the computer that Krampus Floyd uses to watch kids to see if they are naughty*, I thought. I looked at the names of the other tabs, one of them being some porn site that specializes in pregnant women kink, and another one being a website in the dark web that sells fentanyl.

Well Ronnie, you are absolutely spot on with Krampus Floyd's home," I said.

Ronnie puffed his chest as if this was the biggest accomplishment he's ever done.

“I am still not satisfied,” Mr. Peters said. “I want to see the actual creature.”

“Yeah, where is Krampus Floyd?” Quinton said.

Suddenly, the ground started shaking intensely, startling us. I briefly looked below the giant computer, to see a tall curly haired figure.

“Guys look! Krampus Floyd is here!” Quinton said in excitement.

“Are you convinced now Mr. Peters?” I said out loud over the rumbling of the ground.

Before Mr. Peters could answer my question, Krampus Floyd let out a deep earth shattering growl. “What are you all doing in mah territory?”

None of us said a word. All of us were simply too stunned to talk.

“Ooga booga yall mains better answer my question!” Krampus Floyd boomed. “And you cracka over there with the glasses, I bet ya small dick can’t win dat hot pregnant bitch Equinox Autumn.”

Ronnie got super offended by Krampus Floyd’s comment, so he threw a tantrum and ran out of the castle, ditching Mr. Peters, Quinton, and I.

In all honesty, I had no idea on how to respond to Krampus Floyds question. We were just Cryptozoologist trying to prove to our kike boss of a cryptid finding.

“Everybody run!” Quinton shouted.

We fled the scene towards the front gate. However, Mr. Peters being a genetically inferior jew, he was not able to run nearly as fast as Quinton and I, so Krampus Floyd easily caught up to him. It then magically summoned one of its giant animal hide bags and managed to use it to capture Mr. Peters, since he is as small as a child. Quinton and I stopped for a second to watch.

“I can’t breathe in this bag!” Mr. Peters said, for us to barely be able to hear him inside the thick bag.

“Hehehe, you are mine now,” Krampus Floyd said.

A part of me was glad this happened. I am all in to see a jew die, so I savored every moment of Mr. Peter's fate. But that quickly ended when Krampus Floyd turned to focus on Quinton and I.

“You mains are next.”

We resumed running, until we came across the bridge, or atleast what was left of it. The other side was completely wrecked due to the brief earthquake, rendering it impossible to cross it.

“Where do we go now?” I cried out.

Krampus Floyd was toe to toe with us in no time, and I thought this was going to be the end.

“No escape now main, eh?” Krampus Floyd cackled. “Any last words?”

I could feel its fentanyl laced breath on me as it spoke.

“Fuck you nigger, all niggers should **[redacted]**” was the only thing I could say.

Krampus Floyd snarled at me angrily, and I couldn’t tell whether it was offended by my sentence or it was legitimately angry, but it induced it to charge at me at maximum force. My fight or flight mode kicked in and I dashed to the side right when it made it to an inch from me. I successfully dodged it, and its disproportionately low intelligence relative it its high nigger speed caused it to race itself off the broken edge of the bridge, and then fall into the lava.

“Ah fuck main I can’t swim in lava, I ain’t trained to do dis!” it panicked. “I am drowning ova here mains and I can’t fucking breathe, too hot even for mah melanin filled skin!”

As a result, it burned into crisps, letting out black smoke.

“Thank God niggers are dumb,” Quinton said.

I shrugged. “Yeah, not even their fast speeds makeup for their negative IQ.”

“Now how are we going to get out of this place?” I asked nervously. “For one, the bridge is completely ruined, and also, I lost track of our location relative to the portal.”

We were truly stuck in this literally hellish place, so we had no choice but to remain in Krampus Floyd’s palace.

I am now typing this on Krampus Floyds master computer which thankfully has full internet access. Moral of the story: if you have a jew boss in your job, quit as soon as possible. They are corrupt and treat their employees like shit, and will sooner or later order you to do stupid shit that will end you up in shitty situations like Quinton and I are in. This is all I can say, since it would be a miracle to find ourselves out of hell at this point. Also remember, fuck niggers.

**Do Not Use the George Floyd Playermodel in Garry's Mod**

By Nmash Siggers

Hello I will go by my steam name for security reasons. My name is Kool Aid man and I have something important to say about the George Floyd playermodel in the Garry's Mod workshop. Do not install it. This is my story on how I got haunted by it. It all began on november 10th 2021 when I was searching the gmod community workshop to find more nigger playermodels to kill, I picked up a Travis Scott playermodel because of the Astroworld incident and becuase he's a fucking nigger. And was about to log it when I found something peculiar. In playermodels at the top there was a George Floyd playermodel and I just had to take a closer look at it. It had 5 stars and was made by a ***based*** racist. I had to get it because I wanted to strap the ape to a nuke and send it flying to the ghetto.

And the amount of nigger lovers in the comments getting all pissed off made me laugh my ass off and I proceeded to troll some tranny until it commited suicide like Ronnie McNutt. And after getting the playermodel I proceeded to boot up gmod. I proceeded to load up gm megabombrange to test out the George Floyd nuke which I was going to make. Since the computer I have is a piece of shit it took an hour to load up the map. When it finally loaded instead of the normal bunker decals it was all fentanyl white. All the while, I had a feeling of being watched. I exited the bunker to find out it was Minneapolis, where that chimp died. And I walked on the streets of Minneapolis confused as fuck, wondering, *Where did the original map go?*

And after 40 minutes I walked into a gas station where I went to pay for a couple of cigarettes. And then I realized that I have no real money and they were actually fake 20 dollar bills but the game still made my player do the transaction and once I was outside I decided to look at my playermodel. Instead of the ***based*** Itachi playermodel I usually have, it was that of a nigger, and instead of normal lips they were big nigger lips and instead of a normal nose it was a fat nigger nose. This fucking George Floyd playermodel really fucked up my game and I decided to try to fix this via running into a lamp post to kill my charachter in a car so I spawned in a car. And then I proceeded to get in it and started flaming down the streets. However, there was a weird substance on the dashboard.

It was fentanyl and my character immediately sniffed it and my screen started going all weird because of the fentanyl side effects. Then after 5 minutes of driving at 110 miles per hour I crashed into a light pole and somehow my character still survived. Then I was put into a 3rd person perspective where it showed George Floyd saying he can't breathe because he took too much fentanyl and was dragged out by a Derek Chauvin playermodel and it proceeded to switch to a cinematic view. Where it showed George Floyd getting kneed on like the nigger he is. I was laughing my ass off when Derek Chauvin heard me and he started laughing too and apologized to me for letting this ape fuck up my gmod session.

That's when George Floyd said "Main I is trying to have fun with you I will now haunt you after I die in this game."

"Go ahead nigger boy," I said. "You can't do shit because I have the nigbusters with me."

Then he said "That's it main, fentanyl mode activated." and took an inhuman amount of fentanyl, killing Derek Chauvin in the game then proceeded to grow a shit ton of muscles. He then proceeded to throw Derek Chauvin's body to the screen, cracking it from the inside and he jumped into the real world where he started downloading his pregnant belly pics he collected onto my computer.

I told him to get his nigger ass off my computer and George Floyd swung at me where I proceeded to beat the shit out of him. I then proceeded to grab my 14/88 special set of knives and stabbed George Floyd's lungs.

He said, "Ahh sheeit main you stabbed my lungs I can't breathe I know I should've stayed in the game."

I replied saying that his nigger brain does not know how to fucking act and if we cross paths again I will Derek Chauvin knee his nigger ass. I am currently typing this while fixing my computer from George Floyd damage and burning his body tonight.

That was a month ago by the way and I have been getting visions while I'm sleeping of George Floyd destroying a city in Arizona. The dream was always the same. George Floyd takes an inhuman amount of fentanyl and grows as big as a four-storey building and destroys the skyline before turning on me. He wasn't lying saying that he would haunt me after I killed him, and another strange phenomena is black shadowy figures around my house, I suspect this is George Floyd spying on my daily activities or some random nigger wanting to rob my house. The figures usually are seen by CCTV cameras at 20:00 hours to 00:00 which gives George Floyd or the nigger four hours of spying time, and my suspicions were confirmed when I went outside to grab my newly ordered George Floyd Creepypastas Volume One with 50+ breath taking horror stories. That is when a man in a cloak walked past me.

He said "You shouldn't've stabbed my lungs. Main," before walking off.

I knew it was George Floyd from the voice and I was shocked he was still alive even though I stabbed his lungs and burned his body. That is when he stopped and turned 180 Degrees. He gave me a date and a location, then said "Be there.. Or be square cracka." The date was 12/10/21.

Later on while I was reading my George Floyd creepypasta book and the news came on, it showed a pregnant woman completely deflated like if she was some fucked up balloon tied to one of those strings at a Safeway or Fry's, the reporter showed a CCTV video from a house which was three blocks away, the video in question was George Floyd robbing a pregnant woman where his mouth turned into an inhuman size and locked between her nose and chin.

Where then George Floyd proceeded to suck all the air out of her like one of those vacuum seal bags where you put meat in a special bag and then suck all the air out of it to save your steaks or something along the lines of that, it was in a matter of seconds and then the video cut out when George Floyd was about to feast on the poor fetus inside the womb of the woman.

Then the reporter said, "The man's identity is unknown at the time and the FBI will be looking into this."

I swore to kill that stinky nigger if he crossed paths with me again and I worry what will happen if he keeps going killing pregnant women like that, so I logged onto discord to try to find George Floyd killing the woman. Luckily one of my friends which I will call "Flusacka" gave me the footage and I witnessed the whole thing. I am still traumatized to this day from seeing that video, I explained the situation and he said he couldn't help because he lives in Europe but he said that he will support me in the upcoming fight. As the day neared I proceeded to buy the following items, a rocket launcher, 20mm rifle, petrol bombs, AR15 magnum converted, and a pair of throwing knives.

It was the day and I arrived at the location which was in the middle of the phoenix metro area where the dreams played the George Floyd attack, I waited 20 minutes and was getting impatient and when I just was about to leave I hear a loud thud behind me, It was a man in a cloak and like a shitty movie cue the wind picked up and his cloak blew into the wind, It was George Floyd and then he said "Let's do this rematch cracka. If I win I get all the air in the Phoenix metro area, and if you win the haunting will end and I will be kneed on for an eternity."

"Deal but if you play dirty I will end it swiftly," I said.

"Lets begin then cracka." George Floyd said, before rushing me, it was easy to block his attacks since he was always going for the torso where my lungs are, I proceeded to land a gut blow with my fists followed by suplexing him, George Floyd then proceeded to pull out a bag of fentanyl but I kicked it away smashing a jewish store's window.

"Noooo my fentanyl,"George Floyd said "You fucked up big time cracka." Then he proceeded to suck someones air, it was just like the video I saw and then I proceeded to grab my throwing knives and threw two at his lungs and then one at his throat, the two for the lungs were deflected but the one to the throat connected and stabbed in.

George Floyd stumbled for a second then regained his composure, "You think a knife in the throat will kill me, you would at least need to hit my lungs and throat to kill me cracka ass nigga," he said.

That is when I grabbed my AR15 which then George Floyd proceeded to snap in two like a toothpick.

“Oh no did I destroy your gun,” he said in a sarcastic tone, and then he did something that shocked me, he pulled the knife in his throat out and threw it at a man where then George Floyd proceeded to gut him and took his lungs and swallowed them whole.

“Now we're equal cracka,” George Floyd said before attacking me once more. I blocked the same thing in the same style and then he gutted and stole air from a child.

That is when I snapped, a blue aura started forming around me and the weather started getting crazy. I pulled out my 20mm rifle and blasted George Floyd’s chest causing severe damage to the torso and blood and I destroyed two out of four of his lungs, then the rocket launcher fell to the ground destroying the jewish shop, I then proceeded to grab George Floyd and what felt like a flash of light started hitting him with lightning fast punches breaking the thick skin armor he made, and accessing the cavity from the 20mm round ripped his 3rd lung out because I wanted to save the 4th one for the finale. I then proceeded to send a kick breaking his ocular sockets and nigger nose. He flew through a building where I proceeded to send my last throwing knife into his final lung, that is when my energy ran out, that is when me and George Floyd started to fall to the ground, I ended up landing on him with my knee on his neck.

“You win mayne now I can’t breathe,” he said.

“Shut the fuck up nigger this is why you don’t pick fights unprovoked,” I said back.

George Floyd then got up and tried to strike me but he fell over limp, I then proceeded to check his pulse. He was dead.

“Thats what you get you stupid nigger,” I said before dragging him to the curb to stomp his nigger ass to make sure he was dead. The fight was over so I packed my bags then left home. I decided to reveal this to the world because it is a heroic tale of me killing a criminal murderous nigger. I am typing this on a computer right now. And if George Floyd appears, let me know.

**George Floyd Haunted My Black Lives Splatter Copy**

By lilsusboi89

Hello, my name is Nathaniel Higgers and I am writing this due to some recent traumatising events that transpired.

It started on December 9th. I had recently got bored of playing KZ Manager on my PC, so I looked for a new, fun and exciting game to play. That’s when I found it... Black Lives Splatter, my God it was perfect. In the game you played as the popular rap star named Moonman running over Nigger Lives Matter protesters in his car.

I immediately went to the website where I could download the game, but I found it had been seized by the FBI. I was super sad because I could not play the game. But then, I got an idea, I immediately went to Amazon and looked up the game, and after looking for a few hours, I finally found a copy that was in stock. The case had a picture of George Floyd on it, but his eyes were completely blacked out and he was crying blood. I had never seen that image associated with the game before, so I assumed he was some sort of final boss. I bought the game for 14 dollars and 88 cents with the same-day prime delivery. A few hours later I heard tires screeching as the UPS truck sped into the neighborhood, it then smashed into my neighbor’s car so it could stop faster. I watched out the window as the man then got out and threw the package on my doorstep. I excitedly grabbed the package and went inside, feeling a little bad for my neighbor as they had just bought that car.

I ran to my room and put the game into my PC, the disk had the same picture of the creepy looking George Floyd. After I put the disk into my PC it started to make weird noises and then smoke started to come out the back of it. I then heard some small explosions in my PC like one of the parts had blown up. My PC was getting old, so I assumed it was just a little dust buildup and opened the game excitedly.

When I got to the game the main menu was off, instead of it being daytime it was nighttime and the music was playing in reverse, I assumed it was just a glitch and clicked the start button, when I got to the car selection screen I then noticed that the General Lee version of Moonman’s car had the German NSDAP flag instead of the confederate flag, I then realized that this was a hacked version of the game, but I kept

playing anyways. As I was loading into the first level, I noticed that the loading screen statistics were replaced with

"AYO MAYNE GIMME YOUR AIR OR IMMA BUST A CAP IN YO' PREGNANT BELLY NIGGA".

I again assumed it was just a glitch and waited for it to load. When the game loaded, it was nighttime instead of daytime, and whenever I ran over a nigger a garbled and distorted screech would play very loudly. I assumed it was just a glitch and resumed playing. All the levels in the game were like this, when I got to the final level, it was just Moonman's car on one perfectly straight road.

After driving down the road for 3 hours without seeing a single nigger or anything else, I came across the George Floyd I had seen on the cover of the game with the bleeding eyes, he then said in an extremely loud voice; "I AM DA NIGMARE FLOYD, AND I HAVE COME TO STEAL YO' AIR."

All of a sudden I found I could not breathe and started to panic and press buttons randomly on my keyboard when all of a sudden one of the buttons made Moonman get out of his car. I then knew what I had to do, I ran over to George Floyd, knocked him down and crouched on him which made me place my knee on his neck.

He then said, "Ayo mayne please stop, I can't breathe mayne."

I ignored it and kept my knee on his neck until he died. After that I could breathe again and I gasped for air, after that I took the disk out of my PC, cleansed it with Zyklon B and then cremated it in my oven. After the incident my PC would no longer turn on, and so I had to get it repaired.

In the days when I was waiting for my PC to be repaired, I noticed that I had strange nigmares where I would be chased by Nigger Lives Matter protesters, with one of them being George Floyd. However, every night I would notice that George Floyd would be closer and closer to me, and he was the same George Floyd that was on the cover in the game. Along with that, I noticed something even worse, every time I woke up I would have less and less air, I then realized that George Floyd was stealing my air.

After I got my PC back, I went to the webpage where I got the hacked copy of BLS and saw that the person who posted it there for sale somehow had a blank account. I then called an exorcist and told him about what happened with the game and about the nigmares I had. He went in and took the ashes of the disk, cleansed the house, and then gave me a George Floyd toy filled with rice and said to sleep with the toy in my room so George Floyds soul would be absorbed by it and he would stop haunting my dreams.

I did what he told me to do and it worked, I had no more nigmares, but when I woke up in the morning the toy was gone, I searched the entire house for it but I couldn't find it. I called the exorcist again and he said not to worry, and that the George Floyd toy is relatively harmless, and I'll eventually find it.

Well, I never did find the George Floyd toy, but that's not really important at the moment of writing this. A few days later I did some research on the internet to try and find answers as to why George Floyd had haunted my game. After looking at the game developers Wikipedia page I found out that he was the grandson of Hans von McNutt. I did some research on him and found out that he was an officer, and that he also had a small company dedicated to making games where you would kill kikes, niggers, and turks. His brother, Fritz von McNutt would end up moving to America after World War Two and have a son named Ronnie McNutt, unfortunately for Fritz, his son Ronnie was a super cringe and bluepilled beta male, and he ended up getting depression and killing himself with a shotgun.

But anyways, back to Hans von McNutt, he ended up making a factory to develop NSDAP games about killing sub-human kikes and niggers, as well as faggots, trannies, and turks. The factory was then abandoned in 1945 and left to rot, however, some people reported strange noises coming from the old factory. I decided I needed to investigate the factory, so I got a plane ticket to Germany.

After getting through airport security, I got on the plane. When we were just a few minuets from taking off, I noticed an ugly nigger woman knee a White man with a Burger King hat in the stomach.

"Call the police right now! She kneed me in the stomach!" he said.

However, the jewish flight attendants did nothing about it, so eventually the Burger King Man got angry and said, "Get that nigger bitch off the plane!!!"

Eventually the ugly nigger lady was escorted off the plane, I was very glad because I did not want to see that ugly shotgun barrel nostril nigger lady again, she was uglier than Ronnie McNutt's ex-girlfriend. I then went over and got the legendary man's autograph, and then waited for the plane to arrive in Germany.

After I got off the plane, I got a rental car and drove to the old factory. When I arrived, I got out of my car and then went into the factory. It was really dark and I needed a flashlight. After searching around for a little bit, I eventually found an old NSDAP document; what was on that document still remains with me to this day. Here is the letter in full, translated from German:

*NSDAP Games log no. 88*

*By: Hans von McNutt*

*August 31st, 1944*

*I have noticed a very strange development on a game I am making called Black Lives Splatter. One of the characters of the game, called George Floyd, who is the main antagonist of the game, has seemed to somehow... gain a mind of his own. The figurine of him that I made for the special edition of the game seems to move around on its own and I dream about him every night, I have no idea why this has happened. I have tried to stop him but to no avail, I do not have much time to come up with ideas because all of the countries with kike-occupied-governments are collapsing our front lines. However, I did notice that he seems to have an odd attraction to a substance called fentanyl. Fentanyl was a substance that was created by the kikes, and for some reason, niggers seem to love that stuff, just as much as fried chicken and watermelon.*

*I will leave an update to this situation in the next log.*

I was shocked when I read the document, but then I heard some strange growling noises coming from behind me, I ran into this room and locked myself in, and I am typing this story on the laptop that I have brought with me. I am going to upload this story now, the world needs to know about this. If I don't update this story in 3 days, whatever monster is outside this room has killed me.

**Doctor Floydopus**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Eric Savage, and I need to get something off my chest. There is something you all need to know that the Jewish media is trying to hide. I don't know how much longer I have to type this out, but I will put in my best effort to spread this information around to warn all of you as soon as possible.

I was sitting in class for my Biology 101 lecture. My professor, Mr. Larson, was babbling his usual boring lectures that ninety percent of the class falls asleep to. I personally like him as a teacher, because he would more often than most bring up his personal life stories that slow down the pace of our learning, which makes it very easy to get caught up if any of us falls behind. Another (and more important) reason why I like his classes, is because he is one of the only non nigger professors in the college that I go to. You may be wondering why I am in a learning institution that comprises mostly baboons as the teachers. Well, you see, I am not exactly a wealthy person, and I hate how much the jews charge for tuition, so I had to settle for a school that charges very little, which is where the lowest average quality of professors work; ninety-five percent of them are niggers, while the other five percent are White but haven't qualified for higher-level institutions. That being said, the effort required to pass is a low bar since there is a limited amount of material needed to learn, so I plan on moving up to a more prestigious school after I get my finances in place, which will probably happen in a couple of years since I am currently juggling around two jobs, being a McDonald's cashier and a grocery stockpiler.

In this particular class, we were learning about the nervous system, which is actually a very intriguing topic, but that isn't important for the story, at least for now anyway.

"What is the part of the brain which is responsible for sympathy?" Mr. Larson asked the class.

I raised my hand, and said "The frontal lobe, which is something that niggers tend to lack development of."

"Sorry Eric, but as correct as your answer is, it is inappropriate in this class setting."

I sort of blurted my answer out of impulse, since my hatred toward niggers was getting the better of me.

"I understand prof," I apologized, not meaning a word I said of course.

For the rest of the class, I was suspended from being able to answer questions since nobody was able to handle my racist energy, so I had to stay silent. I internally cringed each time a student would answer one of Mr. Larson's class questions without any reference to nigger hatred when it comes to brains. I was really the one who made this class less boring. I was on the verge of falling asleep when Mr. Larson announced something near the end of the class that made me jolt in excitement.

"Tomorrow will be a very special day," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "We will be having a special guest, Doctor Gorgo Floytavius, down in the laboratory to demonstrate his latest discovery that relates to what we have learned today. Please gather around my desk to collect your permission slips, as this will be a somewhat treacherous showing. For the rest of the class, I will be here to discuss and answer any questions from you guys regarding this mini field trip."

*Doctor Gorgo Floytavius, what a funny name*, I thought.

And so, all of us, including this one colored hair emo goth girl who is scared of light, rushed down the auditorium seats to grab their field trip forms. When I returned to my seat, I took a brief read at the two-page slip, which on the first page, has a description of what we are to expect in the in-school field trip.

"Alright guys, so to begin, tomorrow noon in this very same period, I will guide you all to go downstairs to Room 218," Mr. Larson said. "We will meet with the lab technician and the man himself, Doctor Gorgo Floytavius. And from there, he will show you guys the new technology that he allegedly discovered; being able to join animal body parts to humans and using our latest knowledge of neurotechnology to integrate them into fully functional limbs."

After listening to what he said, the entire class gasped in excitement. It was objectively a revolutionary scientific advancement. I myself was even more surprised by the fact that such a shitty nigger filled school like ours managed to get ahold of a neurologist who is smart enough to make this revelation. No way a nigger scientist could do such a thing, even with all the help in the world, I thought.

Mr. Larson continued to go through the rest of the form. "Please get all your forms signed and bring them tomorrow before we head to the lab, or else you are going to have to stay in the classroom and do homework or study for your midterms. Trust me on this, it is worth not missing out on, so please attend this as it would be a shame for one to forfeit seeing such a discovery. Now, any questions before I dismiss the class?"

A pajeet whose curry aroma constantly moves toward me raised his hand. "How long will this be?"

"It will span as long as any regular class time, so none of you will have to miss any potential subsequent lectures," Mr. Larson replied. "Although, there may be slight delays, but you are all welcome to leave in the event of any time constraints."

"Okay, thank you very much Mr. Larson," the pajeet classmate said in this heavy Indian accent, sounding like an Indian tech support guy who finally found business.

After that, there was a few-second interlude of silence, so I broke it by raising my hand and asking "How did we manage to get such a distinguished scientist to visit us? I mean, wouldn't there be more important institutions that he would want to show his discovery to instead?"

"That my friend isn't something I am not able to answer because it was a joint decision amongst the dean and the department workers, not us professors," Mr. Larson said. But I am fairly certain that this is a certified professional we will be seeing, so no need to be concerned."

And after that were questions that aren't critical enough for me to mention in this story, so I will skip to where the class was dismissed. I met up with one of my good friends, Christopher, as we walked through the hallway.

"So Eric, what do you think of this field trip? Are you gonna attend it?" Christopher asked.

"I will, most likely, but I am a bit skeptical regarding the credibility of this so-called scientist," I said. "I've never seen him mentioned in any scholarly article before."

"I am guessing he is one of those newish researchers who is making his debut appearance, who knows," Christopher argued. "We'll see tomorrow."

"Alright Chris, I'll catch you tomorrow."

We waved each other our goodbyes and went our own ways. It was my last class, so I headed home. Once I arrived, I got my mom to sign the field trip form. She filled in the blanks that required the signage of the date, the parent and student names, and finally, the parent's signature. Once that was all out of the way, I went into my room and spent the rest of the day thinking about the field trip, while intensely doing my physics assignment, which I hadn't even started yet and was due in a few hours. Don't mind my procrastination though, because I managed to get it all done an hour before the due date, scoring every answer correctly. I slept soundly after.

The following morning, I sprung out of bed at 6:30 AM and was immediately eager about the field trip. I went about my usual morning routine: eat breakfast; study; chill; and get dressed and cleaned up. After that, I had my dad drive me to school, as it was cold as fuck and I didn't want to risk getting into an accident with my one million dollar Lamborghini that put me into heavy debt.

When he dropped me off in the driveway by my college, I got out of the car, to notice a humongous crate in the parking lot that took up the entirety of the back of the semi-truck that was carrying it. On one of the corners of the crate was a small gap that slightly revealed its contents. I noticed a very intricate-looking antenna that protruded out of it, which looked like it belonged to a machine that has functions beyond the understanding of humankind.

As I handled the cold very well, I saw Christopher as he was about to enter the building, so I began running towards him, forgetting about the slippery parking lot, so I almost slipped and fell, but thanks to my powerful chad muscles, I managed to break the fall. *Fucking niggers forgot to salt the road*, I thought. When I caught up to Christopher, we went on with our usual morning discussion talking about how much we wanted to get out of this nigger-filled school. He is my friend primarily because he is the only ***based*** classmate of mine.

Once I got my chemistry, physics, and statistics lectures out of the way, it was time to hand in our field trip forms. Mr. Larson was standing by the classroom door already with a pile of sheets in his hands. I put my form on it and then sat at my seat as I waited for the rest of the class to arrive. A few minutes later, Mr. Larson announced that it was about time we pack up and head out and that anyone that hasn't arrived yet is no longer able to attend, so the class formed a single file line, and then we went downstairs to the lab.

Upon entering the vast lab, the first thing I noticed was the prominent smell of fried chicken. It wasn't such an uncommon occurrence anywhere else in the school, but the lab has a no food policy, so it struck me as odd. I then noticed the two people standing across from where we students were lined up. At the left was a man who was probably in his sixties, wearing a lab coat that had a name tag labeled "lab assistant." Beside him as a black nigger who towered him in height by at least half afoot. He was wearing a lab coat as well, except its name tag was labeled "Doctor Gorgo Floytavius." His extremely enlarged nose and lips made him look the complete opposite of what an intelligent scientist would look like. *Holy shit, no way in hell this is a nigger. Something is fishy*, I immediately realized.

"Welcome mah nigguhs," he welcomed us. "It is me, doctah Gorgo Floytavius, and I am here to show you manes my latest invention, dah animal limb splicer."

The lab assistant then showed us this seemingly gigantic object with a large cloth blanket covering it. He pulled it off, to reveal a machine that exhibits six large spikes that looked like laser cannons from science fiction movies, surrounding a circular chamber. At the top of each of the six laser cannons, were familiar-looking antennas that I remembered seeing back in the parking lot. Behind the machine was a thick cord that extended all the way to an outlet connected to one of the lab benches.

Doctor Gorgo Floytavius then continued to speak. "Okay manes, so how this machine works is, um, wait a sec, how do I operate dis thing again?"

The lab assistant whispered some words into Doctor Gorgo Floytavius's ear as if he was reminding him of something.

"Oh, das right mah homie!" Doctor Gorgo Floytavius exclaimed. "How could I forget."

It was at that moment, I realized that whoever this nigger was, he doesn't have an idea of what he is presenting to us. The machine in front of us was definitely not the invention he claimed to have created. Not surprising to me at all.

"It is time for me to demonstrate. For dis example, I will merge four octopus tentacles into my back and then use this machine of mine to permanently bind them into mah DNA to finally turn mahself into a human octopus hybrid."

Doctor Gorgo Floytavius then walked into the chamber at the center of the giant machine and then proceeded to type on a keyboard that was built-in. Above the keyboard was a mini display that depicted a holograph of something that I recognized to be an octopus.

Doctor Gorgo Floytavius took off his lab coat, revealing the sole tank top that he was wearing which was covered in KFC chicken stains, and then ordered the lab technician to bring him the octopus arms.

A moment later, the lab technician dragged a bag into the lab that contained two pairs of tentacles that probably belonged to a giant pacific Octopus. They were covered in preservation fluid. The lab technician grabbed a few surgical tools from the lab bench cabinet and then began to surgically connect each of the octopus arms into Doctor Gorgo Floytavius's back.

"Ah sheet, dat hurt main," the nigger winced.

"Sorry about that, I am doing my best to make this a painful process," the lab technician said.

After all of the octopus tentacles were successfully sewn into Doctor Floytavius, he announced "It is about time homies. I will now show you how intelligent us nigguhs are and that we aren't the dumb apes y'all crackas see us as."

The lab technician pressed this green button in the base of the machine that read "Activate", and then all six of the laser cannons lit up and took aim towards Doctor Gorgo Floytavius. I, along with the rest of the class braced ourselves as we prepared to watch what will unfold next. The laser cannons finalized the required surge of power that produced visible parks on the machine cable, and then they all at once blasted a purple energy beam at Doctor Gorgo Floytavius. The beam was so bright, that a flash emitted for a split second that rendered the entire room impossible to see. After the laser cannons calmed down, I opened my eyes, to see what Doctor Gorgo Floytavius became. The four octopus tentacles on his back, which were formerly lifeless and stationary, were now moving around with full intelligence.

"Aye see this crackas? It worked!" Doctor Gorgo Floytavius exclaimed. "I can control them!"

He used the top right tentacle to grab a water bottle from one of the lab benches and then drank it. I could see the individual suction cups stick onto the plastic of the bottle. The class stared at it in amazement. At least except for me. I was still very suspicious of everything that happened so far. The part where Doctor Gorgo Floytavius stumbled and had to ask the lab technician about his own "invention" still rang in my memory. What happened next confirmed my suspicions.

All of a sudden, the laser cannons that previously struck Doctor Gorgo Floytavius started to do that same energy surge initiation process again.

"Is that supposed to happen?" I heard one of the students in the back say.

Before he could react or run away, the cannons again shot at Doctor gorg Floytavius, this time emitting a green beam instead of purple. This time, intense burn marks can be seen on his lab coat, but not his skin since his leathery nigger skin is too dark for burn marks to be visible anyway. Along with the burn marks, there were various other things that were different about Doctor Gorgo Floytavius. I looked at his face, and to my horror, his eyes were no longer the black color that they used to be. Instead, they were a bright glowing orange that now looked more like the eyes of an actual octopus. I then looked at the tentacles, which also looked very much different. Instead of the normal rounded suction cups they used to have, they were replaced with nigger lips. Hundreds of them in total. Nigger lip suction cups are what I like to call them.

I stopped paying attention to Doctor Gorgo Floytavius's physical appearance when he began to swing all four of his tentacles in a violent manner. They swiped all of the machinery into pieces. One of the tentacles then grabbed the lab assistant by the neck and then squeezed the life out of him. Each of the nigger

lip suction cups made a kissing sound which made it impossible for the lab technician to move.

"Let... me... go."

Were the words that the lab assistant was barely able to choke out. However, Doctor Gorgo Floytavius showed no mercy, which was delineated when he started to speak in a voice that resembles that of a movie supervillain. "Hehehe. I am no longer Doctor Gorgo Floytavius manes. Y'all can now call me Doctor Floydopus!"

He then threw the lab assistant across the room, slamming his body through the glass wall which separated the lab from the hallway.

Doctor Floydopus turned to face the line of students, who most were now frozen in shock, including Mr. Larson.

"Hehehe, anyone wanna be next?" he cackled.

"Sir, this is not funny," Mr. Larson began. "You are now damaging school property and that is unacceptable–woah!"

Doctor Floydopus grappled Mr. Larson before he could finish his sentence and then activated all the nigger lip suction cups into super suck mode, which sucked all the air out of poor Mr. Larson's skin pores.

"You who who, so much of your air I am breathing through my tentacles!" he beamed excitedly.

The nigger lip suction cups drank all of the remaining life liquids out of Mr. Larson like he was a Jew box being drunk by an athlete after running a marathon. He turned completely colorless and Doctor Floydopus no longer had interest in him, so he dropped his lifeless body.

One of the girls in my class, who just so happens to be one of those whores who are already pregnant before marriage, screamed at the top of her lungs. However, that was a mistake on her part. Doctor Floydocus noticed her, and then somehow stretched his top right tentacle to a length which I could never imagine it to stretch, and grabbed her by her pregnant belly.

"Hehehe!" Doctor Floydopus laughed. "You got dat nice big belly bitch, it be a shame if someone were to kill yo baby."

Again, he activated his nigger lip suction cups into super suck mode and then used them to easily rip off her pregnant belly. Tons of bright red oxygenated blood burst out of every exposed artery. And that was the last straw. Everybody had enough of what we were seeing, and we all fled the laboratory.

I pushed every person in the crowd out of the way as my adrenaline rushed. I looked behind for a split second, and saw a few brave students attempt to throw heavy objects at Doctor Floydopus in hopes of stopping him. One of them even stabbed a glass shard into his chest. However, somehow his skin completely absorbed every blow, leaving him unharmed. It didn't make sense to me, but after some thought, I realized that because he is now a half nigger half-octopus hybrid, his octopus flesh combined with his invertebrate nature renders him almost immune to damage.

Sure enough, Doctor Floydopus swung his powerful tentacles, wiping the attacking students off the floor. I continued to run, sprinting across all the available hallways until I found a room to hide in. I blindly went in and slammed the door behind me. After I regained my composure, I looked up to see one man sitting at the master desk of the room, looking at me confusedly. He had short purple hair, thick glasses, and a beard. I recognized him as one of the few non nigger workers of the college, Professor McNutt, who worked here as a professor who studies the brain.

"So what brings you here," he said in his southern accent.

"We need to get out of here," I said. "There is a giant nigger octopus monster on the loose and it is attacking people and there seems to be no way to kill it."

"Elaborate please?" Professor McNutt said.

"Look, there's no time to explain, but some nigger who proclaims himself to be a scientist misused a presumably stolen invention and turned himself into a disgusting tentacle-bound creature."

"I think I know how to defeat that thing," Professor McNutt said.

"How?"

"I'll show you."

Professor McNutt motioned me to his desk and then he grabbed a flask of a red solution.

"This right here is something I've been working on for the past decade," Professor McNutt began explaining. "Behold, the suicide potion. When someone ingests it, they become extremely suicidal, to the point where they kill themselves using whatever resource is most closely accessible. Maybe that will do the trick."

He then took a syringe from his desk drawer and then drew a sample of the suicide potion, until the syringe filled completely. With the most badass voice he could make, he said "Let's kick some monster ass."

We snuck through the hallways, which were now wrecked and empty. Stains of blood could be seen on the walls.

"Where is everybody?" Professor McNutt asked.

"It must have chased them all off," I said.

Out of the blue, I heard a loud crash. I looked at the left end of the hall where the sound seemed to come from, and there he was, Doctor Floydopus staring at both Professor McNutt and me simultaneously with his two eyes that can look in opposite directions at the same time. He was standing via his tentacles, while his body including his legs was suspended in the air.

"Muahahahehehe, you mains are going down, hehehe," Doctor Floydopus cackled.

Professor McNutt went into his attack stance, which was similar to the water Pokemon, Piplup, and then threw the suicide potion syringe at Doctor Floydopus. It jabbed him right on the cheek. As a result, all four of his tentacles stopped holding him in the air, and he dropped to the ground. Then, the tentacles turned to face Doctor Floydopus himself, as if they turned against him.

"What dah sheet, I lost control of mah arms!" he panicked.

The tentacles then lashed at Doctor Floydopus's neck, strangling him.

"Sheet main, I am being asphyxiated by mah own tentacles, I can't breathe!" he choked out. "Ah fuck, stap it there's no air to breathe. Ah no!"

Eventually, after three minutes, Doctor Floydopus finally died and he, along with the tentacles, dropped dead.

"Holy shit your potion worked!" I said to Professor McNutt.

"Anytime man, anytime," Professor McNutt said proudly. "Feels good slaying monsters outside of the dungeons and dragons realm."

And from there, the janitor had a tough job of having to clean up the dead corpse of Doctor Floydopus, and the school had to spend thousands of dollars repairing the equipment and structural integrity of the building.

Because of all the damage that happened that day, there was a ton of media coverage. However, they brushed it off as a freak accident, instead of revealing the cause as the doing of a false nigger scientist.

The moral of the story, there is no such thing as a genuine nigger scientist. If there is one being depicted in the media, they most likely haven't contributed a significant thing to the project and it is just the jew media's attempt to convince us to believe that niggers are smart enough to contribute to society.

**Electro Floyd**

By Gorg Floydson

My name is Gunther and I work as a professor at the university of Tomasso. I work in the department of sustainable energy, working on alternatives to non renewable energy such as hydro, wind, and heat. Our latest innovations were an arc reactor capable of harnessing the power of the sun in the palm of your hand. The second, genetically engineered electric eels capable of sustaining large amounts of electricity capable of powering an entire country.

Since Tomasso University is a cucked liberal school, we often get high schools visiting our labs. Unfortunately instead of predominantly White and asian high school students who actually want to learn and succeed, we end up getting majority of our visitors from run down shitty schools in the poorer areas of the city with mostly all nigger and spic students who do nothing but steal and commit 50% of all crime despite making up such a small percentage of the population.

Our latest field trip visitors was a nigger school in Minneapolis, "We Wuz Kangz" Secondary School.

"Don't forget to be here tomorrow at 6 to get ready for the presentation for the nigger high school," a colleague of mine, Ronnie McNutt reminded me.

"Yeah, I got it, even though the nigger and spic students are too retarded to understand anything I'll be talking about," I said while Ronnie and I chuckled.

After I wrapped up and closed the lab, I went home to my $15 million mansion. Despite being one of the country's top researchers, I spend most of my time hosting raids on trannies on instagram. After a long day of epic trolling, I went to bed, eager to present my new inventions. Even though, those students are dumb low IQ monkeys, I'm sure even they will be surprised by what the White race is capable of creating, hopefully them seeing my inventions will make them realize how inferior they really are compared to us, I thought as I dozed off to sleep.

At 5 AM, I jumped out of bed and drove to the campus, ignoring the speed limit which resulted in me running over a pajeet family. I couldn't give a fuck since I was eager to prove to those nigger and spic students how retarded they truly are. When I arrived at Tomasso, I immediately began setting up the lab which included displaying the arc reactor along with the tank of electric eels which was a bitch to haul over so I had 20 of the spic janitors do it for me instead. After everything was set up, I began preparing a script for what to say once the students got here. I thought about trying to be as non racist as possible however that would be too hard as I am a ***based*** racist chad who can't go a day without saying the word nigger.

At 8, the school arrived. The niggers and spics burst into the lecture hall as drumsticks of KFC chicken and banana sandwiches flew around in the air. I noticed that the nigger teachers weren't doing anything to stop the students. Of course, given how nigger teachers will do anything to defend those dirty niglets students of theirs. When the niggers finally calmed down, I decided it was time to start the presentation.

"Greetings students and staff of "We Wuz Kangz" Secondary School, I am Professor Gunther Wagner and today I will be presenting the university of Tomasso's latest innovations!"

But before I could continue, two more students entered the lecture hall while making what sounded like monkey noises. I saw that one of the students was a spic who didn't even reach 5 feet of height. The other, a nigger towering over the spic at an astonishing 6 foot 5. The nigger could pass off as a staff member however he was wearing clothing that wouldn't seem appropriate for a teacher to wear. The nigger wore a T-shirt that read "Where da fentanyl at 'n shiet?" With an image of a pile of white powder at the bottom that looked like it was taken from stock photos and poorly pasted onto the shirt. The nigger also wore a cap that read "Breathless."

"Live a day in my life bruh!" The spic shouted at the top of his lungs.

"Ayo Beano chill it wit da shit mayne," the nigger said telling the spic to shut up.

"Mind ya neck," the spic Beano said as he tried to push the nigger away.

However since Beano was a manlet, the nigger didn't even budge when Beano tried to push him.

"Are you retards gonna sit down and listen or continue to act like monkeys?" I said angrily, losing my patience at the sight of the two retards.

"Ayo mayne calm down cracka, I'm Big Floyd da Landlord and I don't take shit from anyone, ya hear?" The nigger chimped.

The nigger teachers didn't do anything about the nigger student's sudden outburst.

"If you're not here to learn, then you and your dwarf friend can leave," I said.

"Ah shiet mayne, I ain't gots to listen to yo cracka ass n shiet," the nigger said as he and Beano took a seat.

I continued on talking about electrostatics, electromagnetic spectrum and electromyography or EMG studies. After an hour, all of the niggers including the teachers were on the verge of falling asleep since their tiny brains can't comprehend such advanced technology.

"Alright now I will be showing off our tank of genetically engineered electric eels," I said.

"The electric eels in our tank are all pregnant since they are able to generate more electricity that way."

But before I could continue, I was quickly cut off by the same nigger from earlier.

"Oh la la, dem eels pregnant n shiet mayne?!" The nigger said as he jumped out of his seat.

The students and I watched in horror as the large nigger walked down the steps and jumped into the tank of electric eels. The eels were trying their hardest to avoid the nigger in the confined space however the nigger grabbed one of the pregnant eels. The nigger tried to eat the pregnant eel's belly however he was quickly electrocuted by all the eels.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" The nigger yelped before dying.

The nigger's already black skin turned even darker like charcoal. The body of the nigger floated up to the top of the tank.

"Bruh nigga dead bruh," Beano said while making retarded noises.

The class of niggers and teachers were shocked to see what had just unfolded. I knew that Tomasso was in deep shit as the niggers parents will most likely sue the university and the jew media will portray the incident as the university's fault despite it all being the niggers. Suddenly, the nigger's burned body rose up. The female nigger students began to scream like a gang of baboons upon seeing the burnt body rise. As the nigger came out of the tank, I noticed that the niggers eyes were glowing yellow and there were yellow sparks of electricity around his body.

One of the already pregnant nigger whore's screamed the loudest which caused the newly reanimated electric nigger to shoot a beam of electricity at the nigger bitch's belly killing her along with her unborn niglet.

"Ah shit mayne, this feels so good n shiet, it's like I am super charged on air, I can breathe like never before mayne!" The electric nigger exclaimed.

"Bruh dat Electro Floyd bruh," Beano said before being zapped by Electro Floyd's electricity.

The nigger students and teachers ran out of the lecture hall as Electro Floyd began zapping the entire room. Electro Floyd then turned to the showcase where the arc reactor was housed.

"Hehehe mayne, dat gots da big energy, I can feel it and all!" Electro Floyd laughed as he took the arc reactor.

The arc reactor flew and combined into Electro Floyd's chest due to an usually configured magnetic field which caused all metal objects in the vicinity to attach themselves onto Electro Floyd.

"OOGA BOOGA, I'm going to cause nigga monkey mayhem n shiet hehehe!" Electro Floyd said as he blasted a giant hole through the roof which he escaped through.

Just as Electro Floyd left, Ronnie along with the dean, Derek Chauvin entered the room to see the aftermath of Electro Floyd's chimp out.

"What the fuck happened here?" Ronnie asked.

"One of the nigger students, he jumped into the tank of electric eels and somehow harnessed its energy turning himself into a being made out of pure electricity," I responded.

"Which nigger?" Derek Chauvin asked.

"A tall 6 foot 5 nigger, he called himself Big Floyd the Landlord," I said.

"You mean George Floyd? It was George Floyd?!" Chauvin said, panicking.

"That nigger isn't even a student, he's an adult criminal nigger who I had sent to a nigger high school because he was too retarded to be let into the workforce, I knew I should have just kneed that nigger to death!" Chauvin said, reprimanding himself.

"I guess we got a nigger to catch!" Ronnie said as he loaded his shotgun.

"Be careful, this isn't any ordinary nigger, he probably has the power to produce 1 million volts of electricity, that's more than enough to kill a man," I warned.

"Well I'm not any normal man! Chauvin said as he unbuttoned his shirt revealing a red costume with a spider symbol.

"I'm Spider-Chauvin!"

Spider-Chauvin swung out of the building with his web shooters while Ronnie and I followed. We made our way to a sorority house where we saw Electro Floyd floating in the sky attacking the pregnant BBC whores who were trying to run away. I recognized one of the BBC whores was a former student of mine who offered to give me a blowjob if I gave her a passing grade to which I declined and kicked her out of my class, it was Heather Wilcock.

"Hehehe y'all pregnant bitches better give Big Floyd da belly pics!" Electro Floyd said as bolts of electricity struck the ground all around us.

Spider-Chauvin shot his webs at Electro Floyd's face which covered his massive nose.

"Ah shit, webs covering my nose, I can't breathe!" Electro Floyd yelped.

Ronnie began firing shots at Electro Floyd which hit his neck.

"Oh fuck mama!" Electro Floyd cried.

"We got him!" Ronnie said triumphantly.

However he was dead wrong. Electro Floyd made his way to the ground and grabbed a bag of powder that one of the BBC whores dropped. It was fentanyl. Electro Floyd zapped the bag of fentanyl crushing it into a yellowish substance. Electro Floyd then began consuming the substance, upon taking the substance, Electro Floyd's wounds healed.

"Ah that's better mayne, now I can breathe again hehehe!"

Electro Floyd then zapped Ronnie's head to which it popped like a balloon, blood and gore covering the street. I watched in horror as Electro Floyd quickly dispatched Spider-Chauvin and began to knee on his neck. "Hehehe mayne, now you know how it felt!" Electro Floyd cackled.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" Spider-Chauvin said weakly.

There was nothing that I could do but watch, Electro Floyd could kill any man like a bug. The only thing I could do was slow Electro Floyd down. I grabbed Ronnie's shotgun and fired a shot. The shell hit the arc reactor which caused Electro Floyd to jump back.

"Ouch mayne, that hurt like shit!" Electro Floyd yelled.

I noticed that the electric sparks around Electro Floyd got smaller, that's when I had a lightbulb moment. The arc reactor must be the device harnessing and controlling Electro Floyd's energy otherwise, Electro Floyd would have overcharged due to all the electricity flowing through his body. The arc reactor began to crack which led to Electro Floyd losing even more energy.

"Ayo stop dat mayne, stop dat!" Electro Floyd pleaded however the arc reactor eventually cracked.

Electro Floyd lifted his knee off Spider-Chauvin's neck and began to spaz out. Since the arc reactor was no longer harnessing the electricity, it all went back into Electro Floyd's body. All the initial metal that George Floyd absorbed from his magnetic field when he became Electro Floyd all came off which exposed Electro Floyd since he wasn't wearing anything underneath all the metal.

"Ah shit mayne, why you gotta do me like dat, ah fuck mama!" Electro Floyd said before his body began to expand.

His body wasn't able to contain and hold all the energy which caused Electro Floyd's body to explode. Electro Floyd's body caused a supernova like explosion which was breathtaking to watch because of all the colours and sparkles, however it was all quickly ruined. After the eruption of uncontrolled energy,

nigger organs and guts splattered all around the campus. After this incident,

The Tomasso university was sued by all the nigger and BBC whore parents who lost their kids in the attack despite the fact that a nigger who wasn't even a student nor staff at the university caused the incident. I was fired by the jewish school board however I was offered a job by Derek Chauvin to help him with his vigilantism as Spider-Chauvin to beat up criminal niggers.

Moral of the story, always keep niggers away from sensitive equipment be it revolutionary technology or even an iPhone. Niggers should not have their monkey hands on such items. It will only end badly as niggers are inherently violent and will use such technology to cause more nigga monkey shenanigans and the crime rate will rise.

**I Was Invited to George Floyd's New Years Party**

By Gorg Floydson

I have always never been a fan of the New Years celebration especially due to the fact that my liberal parents make me write a New Year's resolution every year even though I never fulfill anything written in it.

Luckily this year, I've finally moved out of my parents house into a nice little apartment in Minneapolis. However, moving to Minneapolis was a huge mistake with all the niggers rioting in the streets after the death of the nigger, George Floyd.

This New Years eve, something very strange happened to me. It was December Friday the 31st, New Years eve. I went down to the main lobby to pick up my mail, which included my Ronnie McNutt toy along with my copy of George Floyd creepy pastas volume 2. The receptionist handed me an envelope with my name on it. The strange white envelope had yellowish stains that looked as if a nigga monkey pissed on it.

"What is this?" I asked.

"A tall black gentleman with a big nose came to the reception and handed this to me," the receptionist said.

I paid no attention to it and headed back up to my suite. After making funny edits with my Ronnie McNutt toy, I finally decided to open the white envelope. A piss stained note came out with messy handwriting, it looked like it had been written by a 3 year old, if the 3 year old was a monkey. I tried my hardest to make out what the words said.

"Ayo Mayne, you are invited to Big Floyd's New Years Eve Party n shiet Mayne, We is serving banana sandwiches with sum fentanyl water n shiet!"

"Show up at Cup Foods or else Big Floyd gonna bust a cap in yo pregnant belly n shiet!"

After reading the letter, I couldn't help but laugh my ass off. This has to be a prank, I thought. George Floyd has been dead for over a year after all. I threw the letter into the trash and went on with my day which included hosting raids on fem boys on instagram. After a long day of epic trolling, I was about to go to bed as racist chads need sleep to maintain their physique. I checked the time, it was 10 PM.

That's when I heard a knock at my door. I walked over to my front door and looked through the peephole, what I saw on the other end still haunts me to this day. It was George Floyd!

"Ayo Mayne my party about to start any minute n shiet, yo pale ass better show up or else nigga mad!" George Floyd said angrily.

"How the fuck are you still alive?!" Was the only thing I could get out before a white gas came through from under my door.

I began to cough profusely. I noticed that I was struggling to breathe. This is fentanyl gas, I thought before I passed out. When I woke up, I noticed that I was tied up to a chair in what appeared to be a living room. There were New Years decorations everywhere which included a giant happy New Years balloon along with a 2022 rainbow balloon. The table had plates of banana sandwiches and a fountain of fentanyl water.

"Ayo da White boy is up!" A voice said.

I looked up and saw what I can only describe as the monkey exhibit in a zoo. There stood the niggers George Floyd, Ahmaud Arbery, Daunte Wright, Breonna Taylor, Jacob Blake, Elijah McClain, Philando Castile, Michael Brown and even Ronnie McNutt!

“Ayo cracka, welcome to ma New Years party n shiet!” George Floyd said.

“What the fuck do you baboons want and how the fuck are all of you still alive?” I demanded answers.

“Das a racist cracka n shiet,” Breonna Taylor said while stuffing her self with banana sandwiches like the monkey that she was.

“OOGA BOOGA, we are all immortal beings unable to be killed by yo crackas n shiet!” Ahmaud Arbery chimped.

“Anyways Mayne, we all about to have a good time n shiet so lemme untie you n shiet,” George Floyd said.

After George Floyd untied me, I immediately went over and punched Ronnie McNutt's face with all my strength.

“I guess that’s it!” Ronnie said before hitting the floor.

But before I could go on a nigger slaughtering rampage, Daunte Wright pulled out a gun from his jeans and pointed it to my head.

“Sit yo ass down mayo monkey!” Daunte Wright demanded.

Now knowing that the niggers were armed, I cautiously moved back a few steps and sat down in a chair.

“Das rite, we in charge of da party n shiet, we wuz kangz and kueens!” Breonna Taylor said while gobs of banana flew out from her massive ape like lips.

“Alright maynes, now we is gonna play a game,” George Floyd announced.

“We is playing pregnant belly musical chairs!” George Floyd said.

“Rules simple n shiet, y’all will walk around the circle of chairs, once the music stops and someone ain’t in a chair den I will shoot their belly!” George Floyd explained.

George Floyd grabbed a boombox and played “Leven Polkka” by Hatsune Miku. It was cringe as fuck listening to an anime girl sing but this proved that George Floyd was a massive weeb. George Floyd stopped the music and everyone began fighting for a seat, I managed to get one however Michael Brown and Breonna Taylor were fighting for the last chair. Breonna Taylor sat on Michael Brown suffocating him.

“Ah fuck, I can’t breathe!” Michael Brown said.

George Floyd dragged Michael Brown’s body and shot it in the belly despite Michael Brown already being a corpse. The music continued and we began walking in circles again however now there was one less chair.

This time when George Floyd stopped the music, Breonna Taylor ended up taking two seats from how much of a fat ass she is. This led to George Floyd shooting both Jacob Blake and Elijah McClain in the belly. The third round began, when the music stopped, I had yet again gotten a seat along with Breonna Taylor and Ahmaud Arbery. This led to Daunte Wright and Philando Castile brawling like two silverback gorillas.

“Ayo nigga, dat chair will be mine!” Philando Castile said while making monkey noises.

“Nah nigga, dat chair mine n shiet!” Daunte Wright said as he pulled out his gun.

But before he could pull the trigger, he was shot in the belly by George Floyd.

“No cheating at ma party, is that clear nigga?” George Floyd asked.

All the nigga monkeys nodded and the game resumed. Now we were on round four. This time George Floyd decided to prolong the music which led to suspense on who will get the remaining 3 chairs. My luck hadn’t run out as I managed to get the chair yet again, the same could be said for Breonna Taylor which meant that Ahmaud Arbery and Philando Castile had to fight for the last one. Since Ahmaud Arbery

is a retarded nigger, probably the most retarded nigger at the party besides George Floyd, he was easily fooled by Philando Castile. Philando Castile got the seat and Ahmaud Arbery was shot just like when he was killed by two racist chads.

"OOGA BOOGA we on round 5 now n shiet!" George Floyd announced.

The music went on for what felt like an hour which meant I had to listen to Hatsune Miku's god awful voice but at least it wasn't nigger music. When the music stopped, Breonna Taylor got the chair which meant I had to fight Philando Castile. Since I am a built 300 pound racist chad, I punched Philando Castile in the face and got the chair. After George Floyd shot Philando Castile in the belly, he announced that the final round will begin.

"Winner of pregnant belly musical chairs will get fentanyl and pregnant belly pics as a reward," George Floyd said.

I knew that this last round would be the hardest round as Breonna Taylor is a fat ass nigga whale who probably weighed well over a tonne. But before the round could start, Ronnie McNutt got up from the floor with a bruised face, his nose was dripping blood.

"What, where am I?" He asked.

"Oh shiet Mayne looks like we got another player n shiet, George Floyd said as he grabbed another chair.

"Now lets begin round 6 Mayne!" George Floyd said.

Breonna Taylor, Ronnie and I began to walk in circles and it was obvious to everyone that Ronnie McNutt was intoxicated because he kept bumping into Breonna Taylor's fat ass.

"Oh shit I think I'm about to bust a McNutt!" Ronnie said while rubbing his crotch to Breonna Taylor's ass crack.

Just as Ronnie said, he busted a McNutt all over Breonna Taylor's face as the music stopped which led to Ronnie and I getting the two seats. George Floyd shot Breonna Taylor in the belly which had little effect on her since her skin is as thick as a walruses hide. George Floyd unloaded the entire clip into Breonna Taylor to which she finally dropped dead.

"Alright now we is on da final round n shiet!" George Floyd said.

The music began and we started to walk, since Ronnie had just busted a McNutt, he was sleepy as fuck because when the music stopped, he collapsed on the floor again and I had won pregnant belly musical chairs.

"Ah shiet mayne, we gots a winner n shiet!" George Floyd said excitedly.

George Floyd pulled out his gun and tried to shoot Ronnie however he had forgot to reload it because he is a dumb ape.

"Ah fuck mama, I don't gots da bullets n shiet," George Floyd said.

I used this opportunity to escape and ran upstairs.

"Where you going Mayne?" George Floyd asked as he began to chase me.

I made my way into a bedroom and locked the door behind me. "Ayo cracka you better open da door n shiet!" George Floyd demanded as he began pounding the door. When I turned around, I noticed that I was in George Floyd's room given all the fentanyl and pregnant belly pics scattered around the floor. On top of his bed were body pillows with pregnant anime girls on them. The pregnant anime girls all had bullet holes on their bellies. This gave me a lightbulb moment. I opened the door and threw all the anime body pillows on top of George Floyd.

"Oh fuck mama, I can't breathe!" George Floyd cried.

After 9 minutes, George Floyd was suffocated to death under the pile of anime body pillows. I made my way downstairs to see the outcome of this party, the bodies of Ahmaud Arbery, Daunte Wright, Breonna Taylor, Jacob Blake, Elijah McClain, Philando Castile and Michael Brown sprung around the living room. There was also Ronnie McNutt laying on the floor which I had forgotten but since Ronnie is a soy boy, everyone would forget his existence. I left the building and it turned out that this room is the basement

of Cup Foods.

Moral of the story, do not ever go to a nigger's party! They are probably involved with shady activities such as taking drugs and playing fucked up games like pregnant belly musical chairs.

**Captain Big Lipped Floyd**

By BuckFlackPeople

Yarr me hearties, gather round and let me tell you a true tale of pirate legend. A tale of swashbuckling upon the seven seas, with danger and adventure around every corner. A tale of brotherhood and camaraderie. And most importantly, a tale of ***based*** racism and hating niggers.

Let me begin by introducing myself. I'm Captain Nape Riggers, captain of the ship known as the Buck Breaker. I lead me fierce crew, the Peter Muskrat Army, upon the seven seas. You see, many of us be former slave ship crew, and we despise niggers as those who spend the most time around niggers grow to loathe them the most. Our crew include the destroyer of necks Derek Chauvin, the deadshot musketeer Tucker Carlson, the charasmatic Adolf Hitler, and the swashbuckling nigger hater, Johnny Rebel, just to name a few. We fucking obliterate niggers. We chew through a niggers brain like it's a log of wood. We use niggers limbs to build a dam. But I digress.

Our tale began in seventeen eighteen, when my crew and I heard a tale of the wildest treasure to ever grace the Caribbean. I'm talking of course about Ronnie McNutt's forbidden treasure. You see, when the legendary pirate Ronnie McNutt knew his last battle dawned, he had all his riches hidden away.

He was never able to retrieve them as he was wounded in battle, and rather than be hanged for his crimes he took a blunderbuss, put it to his head and said "Hey guys, I guess that's it" before blowing his ugly ass face to smithereens. Yarr, indeed his head looked like kraken tentacles that day. The most feared pirates have been searching for his treasure since that day, said to contain enough riches to let an army of men live free the rest of their days. However, none had ever come close to finding it, until one fateful day.

My crew and I were going about our usual business, having raided a slave ship and taking any wealth and supplies on the ship for our own before sinking the ship. This is because we hate niggers and don't want any White people to have to suffer the agony of living on the same continent as these jungle gorillas. When we searched the captain's chest, we found a shocking discovery. It was a page of the diary of Ronnie McNutt. It told of how he wanted sex from a fair maiden known as Equinox Autumn, and how much he loved her.

"Equinox Autumn?" Said Adolf Hitler, "That be the nastiest wench in all the seven seas. She lives on an island nearby." And so, we set off, following our one and only lead on the mother load.

When we got to the port, we docked and headed into town. We asked around, and we found out where Equinox Autumn lived. When we got there, we were stunned. There lay her disgusting naked corpse, among a ransacked home. Her body showed signs that the attack was recent, and that there was more than one attacker. Indeed, whoever perpetrated this attack was more animal than man. There were traces of a white substance on the ground, along with the smell of malt liquor and menthol cigarettes.

"Do you think it could be him?" Said Tucker Carlson.

"No," I said. "Big Lipped Floyd is dead".

Big Lipped Floyd was the meanest nigger pirate the world hath ever seen. He was famous for raping White bitches, clocking bitch ass niggas in the mouth, and busting mad caps in niggas asses. He had a crippling fentanyl addiction as it gave him elevated senses and strength. He was the ugliest retard gorilla nigger to ever set sail upon a vessel. His dead dindu eyes lacked any semblance of intelligent thought. It was said his stare could both see into a man's soul and not even out of his own head at the same time. His fat fucking nigger nose was the size of me whole ship, with the nostrils each as large as a cannonball. However, he had one feature that struck out the most. His fat nigger lips were beyond anything the world hath ever seen. They were far larger than any nigger we had ever seen on a slave ship. They flopped around like Jello whenever he spoke, mainly about how much he desired White bitches to rape, pregnant belly pics, or how much he wanted bananas. However, it was impossible for this attack to have been him, as Derek Chauvin killed him many moons ago in a battle. Derek sunk George's ship, the Breathtaker, and said he saw him drown.

"Ah shit man the whirlpool man I can't breathe mane I can't breathe. Please man I'm not that type of guy please." Were apparently George Floyd's last words.

But this attack showed all the signs of his involvement. Before we could investigate further, we found another page of Ronnie McNutt's diary. It spoke of an upcoming battle which he was not sure he'd win. So he'd leave all of his belongings to anyone who could find them at the Isle of Siggers Nuck.

Siggers Nuck is a small island that is shaped like a swastika. It has the whitest sand and it was said that the island is made out of pure vril. For those of you who don't know vril is the condensed and physical form of the aryan spirit. Men like Adolf Hitler, George Lincoln Rockwell, and Pewdiepie embody vril. It was the perfect place for Ronnie to hide his treasure, as any nigger and in fact any man without enough vril would be doomed to die on the island. It was for this reason that most men, be they White or not, avoided the island so as to not risk it. My crew and I scurried back to our ship, confident we'd make it to the treasure first.

We had a jolly time on the way to the isle, jelqing and kekking about how ugly George Floyd was. As we neared the Isle, I noticed something off, a thick fog descended upon the Buck Breaker. I heard a strange sound from beyond the fog. It sounded like shitty mumble rap, possibly Trey Songs, like a gorilla ape nigger having a seizure. And then the smell. It smelt like KFC chicken and cheap weed. Then I saw it, it was a massive ship, with a flag flying what looked to be a Jolly Roger. However, when it got close, I realized the skull was actually the head of George Floyd. And then I saw him. It was the monkey of Minneapolis, the baboon of breath, the nigger of all noses, Captain Big Lipped Floyd, with his dastardly crew consisting of Ahmaud Arbery, Eric Garner, Trayvon Martin, Tamir Rice, and Barack Obama.

"Yo yo niggas." Said George Floyd. "The treasure of Ronnie McNutt be ours en shit. That treasure got the big ass gold chains, and enough money to buy me a lifetime supply of the fentanyl, oo oo ah ah. We all gonna buy fent, Newport menthols, that good good weed, and Chrysler 300's nigga."

I had absolutely no idea what the fuck a Chrysler 300 was, but I couldn't even focus on that as I was absolutely shocked that Big Lipped Floyd was still alive. They started to board our ship and we drew our cutlasses, ready to fight. The fight was intense, with the clashes of swords everywhere. At one point tamir rice, the nigga ship's powder monkey (yes that's actually a real role that was on pirate ships) pointed a flintlock at me, and I thought for sure I was a dead man. However, because he was a dumb niglet and not even the other blacks of his crew trusted him, they didn't let him carry a real pistol. I picked him up by his bean ass head and yeeted that future criminal over the port side of the ship, where he drowned since niggers can't swim. Not gonna lie it kind of made me question the validity of an all black pirate crew, but I digress. I turned around from scoring a successful kill on them to witnessing a true horror.

Adolf Hitler, who had managed to knock Barack Obama to the ground, was about to strike a killing blow when George Floyd came from behind and shot him with his pistol.

"Shit man see I told you these White boys can't fight like what nigga what," George Floyd then picked up Obama and the abominable nigger crew retreated to their ship and made way towards Sigger's Nuck. I held Hitler in my arms as he bled. A cannonball from the nig ship, the SS Hellcat, struck our ship, but I didn't even pay attention.

Everything outside of me and Hitler seemed to cease to exist. He looked me in the eyes and said, "Captain, never stop fighting. If you believe with all your hearts that you can defeat a nigger in battle, you can. They can only win through cheap tactics and mindless violence."

I interrupted him, "Hitler stop. Don't waste your breath, you can still make it."

But Hitler continued, "My time is done. I tried and failed, but you, the White race, are my legacy. And I am proud to call you my brothers. I know you can take any challenge the world throws at you, because you have an indomitable spirit that can't be broken. Go Captain, finish this fight."

Hitler died in my arms. I closed his eyes and snapped back to reality. The ship was taking on water and we had to take action fast. The crew was bailing the water but it was not enough. That's when I had an idea. I ordered a full sail straight towards the island. We started speeding towards the island, slowly sinking as we got closer to the island. Rather than drop anchor near shore, we beached right on the shore of the island so although the ship was very damaged, it wouldn't be lost to the seas. We dropped our anchor on the sand and exited the ship. No turning back now. However, if we believed what Hitler said, we can take

on the challenge. I believed my crew and I had enough vril to conquer the island and it's hazards. We followed some footprints into a cave, which had a strange light coming from it. On our way in, we saw Obama's dead body, decapitated with the head nearby. We followed the smell of Body odor and purple drank to find that the crew of the SS Hellcat were fighting each other over the treasure. This wasn't a surprise to me as blacks are far disproportionately responsible for their own deaths and overall misfortunes than whites could ever dream to be. Once they spotted us however, they united again to try to stop us from getting the treasure. We prepared to fight, emboldened by Hitlers dying words. The treasure was beautiful, gold in quantities beyond our wildest comprehension. But, what really intrigued us was the glowing white light emanating from a portal in the corner of the cave. I knew what it was the moment I saw it: it was a portal to hyperborea, the source of all vril and the source of the White spirit. The blacks rushed us, but having fought them already, we knew their tactics. We split up to avoid them double teaming us. Once we had them all locked into 1v1's, we exploited their weaknesses. Ahmaud Arbery tried to take Johnny Rebel's blunderbuss, but Johnny Rebel punched him in the face and blew his chest out his ass with a shot from the blunderbuss, leaving nothing but blood and gore where that dumb jogger once stood. My quartermaster, Boon Goon, was locked in a deadly cutlass battle with Trayvon Martin. However, he had an idea. "Trayvon Martin?" He said. "More like: Gay-von Fart-in."

Trayvon Martin could not accept the fact that he had been flamed so hard. He said "Hey guys, I guess that's it," and impaled himself samurai style with his own sword.

Lastly, Tucker Carlson was fighting Eric Garner. Tucker had multiple flintlocks on his person, and shot one after the other into Eric Garner. Eric Garner kept charging Tucker as although the bullets were hitting him Eric Garner was such a fat fucking gorilla that his fat was just taking the shots. Eric died not from the bullets but because he had a heart attack from having to sprint roughly 20 feet. "Aw shit, im having a heart attack nigga I can't breev."

All that remained was George Floyd. I readied my cutlass to end this nigger once and for all. But then someone stepped in front of me. It was Derek Chauvin, hungry for revenge against George Floyd for killing Adolf Hitler as well as wanting to end a feud that started long ago. I stepped back, letting Derek Chauvin have this battle to himself. However, he did something I did not expect. He dropped his flintlock as well as his sword, and just stood there.

George Floyd laughed. "Shit White boy you crackas can't fight how you gonna take down a nigga like me."

He then charged Derek Chauvin, who dodged all his sword slashes like he had ultra instinct or some crazy shit. Derek started hitting George Floyd with various attacks coming from his knees, as Derek Chauvin was a master in this style of martial arts. He continuously landed blows on George Floyd in his knees, legs, and balls. Finally, Derek Chauvin hit George Floyd in the chin with a flying knee uppercut, knocking many of his teeth out and sending him hurtling towards the ground.

"Shit White boy, you gonna knee on me now?" Said George.

"No," said Derek. "I'm gonna end you once and for all you fucking smelly jungle gorilla."

Derek Chauvin picked up George Floyd by the head and dragged him to the hyperborea portal. He shoved George Floyd's head into the portal. This action caused the light to become blindly bright plus his voice to become ever present throughout the cave

"Ah shit mane! The condensed indo aryan spirit nigga! I'm a swarthoid and can't handle the vril! It's suffocating me! I can't breathe nigga! I can't fucking breathe. Shit!"

Derek pulled George Floyd's head out of the portal, which revealed that nothing but the skull was still left. We did it. We had Ronnie McNutt's treasure, and we proved to the island that we were worthy enough to claim it. We cannibalized the SS Hellcat to repair the Buck Breaker, and we set sail back upon the seas with our new found treasure.

So beware, Jews, Niggers, and all swarthoids who dare set sail upon the seven seas, because the Peter Muskrat army is coming for you. And we. Fucking. Obliterate. Niggers.

**Gaylo Fentanyl Evolved**

By BuckFlackPeople

Just a quick disclaimer before the creepypasta begins, do not be alarmed if you do not know anything about the Halo universe, you will not need to have played the games to enjoy this creepypasta. All you really need to know going in is that it's the future and its humanity fighting aliens. I will be sure to explain any concepts deeper than that. Now sit back, relax, and enjoy this BuckFlackPeople production.

It was humanity's resolve that won us the war against the Chuckavent. Although the entire war was fought with humanity on the backfoot, we managed to defy the odds and win, securing the existence of our people and a future for our children. However, one man's actions can be attributed for single handedly winning us the war. And no, I'm not talking about that green gay retard with the blue girl who blue up the giant space ring. No, this is the story of a man who stopped what could've ended the war against humanity in a heartbeat. This is my story, the story of Derek Chauvin, Spartan Fourteen Eighty Eight.

Let me start by introducing myself. My name is Derek Chauvin, and I am a Spartan 3 super soldier. I was born on the planet Minneapolis in the year twenty five twenty two, where I was one of the only survivors after the planet was attacked and burned to the ground by an alien hegemony known as the Chuckavent. For many years, the Chuckavent waged war on humanity, believing it the will of their gods for us to be exterminated, kind of like it is the will of God for the Jews to be **[redacted]**. The Chuckavents are not one alien race, rather they are a coalition of multiple alien races, arranged in a racial hierarchy, with the mysterious race known as the prophets heading the Chuckavent. I still remember the day when the Chuckavent attacked. A contingent of the Chuckavent attacked our planet, led by the brutes. Brutes are one of the races of the Chuckavent. They are an ape-nigger like race of sapient beings, with long hair, leathery skin, and sharp teeth, often standing around seven to eight feet tall. They are also completely retarded, only understanding savage violence, with the biggest of strongest of them being at the top of their own hierarchy. They are extremely similar to niggers in this manner, except the brutes don't take wealth into account when judging another brute. Once I was rescued by the United Nations Space Command, they abducted me and placed me into the Spartan 3 program, where I underwent vigorous training and biological alterations to become a super soldier to fight the aliens.

I was not given the same treatment as the other Spartans in my class due to an incident that occured when I met another class of Spartan 3's. One day, I was calibrating my Spartan armor when I noticed another figure nearby. He was seven to eight feet tall, which was normal for a Spartan due to the biological enhancements we undertake. However, this figure was so ugly that he could not have been human. He had dark, leathery skin, with soulless eyes that stared without any semblance of intelligent thought. He spoke a language that could be described as broken English at best, similar to the brutes. His fat lips were so massive they took up almost half his face, with the other half being taken up by the abomination that was his nose. His nose looked like the mushroom of an atomic bomb, and was almost as large in size. When he looked at me, I got a PTSD flashback to when the brutes attacked and razed my homeworld. I thought a brute had snuck into our base, so I threw the figure to the floor and kneeled on his neck for eight minutes and forty six seconds. With my Spartan super strength, this was a pretty easy task.

I heard him scream "Ah shit, I can't breath, I need air nigga. Please nigga I need air, and also some stimmy checks." After he died, an officer rushed in and told me that the thing I just killed was not a brute, rather it was a nigger. His name was George Floyd, listed as Spartan thirteen fifty, and I had just killed another Spartan. Normally, the punishment for this would be the death sentence, as Spartans are an invaluable commodity to the UNSneed. However, the officer was ***based*** as fuck and didn't care that I had just killed him, as he was an ugly ass nigga plus he had a history of holding loaded magnums up to the bellies of pregnant women. Thus, the officer told me he would find a way to cover up his death, and he told me to leave the body with him. However, I was blacklisted from the UNSneed records to cover up anything suspicious. Thus, I was normally assigned to top secret missions during my deployment as a Spartan.

It was towards the end of the war where I would receive an assignment that would change the outcome of the war against the Chuckavent. I would be assigned to investigate an important Chuckavent meeting. Apparently, the Chuckavent were considering allowing a new species to join their ranks. On top of this, were they to join, they would be given seats alongside the brutes. This was very alarming, as it meant that whatever this new species was, it could match the brutes in sheer brutality and violence. I would be

sent in not only to survey this new species, but also to stop the initiation and possibly even frame the new species for the failure, canceling any future hopes of admitting the new species into the Chuckavent.

I spent the entirety of my trip writing my next George Floyd creepypasta, as Floydwriting is now an appreciated genre of literature in the 26th century. Once we saw the Chuckavent battleships, we knew we were in the right area. I would be sent in alone to keep the element of stealth. However, this wouldn't be a problem for me, as one Spartan is badass enough to annihilate an army of aliens. I disembarked from the ship in zero gravity with my suit acting like a space suit, maintaining my oxygen and allowing me to maneuver to the ship. I managed to infiltrate the main Chuckavent ship, and used my training to sneak around the ship. I eventually came across two figures, one being a brute, and the other being another dark, humanoid figure. I used my silence pistol to dispatch both of them without alerting the others onboard, however I made an alarming discovery. The second figure was not a brute. It was a nigger. Even stranger, both the nigger and the brute had a strange white substance all over their faces. Why would there be a nigger on a Chuckavent ship? I heard a speech coming from the next room over, and used my active camouflage to get a closer look. There was a crowd of brutes and niggers cheering as a disgusting, Jewish looking hunchback creature in a floating chair came onto a stage. It was a Chuckavent prophet, in all its hideous and disgusting glory. He rubbed his hands together and said

"Fine gentlemen, I, the prophet of Deceit, am here to announce a glorious new day for the Chuckavent. For years the pitiful humans have evaded our will. This may not make sense to many, as we, the prophets, are gods chosen people. We have survived much, including when the UNSneed blew up our homeworld a few years ago, killing 6 million of our species. However, a new age has dawned on the Chuckavent. The Chuckavent will not need to crush humanity, humanity will crumble from the inside. And it is all thanks to our new chosen ones, the niggers!"

Then I felt a shock of horror pulse through my body as I saw what I did not think possible. A buck negro walked onto the stage wearing alien armor and wielding a massive alien war hammer. It was George Floyd. He began flopping his gruesome looking fatass lips into a speech:

"Shit niggas, I know shits bad and shit. These Chuckavent niggas been glassing our homeworld, been killing our niggas, just straight killing our vibes man. But das cuz we was wrong about these niggas. These niggas know the one true path. Once their prophecy is fulfilled, every nigga in the world gon be straight chilling yo. We all gon get stimmy checks, gimme that's, Popeyes, and Dodge Hellcat's. And most of all, all them racist ass White bitches gonna be our slaves. And we'll be able to defeat them, cuz we be macking the fentanyl and shit, and this shit is bussin. Because the brutes and the niggas share most of their DNA in common, they can take the fentanyl and not only survive, but become stronger."

I uncloaked my camouflage and said "I should've known you would come back you fucking dumb nigger." George Floyd was surprised when he saw not only a Spartan, but the Spartan who almost took his life years ago. "Derek Chauvin, my arch nemesis. I should have known you would show here. Today, will die by the hands of my people for all the destruction you and the White race have caused to us fatlip big nose niggas mane."

He and the prophet watched as the brutes and niggers in the crowd opened up on me with their alien weapons and cheap, 9 millimeter hi point pistols. I took cover and was pinned down. I thought I would have to take fentanyl to defeat them. But then I remembered that aryan chads do not use nigger drugs like fentanyl or crack, and that our true power comes from our Hyperborean spirit. I threw a plasma grenade I had taken off the brute I killed earlier and hucked it at the crowd. The explosion the smoke made gave me time to get up and mount an assault. I started duel wielding my magnums, mowing down anyone foolish enough to shoot at me. When I ran out of ammo I picked up a Chuckavent war hammer and started going through the brutes and niggers like they were water. Nigger body parts flew all over the place, painting the walls and ceiling. When I was finally done with the crowd, George Floyd ran away like the pussy bitch he is and left the cowering prophet of deceit to fend for himself. "No!" He said. "I'm ruined! Ruined!".

"Die you disgusting kike alien or whatever the fuck you are," I said before smashing his head in with the hammer. I now had to find George Floyd, who I spotted running towards a 1 seater aircraft. He got in it and started to take off to escape the ship. I chased after him, jumping onto the ship as he exited the battleship into the vacuum of space. Luckily, my suit let me breathe in space. I managed to rip George Floyd out of the ship, stealing his seat and throwing him into space.

"Aw shit man, it's the vacuum of space nigga, I can't breathe man, I can't breathe. I never got my dodge hellcat nigga." I watched him die slowly as I thought to myself what the fuck is a Dodge Hellcat. I am writing this story while I am on the ship, after watching a very kek compilation of Ronnie McNutt edits. Although most of my missions are secretive, I wanted this one to be known, as niggers pose a serious threat to world safety, since they operate on an ape like hivemind that can turn to destruction at a moments notice if not kept in check. Also fuck Jews too.

**Do Not Screenshot George Floyd NFTs**

By Toast Man

In 2021, what many would refer to as the NFT craze began. NFTs, an acronym for non-fungible token, are a unique and irreplaceable unit of data that exists on a blockchain. This means that NFTs allow you to 'own' a piece of unique data on the internet. This uniqueness is the aspect of NFTs that makes them so coveted as–unlike iDubbbz's wife–only one guy can claim ownership of an NFT at one time. However, there are also serious risks when it comes to trading these imaginary tokens online, as unpopular NFTs can quickly become worthless and–even worse–NFTs are used in many modern day art scams.

Yet financial ruin is not the only risk that certain NFTs pose to humanity, for recently I have had a harrowing experience with an NFT which has caused me a great deal of psychological trauma that will leave me scarred for the rest of my life.

But before I get to that, I guess I need to introduce myself. My name is Steve Sneed, or S.S. for short. I used to be an accountant, but I quit my day job and am now using all my time to pursue my side hustle as a cryptocurrency and blockchain guru on the internet. Or, in other words, I get paid about twenty thousands dollars a month to tell elaborate, **"**data backed" lies about imaginary currencies which retards with no sense of diversifying their portfolio dump their life savings into. Sometimes my predictions come true and people become millionaires, other times they go broke and turn their faces into something that resembles the Blood-Starved Beast from Bloodborne with a rifle. I don't see my clients kill themselves as a bad thing though since all of my clients are boomers, who betrayed the West by allowing niggers to become our legal equals through the Civil Rights Act and promulgated sexual degeneracy with their rampant use of recreational drugs and birth control. All the money that I trick boomers out of is exclusively spent on promoting racism, anti-Semitism, and anti-LGBT causes. I do this because I have a powerful hatred of niggers and Jews and faggots and trannies, who are all parasites who leech off of White people while never creating anything useful or beautiful or good of their own.

Anyway, my story with the accursed NFT in question began when I received ten emails on a Saturday morning from one of my boomer clients, a guy named Douglas, about how he wanted to purchase an NFT as a financial investment and was asking for recommendations. Douglas is, out of all my boomer clients, by far the client I hate the most. And that's saying something since a couple of my clients are Q-tards. First and foremost, as you can tell from how he spam emailed me on a goddamn Saturday morning, Douglas has the typical boomer entitlement attitude of 'me me me' and operates solely on his own schedule. He also is a race mixer, having married a Cambodian (a type of jungle Asian) who was not ten, not twenty, but thirty years younger than him. When I asked him once how they had met, the creep shamelessly admitted to me that it was during one of his 'vacations' in Southeast Asia–so in other words during a pedophilic sex tourism trip. I would've personally seen to his demise if it weren't for the crazy amounts of money that I've been able to extract from him so far. Up until he met me, he kept all of his money in a big safe in his home and lived off of his cushy pension. By getting him to invest a lot of the money in his safe into crypto through my services, I was able to buy every working class White child in my town a George Floyd toy for Christmas.

I read through all the emails then saw on the final one that he wanted to talk to me over the phone, so I called him. After about a minute of ringing, Douglas picked up.

"Steve, where were you? I need to buy an NFT ASAP!" Douglas snapped.

"Douglas, why the sudden urge to buy an NFT?" I asked, "I recall you telling me a week earlier that NFTs were ridiculous and total bullshit."

"I didn't say that," Douglas said.

"Okay well here's the email you sent me," I said as I began to read out the email he had sent me a week earlier. "Steve, don't you fucking dare put my money in any of those goddamned NFTs–"

"You're misinterpreting what I meant**!**" Douglas said angrily, "If you're going to try and fudge my words like that, here's a friendly reminder that I could fire you at any second."

I sighed, exasperated with this retarded, self-righteous boomer. "Alright, I understand. Just give me a minute and I'll get you a list of good NFTs that you can buy."

"Good good, that's what I want to hear," Douglas snorted. "I need them to be top notch cause my neighbor Billy bought uh, what was it? The monkey one and made over a hundred thousand on it, and I thought it was time to spend some of the money that I made off my reverse mortgage."

"Yes, yes I know." I said as I opened up OpenSea and looked around for something that might suit Douglas' tastes. "You worked for forty hours a week at your union job to buy your own home which now has a value of about five hundred thousand dollars."

"You're goddamn right**!**" Douglas said, "I just don't understand why all you young ones nowadays can't manage their finances like I did back in the day. As long as you find a good job that pays well and you save every penny you make, you can buy a home by your mid-twenties. I swear, all of you kids are either dumb or lazy or both."

Just hearing that come from that fat boomer made me want to tear the motherfucker's throat out. The nonchalant way he dismissed everybody who couldn't afford to buy their own home as 'dumb or lazy or both' when my generation was forced to either go to college and become debt slaves to Jews or get a job at McDonald's–that is, a job where you had to work in dangerous proximity to niggers and spics; it was unbearable. All Douglas the boomer could talk about were his struggles, like how his former prostitute jungle chink wife wouldn't fuck him because of how fat his type 2 diabetes had made him or how back when he used to work at whatever place he worked at his boss would criticize him for poor performance. He had no empathy for White people who were younger and poorer than he was, who struggled to pay back student loans and compete in the job market against nigger affirmative action, pajeet H-1B visas, and Jewish nepotism in hiring.

As this righteous indignation burned inside of me, I happened across two NFT collections that I instantly knew would be perfect for the boomer. "So Douglas, I found these NFTs that are just perfect for you."

"Oh? What are they?" Douglas said.

"George Floyd NFTs. There are two types to be exact," I said, scrolling through OpenSea. "Floydies and George Floyd Toy NFTs."

"George Floyd? Wasn't he that black guy who got murdered in 2020?" Douglas said, puzzled. "Is this some sort of racist prank you're trying to pull on me here? If it's racist I'm not buying in cause I'm no racist Nazi. I mean, my wife is Asian, so there's no way I can be a racist."

"No it's not racist," I lied. "In fact, the creator of the toy NFT has listed here that he made the George Floyd NFT to rally against police brutality, and the Floydie NFT creator said that he was just an opportunist. So you can buy one and use it as a sort of digital badge to prove that you support Black Lives Matter."

"I see. Well okay then if that's true then I'll buy one. I love black people so if it's to support them then I'll buy one," Douglas said. "But do you honestly think that they will be a good investment?"

"Actually, if it's as an investment, I'd recommend buying probably a few more than just one. A dozen at the very least," I said, nearly bursting out in laughter. While George Floyd NFTs were super cool and an awesome piece of racist paraphernalia, they would likely have very poor resale value unless a massive controversy erupted around them. The only coverage I had seen around them was this video on some obscure news channel that had gotten a couple thousand views.

"Fine Steve, if you say that these are going to the moon then I'll trust you," Douglas said, "Get me fifty of these Floyd NFTs or whatever you call them."

I grinned from ear to ear, thinking about how all his liberal friends and family were going to shit on him for being a racist, out of touch, retarded and entitled boomer when he inevitably started bragging about

his NFTs on Facebook. "Okay Douglas, I'll do that. But before I do that, could you send me a list of the NFTs that you want to buy? There are thousands of them so can you send me the numbers and prices of the ones you want?"

"Couldn't I just send you a screenshot or whatever it's called of the ones I want to you? I ain't gonna be bothered with making a whole goddamn list," Douglas harrumphed.

I winced when I heard the word *screenshot*. "Well here's the rule with NFTs, you're not supposed to screenshot them. It's considered to be bad manners."

"Well to hell with the rules," Douglas said, "I marched with Dr. King back in the 60's and it was in protest against the rules, so I don't see why I can't break these newfangled NFT rules."

I immediately wanted to say, *Yeah, but Martin Looter Kang was a rapist nigger who plagiarised his doctoral thesis and had his speeches written by Stanley Levison,* but kept myself from spewing out that red pill.

"Well still, please follow this rule just this once," I told Douglas. "It's not super hard to make a list with the prices. You can do it in five minutes with Excel."

"Fine, fine, I'll do it," Douglas said, then hung up.

I almost shrieked out of sheer relief at not having to hear that boomer's awful voice. Once free from that conversation, I proceeded to go about my morning routine. Due to the grindset that I have, I personally identify as a Shrigma male. A Shrigma male is like a Sigma male but even more racist. I began working out in my home gym while watching an hour-long compilation of Africans' civilizational failures in between sets of squats on my phone. It was a brilliant compilation, and featured timeless classics like Haitians eating cookies made of mud and niggers trying to make airplanes out of motorcycle parts as well as newer ones like this one documentary of a White libtard visiting a Nigerian slum and brainstorming copes on how the inferior conditions of niggers is caused by socioeconomic factors and not by their inherent savagery and stupidity.

I was in the middle of watching some niggers bashing each other over the head with rocks when I got a notification that Douglas' email had arrived. When I opened the message, a long, low groan escaped my mouth. The email consisted of a series of screenshots with the selected George Floyd NFTs circled with what I recognized to be the default brush on the iPad Photos app.

At the top of the email, Douglas had wrote *Fuck the rules and live free, just like Bob Dylan.*

I winced when I read that since Bob Dylan's actual name is Shabtai Zisel ben Avraham, which if you can't tell is Hebrew. However, what truly infuriated me was how this boomer had gone ahead and done the exact opposite of what I had told him to do even after agreeing to do it the right way since it was microscopically more convenient for himself. Indeed, the Day of the Pillow couldn't come soon enough.

I was tempted to write back and tell him to make an actual list with proper prices, but I decided it wasn't worth the hassle. So I replied with a quick thank you and added that I would have to wait for my weekend to be over. Douglas replied immediately to my email, saying something about how he used to work on Saturdays (which I knew was a blatant lie since he had also previously told me about how much he drank on the weekends) but said that would be fine since he "expected that my work ethic wouldn't be up to snuff."

So after that brief exchange with Douglas I went back to my daily routine, finishing my leg day with a grueling set of split squats, during which I repeatedly kneed my life-sized George Floyd toy while watching niggers being burned alive after having stolen petrol from a storage tanker. I then spent the rest of the weekend doing my favorite epic trolling activity, which is pretending to be friends with a tranny. Now you may think that this is cringe at first, but it is actually a very ***based*** thing to do. You befriend a tranny, compliment them and make them trust you. If it's a male tranny, that is a male pretending to be a woman, you can even feign attraction to them. Then, when you have their absolute confidence, you do a total 180 on them, telling them the truth. Talk about how they are a disgrace to their family, a freak of nature, and that nobody could ever love something as vile and inhuman as them. This sudden criticism will cause the tranny to become suicidal, which you should then encourage. Finally, once the tranny says that they are going to do it, delete the chat and block them so that the authorities can't trace you once the tranny kills itself. Right now I am doing this to a female tranny (a woman who wants to be a guy) named Alexis, who goes by

Alex. I am currently at the befriending stage, so it's going to be a while before I get to the betrayal stage.

On Sunday, as I was commenting on how much more muscular Alexis looked after going to the gym for a week (there was no change in reality, the cunt was as skinny as a rail) when I received a call from a number that I had never seen before. I thought it was a scammer at first so I didn't pick up, but when my phone rang again I decided that it might just be a new boomer client that I could make money off of so I answered the call.

"This is Steve Sneed of Sneed's Greed and Succeed Crypto Advisory, how may I help you?"

"Herro? Mister Sneed? Zis is Chantou," the caller said in this nasally, almost incomprehensible accent.

"No, I'm not interested in your massage parlor business you locust-eating, hivemind chink," I replied. I nearly hung up, but what the caller said next made me pause.

"I am Chantou, Douglas-zoo's waifu. I called Mister Sneed because my husbando is deado."

"What?" I gasped, then immediately turned away from the phone and shouted "Fuck! Yes!" at the top of my lungs. Getting back to the call, I said, "Oh Miss Chantou, I am terribly sorry to hear about your loss."

"Eh, it ok. I just marry Douglasu for money anyway," Chantou said. "But here zah problemu**.** When he die, I find dat all his money in safe been storen. And I find note dat was in safe instead."

My brows furrowed. "Can you send a photo of the note to me?" I asked.

"Okay, I send to email," Chantous said, then added, "I really need your help Mister Sneed. Note say scary thing about Douglasu and make me cry."

I ignored what the jungle chink said and read the note that she had sent me. The note was nearly illegible, having been written in brown crayon. This is what I think it said:

*Hey you old ass cracka never steal a nigguh's shit main. Dats why we hadda smoke yo' cracka ass and take all yo' muthafuckin money to buy dem fentanyl and pregnant OnlyFans pics. And dat's why we comin' for yo' slant-eyed wife and yo' rayciss ass advisor next, nigguh.*

My eyes widened in surprise as I read the last part. Judging by the grammatical travesty that was the letter, I knew that the note had been written by a nigger. However, how would a nigger know that I was a racist? I usually kept my racism pretty covert since I didn't want to lose my business to Jewish doxxing and deplatforming, so there was no way that some nigger could figure out that I was ***based***. Even though I was glad that he was dead, I knew I had to investigate what had happened to Douglas.

"Hey you chink gold digger...I mean, Miss Chantou, can I come over to your place?" I asked.

"Of course Mister Sneed, preeze come quickry. I feel not safe here," Chantou said, then hung up.

I rushed to get everything together that I needed to confront a nigger. First, I got my firearms together. I chose my favorite guns: an AR-15 that I had customized with a Moonman theme, an MG42 that I bought at a World War Two surplus supply sale, and finally–in case I had no other choice but to end myself–a genuine Ronnie McNutt replica rifle, complete with a Bluetooth speaker which would play "Over The Horizon" whenever the trigger is pulled. I then cloaked myself in a klan robe woven out of kevlar that I had had specially tailored for myself in case America descended into civil war. I hadn't been expecting to wear it for another ten to twenty years, but I honestly was kind of thrilled to be able to put it into use. Finally, I built a couple anti-nigger traps. I hastily glued fake EBT cards onto bear traps and taped laser printer copies of stimmy checks to snares. Also, on the drive to Douglas' house, I picked up a dozen buckets of KFC.

When I arrived at Douglas' house, which was about four hours drive from my place, it was already dark. His place was closer to a mansion than a plain old house, with three-floors, a patio, a swimming pool and a driveway that had space for twenty cars. I got out and rang the bell. After a minute or so a hideous, shit-colored chink answered the door.

"Ooh, herro Mister Sneed," Chantou said. The gold digger had teeth like a beaver and eyes as narrow as a nigger's brain was small. She also had this sour smell about her that, if you had ever been to an Asian's house, you would recognize instantly. Apparently the chink stench is caused by the odor of their

diet, which can consist of fermented cabbage, raw fish, soup made from bird spit, grubs, or dogs and cats based upon which Asian ethnicity that particular chink is part of.

"Uh, hello to you too, Miss Chantou," I said, bowing slightly (which is a chink social custom).

"Ooh, you have big muscle," Chantou said, grabbing my 20-inch arm. "I give you sucky sucky after you find out what happen to Douglasu."

I nearly puked inside my klan robe at the thought of getting head from a buck-toothed gook. "Uh, that's fine. I don't want syphilis," I said, "I just want to figure out what happened to my client. The note said something about me as well."

The slant-eyed cunt nodded. "Yes, I take you to room where he die."

Chantou led me to their bedroom. As I approached, I noticed the smell of putrefaction and feces growing stronger and stronger, and when she opened the door I almost fainted at the sheer strength of the odor.

"What's that smell?" I asked, barely able to breathe.

"What smell? Room smell okay to me," Chantou said, taking a deep breath in through her snout-like chink nose.

I then saw that there was somebody lying on the bed. I walked over to it and discovered that it was Douglas' corpse. Not only was the body decomposing, but the internal sphincter muscles had relaxed as he died, causing all the shit that was inside of him to dribble onto the sheets.

"You didn't call the cops or the morgue or anything?" I asked angrily. "How could you leave your husband's corpse just...lying there? And even if you only married him for money, how could you stand the godforsaken smell?"

Chantou shrugged. "It smell rike my home country here with Douglasu body. Make me feel nostalgic."

*Absolutely repulsive,* I thought as I examined Douglas' corpse. Even though some time had passed since his death, I could immediately see there was something off about his corpse. It was as if his lungs had exploded, kind of like what would happen to a human being in a zero pressure vacuum chamber. He had likely slowly asphyxiated. I could see the look of fear in his dead eyes. Knowing that Douglas the race-traitor boomer had died slowly, painfully, and in total fear of death brought a smile to my face, but I was still put aback by just how gruesome his death must have been.

I then heard a scream burst out behind me. I spun around and saw Chantou on the ground, writhing as what seemed to be a small army of shadowy figures, all about an inch in height, crawled over her body. I watched in shock as the shadowy figures went up to her porky gook nose and then started crawling inside her nostrils.

"I can't breathe! I can't breathe! Mister Sneed prease help**!**" Chantou screamed, but it was too late. Her chest exploded into a shower of gore as the dark figures burst out her lungs. And there, illuminated in the moonlight and covered in the fresh blood of the chink, stood over four dozen little figures.

Each one was a little different from the others. One of them was smoking a blunt, another was dressed as a cop and yet another was carrying a basketball. Half of them seemed to be pixelated and the other half seemed more three dimensional. Yet all of them were a variation on a common theme. They all bore the face of the criminal nigger, George Floyd.

"Hehehehehe," the niggers chimped in unison, "We be da George Floyd NFT collection and shieet. We got summoned to da real world from da digital realm cuz a cracka screenshotted us and shieet. We wuz waiting for your rayciss ass to come here to dis house so dat we can steal yo' air, den we will steal your crypto and yo credit card numbah and all your assets to buy fentanyl and pregnant belly pics on OnlyFans."

Without a moment's hesitation, I began firing on the George Floyd NFTs. Since there were so many of them I used my MG42, which I could operate by myself due to my racist chad strength. The spray of bullets tore through the NFTs, blasting them to bloody bits as my Nazi machine gun roared like a lion. However, after about ten seconds of continuous fire, I noticed that the bloody clumps of the George Floyd NFTs were reforming.

"Yo you dumbass cracka," the NFTs said, "You can't destroy us with your guns and shieet main. We be invincible cuz we exist on da Ethereum blockchain and shieet."

My MG42 let out a click as it ran out of ammo, so I tossed it aside and ran out of the bedroom and down the hall. I had to think of a way to destroy the Floyd NFTs or else they would steal my air and my assets, and I had to do it as fast as I could. I placed down my anti-nigger traps, the beart traps and the snares with the fake EBT and stimmy checks, as distractions, all of which they fell for without exception. This gave me time to think of a plan. I thought back through all of my experience with NFTs, trying to come up with a final solution on how to defeat the army of Floydies and George Floyd Toy NFTs.

As I ran past the kitchen, I saw the kitchen oven, which gave me an idea. NFTs can be destroyed through a process called burning, which unlists them from the Ethereum blockchain and basically renders them eliminated from this world. And so I took hold of the oven door and placed one of the buckets of KFC chicken inside of it. As the George Floyd NFTs approached me, I shouted to them, "Hey, there's some KFC inside of the oven! Come and get it!"

"Ooga booga ooh ooh ahh ahh! We want KFC maine!" they said, and one by one they jumped into the oven to get at the KFC. Now you may think that it is absurd that niggers would fall for a trap as simple as this, but you need to remember that niggers are subhuman monkeys who are functionally retarded. Which is why, as the George Floyd NFTs began feasting on the KFC, I cranked the oven up to 600 degrees and started roasting them alive.

"Ah shieet!" they screamed from inside the oven. "The oven be burning us alive main! Stuff burning produces smoke and carbon monoxide which makes it so we can't breathe! Mamaaaa!"

The Floyd NFTs banged on the oven door but my racist chad strength kept them from busting through. One by one they asphyxiated on the fumes from their own burning bodies, then after three hours (which is how long it ACTUALLY takes to cremate a body) I opened the oven door. All the George Floyd NFTs were reduced to ash, burned away from existence.

I am now writing this to warn the public. The moral of the story is that you should not be a fucking lazy boomer and screenshot George Floyd NFTs. If you are a ***based*** racist chad you can certainly buy them and own them, but if you do cringe stuff like screenshotting George Floyd NFTs then they will come to murder you, steal your air, and then use your crypto to buy fentanyl.

**I Know Who Shot George Floyd's Niece: It was George Floyd**

By Toast Man

Drive-by shootings are an everyday happening in ghetto neighborhoods, where feral niggers run rampant like a scourge of beasts, maiming or raping or killing everyone and everything they see. You can say that being sprayed with a hailstorm of bullets is as common for the average America nigger as graduating from high school is for any other race. Most of the time these acts of negro-on-negro violence are a result of street gangs fighting over their "turf", which is to say a couple of blocks of some shithole urban area where said gangs can sell fentanyl and crack cocaine, which really goes to show how petty niggers can be. However, there are some drive-by shootings that are not a result of chimp-like fighting over small plots of worthless inner city real estate. Sometimes, however, such turf-related shootings can happen for reasons that can be much more...sinister in nature.

Hello, my name is Reggin Redrum. I am an independent journalist who lives and operates in Houston, Texas. My main line of work is reporting on the rampant nigger violence that takes place in this city which the Jewish mainstream media refuses to report on. I have been in this line of work for over a decade, but it was just yesterday that I came across the greatest story of my career, and I am here to divulge the truth to you before the Heebs in the media can fill your mind with lies.

My story–the greatest story I have found so far–has to do with the truth behind the shooting of four-year old Arianna Delane, who is the niece of the deceased criminal nigger, George Floyd. If you have checked the news in the past couple days, you would know that Arianna, along with a few other niggers living in their apartment building, were shot on New Year's Day. Arianna is alive and in stable condition, but suffered three broken ribs and a punctured lung. The fake media reports have said that the suspect is unknown, but this lie couldn't be further from the truth. For I know who was responsible for the shooting, and

I can confirm the identity of the assailant beyond a shadow of a reasonable doubt.

In order to prove my story true, I will have to explain what I was doing on New Year's Day. I was in Cuney Homes, which also happens to be the place where George Floyd grew up, investigating another incident of nigger violence. I was interviewing a young bug black nigger about a shooting that had happened over Christmas.

"So, Mr. Ja'quariaushawn, can you confirm that it was Laqueensha's, erm, 'cake' that that particular incident of violence happened over?" I asked the bug nigger, pouring him another cup of purple drank.

Ja'quariaushawn made some high-pitched bonobo sounds as he greedily gulped down the Lean. "Ya mayne, dat be wat dey be smokin' each otha ober and shieet," Ja'quariaushawn said, burping loudly as he finished his sentence. Ja'quariaushawn was a bug black, by which I mean a nigger that is small, weak, and skittish as opposed to muscular and bull-like as are buck niggers. A good way to think about it is that buck niggers, examples being George Floyd and most sportsball playing niggers, are like gorillas. Meanwhile, bug blacks like Ja'quariaushawn and most Soundcloud rappers are like prosimians (think lemurs).

"Dat dirty muhfuggin hoe Laqueensha's nasty ass cake mayne, she just too thicc mayne. Even after habin four babies, all from four different baby daddies, both Big L and Pop Pop wanna piece an' it gonna make a muhfuggin' start between both dey gangs mayne. Big L's and Pop Pop's gangs, if you get what I'm sayin' here. Dat why Pop Pop fuckin' blew Big L's homies away at dat party mayne."

I nodded, my eyes dreary with boredom. It was the same old story that I had heard for many, many years now. Two or more nigger men murdering each other some STD-ridden pig. It was like some sort of degraded iteration of the Iliad that played out on repeat for these subhumans. Instead of the duel of Paris and Menelaus, an honorable bout between the representatives of Trojans and the Greeks, niggers conduct cowardly assassinations that hurt innocent bystanders. Instead of a war fought over Helen of Troy, the most beautiful woman in the world, niggers would murder each other over some 400 pound greaseball sheboon with four kids.

"So uh, Missa Redrum," Ja'quariaushawn said, handing me his empty cup back. "I gib you a deal mayne. You tell me how to make dis here purple drank you be gibin me, cuz it be da best dat I evah had, and I take ya on a tour of da hood, if you get what I mean mayne."

"Oh, there's no need to take me on a tour of the neighborhood. I've been in these parts all my life doing reporting," I said, "But the recipe for the Lean is pretty simple, just the regular cough syrup, Grape Fanta, Sprite, but you also add in a dash of KFC grease and some corn starch for thickness."

In all honesty I had no idea when I was making Lean to bribe the niggers I talked to as a reporter. I just mixed together the most disgusting, high calorie ingredients I could think of and gave it to them so they would tell me about their crimes. However, when Ja'quariaushawn heard the ingredients list he began to nod like a bobblehead.

"Hell yeah mayne, dat sound really fuckin' good. Just write dat shit down for me cuz I probably ain't not gonna remembah dat, and I can't write it muhself since dem rayciss schools didn't teach me nothin' about reading and shit," he said, then added, "But I really think dat I should gib you dat tour of da hood mayne. It cuz dere be dis new fucking scary ass thing dat be happening in dis here hood mayne, and since you habe dat cracka college degree and education you might be able to figure out what be going on."

My brows furrowed. "What do you mean by scary? I mean if you're talking about more shootings, then I could see why they could be scary to you all, but that's about as common as teenage pregnancies and cashing in food stamps for you guys," I said.

Ja'quariaushawn shook his head. "Dere be dese strange screams in the middle of the night mayne. Some nigga be out dere screaming 'Get off my muthafuckin' turf' or sumting along dose lines."

I shrugged. "Well that sounds pretty normal–"

"No, it ain't mayne," he said, "Cuz one time I went outside muh apartment to check what nigga was out dere so that I could beat the shit out of that muhfugga, but when I went outside dere was nobody dere. Not a single muthafucka screaming dat shit. And before you say sum shit like oh you was high, you gotta remember dat I found Jesus and am tryin' ta live my life according to the Bible mayne. I'm clean now mayne, clean."

I glanced at the empty cup of Lean in Ja'quariaushawn's hand. "Yeah sure, you weren't hallucinating," I said.

"Das rite, you gettin' it now cracka," he said, nodding. "But just in case you doubtin' me like muh teachers in high school doubted muh talent as a rapper, lemme say dat all da otha niggas in da hood be sayin' similar shit. Dat dere be dis deep, strange ass voice tellin' dem to leave dere homes. And the real spooky part about it is dat da voice be heard most often by da niggas who live near da graveyard."

"The graveyard?" I said, then paused to think. "Is it Houston Memorial Gardens?"

"Yup yup yup," he replied as he took the entire bottle of Lean that I had without permission and guzzled it. He burped loudly, then added, "And dats where I wanna go with you mayne. Cuz you crackas don't get spooked out so easily like us niggas do, so you'll be able to figure out if it be just a prank or Lord forbid, a real ghost. You know what I mean by dat, rite main?"

I nodded, thinking back to how I had interacted with certain niggers who thought that firecrackers were voodoo magic and another time when a sheboon had shat herself at a horror film because she thought Pennywise the clown was real.

"Okay, I'll check it out," I said, now mildly intrigued. "When should we go?"

"Rite now mayne," Ja'quariaushawn said, looking out the window of his apartment. "It be dark outside, and dat when da spooky voice start talking and shieet."

I checked my watch. It was ten at night. I was more afraid of being killed by random nigger gunfire than being haunted by some supposed ghost, but decided that it was just as dangerous staying in Cuney Homes as it was going out on a wild ghost hunt. And besides, I wanted to see Ja'quariaushawn the bug black to freak out so that I could record it and send it to my ***based*** racist internet friends.

"Alright let's go," I said, "But we'll have to use your car since I come here by Uber driver. You know, since I don't get my car stolen."

"Yeah yeah cool mayne, let's go and check dat ghost out," Ja'quariaushawn said.

We left Ja'quariaushawn's Section 8 apartment and snuck down the stairs, making sure that we didn't wake up any of the other niggers (which may or may not cause them to shoot at us). I had to pinch my nose as I got into the passenger's seat of the bug nigger's car, which reeked of pot and vomit and an extremely powerful cologne, the last of which didn't mask the stench but, on the contrary, made it far worse. When I got in, I noticed that there were at least a dozen letters requesting child support payments that I was stepping on, all of which were also mixed together with old Popeye's chicken sandwich wrappers and sheets of notebook paper with illegible scrawls that I believed were rap lyrics. I also think there were a couple of parole related documents in there as well.

"Kay mayne let's go," Ja'quariaushawn said as he cranked the car on and backed out. As soon as he did, I was thrown forward as he rear-ended a Dodge Charger. I saw through the rearview mirror that both headlights were smashed and the front bumper had been completely knocked off.

"Eh, it'll be okay," was all Ja'quariaushawn said as he drove out of the parking lot.

As soon as he was on the road I began to regret my decision of coming along with the bug nigger. I am sure you are all aware of this, but niggers have very low spacial reasoning ability, a critical factor contributing to their inferior IQ. This makes them terrible drivers, which is why niggers are the race with the second highest average deaths and injuries from car accidents, with first place being taken by Native Americans and Alaskans (who, just like niggers, are biologically adapted to living in the Stone Age).

On our way to Houston Memorial Gardens, Ja'quariaushawn ran seven red lights, killed three squirrels, a crow, and even ran over an old homeless black that was collecting old soda cans, splattering the windshield with gore. I had puked twice out the window from his reckless driving by the time we arrived at the cemetery.

"And here we are," the bug black said as he slammed the breaks on, then parked the car. "Dis be da place where da voices be comin' from."

"Okay, got it," I said as I stepped out, the world around me still spinning and my heart still pounding. I took a Monster Energy Ultra Zero out of my bag, hesitated for a moment because it was midnight, then chugged it against my better judgment. The Hyperborean caffeine drink made me instantly feel like a

Faustian Aryan ubermensch, even though I knew that now I wouldn't be able to sleep until six in the morning at the earliest.

"You okay mayne?" Ja'quariaushawn asked, then added, "The scary ass muthafuggin' voices be comin' from deep inside dis here cemetery mayne, so we get over the fence."

Houston Memorial Gardens was closed, so I climbed over the fence. Ja'quariaushawn, because he was a nigger, was able to casually hop over the fence. Even though I hated niggers just like any sane White person, I did acknowledge that their ability to run and jump was higher than that of any race. That isn't saying much though, since the ability to jump high or run swiftly isn't of much use in any society that was able to tame horses (which, surprise, niggers were unable to do even though they had zebras).

Ja'quariaushawn and I crept forward over the grassy field. I had seen photos of Houston Memorial Gardens from coverage of George Floyd's funeral before, but this was the first time that I had ever been here in person. And let me say, all those photos for Floyd's funeral must've been taken after a cleaning crew did some major work, because the graveyard that I saw was in terrible condition. The tombstones were cracked, the flowers were wilted and putrid, and the entire grounds were infested with weeds and ivy. As you may have guessed, niggers have no respect for their dead. This distinguishes them not only from Whites, but from literally every other race. Asians, Arabs, Indians, and–yes–even Jews respect their ancestors and tend to their graves. However, the only time a nigger feels anything, or rather pretends to feel something, for their deceased is whenever a nigger gets killed by a cop, where they ape sorrow and mourning for their "loved one" so that White people would feel bad for them and donate to their GoFundMe. It truly was sickening how heartless these monkeys were.

As I was busy looking at a grave with a bullet hole in it (niggers are known to try and murder each other at funerals) I heard a voice.

"Hehehehehe mayne, I smell a cracka."

My heart skipped a beat because, judging by the low pitch, there was no way that it was Ja'quariaushawn.

"Who's there?" I said, turning around and trying to find the voice's owner. I then noticed that Ja'quariaushawn the bug black was nowhere in sight. "Ja'quariaushawn? Are you there? Is this some kind of prank or are you trying to mug me or something?"

Quickly I drew out my Walther PPK, my concealed carry firearm of choice. And before you ask, no, it's not because James Bond used it.

The voice continued. "You crackas always takin' muh turf mayne. Houston be my home mayne, but you be gibin it all away to otha niggas with yo Section 8 housing and shieet. I ain't nevah gonna forgive y'all crackas for dat."

There was a rustling sound coming from a tree. I reactively turned and fired twice at it. There was half a minute of silence after I fired. As I began to think that all was well the voice began to speak again.

"Hehehehe mayne, you can't stop me with dem bullets. Nothin' can stop me from reclaimin' what is mine mayne," the voice said as I felt something grab my ankle. "Especially now dat you have brought me a way to revive my body."

In a panic, I stomped on whatever was clutching my foot with my other foot, and when it wouldn't let go, I emptied my magazine into it.

As a line of gunsmoke wafted up into the air, the moonlight finally shone on what I had been shooting at. I gasped as I saw it was Ja'quariaushawn. His body was full of bullet holes from where I had shot him, but that was not the first thing my eyes were drawn to. It was his throat. There was a strange, black shadow around his neck, constricting his windpipe and keeping him from speaking or breathing. I tried to reach down and touch it, but as soon as I did the shadow vanished and Ja'quariaushawn began gasping for air.

"Mayne..." Ja'quariaushawn gasped, dying from his wounds, "He be here mayne..."

"What do you mean nigger?" I said, not caring since it was obvious that the bug black was gonna die at any moment now.

"Floyd...he-he be angry." Those were the last words that came from Ja'quariaushawn's ugly, oversized nigger mouth.

The voice then began to speak again. "He be perfect. Has all that I need."

This time I could tell that the voice had a source, and was coming from a grave. Although I was nearly pissing myself, the Monster Energy Ultra Zero had awakened the Faustian spirit within me, allowing me to overcome my fear and dash towards the direction of the voice, reloading my Walther as I did.

When I stopped in front of the grave that was the source of the voice, my jaw dropped as I saw whose grave it was. The BLM fist on the headstone left no doubt. It was the grave of the criminal nigger, George Floyd.

"Hehehehe, now all I need is dat blood mayne."

As soon as I heard that, I saw Ja'quariaushawn's body levitate into the air. I watched in horror as the blood in the dead bug black's body gushed out and floated towards George Floyd's grave. It then splashed onto the ground and began seeping in. From deep within the soil, I heard his voice.

"Hehehehehe. Oxygen, trans fat from KFC, sugar from grape fanta, all of its good shieet mayne. Too bad it be dat codeine from dat Lean dat dem weaker niggas use, which only be a weak opiate. Much better if it were fentanyl, but I ain't nevah complain–"

A coal black, gorilla-like hand burst out of the soil. "As long as I getta habe muh turf back, I don't mind."

I watched in horror as the grotesque, rotting corpse of George Floyd crawled out of its grave. The body was even blacker than it had been in life due to the extensive decomposition it had gone through, although I must add that there wasn't much of difference between the zombie and your typical nigger when it came to the odor.

Zombie Floyd grinned, his mouth crawling with worms and maggots. "Thanks fo' comin' here cracka. Now I can take muh home back and shieet."

"Go back to hell you stupid monkey!" I said as I shot Zombie Floyd in the face. The force of the bullet knocked him back, but judging by his reaction it didn't do meaningful damage.

"Hehehe that tickles," Zombie Floyd giggled. "Say cracka, tell me. What's happened since my death. How my family doin' and shit? They sad that I gone?"

Even though I was shivering with fear, I grinned as I told him the truth. "Quite the contrary you dumb nigger. All of your family is filthy rich off of exploiting the guilt of White people over your deserved death. They're all living lives of luxury thanks to your death, so you could say that they're quite thankful that you OD'd on fentanyl and meth."

Upon hearing that, Zombie Floyd roared in anger. "Dat should be MY money!" he shrieked like a bonobo. "Dey be libin da good life I nevah had cuz I died? BULLSHIT!"

Floyd then looked me straight in the eye and said, "Imma take dat dead nigga's car and yo gun. Imma smoke all dem muthafuckas."

Before I had time to react, I felt a punch to my gut, follow by Floyd prying the Walther PPK from my hands. "You stupid fucking nigger," I said as I tried to take it back, but it was too late.

Whilst holding the gun sideways like all niggers do, George Floyd shot me square in the chest. "Hehehehehe, goodbye you rayciss muthafucka," he said, then ran off into the night.

I must've lain there for a good long moment, probably knocked unconscious from the shock of being shot. And when I awoke the first thing I remember doing was coughing up blood, but I grinned as I forced myself to my feet. I tore my suit off, revealing the bulletproof vest that I was wearing underneath. Due to my occupation, I wore a kevlar vest wherever I went to prevent myself from being shot by niggers.

However, I also knew that I couldn't waste any time as Zombie Floyd was on the loose. I checked the time. It was 1:23 AM. Although he had said that he was going to go after his family members first, I knew that based upon Floyd's personality characteristics, he would likely go after pregnant White women as soon as he was finished murdering his own kin.

I knew what I had to do. I called my Uber driver, a Mexican named Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos.

"Hello, this is Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos," he answered sleepily.

"Hey, this is Redrum," I said urgently, "I need you to come out to Houston Memorial Gardens ASAP."

Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos gasped. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Redrum. Si, Mr. Redrum, anything for you sir."

"I'll pay double the normal rate, just drive here as fast as you can," I said.

"Right away," the Mexican said.

While I waited for Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos to come and pick me up, I began browsing the Internet for any clues on how to defeat Zombie Floyd. However there was one problem: whenever I looked up zombies, I got one of three results. The first set of results was stuff about The Walking Dead, which was a cringey show that I think featured race mixing. The second set of results was about some weird fetishists online who wanted to fuck zombies. The third set of results was the worst of all since it was all about Call of Duty: Nazi Zombies, a video game that demonized the Third Reich and its soldiers as evil Satanic zombies when in reality, they were the good guys who were fighting for the light of the world.

However, it was precisely as I was looking through this particular search result that I heard Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos' car roll up outside the cemetery. I hurried over to the fence and crawled over it, then got into his car.

"Where to sir?" Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos asked. He was a greasy, five foot three Mexican who smelled of cigarettes and salsa sauce. He had a Broly figurine from Dragon Ball Z hanging inside his car, a sign that he was an authentic Mexican and not one of those White libtard race traitors who pretended to be a spic for diversity points.

"Take me to Cuney Homes," I said as I strapped in, "I'm afraid that a criminal nigger has been resurrected and is on the loose."

"Dios mio, not el negro," Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos said as he revved up the car engine. "My family's quesadilla shop was destroyed by el negroes, Mister Redrum. Negro must be sent back to Africa."

I nodded in agreement. Even though I hated spics for invading through the southern border, I hated niggers even more.

We pulled away, heading towards Cuney Homes at break-neck speed since there was little traffic to get in the way. Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos' car was, based upon my experience with all the other Uber drivers in a nigger-infested city like Houston, was the best ride there was. It was decently clean since Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos' gremlin wife was a cleaning lady who kept his car clean, which was more than could be said of any nigger driver's car. The only problem was that the only music he played were Spanish covers of the Dragon Ball Z themes. Although at times they made my ears bleed, they were still better than the typical nigger hip hop or, God forbid, those awful modern pop songs and Soundcloud rap.

It was 2:34 AM when we made it to Cuney Homes. We drove around looking for Zombie Floyd. Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos had lent me a sweet fully automatic P90 that his cartel family members had given him for self-defense against niggers, while he kept hold of his trusty magnum pistol since he had to drive.

"Where is el negro?" the Mexican said, driving at a crawl around the neighborhood.

I shook my head. "I don't know. Floyd's pitch black skin is the perfect camouflage for the night."

As we kept driving, I had this constant feeling of fear and excitement at the same time. I had never felt this alive before, and the Aryan blood in my veins was tingling as if electrified. Hunting Zombie Floyd was probably the greatest thing I had ever done in my–so far–boring and ordinary life, and I knew from reading Mein Kampf that struggle, and specifically the struggle for life and death, was the means to transcendence for Aryan man.

"I don't see el negro," Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos said, yawning. "Mister Redrum, was this all fake? If it was, please just let me go home."

"No, Jose, wait–"

Right as I said that, gunshots rang out. I recognized the sound as that of my Walther PPK.

"Jose!" I yelled, but he was already driving towards the sound of the gunshots. As we approached, I saw him. There, standing outside an apartment complex, was George Floyd.

That was when I felt the car accelerate. "Hyaaaah! Super Saiyan Nigger Smash!" Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos exclaimed as he crashed his car into the zombie, running him over.

The George Floyd Zombie went flying, decaying parts of him falling off of him as he tumbled. I hopped out of the car, bringing the P90 to bear on the criminal nigger zombie. "Down on the ground you fentanyl snorting criminal," I said.

The Floyd Zombie staggered to his feet, snarling angrily. "I ain't even gonna ask how you is still alive, but come on mayne, I just gonna kill my own family mayne. Besides, ain't dat what you rayciss crackas want ta happen. For us niggas to kill otha niggas?"

I was taken aback by what seemed to be a rational argument from the George Floyd Zombie. Niggers were undoubtably the race that killed the most niggers, that was for certain. I was so startled by his newfound ability to make a basic argument that he surprised me with a leap attack, slamming me to the ground. I scraped my elbows as I did, making me bleed.

The Floyd zombie then began drying to bite my head off, saying "But still, no matta how many of us our own kind keel, we will always, *always* hate y'all rayciss crackas mo!" as he did.

I thought I was about to die, but that was when Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos came to the rescue by shooting George Floyd off of me with his magnum. He then helped me to my feet. As he did, out of the corner of my eye I saw another dark figure come into my field of vision.

"Hey, what's going on here?"

It was a nigger, but I saw that he was carrying a little small niglet child with him, who also seemed to be gravely injured.

"Who are you?" I asked, wiping the blood off my elbows.

"My name be Derrick Delane and shit and dis here be my little baby girl, Arianna Delane."

"Holy shit," I whispered to Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos, "The nigger actually lives with his child."

"Si, that's better than can be said than most of them," the Mexican replied.

The Floyd Zombie then got up, brandishing my Walther PPK. "Hehehehehe, dat be who I wanted to smoke. Dat be my grand-niece, one of dem muthafuckas who profited off my death and shieet."

As he slowly brought the gun to bear on Arianna, I noticed something off about the Floyd Zombie. That his arms seemed to be sizzling and emitting smoke as if it were being burned. When I looked closely, I saw that they were covered with my blood. That was when I remembered what Floyd had said about Ja'quariaushawn, how his blood had 'all that he needed' to come back. I then remembered the tingling feelings, the feeling of electricity coursing through my veins that I had gotten from drinking the Monster Energy Ultra Zero, and how I had jokingly thought that it had activated my Faustian Aryan spirit.

I clenched my fist tightly. Perhaps, it was worth giving it a try. Right as he fired at Derrick and Arianna Delane, I tackled the nigger zombie. The bullet strayed off course, which gave Derrick time to run to his car, after which he presumably drove away to the hospital.

"Ah shieet! What you doin'?" George Floyd said as he tussled with me on the ground. "Why ain't you letting me reclaim muh muhfuggin turf? And why is a rayciss cracka like you not lettin' me keel my own family mayne?"

I punched the Floyd Zombie in the face with a fist coated in my Aryan blood. Sure enough, the blow singed off half his face, causing him to cry, "Ah shieet! Mama! Mama!"

"Why I won't let you kill your own nigger family? I'll tell you why." I said, righteous fury burning within me. "It's because if that niglet were to die, do you know who is going to have to pay? White people. I can already see the GoFundMe page for that 'poor baby girl' getting over a million bucks."

I punched George Floyd again, knocking out whatever remaining teeth he had. "You are a race, no, a subspecies that does nothing but live as parasites off of my people. Sure, it'd be good if all you niggers were **[redacted]**, but whenever a nigger kills another nigger, do you know who has to clean up after that? White people. White society. And for every nigger that dies in a shooting another two are shit out by negresses. And a nigger who kills niggers is eventually going to kill White people too, so–"

I grabbed George Floyd's neck and began to strangle him. I could feel my Aryan blood, infused with the power of Monster Energy Ultra Zero, purifying the zombie. "–so die again, you criminal fentanyl monkey!"

The Floyd Zombie's rotting eyes began popping out of their sockets. "Ah shieet! Oh gawd mayne, I can't breathe! I can't breathe! Mama please! I'm claustrophobic and shieet and your grip is keepin' me from breathing!"

I crushed George Floyd's throat, strangling the life out of him. After precisely fourteen minutes and eighty-eight seconds, he went still. As Floyd died once more, his corpse disintegrated into a pile of ashes at such as speed that, if the Nazis had been able to cremate bodies at the same rate during the Second World War, the Holocaust could logically have happened.

I rolled over on my back, completely exhausted after my battle with Zombie Floyd. When I looked up I saw Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos staring down at me.

"Mr. Redrum, are you ok?" he asked as he helped me to my feet.

"Yeah," I said, grimacing, "Now, uh, can you take me home?"

He nodded, "Si."

I am now writing this report of my battle with the George Floyd Zombie as my fully accurate documentation of who was truly responsible for shooting Arianna Delane. The moral of the story is that, as can be seen from the story, it always ends up being a White guy who saves niggers from their greatest enemy, which are other niggers. Although I believe that I did the correct thing by stopping the George Floyd Zombie that day since he likely would've gone on to hurt White people, I am still conflicted about nigger-on-nigger violence. Is it our duty as their civilizational superiors to keep them from killing each other? Or is it better not to intervene in their incomprehensible petty and stupid acts of violence?

Regardless of whatever solution you believe is best, it still does not change this critical fact: that niggers are the inferiors of White people and frankly are lower than every other race, and therefore if they are to exist anywhere, they will do so either in isolation or under the supervision of a superior race. For they, unlike you or I dear reader, are not even human.

**The George Floyd Planet**

By Gorg Floydson

To anyone reading, this is a highly classified document and I'm sure you'll be killed once they find out who read it and by "they" I mean black niggers and jews. But before I begin, I must provide some context.

I am a researcher at NASA. One day I was looking at star systems with NASA's newest most advanced and powerful telescope. I enjoy looking at the night sky, looking at all the different constellations like the Breonna Taylor and Trayvon Martin constellations.

I've made several groundbreaking new discoveries such as the George Floyd blackhole and a new galaxy far far away from the Milky Way that I've named the nigga galaxy.

However on this one day, I saw something that made me question reality. The telescope is able to look further than the furthest galaxy currently discovered which is galaxy GN-z11.

On a peaceful and quiet night without the chatter of niggas and if you couldn't tell I am a ***based*** racist chad who fucking hates niggers because they are useless insects that contribute nothing to society. But never mind me, I looked further away from GN-z11 and looked at the nigga galaxy.

That's when I saw a solar system, it had the same formation of our own and looked nearly identical. I thought I had just stumbled upon a jackpot so I looked at the 3rd planet from the sun to see if it had any similarities to planet earth. I gasped upon seeing the planet, the surface had water but not only that, it also had continents. I noticed the planet had 7 continents all in the shape and appearance of Africa, the poor ass 3rd world nigger shit hole. I tried checking for life on this new exoplanet however the telescope could not expand any further.

I was just about to tell my colleague, Nate Higgers about the new discovery when two titanic sized holes opened on the surface, they appeared to be eyes. Now I'm not some nigger druggie but I'm not lying when I mean the planet had eyes. Not only did the planet have eyes but it also had a massive mushroom shaped nose and large monkey lips. The planet looked identical to that Minneapolis nigga monkey who couldn't breathe, George Floyd. I flinched when the eyes looked directly at me. My sweat ran cold, it looked as if the eyes were looking directly at me however that couldn't be possible as the nigga galaxy is about 1 trillion light years away.

I immediately closed the telescope and just sat there in total shock. After what felt like an hour, I noticed that I wasn't breathing,

"Ah fuck, I can't breathe!" I said weakly before shortly passing out.

When I woke up, I noticed that I was in the hospital.

"You good bro?" "When I woke up, I saw you lying on the floor out of breath," Nate said.

"I'm good, but more importantly I need to get back to the office," I said in a weak tone.

"You need to take some time off, if I didn't check on you earlier you would have ended up like that nigger George Floyd," Nate warned.

Afterwards Nate left, the nigger nurse came to check up on me.

"OOGA BOOGA cracka, how yo motherfucka doing n shiet?" The nigger asked.

"Fuck off, you useless monkey!" I yelled, trying to punch the nigger, however I was too weak and my chad strength hadn't returned to me yet so the nigger managed to dodge and socked me in the face.

The nigger nurse ran away while making monkey noises. When I woke up, I noticed that I had regained my chad strength, the first thing I did once I was ready to get discharged was give the nigger nurse payback, I punched the nigga monkey so hard that her entire upper front row of teeth fell out. It also hurt my fist to the point where the pain was noticeable despite the fact that I could break wood planks with a punch like a chink.

After the animal abuse, I returned back to the office to examine the George Floyd planet that I had seen last night. When I looked back into the telescope at the same solar system in the nigga galaxy, I was shocked to see that the 3rd planet with the face of George Floyd was gone.

"What the fuck?" I said out loud.

Planets don't suddenly just disappear out of nowhere unless it was sucked into a black hole, however the George Floyd planet's moon which had the face of Ronnie McNutt was still there. It's very unlikely for a black hole to only take the planet and not the moon when the moon's gravitational force is tied to the planet's. I frantically checked the nearby systems for the George Floyd planet.

Suddenly the alarm went off which usually means there is an unidentified object closely approaching the earth. I zoomed out and pointed the telescope in the direction where the object was first seen. It was the George Floyd planet! A voice boomed,

"Hehehe mane, I am the George Floyd planet. Ma planet is rapidly losing air so I will take yours mane!" The George Floyd planet said.

Our forces began firing missiles at the George Floyd planet however it had no effect on it.

"Hehehe that tickles mane!" The George Floyd planet giggled.

The missiles had no effect whatsoever on the George Floyd planet. The planet stopped about 15 miles away from the earth causing earthquakes and tsunami waves. The George Floyd planet then began to inhale all the air of earth. I joined with the planetary defense which only included ***based*** racist chads to discuss how to stop the George Floyd planet.

"How are we going to stop this nigga monkey from stealing all of our air?" I asked.

"Since this planet is clearly a reincarnate of George Floyd, it could be possible to lure it away with fentanyl," one of our top scientists, Mr. Wilcock said.

"Where would we get such large amounts of fentanyl?" I asked.

"I recently found out that my daughter Heather faked her death to run away with her shit skin pajeet boyfriend Jayesh and have started making drugs such as fentanyl, we will steal all the fentanyl they've made since they are planning to sell the fentanyl to crack whores and niggers," Mr. Wilcock explained.

"How long do we have until the George Floyd planet sucks up all of the air?" Nate asked.

"About 48 hours," Mr. Wilcock said.

Nate and I drove to heather's drug lab which was super easy to find because heather is a dumb BBC whore who named her drug lab "Heather and Jayesh's company". Once we arrived, Nate and I mowed down all of the nigger and pajeet workers who were probably getting paid below minimum wage because the place stank like shit and Heather and Jayesh were covered in cow shit.

"What the fuck are you oppressors doing?" Heather asked.

"Shut up jew!" I yelled.

"We are here to take all of your fentanyl," Nate said.

Heather and Jayesh jumped out of the pile of cow shit which smelled like a motherfucker, but before they could do anything, Nate shot them both in the neck.

"Ah shit, we can't breathe!" Heather and Jayesh said in unison.

Nate found boxes and boxes of fentanyl in the basement. There was enough fentanyl that could overdose and kill 10,000 George Floyds.

"This should be sufficient," I said.

Nate and I made our way back to the planetary defense with the fentanyl. Mr. Wilcock was shocked upon seeing how much fentanyl heather and jayesh made. We informed him that Nate killed both heather and jayesh to which Mr. Wilcock thanked Nate. Our team loaded the fentanyl into a rocket which was programmed in the direction of the George Floyd black hole located in the Ahmaud Arbery star system.

There were still 42 hours until the planet's air gets sucked. We had plenty of time, however we heard explosions come from outside the facility. The security cams showed an army of nigga monkeys and even actual monkeys, I'm not kidding when I say actual monkeys because there were actual chimps and gorillas outside the facility

"It's BLM," the security guard alerted.

The security guard turned on the microphones attached to the cameras to hear what the niggers were saying.

"OOGA BOOGA, we will not let yo racist ass organization destroy the George Floyd planet!" The sister of George Floyd, Bridgett Floyd said.

"We wuz kangz and dat planet shall be our new home oo oo ee ee ah ah!" Bridgett Floyd chimped.

Nate went over to the intercom and spoke.

"We are happy to do just that, all you niggers err I mean black "people" can board the rocket and we'll send you to the George Floyd planet," Nate said with a giant smile on his face.

"This way we can kill two birds with one stone," Nate explained. "Not only will we get rid of the George Floyd planet but we also get rid of blm and all those niggers."

The niggers all boarded the rocket without a second thought given how retarded niggers are. Mr. Wilcock launched the rocket and we watched as the fentanyl rocket filled with niggers were heading straight to the George Floyd planet.

"Oh shit, is that fentanyl I smell?!" The George Floyd planet said.

The rocket zipped right past the George Floyd planet at a supersonic speed.

"No mane, don't go!" The George Floyd planet said as it began heading in the direction of the rocket.

Mission control cheered, our team rejoiced knowing that all the niggers in the rocket were 100 percent dead and we had gotten rid of the George Floyd planet. After the long and stressful day at work, Nate and I headed to a Burger King for dinner. I got the Ronnie McNutt whopper with large fries and a cream soda while Nate got the George Floyd meal along with an Ahmaud Strawberry cheesecake. While we were eating, I noticed that this dirty female nigga kicked a man wearing a Burger King crown.

"Kick that nigger bitch out of here!" The Burger King crown man yelled.

Unfortunately, the owner of the Burger King was a nigger lover because he asked the Burger King crown man to leave.

"What a cucked establishment," Nate said angrily.

We left the burger king without paying and headed home. I couldn't sleep that night and decided to return to the NASA facility to look at the stars. I was still curious to see if the George Floyd planet had made it to the black hole yet. I looked around the Ahmaud Arbery star system looking for the George Floyd black hole. The rocket nor the George Floyd planet were nowhere in sight.

"I guess the planet and niggers were already sucked into the black hole." I thought.

I decided to look in the nigga galaxy where I had originally seen the George Floyd planet. My jaw dropped when I saw the nigger planet consuming the fentanyl from the rocket. The planet had returned to its original place.

"Hehehe mane, thanks for the fentanyl and shit, but I shall return to yo planet soon to take yo air once again!" The George Floyd planet laughed.

I called Nate to tell him about what I saw.

"Dude come to the facility now, the George Floyd planet is still out there!" I said panicking.

"What are you talking about?" Nate mumbled.

Fast forward 2 hours, the entire planetary defense committee was gathered in the facility.

"How could this have happened? I thought we had programmed the rocket to head towards the black hole," I said.

"It is possible that the rocket malfunctioned," Mr. Wilcock said.

"We need to go to the George Floyd planet to stop it once and for all," I demanded.

"That's impossible, we don't have the technology capable of travelling that far in a short period of time," Nate said.

"I may be able to help with that," Mr. Wilcock said. "I've kept this hidden as it is still technically a prototype."

Mr. Wilcock walked us to his lab where he unveiled a spacecraft the likes of which I've never seen before.

"This is the Wilcock model G-0 YIUM," Mr. Wilcock explained.

"It's powered by a newly discovered unstable atom which allows high energy propellants to travel at incredible speed, we could reach the George Floyd planet in the nigga galaxy in only a matter of days!" Mr. Wilcock said.

"We'll use this to kill that nigger planet!" I said. Nate, Mr. Wilcock and I, along with Joey McNutt agreed on the mission.

"We'll leave tomorrow morning," Mr. Wilcock told the three of us.

We suited up in a newly designed space suit which gives much more flexibility and isn't as chunky as the previous generation models. Mission control gave us the signal and we launched. I had never been to space since I worked in the research department instead of working as an astronaut. Mr. Wilcock put in the coordinates to the George Floyd planet in the nigga galaxy. Mr. Wilcock hit a switch and we left our solar system at faster than light speed. We arrived at the nigga galaxy in only a matter of minutes which was faster than Mr. Wilcock had predicted. We landed on the Ronnie McNutt moon to observe the George

Floyd planet.

Upon landing we heard Ronnie talk.

“Hey guys, do any of y’all have nudes of the Equinox comet?” The Ronnie McNutt moon asked.

“Shut the fuck up, you cucked celestial body,” Nate said.

“I guess that’s it!" The Ronnie McNutt moon said in a depressed tone.

Mr. Wilcock observed the George Floyd planet. We saw that it was still consuming fentanyl from the rocket.

“We need to get down there, for all we know there could be life on that planet,” Mr. Wilcock said.

“Regardless of life, the planet is a reincarnation of the violent nigger George Floyd,” Nate said.

“Despite making up 13 percent of the population, nigger celestial bodies commit more than 50 percent of all space crimes,” Nate explained.

We took off again in the spacecraft and landed on the George Floyd planet. The planet was too retarded to notice us since it was still consuming fentanyl like a wild chimp. Once we landed, our suits detected no oxygen since the George Floyd planet is unable to breathe.

“Wow this is mind blowing!” Joey said.

“There were no signs of any life on the surface,” Mr. Wilcock said.

We strode to a body of water, I noticed that the water was a dark muddy colour similar to the skin of a nigger. “Wait, I’m detecting lifeforms under the water!” Mr. Wilcock exclaimed. Joey peaked over the body of water looking for signs of life.

“I don’t see anything,” Joey said.

That’s when a giant fish came up and bit Joey’s head off. The stump of Joey’s neck was gushing blood like one of those paper mache volcanoes.

“It's the Floyd Fish!” Nate yelled.

“How could this nigger fish have lived on this inhospitable planet?” I asked.

“This isn’t any normal water, this is fentanyl water!” Mr. Wilcock explained.

The Floyd Fish was able to survive in this harsh environment due to the fentanyl water. We continued on our way to explore the planet. In the grasslands, Nate and Mr. Wilcock found some poorly constructed mud huts. They looked like they were made by muskrats if muskrats could build 4 foot tall huts. The huts looked like those you’d see back on Earth in the shit hole Africa. This was an indication that there used to be life on this planet.

“Guys, we need to come up with a way to destroy the George Floyd planet now or we could potentially all die on this nigger world!” Nate said.

“It’s impossible to destroy a planet of this size without nuclear weapons,” Mr. Wilcock said.

“You’d need 225 million trillion trillion joules of energy to destroy a planet like this and we don’t have anything capable of producing that kind of power,” Mr. Wilcock explained.

“If we could get the Ronnie McNutt moon to crash into the George Floyd earth, then we’d have more than enough energy to destroy this planet,” Nate said.

“That’s outrageous, Mr. Higgers!” Mr. Wilcock said angrily.

“Well it’s a start to a plan and we’re going to do it,” I said.

We headed back up to the Ronnie McNutt moon. Luckily, our spacecraft had a built in hook capable of pulling something of the mass of a moon. Nate was piloting the craft and hooked the Ronnie McNutt moon, deep enough to carry it away from its axis.

“Ouch, I guess that’s it!” The Ronnie McNutt moon yelped in pain.

But before Nate could smash the moon into the George Floyd planet, he was shot!

“Hehehe, you think I’d let you goys ruin my plan!” Mr. Wilcock giggled.

"You shot Nate!" I yelled in rage.

"And what does he mean by goy?" I thought.

"You goys are retarded as fuck, if my daughter Heather was a jew whore then that would mean I am also a jew!" Mr. Wilcock said while laughing hysterically.

" I was the mastermind behind everything, I programmed the rocket to head in the direction of the nigga galaxy rather than the black hole so I could further study this planet!" Mr. Wilcock said.

That's when it all hit me like a Breonna Taylor dump truck. Mr. Wilcock always had an unnaturally large and hooked nose. Mr. Wilcock said he is married to a jewish woman which is just as if not worse than fucking a nigger or tranny. And finally the spacecraft model G-0 YIUM really just spelt goyium!

Mr. Wilcock began shooting the control panel, damaging all the equipment. I tackled Mr. Wilcock and since he was a jew, there was no way he could match my chad build. I began to choke Mr. Wilcock with both of my hands.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" Mr. Wilcock yelped before I snapped his neck.

"30 minutes until oxygen depletion," the system warned.

I am not a mechanic of any kind so I had no idea how to repair the complex machinery. I was on the verge of tears since dying out here in space on the surface of the Ronnie McNutt planet is the most embarrassing way to die. I grabbed Mr. Wilcock's handgun and held it to my chin. Killing myself like Ronnie McNutt would be a better death than dying of asphyxiation. But before I pulled the trigger, Nate hit the gun out of my hand.

"What are you doing, you shouldn't be moving!" I said frantically, tears welling up in my eyes.

"Don't worry, I'll fix the panel and you'll be the one to kill the George Floyd planet!" Nate said weakly.

Nate began to repair the machine despite the fact that he was shot in the face.

"Ok I'm done," Nate said before dropping to the floor.

"I guess that's it," Nate said in a weak tone before dying in my arms.

I was about to cry, then it dawned on me that crying is for weak betas and now was not the time to mourn. I reattached the hook into the Ronnie McNutt moon and swung it in the direction of the George Floyd planet with as much force as possible. The hook detached and cut the fuel line. However I couldn't give a fuck as I watched the Ronnie McNutt moon crash into the George Floyd planet causing a massive explosion.

"Ah shit moon in my lungs, I can't breathe!" The George Floyd planet said before vaporizing into dust along with the Ronnie McNutt moon.

It was a success, the George Floyd planet had been reduced to atoms and now it no longer posed a threat to mankind. I am now typing this out on my phone while the spacecraft floats in the vacuum of space. Since the fuel line was cut, there was no way of returning to earth.

Moral of the story, never trust anyone and I mean anyone, you never know if it is a jew in disguise. Do not make the mistakes that I've made. NASA was infiltrated by jews long before I even joined the program. I have to admit, floating in the vacuum of space has brought peace to my mind. Being alone while peering out in space looking at the stars and galaxies away from niggers and jews.

These are my final words, White power and fuck niggers!

**I Know Why Our Young Generation is Clearly Lost**

By Gorg Floydson

Faggots, trannies, femboys and furries. They all make up a large portion of the young generation, often called Gen Z. To say our young generation is clearly lost is an understatement. Even the big lipped nigga monkey, George Floyd would agree with this despite being a low IQ monkey. But our young generation wasn't always lost. A catastrophic event led to the surgence of the lgbtq community. But before I begin, I must provide context. Generation Z, also known as Gen Z or Zoomers were the generation

succeeding the millennials starting from the mid to late 90s to the 2010s. My name is Fleshlight, I worked at a TV station in 2007. You see the earlier age groups of Gen Z weren't as lost as the newer ones. The majority of the 97's to 04's were ***based*** and racist. However it all fell off from there. It was a late night in August around 3 AM. The station was dead as the channel we broadcasted were children's cartoons. I was asleep at my desk when I heard loud banging coming from the back door. I jolted up in shock.

"What the hell," I said out loud.

I checked my watch to see that it was 3 AM. Who would be out this late and knocking on the door of a TV station, I thought. Being the Good Samaritan that I was, I went to check in case it was someone who needed help.

"Who's there," I asked. "Open up mane, me and my mane's just robbed dis pregnant woman n shit," a voice replied.

Immediately I knew there was trouble. Whoever was on the other side had just admitted to committing a robbery against a pregnant woman but that was not all, the voice was clearly that of a black nigger. I lived in Texas so niggers weren't uncommon. The nigger continued to bang on the door.

"Please mane, my niggas and I needs somewhere to go mane, we ain't bad guys mane, we ain't bad guys," the nigger chimped.

By now I was getting worried so I reached over to the landline to dial 911. Suddenly a gun shot rang out from behind.

"Das it cracka, we ain't playin around no mo ya here," another voice said. "Our leader and saviour, Big Floyd will smoke yo ass," 5 voices said in unison.

I began to sweat profusely. I now knew there were at least 5 men who were armed. The banging continued.

"OOGA BOOGA, cracka, we wuz kangz so y'all crackas gotta treat us like kangz," the niggers yelled.

By now the wooden door had begun to break down. I was contemplating on what to do when I heard a click and the front door opened. I had forgotten to lock it, I thought. A dark figure walked into the dimly lit room. I saw that it was a nigger. He was a tall 6 foot 5 nigger.

"Hey mane," the tall nigger said as he pointed a gun to my belly. "Sit yo ass down, whitey," the nigger demanded.

I sat down in fear as the other 5 niggers walked in from the front door.

"OOGA BOOGA, big Floyd, what we doing now," one of the niggers asked.

The tall nigger who I presumed to be Big Floyd responded.

"Ight niggie, we gotta ruin da white race, they are inferior peoples compared to da black man, we wuz descendants of Egyptian pharaohs!" Big Floyd said. "We will brainwash these snow people by broadcasting a message for all dey children to see." Big Floyd cackled.

Big Floyd walked over to the equipment hooked up to the play out software. There is no way a bug brained nigger like him could figure out how to broadcast a message, niggers didn't even know how to create fire until recently, I thought. Big Floyd clicked a button labelled stream. Big Floyd began the stream by talking into the mic.

"Saw my own girl Nikki from south London lost her son mane, our young generation is clearly lost mane, clearly lost mane, like like I don't even know what to say no more mane, like you youngsters just going around just busting guns in crowds, kids getting killed, and you know it's clearly the generation after us mane that's so lost mane, you know mane I came back to Houston a nigga told me yeah young nigga truth mane right there because he could bust a gun I mean I knew I was crazy then a nigga my age saying it and condoning this shit bro, You know what I'm saying, and half them young nigga shooting guns go home and their knees shaking at night, but they don't show it to nobody because they aren't tough then, Come on, come on home, mane, It's going to be you and God. You're going up or you're going down." Big Floyd said.

You've all probably seen this video by now as it had recently resurfaced on the internet however most of what George Floyd said was cut. Big Floyd continued,

"Our race is greatest race on da planet, we is smartest, strongest and built with biggest penises mane, we can't just be killin ourselves while da crackas be watching and laughing at us mane, if we is going down, den we gotta take the crackas down wit us mane!" Big Floyd said. "Now a message for all the young crackas in the world, boys can fuck other boys and girls can scissor other girls, trans rights are human rights, gay people are human too mane, go watch dem Japanese cartoons and dress up in furry animal costumes mane, boys can be girls and girls can be boys, but most importantly fuck da patriarchy." Big Floyd said as he ended the broadcast.

"What the fuck have you done, you nigger ape!" I yelled. Hehehe mane, it is time for the white race to decay. "We wuz just robbing pregnant women and shit but now we will be kangz just like our ancestors," Big Floyd giggled.

"Now mane, since you have witnessed what we've done and heard that we robbed a pregnant bitch, I'm afraid, I can't allow you to live no mo," Big Floyd said happily as he pointed his gun to my head.

"Hehehe, Big Floyd about to bust a cap in yo skull, cracka," the other niggers giggled.

At that point, I had already accepted my fate. Although I was a 300 pound racist chad, Big Floyd along with his 5 nigger friends were all armed. Suddenly a miracle happened, a large truck crashed into the television station killing all 5 of Big Floyd's cronies instantly. A fat short man in glasses along with an ugly blonde waltzed out of the car. It was Ronnie McNutt and Equinox Autumn. They were drunk as fuck and appeared to be lost. Ronnie was holding a shotgun while dancing in an intoxicated manner.

"Hey guys, I guess that's it," Ronnie McNutt said

as he began blasting the inside of the building with his shotgun. Luckily none of the shots hit me. Ronnie McNutt finally fell down and dozed off along with his ugly girlfriend who dropped some photos. Upon seeing the photos, Big Floyd exclaimed with excitement,

"Oh la la, are those belly pics?" Big Floyd asked.

Instead of finishing me off, Big Floyd rushed over to the belly pics, he pulled down his pants and began to jack it. I watched in disgust as Big Floyd busted a nut onto the faces of Ronnie and Equinox. There was a lot of semen, almost an entire no nut November's worth of semen because it completely covered both the faces of Equinox and Ronnie.

"Ah shoot, I couldn't breathe for a moment there." Big Floyd said.

I took the chance and grabbed Big Floyd's gun while he was busy jerking off.

"Woah woah mane, don't shoot mane, I'm not a bad guy, I'm not a bad guy mama," Big Floyd cried.

Just then, Ronnie McNutt got up, semen covering his entire face and glasses.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Ronnie McNutt said. "Why the fuck is there semen in my mouth?!" Ronnie asked.

Since Ronnie McNutt was a low testosterone beta who gets pegged by his girlfriend, he obviously knew what semen tasted like. The thought of that made me vomit. I watched as some of the vomit shot into Big Floyd's mouth and nose.

"Ah shit, vomit in my lungs, I can't breathe!" Big Floyd said as he choked on the vomit.

Big Floyd walked back a few steps while holding his neck.

"Ah fuck mama, I love ya mama." Big Floyd said.

He tripped over the passed out body of Equinox autumn and upon looking at her, Big Floyd gagged which finally killed him. His body collapsed onto Equinox which caused the semen that was already on Equinox to cover the floor and my pants. Upon looking at the monkey semen that now covered my pants, I vomited all over Ronnie's face. I called the police afterwards and reported to them about what had happened. 5 hours later, I was informed by the chief of police that Big Floyd whose real name was George Floyd had somehow survived.

"That George Floyd nigger has caused quite a negative impact on this community as all niggers do,"

the ***based*** chief of police whose name was Derek Chauvin said.

"He will surely be punished for his crimes now," Chauvin said.

I thanked him for the update and headed home afterwards. When I got home, I checked the news. There were reports all over the world about how young White children between the ages of 6 to 17 had all started dressing up like emo goth faggots. Articles that went further into detail showed videos of kids watching degenerate Japanese cartoons such as Naruto, Gurren Lagann, Gundam and the worst one of all, an anime called Neon Genesis Evangelion. I watched in horror seeing the future of the White race being turned into fags and furries.

"Our young generation is clearly lost," I said in defeat.

I remembered the broadcast that George Floyd had done. It shouldn't be possible for a small broadcast from a small city in Texas to affect the entire world in such a short period of time, I thought. George Floyd's monkey speech was also broadcasted at 3 AM when most kids here would be asleep. Something wasn't adding up. I decided that I needed to interrogate George Floyd. I arranged a meeting with George Floyd in the visitation room of the prison he was staying at. It sucked balls to go visit the nigger. Usually the visitation room is used to visit a loved one. George Floyd and I had 2 minutes to talk.

"Hey mane, how nice of you to visit me, OOGA BOOGA." George Floyd said.

"Cut the crap nigger," I said.

"What the fuck have you done to our young generation." I asked.

"All around the world, young White children have started identifying as gay or trans and they are all entranced by Japanese cartoons," I said angrily.

"You see mane, I ain't a bad guy, yung nigga gotta do what he gotta do to save his race, you know what I'm saying?" George Floyd chimped.

"All I did was brainwash yo White children to become useless members of society that would achieve nothing in their entire lifetime," George Floyd said.

"That couldn't be possible, you broadcast your message in a small tv station in Houston, how would that message reach all corners of the earth?" I asked. "I had help from some long nosed fellas ooo ooo eee eee ah ah, it's too late mane, the damage has already been done and you can't change dat," George Floyd laughed.

I left the prison shortly thereafter. It's been 13 years since then and I had mostly forgotten what transpired that night in the TV station. However all of that came flooding back into my mind when I saw a news headline on May 25th. "Nigga monkey criminal kneeled to death by police officer." The front image was that of a White police officer kneeling on the neck of a nigger monkey. I chuckled upon seeing the image however that smile immediately left my face when I saw the name of the nigger. "George Perry Floyd." I am now writing this on my laptop for someone, anyone to see. Fags and trannies have doubled in popularity since 2007 and now Japanese anime has made it into mainstream media. Please adhere to this warning. Our young generation is clearly lost however that wasn't always the case. It was all caused by George Floyd and the Jews.

Moral of the story. Fags and trannies are just as subhuman as niggers and spics. Faggots, trannies and furries are all a byproduct of the Jews to subvert and divide the White race to weaken us. Although the Jews broadcasted the message to all White children of the world to brainwash them into becoming fags, the real mastermind of the broadcast was George Floyd. If you see your child cross dressing or thinking of dating the same gender, beat some sense into that nigga!

**The Ancient Floydgypt Expedition**

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Geminiah. I am a formal journalist who worked for an archeological television show called The daily Crusade. We travel around the globe, making discoveries of new geological locations every day. In our show, there is a narrator who describes all the specific observations projected by the new revelations. If you are familiar with national geographic, you'll get the picture. My job when we go on

these expeditions is to write down all the important documents and snap photographs throughout the journey. Our travel team consisted of other responsibilities such as the cameraman narrator, the technical supervisor, and the geologist.

I have this one particularly dangerous expedition which I want to share with you all. It is the reason why I now hate niggers even more. We were responsible for studying and filming this newly discovered mini metropolitan.

On October 9th, 2021, The Daily Crusade's management team announced that ancient Egyptian fossilized structures have been located by our company's scout pilots. They have been reported to be found in the country Niger, Africa, submerged underneath the ground. Our travel team's mission was to traverse inside the underground chamber, conducting exploration-related activities, such as observing and commentary to put together a new episode. I was stoked, since we haven't discovered a super unique piece of architecture in a while and it could be our chance to make it big enough to win a Nobel prize.

The people who were assigned to tag along on the journey were Johnny (who is the cameraman narrator), Mike (who is the technical supervisor, Adrianna (who is the geologist), and of course me being the journalist. This excited me, as I've always had a crush on Adrianna ever since I got my job. She has that stereotypical big titty secretary look, but I never revealed my feelings to her thus far since I am a racist chad who would rather focus his mind on more important matters, such as bullying faggots and hunting furries in his spare time. This is important for the story, because she was actually the primary reason why I decided to embark on the expedition. You see, I despise niggers so much, that going to the continent Africa, let alone to a country called Niger is the last thing I'd ever do. However, I thought this would have been an excellent opportunity for me to get to know her better.

We boarded onto a private jet and flew over to Niger, Africa.The flight was twelve hours, so it was very boring. I tried to keep myself entertained by playing Ark: Survival Evolved MTS Capture the Artifact on my laptop. Eventually I got bored of it after eight hours, so I tried to think of something else to do in order to pass the time. I ended up attempting to strike up a conversation with Adrianna. I began by asking her about her thoughts on the prospective trip.

"So, um, Adrianna," I stuttered. "What do you think we are going to find?"

"Hopefully something that will change the world," Adrianna replied. "Maybe something that can cure cancer."

"The cancer being niggers and Jews and Spicks?" I asked jokingly.

"Woah woah, watch ya language kiddo," the private jet pilot Max Taylor said, his head turning back.

I seriously considered chucking that unbased liberal out of the aircraft for a moment, but realized that none of us except him know how to fly a plane, so I resisted.

"Haha that's funny," Adrianna chuckled at my remark.

"All jokes aside, I myself hope we will find something that will earn us worldwide fame," I said. "We are already nationally renowned, but parallel to what you said, I believe whatever we are coming to is going to be a world-changing discovery."

"We'll see about that."

Our conversation seemed to make time fly for me, because when I peeked through the window beside my seat, I noticed that we were much lower relative to the sandy ground, and now in a heavily deserted area. It was a breathtaking view, seeing the sandy hills being brushed by the wind, forming a light orange mist flowing just above the terrain. The otherwise pure blue sky was being shielded by the mass of blown away sand, which gave the environment an overall warm hue. I looked forward parallel to the jet and noticed a group of ominous-looking structures, where most of them looked to be at least two hundred meters tall. There I saw, a couple dozen pyramids that look like lego buildings made by a nigger toddler, except scaled up to life size. They all matched the tan-colored sand which they rested upon, resembling a somewhat off brand variation of the great pyramids of Egypt. This must be our destination, I thought.

"We are about to land folks, so please stay seated and fasten your seatbelts if you haven't already, as we descend to the ground," Max Taylor announced.

The jet eventually skidded onto a hardly distinguishable road that was approximately a couple kilometers away from the peculiar structures that I spotted earlier. Even though we were still relatively far away from there, they gave off an optical illusion of being more so one hundred meters away, since their heights were at such a large magnitude.

As Johnny, Mike. Adrianna, and I marched out of the jet in a line, we thanked Max Taylor like how I would thank the battle bus driver in Fortnite before I deploy onto the battle royale island to clap niggers in the African servers.

We trudged through the deep sands for about half an hour, until we finally made it near the front of what looked like the sphinx variation of that from Egypt. Now, I've been to the great pyramids of Giza in the past when I was undergoing an apprenticeship program before I landed the job in The Daily Crusade, and believe me, the buildings here literally dwarf the ones in the former. For this story, I will dub them using the term "Nigerien" instead of Egyptian since they are in Niger instead of Egypt. I stared up in awe, as my neck could barely angle my head to observe the peak of the new found Nigerien Sphinx. It was at least five times the height of the one in Egypt. However, there were other physical attributes that it exhibited. Other than its sheer size, the Nigerien Sphinx had a giant well-sculpted nigger-shaped nose, unlike the Egyptian one which doesn't even have a nose at all. Along with that, it had big fat lips as its sculpted mouth. It would have to have taken whoever the constructors are, a hundred thousand years to built the nose and lips alone given their size.

"Holy shit this is ginormous," Johnny pointed out.

"Yeah this statue is no doubt going to be the main point of interest of the assortment of buildings here," Mike said.

I inspected the Nigerien Sphinx more closely, and noticed a crevice in between its front paws, which was no doubt an entrance of some sort.

"We should head over to that tunnel," I said as I pointed it out. "It will most definitely lead to somewhere interesting, like a secret passage."

"I don't know if we should, I have a feeling there might be traps or guards that will prevent entrants from going in," Adrianna said.

"Remember Adrianna, we as the personnels of The Daily Crusade are here to learn about the world at all costs, which is what the majority aren't willing to risk their lives doing. This is not any different from our previous hundreds of trips," Mike said reassuringly.

Adrianna tends to hesitate like this almost every time we are about to delve into an unknown chasm. One of us would always have to remind her of the company's mission statement one way or another: *high risk comes with high reward*.

Adrianna, as per usual, agreed with us, and so we headed into the mysterious crevice.

Once we arrived at the line of passage that separates the outdoor heat from the dark indoor chill, we were met by a corridor that quickly diminished into a dark hallway that was impossible to see in since it was as dark as nigger skin. It was somewhat similar to what I was expecting to see way back before we boarded the jet: impossible to see without a manmade light source, and ancient looking with specks of dust falling above our heads.

Mike was well prepared, as shown by his quick decision of pulling out a flashlight from his backpack. I prepared the blank pages of my notebook, as it was now possible to clearly document observations.

Johnny set up his tripod and camera and started recording. He began the narration, which was somewhere along the lines of, "Hello ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to the Daily Crusade! Today we are going to venture into this strange undiscovered structure. Stay tuned as we catch our first glimpse of this godforsaken place."

We continued through the hallway. The corridor's shallow interior looked just like any ordinary temple that we've created documentaries of previously, and therefore, my excitement started to wear off since a part of me was expecting peculiar visual enhancements that distinguish whatever this place was from the others. All that we noticed so far were simply the tan bricks stacked upon eachother perfectly rather than the usual staggered patterns which most brick buildings are built, indicating that whoever or whatever

constructed it is a dumb nigger who doesn't understand basic physics.

"Is this it? I was hoping for a bigger cave," Mike said.

"Shut the hell up, we haven't even walked a yard yet," Johnny scolded him.

While I was able to relate to Mike's shortsightedness, Johnny had a point. Even with the flashlight that Mike held, which is meant for exploring dark places such as the tunnel we were in, we still couldn't see any more than fifteen feet away. This was truly a nigger-esque architechture we were dealing with. We stopped in our tracks when Adrianna noticed something that was almost directly behind where Johnny's camera lens was pointing at, as Johnny rambled about irrelevant facts to the prospective audience while we still hadn't found anything newer than a fresh can of pop that a nigger hasn't yet stolen from a convenience store.

"Look, I see a small opening up there," Adrianna said. "I can't reach it, is anybody able to climb into it?"

The crevice was hardly accessible due to how high up it was. Mike was the first to volunteer. He tried to jump up and peek into it, but failed since he is a fatass who deserves to be bodyshamed in a Tik Tok video comment section. I would have volunteered byself, but didn't since he was a couple inches taller than me though, so I decided to give him a boost. I am a 300 pound lean racist chad, so lifting his Breonna Taylor body-type body was short work for me.

"This way!" Mike said. "There is an extended path here."

I helped both Johnny and Adrianna up the crevice, before climbing myself up there myself. Upon my first glance of whatever unfolded in front of us, I beamed with excitement, because there were visible embellishments used to decorate the hallway behind the crevice. Ornaments and designs, such as vases that are shaped in a certain way to be used as a powdered drug storage such as for fentanyl, disc masks hung on the walls that traditional nigger African tribes would use to enlongate their bottom jaws, and even ancient coins that appeared to be made out of counterfeit plastic. Johnny carefully filmed each of the objects, with his jaws dropped due to his overwhelming curiosity. He was too stunned to utter a word for the episode's commentary. The rest of us looked around out our own paces as we continued walking through the hall.

About half an hour of exploring, we noticed a dim light coming from a tunnel shaped like a perfectly rectangular doorway. It got us even more curious, and so we peeked in. What was behind that very doorway contained elements that made everything that we saw earlier pale in comparison. There was a form of Egyptian-like art that covered almost the entirety of both the walls across. It was a goldmine of cave paintings that looked aesthetic enough to please the eye, yet possessed a certain child-like look as if it was a nigger artist that painted them. That is, from an artist from a nigger civilization that hadn't invented paper, unlike the actual Egyptians who used the first form of paper, Papyrus paper. In a split second, Mike, Johnny, Adrianna, and I gathered into that room without further thought.

"Start recording Johnny," Mike demanded, even though Johnny was already full-on documenting everything in his line of sight.

"Alright, we are back folks. We have been searching through this chasm for about an hour, and looks like we are finally getting into the neat stuff!" He said.

I took a close at the pieces of wall art that Johnny was currently focusing his camera on. It was a scene depicting the gradual steps of the building of the Nigerien pyramids in sequential form. They were ordered in a way in which the further right you look, the more advanced the pyramids were built, until there was a drawing to the far right of the exact same pyramid assortment as we saw outside of the Nigerien Sphinx. On each of the images were tall dark figures that appeared to be big lipped monkeys being slaved into building the behemoth structures brick by brick. Above the particular section of art was an extra tall being wearing a pharoah neme that looked to be the leader of the big lipped monkey slaves, comanding them with force. For example, it held one of the big lipped monkey slaves that appeared to be a pregnant one at slingshot point, as that one looked too exhausted to work. The big lipped monkey leader sketch had a string of carved text above it that I recognized to have read "King Floyd Tut." I was able to translate it instantly since remember when I had to briefly learn ooga booga language before pretending to be part Jamican to be able to say the word nigger anytime I want whenever we'd go on Jamaican expeditions.

"As you can see guys, these monkeys look like George Floyd the fentanyl addict!" Johnny speaking into the microphone.

Adrianna's personal enthusiasm genuinely grew.

"I am going to take a closer look at them," she said. "While you guys are at it here, I will be right back in the room next door."

"Just be careful out there!" I told her.

Mike fetched her one of his spare flashlights, and then she tip toed toward the next doorway that neither MIke, Johnny nor I dared to explore yet. I jotted down a blend of both my own observations and Johnny's commentary. Other than the violent pregnant slavery methods that the tall slender black monkey-like overlord induced, we noticed comparatively pleasant artwork depictions, such as another one of the big lipped monkey figures slurping a white syrup-like substance from a familiar looking vase that resembled the one which we saw in the last room. I was about to finish writing the notebook page discussing that, when I heard Adrianna's voice calling for us.

"You guys need to check this out!" she cried to us, her voice echoing.

Johnny, Mike, and I ran to the room that we saw Adrianna venture into by herself, to see her standing right next to a shiny tomb that was in the shape of a pharaoh. Not any ordinary pharoah though. The pharaoh that the tomb was modeled after had a big nose and lips, which made it obvious that it was the tomb of King Floyd Tut that appeared in the wall paintings. A million questions flew through my mind as I tried to process what I was seeing. The first being, is this real or a hoax? Who buried it? And

"What are going to do with this? Open it?" Mike questioned.

"Yeah, I guess so," Adrianna said.

"Are you crazy?" Mike said. "Who knows what kind of diseases could be infesting inside, for all we know a million year old corpse is lying inside."

"Mike, just remember The Daily Crusade's motto. High risk comes with high reward."

Mike was thoroughly convinced, and so we got to work. Using all my strength, I karate chopped the neck of the pharaoh tombstone, which instantly crumbled it to pieces as if it was actually made out of fentanyl instead of real bricks.

"Holy shit, are you getting this Johnny?" I said out loud.

"Yeah, I am," Johnny said as he resumed the camera's recording.

To our amazement, there we saw a real, breathing mummy lying in the cavity of the tomb that had bandages wrapped around every surface of its body except for its closed eyes. Around the eyes were dark patches of skin which I assume to be dead flesh. Wait a second - did I say breathing? To my horror, the mummy opened its eyelids, revealing a set of black pupils that lacked any sign of intelligence. It sat up, which caused the four of us to jump back in fear. The mummy then slowly stood up in a similar fashion to movie zombies rising from their graves. If that wasn't hair-raising enough, it began to speak.

"Ooga booga, you who who, I can't breathe in these bandages!" it cried in a muffled voice. "Unwrap my bandages please mains!"

Johnny, Mike, Adrianna, and I froze in fear. All of us knew the consequences of physical contact with an ancient corpse. But somehow, we instinctively knew the negative implications of an undead one.

"Hurry up mains, unwrap me so I can breathe, and in return I will give y'all a tour of mah home!" it said. "I can show you crackas da history of mah acculturation, if you help we with dah simple action mains."

I turned to Johnny.

"Should we listen to it?" I asked urgently.

"I don't know," Johnny replied, scratching his head. "It sounds like a nigger mummy and you know how untrustworthy niggers are."

"High risk high reward," Mike mumbled, as he walked up to the mummy, and then started to unwrap the bandages. Once it was completely free of bandages, the mummy beamed with excitement.

“Mike, this better work,” I said.

“Yippee! I can finally breathe with the bandages off me!” it cackled.

The first thing I noticed though, was that its dark skin wasn’t actually due to its dead flesh - it was actually because it was the mummy who I thought it was - King Floyd Tut, with his nigger skin somehow appearing as if his mummified body hadn’t began decaying at all.

“So King Floyd tut, give us the tour as you promised,” Mike demanded.

“Bahaha, you mains have been tricked,” King Floyd Tut giggled. “You have instead unleashed mah Floydgyptian curse!”

“What do you mean by-?” before MIke could finish his sentence, a purple mist disseminated from King Floyd Tuts now exposed nostrils, which then entered Mike’s body via every available body hole, such as his own nostrils, mouth, ears, and even his dick hole. As a result, Mike’s face instantly turned purple, and he began to cough violently.

“Hehehe, you have officially suffered mah Floydgyptian curse cracka,” King Floyd Tut cackled again. “You dumbass crackas really be gullible.”

Mike eventually coughed so hard, he spat out his lung, which was now a failed organ. It was completely shrivelled up, looking like the wheelchair worm grandmother from Spongebob Squarepants. It was the barbarous doing of the Floydgyptian asphyxiation curse.

“Oh la la, look at you beautiful White bitch,” King Floyd Tut said seductively as he turned to face Adrianna. “You would make a nice pregnant pyramid-building slave in mah empire, gimme a kiss.”

Johnny, Adrianna, and I were absolutely petrified of what it had done to Mike, so we turned back and ran as fast as we could. We pedalled through every room that we had already visited, and without any indecision, somersaulted down the high crevice that we previously had troubles climbing up.

After what felt like hours, we finally made it out of the cave. We met up with Max Taylor, who waited for us in the private jet.

“We have to leave now! Fly the damn plane!” I cried. We buckled up our seatbelts, and Max Taylor initiated the flight. At first, we were very relieved. But then, I heard some monkey noises beside me. Along side, I noticed a dreadfully familiar putrid smell that composed of fried chicken, fentanyl, old bandage sweat, and rotten breath. I turned to my right. What I saw shocked me. King Floyd Tut had managed to make it inside the plane, perhaps using his nigger speed which is probably just as mystic as his Floydgyptian curse.

“Get this nigger bitch off the plane!” I demanded the team.

Max Taylor shot it with his gun. As the bullets landed on the chest of King Floyd Tut, he put his hand on it and groaned like a zombie.

“There, I shot it, We are all clear!” he said.

The flight back was rather silent. Johnny, Adrianna, and I were still distilling everything that had happened. Looking at them both, I could tell they weren’t sure whether this all happened or not, but the dead King Floyd Tut corpse lying in between the seats reminded them of the adverse reality.

We returned back to our facility. Once we arrived at the office, the first thing we did was tell our management team what we saw and ran away from. We showed them the video clips that Johnny managed to film and even King Floyd Tut’s corpse in the jet. However, they didn’t believe us and thought we used practical effects to enhance the television program for clout.

I quit my job a week later. I still have recurring dreams of witnessing Mike getting his lungs torn to shreds by the Floydgyptian curse. I can no longer handle these images in my head. I was diagnosed with depression recently and I am now considering suicide. I hope Adrianna is mentally well, after seeing what we all witnessed. I am about to post this on the internet. I am now preparing my shotgun to blow my brains in honour of Ronnie McNutt. I hope this serves as a warning to you all to beware aware that some things are best left unexplored, especially the monuments of nigger civilizations which are usually covered in dangerous pestilence whether they are of biological origin or mythical origin.

**I Was Attacked by George Floyd and Trayvon Martin**

By IrishKlansmanWizard

Many of you should be aware of the Black Lives Matter movement, but for those who live under a rock let me quickly explain it to you. Black Lives Matter is a nigger movment that was started over the death of a monkey called Trayvon Martin who was clapped by a chad named George Zimmerman. This caused rioting for a short while after Zimmmerman was found not guilty for defending himself. Later in 2020 a monkey named George Floyd tried to pay with a fake 20 dollar bill at a store in Minneapolis where while being held down by a police officer, he overdosed on fentanyl and died because he "couldn't breath" despite having a big-ass nose. The Jews in the media lied and told everyone that the officer holding him down was responsible which caused the chimp outs in 2020 which greatly damaged the U.S infrastructure.

Since the beginning, the kikes on the TV have been lying about these two niggers, and that's for a fact because I know the true story of what happened with Trayvon Martin and George Floyd. Here is that story. In 2012, I was taking a vacation in Florida to go to the 2012 Ku Klux Klan convention where I bought various items like a Klan hood, DVD's of niggers being killed, a Confederate flag hat, and a limited edition copy of "Moonman Doom." I also met many great people at the convention like Moonman, David Duke, and the CEO of Papa John's.

When the convention was over I had to find a way back to my hotel since I flew to the convention from Texas. I didn't have a buddy with a car to take me there and I didn't want to take the risk of being picked up by a nigger taxi driver, so I concluded it would just be easier to walk back to my hotel. As I was walking back, my stomach started to rumble, and since there was a gas station on the way back, I decided to get something to eat there before going back to the hotel. After five minutes of walking, I finally made it to the gas station. I walked inside and started to look around for something to buy. I went into the candy section and picked up a Snigger's bar and a can of Cola. I went to the back of the line.

There were two niggers waiting in front of me. The bigger nigger–who I now know was George Floyd–was in a black basketball jersey and jeans. The other one, Trayvon Martin, was in a black hoodie and sweatpants. The disgusting stench of fried chicken and fentanyl wafted off of them. Since they were niggers, I knew they were up to something suspicious, and when I listened closely I heard them whispering something to each other.

I leaned in a little closer to hear what they were saying. I heard George Floyd whisper to Trayvon, "Ooga booga, let's rob that pregnant woman in front of us."

Trayvon replied "Hell yeah, steal her money to buy fentanyl."

Shocked, I looked over in front of them to see a White pregnant lady in front of them leaving the store.

Worried, I yelled out to the woman, "Lady! Get the hell out of here, these two nigger monkeys want to rob you."

Trayvon and Floyd turned to me as the pregnant lady began running away. My heart started to thump hard as I grabbed my bag that had all the things I bought at the convention.

Trayvon Martin angrily said, "What the hell are you doing you cracker?"

George Floyd joined in and yelled "Ooga booga now I can't get pics of her pregnant belly."

As I was about to respond the cashier said for George Floyd and Trayvon Martin to come up next. They went up to pay for ice tea and skittles. George Floyd pulled out a twenty dollar bill and gave it to the cashier.

"Sorry sir, we can't accept this," said the cashier.

"What do you mean?" Trayvon Martin replied.

"This is a counterfeit 20 dollar bill," the cashier said, exasperated with the nigger buffonery.

I squinted my eyes to see the fakest looking 20 dollar bill of my life. Instead of Andrew Jackson on the front, the portrait was replaced with Martin Luther Kang on the front of the bill. I let out a small chuckle at the fact that these chimps were dumb enough to think that they could fool anyone with that fake bill.

Trayvon looked at George Floyd and said to him, “What the fuck are you thinking?” Trayvon then pulled out a real 20 dollar bill (which I assume he stole) and paid for the iced tea and Skittles. They started to walk out, but before they left Trayvon turned around and yelled to me, “You’re gonna regret fucking with us.”

Thinking it was a bluff I laughingly walked to the counter to pay, I told the cashier “One cola and a Snigger’s bar please,” as I handed him a genuine 10 dollar bill.

“Thank you sir, I’ll give you your change and you’ll be all good to go.”

“Thanks,” I replied. As I waited I noticed something disgusting on the wall behind the cashier. It was a gay pride flag.

Appalled, I asked the cashier, “Are you a shit pusher?”

“Am I a what?” he replied.

“Are you a shit pusher? You have that faggot flag behind you.” I said.

“I support them. You know, LGBT.” he replied.

“What’s your name?” I asked.

“My name is Ronnie McNutt." he answered.

“Go blow your brains out with a shotgun, Ronnie McNutt,” I told him as I grabbed my items and left the store, not wanting the change from his diseased hands.

With that mess finally behind me, I started to walk back to the hotel, it was nearly pitch black outside which was the time when the niggers were usually running rampant. Thankfully, this was a quiet, White part of town so I wasn't worried too much about being mugged or running into any niggers. As I walked I heard the sound of a twig breaking behind me. I quickly turned around to see nothing behind me. I assumed it was probably an animal like a rabbit that stepped on it so I thought nothing of it. In retrospect, I really wished I hadn’t ignored it. I continued to walk until a few minutes later I felt a tap on my shoulder. Surprised, I turned around to see who it was.

When I turned around my heart skipped a beat, I saw George Floyd and Trayvon Martin right behind me. Horrified I tried to run, but these nigger monkyes caught up to me quickly and Trayvon tackled me down.

“Hee! hee! Hee! Got you now!” George Floyd said, “We told you we were going to make you pay**.**” Trayvon Martin screamed in my ear as he picked me up and held me in a choke hold.

George Floyd said, “Give us fentanyl and pregnant belly pics or I’ll rape you.”

I tried to break myself free from the choke hold of Trayvon Martin but George Floyd suddenly pulled a gun out of his pocket and put it against my belly. I was now too unsure of what to do now, I hated gay people but George Floyd had me at gun point and there wasn’t anyone to save me. As I struggled, Trayvon Martin threw me down on my stomach and George Floyd held me down.

“I’m going to check this cracker’s bag, keep him down.”

I knew it was all over, Trayvon Martin was going to find what’s in my bag from the convention, then kill me after they finish raping me, and finally sell my corpse to buy fentanyl.

“Someone help me**”** I shouted, “These two niggers are going to rape me.”

“Ooga booga no one can help you now.” George Floyd yelled. I closed my eyes knowing there's nothing I can do now.

Suddenly, I heard a loud bang. George Floyd and I looked over and we both saw Trayvon Martin laying on the ground dead. A man ran towards George Floyd and myself from the darkness, carrying a handgun.

The man yelled out to George Floyd, “Get off of him you nigger faggot**.**”

George Floyd slowly put his hands up and got back up on his feet. I swiftly got up and ran to the man. “Too slow!” the man yelled out as he shot George Floyd down.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

"Yeah, thank you so much!" I replied.

"No problem," he responded.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"My name is George Zimmerman," he said. We looked over and we saw George Floyd laying face down, breathing.

George Zimmerman told me, "Wanna do the honors?" "Sure!" I replied. I quickly walked over to George Floyd and I firmly placed my knee on his neck.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe with your knee on your neck!" George Floyd cried. After a few minutes George Floyd was finally dead. I stood back up and walked right back to Zimmerman, we talked for a little bit and after about five minutes. The police finally arrived I told them the whole story of what happened and how Zimmerman saved me from being raped. I pointed to Trayvon Martin's body and when I was going to point to George Floyd's body but it had vanished. Zimmerman, not wanting to get me into potential trouble, took the heat for me. I went back home to Texas the following day and I later found out that Zimmerman was found not guilty which was a relief for me. And a little over a year ago, this nigger monkey George Floyd was supposedly killed by a police officer, causing chimpouts throughout America. Do not buy into that. George Floyd is still alive and he will never die. I am right now hiding in an secret location writing my story in secret to be safe from the nigger monkey George Floyd. Moral of the story, if you ever see George Floyd, run and don't look back, he's more than capable of doing evil things to you if you don't give him fentanyl and pregnant belly pics.

**George Floyd is Still Alive**

By Gorg Floydson

One day I was scrolling through Instagram looking at funny Ronnie McNutt and George Floyd edits while trolling fur fags. One of my ***based*** friends sent me a video of some nigger's Tik Tok saying "He's still alive!" I didn't know what he was talking about so I watched the video. In the video, someone asked a nigger if he could breathe, that's when I got a good look at the nigger's face, he had a massive nose and large lips. Those were undoubtedly the features of the deceased criminal nigger, George Floyd!

However the nigger responded,"I sure can, I can breathe and I own my own business."

That didn't make sense since George Floyd couldn't breathe and he was a criminal nigger who was never smart enough to own a business.

I asked my friend if he had any other videos of this George Floyd lookalike to which he sent me a link to his YouTube channel. The nigger's name was Jessie Lloyd, the videos on his YouTube channel were just clips taken from his Tik Tok. Apparently the nigger is a motivational speaker and life coach. But watching the nigger's dumb Tik Tok's only motivated me to want to McNutt myself from how retarded he sounded. The nigger provided both his website and email for booking sessions. Since I had nothing better to do, I decided to book an appointment.

Interestingly enough, the nigger's base of operations was in Minneapolis, the same shit hole city where George Floyd died. Minneapolis was only a 1 hour drive away from my place so it would be no trouble to see what this nigger was all about. I had booked an appointment for Friday which was 3 days away so I continued on with my day bullying trannies and pajeets online. When Friday came, I drove out with my McLaren F1 to Minneapolis. It was a retarded thing to take such an expensive car out to a nigger shit hole like Minneapolis, I knew that I would probably get carjacked by niggers. When I arrived at the destination 1 hour later, I noticed that this used to be Cup Foods, judging by the outline of the sign as well as the murals of George Floyd everywhere.

I walked in when I was greeted by the receptionist, she was a well dressed White woman albeit her face was on the uglier side however it brought my hopes up knowing that this place at least had a bit of professionalism despite operating out of a dirty corner store.

"Hello, do you have an appointment today?" The receptionist asked.

"Yes, I have an appointment with George err I mean Jessie Lloyd at 2 PM." I said.

"Alright, please take a seat and mister Floyd will let you into his office shortly.

The receptionist walked to the back while I sat down. What did she mean by mister Floyd? I thought. As far as I knew there wasn't a Floyd mentioned as one of the life coaches on the website. The only life coaches the site listed were Jessie Lloyd and a White man named Rodney McWalnutt. I took out my phone and tried to see if the site had any customer reviews about their services, unfortunately there were none which just made me even more suspicious about what was going on. Suddenly the door opened and a tall 6 foot 5 nigger walked out.

"Hey mayne, I be Jessie Lloyd n shit, you may come into ma office n shiet."

I reluctantly walked into his office. When I entered, I noticed a foul smell of menthol cigarettes. There were wrappers of Popeyes chicken sandwiches along with empty buckets of KFC all over the floor.

"Sit down mayne," Jessie Lloyd said.

I sat down in front of Jessie Lloyd. I saw that there was a half eaten banana and mayonnaise sandwich along with a Pabst blue ribbon which had some white powder at the top of the can.

"Alright mayne, what can I help you with n shiet?" Jessie Lloyd asked.

"I became a life coach n shit because yung generation clearly lost mayne clearly lost, dem young folks be fucking da same gender and even transitioning to the other gender, it hurts ma soul seeing the yung ones so lost," Jessie Lloyd said.

I agreed with the nigger, despite Jessie Lloyd's retarded ebonics, I knew he was speaking facts.

"Mayne I help people make progress in their lives in order to attain greater fulfillment n shit and I can see that you're clearly lost mayne!" Jessie Lloyd said.

"What?" I said confused.

"You be a racist cracka n shit, you more lost den dem trannies and fags," Jessie Lloyd said.

"Now hold on a minute nigger, I know who you really are, you aren't some life coach, you're George Floyd the criminal nigger!" I said angrily.

I thought this would get the nigger mad however Jessie Lloyd just sat in his seat.

"Now mayne, do I be looking like dat George Floyd mayne?"

"George Floyd was a handsome negro with a magnificently shaped nose and the lips of a greek god, he were killed by dat evil police Derek Chauvin who is rotting behind bars."

"Floyd couldn't breathe, while I can breathe." Jessie Lloyd said.

"Why are you so obsessed with breathing?" I asked.

"Cuz if a nigga can't breathe, he'd be a dead nigga, you know what I'm saying?" Jessie Lloyd said.

"Anyway enough questions n shit, I will rehabilitate yo racist ass mayne!" Jessie Lloyd said as he opened a bag of white powder and blew the substance into my face.

I began coughing profusely.

"Yeah lil cracka, dat fentanyl be yo way to rehabilitation hehehe!" Jessie Lloyd giggled.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" I said as I was gasping for air.

I was on the verge of passing out, but I managed to hang on due to my racism and hatred towards niggers.

"Damn nigga, you a strong ass cracka n shit, most crackas be passed out as soon as taking da fentanyl and dead within 9 minutes." Jessie Lloyd said.

"So mayne, it do seem you caught on to da fact that I be George Floyd n shit and you be right n shit, I be George Floyd and da other life coach Rodney McWalnutt be da real Ronnie McNutt who survived his attempted suicide!" Jessie Lloyd or should I say George Floyd said.

"How the fuck did you survive?!" I said in a weak tone. "I be using a breathing machine created by dem Jews and I had myself a face change so no one will know I'm George Floyd," George Floyd said.

I laughed at this. “You dumb fucking ape, you look basically identical to your old face with your nose and lips but my main question is what are you doing this for, why pretend to be life coaches and get young White people to O D on fentanyl, is Rodney, I mean Ronnie in on this as well?” I asked.

“Oh Ronnie be a soy boy and shit, he my bottom bitch and if he don’t listen to me then I peg his ass along with the receptionist Equinox,” George Floyd said.

“ I be doing dis operation to make da easy money off yung crackas n shit, I be giving dem advice to fulfil their pointless lives and den have them overdose on da fentanyl and den rob their shit for my pregnant only fans!” George Floyd explained.

“Now dat you know ma secret n shit, I’m afraid I can’t let you live no mo!” George Floyd said.

Suddenly the door opened, the receptionist Equinox along with Ronnie McNutt who had gotten a face change due to nearly turning himself into the demogorgon.

“So this guy figured out your identity, George?” Equinox asked.

“Das rite baby gurl, we gonna dispose of him now!” “Ronnie, check if he got any valuables on him n shit,” George Floyd said.

Ronnie walked over to me in a timid manner due to his soy instincts. As Ronnie began to search my pants, I immediately punched him in the face. Despite being in a weakened state due to the fentanyl in my system, I still managed to land a good hit.

“Ouch, I’m done!” Ronnie yelped crying like a baby as his nose began to bleed. George Floyd pulled out a handgun and shot me in the belly.

“Hehehe cracka, guess I be taking care of you myself!”

“Look closer you dumb nigger,” I said revealing the chest armour underneath my shirt. I got up and punched George Floyd in the nose.

“Oh shit, that hurt mama!” George Floyd said as he began to wail like a baby bornean orangutan, crying even louder than Ronnie.

I ran out of the building screaming like a madman which made all the nearby niggers look over at me. But since niggers are heartless animals, the niggers simply ignored me instead of trying to call the police. I looked for my McLaren F1 but my worst nightmare came true, my car was carjacked by niggers!

“Hey, get that White man!” A voice said behind me.

I turned around and saw Equinox Autumn along with George Floyd and Ronnie McNutt who was holding his shotgun. Ronnie fired a shot at me but since he had trash aim, he ended up shooting a 4 year old niglet girl who was a few feet away from me in the belly.

“Shit mayne, why’d you gotta do ma niece like that?” George Floyd said angrily.

“I was gonna smoke her ma self.”

“Oh shit, ma baby girl’s been hit!” A nigger’s voice yelled.

I saw that a male nigger picked up the injured 4 year old niglet.

“Oh shit, oh shit, dat be Derrick Delane n shit, dat be ma relative n shit!” George Floyd said.

“George!?” “Wuz you da one who smoked Arianna n shit?” Derrick Delane asked.

“Shiet mayne, I was gonna smoke all yall niggas anyway, you be living off ma death n shit, ya’ll be living in wealth while I gots to drug and rob da White boys!” George Floyd said angrily.

Derrick passed the injured niglet to a sheboon next to him who I presumed to be the niglet’s mother.

“You fucking coon, I will smoke yo ass!” Derrick Delane said as he pulled out a gun from his back pocket.

George Floyd and Derrick Delane began to fight like two silverback gorillas. Using the distraction, I ran to a back alley and hid. By now, the fentanyl was overpowering my chad body. I began coughing up blood,

“Shit, I might fucking die because of that nigger,” I said out loud.

I tried to get up.

"Don't move, or he'll blow your face off!" A voice said behind me.

It was the voice of Equinox Autumn. She must have followed me while George Floyd and Derrick Delane were increasing the black on black crime rate.

And judging by the fact that Equinox said, "He'll blow your face off" it meant that Ronnie McNutt was also behind me.

I slowly put my hands up but that's when I heard a gunshot from behind followed by a body dropping to the ground. I slowly turned around and saw Equinox autumn on the floor spazzing out. Her face turned inside out like a smashed tomato.

"I guess that's it!" Ronnie McNutt said.

"I'm tired of getting used by this ugly bitch and that big lipped nigger, I fucking hate niggers!" Ronnie said heroically.

Ronnie bent down and gave me a hand.

"Thank you," I said as I began to cough up more blood.

"We gotta get you to the hospital," Ronnie said as he helped me up.

It's been several days now. I was able to be treated at the hospital and was discharged 2 days later. Local authorities reported the death of Derrick Delane who was beaten to death by an unknown assailant. But I know the truth, it was George Floyd! George Floyd is still at large. He faked his death and got a face transplant along with a machine to help him breathe thanks to the jews.

Please adhere to this warning, if you ever see a nigger with a big fat nose and leathery large lips who is obsessed with breathing, it is likely that that is George Floyd. If you ever see him, please kneel on his neck. He is a violent criminal nigger who contributes nothing to society. If George Floyd is not stopped then the crime rate will rise!

**The Floyd Invasion**

By Gorg Floydson

Before this event transpired, I was never a believer of extraterrestrials nor the existence of beings of a higher plane of existence. Some would call me the type of loser who wallows around in the degenerate hell hole known as Reddit however this is not true. My whole life, I've just never been a believer of god nor life on other planets. But that all changed one day.

On that fateful day that altered human history for the worse. An event so horrific it makes past wars and genocides look tame. I am of course referring to the Floyd Invasion. But before I begin, I must provide context. I worked at NASA. I cannot say the name of the program I worked at but the program I worked at was trying to find ways to launch garbage up into space. Because as you know, our planet is literally becoming a massive dump with all the garbage humans produce every year.

We developed a machine with the force and strength able to shoot 500 tonnes of garbage into deep space. I had really hoped that we could later on use the machine to launch niggers and trannies into space because they are useless human garbage that contribute nothing to society. So far on our past attempts, the waste made it past Mars heading to Jupiter. By what we've done currently, it was a huge success, soon we will have a solution to all the waste built up on the planet.

One day, my coworker, a nigga named Tyrone was shooting up fentanyl on the job. You're probably wondering how a nigga got into a NASA facility, well you see, NASA had recently implemented a diversity program for niggers and spics. Niggers have been able to get into prestigious universities such as MIT and Stanford because they need to score the lowest score possible to get in. Highly respected schools such as MIT were run by nigger lovers or Jews.

Tyrone somehow managed to not only get his hands on the drug but also snuck a syringe past security. We were told to shoot another load into space today and in his high state he threw the syringe into the device with the pile of garbage. I thought nothing of this, just another piece of garbage about to be shot up into the empty vacuum of space. However I noticed that some of the fentanyl had gotten into the machine

which produced a white glow. I watched as the fentanyl charged machine blasted the load so fast that the garbage along with the syringe of fentanyl disappeared upon leaving the atmosphere. This was the part I regret the most. If I could ever repeat a day, that day would have been the only day I would repeat. It was because of that syringe of fucking fentanyl that turned everything to shit. A living hell on earth.

After we shot this latest pile of trash into space, I simply thought that the trash had disintegrated because of the super charged fentanyl which sounds too absurd to be true, no one at NASA believed me and just thought that I was picking on Tyrone for his skin colour.

Almost 4 months had passed since that day. I continued to work on the project but strangely every load after the one containing the fentanyl syringe would not travel more than a few miles away from the moon, I thought that the fentanyl had broken or at least damaged the machine. It was an average day at work when suddenly sirens rang out with a deafening noise. Everyone panicked and stormed out of the building. I took this opportunity to go home and have a day of relaxation playing black lives splatter. That's when I saw it, a wormhole above the skyline. A massive mothership came out of the wormhole. It resembled the face of a nigger. I looked up in awe and that's when these beings came down to the ground. They were humanoid with pale skin, large muscles, the most jacked beings I had ever seen and keep in mind, I'm a 300 pound racist chad. The beings were about 8 or 9 feet tall. Their head was the weirdest feature. It was brown with a face. It was the face of George Floyd. No doubt about it. He was a black criminal who was caught using counterfeit bills and was killed by a police officer. The creature took something out of a container. It was the syringe that Tyrone had thrown into the garbage shooter. The garbage pile containing the fentanyl syringe didn't disappear into atoms but instead had been teleported to a different world because of the fentanyl charged machine. That's when it spoke in my head.

"OOGA BOOGA, we are the trans dimensional council of George Floyd!" The beings said. "Two of our spies were killed on this very planet, George Floyd FM-2 was killed by the evil man, Kyle Rittenhouse and George Floyd-Prime, our master was killed by the police officer Derek Chauvin." The creature said angrily. "You will give us fentanyl in return for killing the two of them and we won't harm anyone if you just give us more fentanyl OOGA BOOGA!" It said,

Everyone looked shocked and I could tell the same thing was happening to everyone around me. They were speaking to us telepathically.

"We don't have any fentanyl," I said.

The drug was banned after the incident with George Floyd. And that's when it all went to hell.

"OOGA BOOGA, our world da Floydverse had recently ran out of fentanyl, our people need da fentanyl to breathe, if you will not give us da fentanyl, then we'll have to take it by force!" The Floyd creature said.

The creatures went up back into the giant mothership. Suddenly it fired blasts at everyone. I ran for my life while chaos was unfolding around me. People who were hit by the beam turned into fentanyl which was then taken to the ship by drones.

I hid in my apartment for 5 whole days. During those 5 days trapped inside my house, I've learned that black lives don't matter. I had little food and water but I couldn't leave my apartment while those aliens were out there. Those things were far more advanced than humanity. They are not an extraterrestrial species, they were multiversal beings capable of travelling to different universes to plant their spies. If you're a nigger retard, the multiverse is a hypothetical group of multiple universes. Together, these universes comprise everything that exists: the entirety of space, time, matter, energy, information, and the physical laws and constants that describe them. Meaning that there are an infinite amount of universes and therefore infinite earths where the Floyd creatures could go plant spies and take fentanyl. You're probably thinking, if a race is so advanced to the point of being able to travel to other universes then why not just make their own fentanyl? The most likely scenario is that there was a race far more advanced than even the Floyd creatures and they simply stole their technology and killed them all off as niggers are tend to be violent as fuck no matter what kind.

Occasionally I turned on the news to see what was happening outside. The Floydians as I've started calling them have destroyed most of the world and world casualties are in the billions. Most of the things the military threw at the Floydians were repelled and had little if any effect on them. As I watched videos

of Russian and Chinese military fighting off the Floydians, I noticed that whenever they were shot in the neck, they would die. The neck must be their weak part. The prime George Floyd died in the same way so it must also apply to the Floydians. I acted fast and immediately posted the videos on social media platforms and told everyone that their weakness was the neck and to repost my videos.

In just a few hours, the video spread like wildfire and the world's militaries managed to kill all of the Floydians as well as blowing up their spaceship. It was all over. The people of earth had united as one. Whites, Asians, spics and even black monkeys. I went outside my apartment for the first time in a long time. There was destruction and death all around me but I couldn't help but laugh, and shout nigger, nigger, over and over again. I've never felt this free or happy before. And all of a sudden, an even bigger space ship descended down from the wormhole. It was much bigger than the last one. The mere tip of the ship engulfed my city. And I heard that terrible voice in my head again.

"OOGA BOOGA give me more fentanyl!" A voice boomed.

3 Floydians came out of the ship, however they were different. The 3 creatures were bigger, about 12 feet tall and had even larger muscles.

"We are the Floydaukar legion, the elite soldiers of House Floyd!" The leader said. "You have done well against our troops, however cracka, we will not leave without the fentanyl," the Floydian said.

I ran back into my house in fear. "It's all over," I thought. I was out of food and water, the only thing I could do was go back onto Reddit. I found a subreddit called /r/FloydAliens. People there were thinking of ways to defeat the new Floydaukar army which appeared all over the world. One man by the name of Ronnie McNutt said that the Floydians turned his girlfriend Equinox Autumn into fentanyl.

"Hey guys, my name is Ronnie and these Floyd aliens turned my girlfriend Equinox Autumn into a pile of fentanyl with a shotgun labelled fentanyl sprayer 3000!" Ronnie said in a voice message. Ronnie continued, "I believe there is a way to stop these creatures once and for all but I need your guys help or else we are all done!" Ronnie exclaimed.

I privately messaged Ronnie and to my surprise found out, he only lived an hour away from me. The only problem was the Floydaukar who were turning people into fentanyl in my area. I checked my apartment for anything useful. The only things that I had were my George Floyd ski mask, a **[Sam Hyde]** Chan kit and George Floyd toy. I thought the George Floyd ski mask would help me blend into the Floydians army as they are retarded nigger beings. The **[Sam Hyde]** Chan kit came with a replica of his AR and shotgun which would come in handy. I walked out of my house while wearing the ski mask, however there was a foul odor coming from the mask, I realised that this was the same mask I had busted a nut on and never cleaned it. 2 Floydaukar soldiers noticed me immediately.

"Wassup nigga!" I said. "Good good niggie, we just turning these crackas into fentanyl 'n shit," the Floydaukar soldiers responded.

I walked away and headed to my car, I started it and drove off to where Ronnie McNutt lived. An hour later, I arrived at the McNutt house, a short man with a beard came out with a shotgun.

"Are you Ronnie McNutt?" I asked. "Yes yes and I presume you are the man I talked with on Reddit," Ronnie said. " I have a plan to stop the Floydians and it involves sneaking into their mothership and disabling their breathing machine!" Ronnie said. "Sounds good," I replied.

I gave Ronnie a second George Floyd mask so we could successfully sneak onto the mothership. We arrived outside where the mothership was parked, a corner store called Cup Foods. Ronnie and I managed to get into the ship while the other Floydians were busy buying bananas with counterfeits. We found the breathing machine in the main command room which produced oxygen for the Floydians to breathe.

"Look over here!" Ronnie said excitedly.

There was a remote labelled stop all breathing machines meaning that not only would it disable the breathing machine on the ship but also all the breathing machines back in the Floydverse. However all the Floydians soldiers were on earth so they'll still be breathing the air of earth even if the ship's breathing machine is destroyed. Ronnie had an idea. "We'll broadcast a video of my now deceased girlfriend when she was impregnated by a BBC," Ronnie said. Ronnie went over to the intercom and began to talk. "All Floydian units on earth, return to the ship immediately, we've got a pregnant woman video n shit mane," Ronnie said. Within seconds, all the Floydians came rushing into the ship all shouting pregnant belly, pregnant

belly.

"But dude, once the breathing machine is disabled, we won't be able to breathe either," I said concerned.

"That's why, you'll leave the ship immediately, I will disable the machine myself!" Ronnie said.

"But you'll die," I said.

"It's ok, I was going to kill myself with a shotgun and livestream it on Facebook before these nigger creatures showed up," Ronnie said heroically.

"You may be a low testosterone beta cuck, but you are mankind's saviour Ronnie McNutt," I said, tears welling up in my eyes.

I rushed out of the ship as Ronnie disabled the machine.

"Hey guys, I guess that's it," Ronnie said as all the Floydians began choking. "Ah shit, breathing machine disabled, I can't breathe!" The Floydians said in unison.

I saw that Ronnie with the last remaining air in his lungs drove the ship into the wormhole and then blew his face off with his shotgun. The Floyd invasion was over and mankind had to rebuild itself. Luckily most of the casualties were niggers, Jews, trannies and bbc whores because they thought they could ally themselves with the Floydians.

Moral of the story; niggers are too retarded to be allowed to work in NASA facilities or be allowed into prestigious universities. Their low IQ bug brains will surely cause major problems later on for all of mankind to face.

**George Floyd's Ghost Visited My House**

By Jesus Pepe

I was 15 when the nigger George Floyd got his neck stood on.

My story starts a year after, on the night of the anniversary of his death.

I was home alone. I live in a rough area in Minneapolis, Minnesota even though I am White, because my Father got his job taken away and was replaced by a nigger. He had been an executive for a large paper company. From what I have heard from listening to my parents' arguments, the company has since gone to hell. The paper is hair thin and of uneven texture.

Back to the story, I was home alone. My parents had left with my brother for the weekend and had left me to guard the house since, as I said, we live in a very rough area that teems with niggers. This particular night was a strange one without even considering the strange and horrifying events to take place later that night. Even though it was the middle of November, it was 78 degrees fahrenheit with no wind. The trees outside were completely still. This fact is important for later, to convey the sheer horror factor with this story.

Anyway, I was sitting on my couch, waiting for the inevitable sound of gunshots that are a part of life in the Minneapolis area, when I heard a strange whooshing sound immediately followed by

the sound of someone frantically typing on the family computer accompanied by heavy, labored breathing. I went into the den, which held the family computer and the first thing I noticed was a strange smell that smelled like burning chemicals and a homeless person who hadn't washed in weeks. I noticed that the computer was on. *Weird,* I thought, *they never leave the computer on*.

I walked closer to the computer, turning on the light as I approached. I noticed a strange white powder all over the desk. I picked some up with my fingers and sniffed it like an investigator from a TV show might do. An hour later I woke up on the floor with a nosebleed.

I almost called my parents to tell them about what happened, but at about that time I noticed what was on the computer screen and I forgot about calling my parents at all. I first noticed the dark mode screen with a contrasting orange logo. Then I saw what the person who had been here had been doing. The search bar said "whyt wimins pregnint an sheeit" and there were videos of pregnant women chained up all over the screen. I was still confused and scared from waking up on the floor from the seemingly harmless powder all over everything, so I didn't realize what the nigger babble meant for a second. When it dawned

on me what it meant, it didn't help me figure out what was going on. I had never heard anything about George Floyd, and I didn't care at the time, but seeing the site made me physically ill and I spent a good 30 or so minutes in the bathroom.

Once the effects of the powder started to wear off and I was feeling more in my right mind, a realization hit me. There was someone here, maybe even while I was on the floor knocked out. They may still be here. My first instinct was to call the police. I was answered by an operator after 10 minutes, probably because of the riots downtown. When the operator answered, I felt a wave of temporary relief wash over me. I explained the situation to the operator who responded by saying "cracka whatchu think, imma send a nigga to yo house an sheeit?" and then she hung up.

A feeling of hopelessness weighed heavy on me and I gave up and went back to the couch, grabbing a knife on the way to the den. Before I could get to the den, I heard the same whoosh, but this time it was followed by a semi-clear voice saying " I caint breev offisuh" over and over. I didn't know much about George Floyd but I knew his voice from watching the news bulletins about him for weeks after his death. The voice had clearly come from my parents' bedroom at the rear of the house.

I ran to my parents' room as fast as I could. the voice was still hollering in ebonics " I can't breathe, I can't breathe, I can't breathe" nonstop over and over. Having to hear the sorry excuse for a language that is ebonics for an extended period of time made me have to vomit in the toilet before reaching the bedroom.

When I got to the bedroom, I ran through the door to see the tail end of a black man running through the wall, except that he wasn't running. He was hovering 6 inches off the ground.

At this point I was ready to leave the house, but I would have had nowhere to go and there were still rioters out, so I decided to follow the black man into the next room. It was my pregnant sister's room. She had moved out months before this, but most of her old clothing was still in the dresser. I walked in and saw the black man at the dresser rifling through the drawers.

" I smell a pregnant White woman," he kept repeating while throwing aside articles of clothing.

I had to be extremely quiet so as to keep myself hidden, so I used some painters tape to cover my mouth, but when a sneeze came, I was unable to stop it.

The black man heard my sneeze and whirled around so see me in the doorway. He said something that sounded like monkey screeches mixed with the sound a dolphin makes while having an orgasm. When I remained silent, he started towards me. At that moment, the doorbell rang twice and the black man, who I now presumed to be George Floyd, or at least his ghost, disappeared into thin air.

I ran to answer the door, since anyone who wasn't a floating, violent black man was welcome company right then, to see a manlet with longish purple hair, a beard, a jean jacket and a shotgun standing in front of me. I knew this guy from somewhere.

It took a minute to put together, but I eventually recognized the pitiful man as Ronnie McNutt, the cuck that shot his own face off. Somehow, he was standing in front of me, face fully intact, and he was wearing a police badge. " I heard from the operators that you have a nigger in your house," he said.

"Um, yeah I guess you could say that," I replied.

"Ok then. Can I come in to investigate?" McNutt asked.

"I guess," I replied, "but be careful."

He walked past me, apparently with more confidence than he had had when the video of him with the shotgun had emerged, and immediately marched into the room I had just faced the ghost nigger in, almost as if he knew what had happened. The whole time, he was yelling

About niggers and crime rates and loading his shotgun. All I heard were 2 gunshots and then Ronnie screaming. I ran into the room to see Ghost Floyd standing over McNutt, forcing white powder down his throat.

"Help," Ronnie screamed, "I'm going to die of an overdose".

There was nothing I could do. Ronnie was dead.

Ghost Floyd turned to me. I knew if I could get him to monologue, I could buy myself some time to get away, so I asked him why he was here.

"It be's the anniversary of my death an sheeit," he said, us niggers be stealing the air of White niggas that be home alone at night."

I saw that as he talked, a bottle of powder in his hand leaked out onto the floor. The bottle said Fentenyl in big letters on the side.

I finally knew why I had passed out after smelling the white powder on the computer desk.

"I see you noticed my nigga powder," he said "This made out of White skin an sheeit."

I started scooting slowly towards the shotgun laying in Ronnie's hands. To my luck, Ghost Floyd didn't seem to notice.

"If I steal the air of 666 whypipos tonight, I come back to life and I can rape all the pregnant White women I want," Floyd said laughing in a demonic voice. "You stupid whypipos never noticed that niggas be comin back to haunt y'all an sheeit?"

I ignored his question, which didn't seem to bother him. After a minute of silence, Ghost Floyd started the process of collecting the skin cells from Ronnie, keeping an eye on me.

He threw the shotgun aside like the dumb nigger he is, which allowed me to take it. I shot him with the 4 remaining shells inside of the gun, but they went right through him. Not even shifting his attention, he said "Stupid nigga, you can't shoot me. The only way to kill a black ghost is with an IQ test an sheeit."

I immediately got an idea. My father had his IQ test hanging above his bed. He had scored 145 and was extremely proud. "Sorry dad, I thought as I ran to his room. I grabbed the frame from the wall, broke the glass and shoved the test down the barrel of the shotgun. Then I loaded in another shell from the few that hadn't been stolen when riots passed our neighborhood, and ran back to the room where Ghost Floyd stood stealing Ronnie's skin to make fentanyl.

I had a clear shot and I took it. Ghost Floyd let out a horrible scream, blood dripping from his eyes and ears.

"I CAN'T BREATHE!" he screamed. I couldn't fire again so I had to hope one shot was enough. "MOMMA I CAN'T BREATHE AN SHEEEIT", he continued to scream.

He was shrinking smaller and smaller every second until he was the size of a baby. Then he simply disappeared.

I am sitting at my computer, a year after the incident. I have since had many other nigger ghosts come to haunt me, but none as strong as Ghost Floyd. I am afraid that if he comes again I may not be able to stop him.

If you do not take anything else from my story, remember to keep IQ tests on hand. You never know when you might need them.

The End

**Black Goblin**

By Jordan Cleeman

Hey guys my name is Stewart Maytum and I have something to get off my chest. A story about one of the evilest beings on the planet. It all started when I was at school in my math class working on an assignment. It was an assignment where I had to draw a picture on the desmos online virtual graphing calculator. It was a huge pain in the ass and unrelated to math at its core (keep in mind, I am in twelfth grade), so I was mostly on my phone instead of doing any work related to it. My math teacher is a nigger, so of course, he would assign us students such a mindless task, I thought. Only dumb low IQ niggers would find an activity like this fun since it is the one thing irrelevant to math.

It was only midway through the period and I was on the verge of falling asleep. The only thing keeping me awake was the breathtaking creepypastas I was listening to on this Telegram channel called George Floyd Creepypastas. I had to hide my earphones though because my Jew ran school has a no music policy, even at times where there aren't any lectures. Sometimes I miss online classes. I was in the middle of listening to a particular Creepypasta called The Penis Monkey Part 3, when I suddenly remembered that the assignment was going to be due tonight at 11:59 PM. I still barely made it through fifteen percent of it at

the time, so I decided that it would be best to focus one hundred percent on it.

By the end of class, I was disappointed to see that I only managed to complete the eyes and mouth of the Patrick Star picture I had picked to draw, so I decided that I was in a situation where desperate times call for desperate measures.

One of my long-time childhood friends whose name is Till Krannies has a father who has a PhD in mathematics, so I decided that he could probably help me with the assignment. Way back in elementary school, he'd help me with math homework whenever I'd come over to Till Krannies's house, so I thought he'd be my only hope. He works at a company called FloydCorp Industries until late at night, so that would mean I was going to have to visit him at his workplace if I wanted to get the assignment done before the due date. I was at first hesitant to visit the FloydCorp towers since it is a company ran by niggers and Jews, but I thought of the counterargument that my nigger teacher will probably give my overall grade a zero if I screw up this one assignment despite my straight A's, since my friends and I would harass him for being a nigger teacher in lunch hours.

After school was over, I drove over to the FloydCorp building downtown which was ironically next to this convenience store called Cup Foods, and was surprised to see how messy the place was. Hundreds of sheets of paper were scattered and there were large holes punched into the walls. Not to mention, every employee was running around, screaming at the top of their lungs. Despite all this though, the only thing in my mind was trying not to fail the math assignment, so I went over to the sign next to the elevator to navigate my way through the building. It was a poorly constructed layout (as all nigger creations especially in Africa are), so it took a good while for me to find the office of Doctor Krannies. After what felt like a maze marathon, I made it to his room. There I saw Doctor Krannies, hiding under his office desk, as if there was something dangerous out there. I approached him and said, "I have a mathematics assignment due soon and,"

"Stewart, you have to get out of here now!" Doctor Krannies interrupted me.

"What is going on?" I asked.

"Come down here first and I will tell you what this is all about."

I followed Doctor Krannies's order and crouched under the desk with him.

"I knew I shouldn't have worked with a nigger and jew company," he said, with audible regret in his voice. "It all started when the owner of this company, George Floyd, wanted a serum made which functions as a race changer if you will. Essentially, George Floyd wanted to become White through the means of the race changer serum to cure his breathing problems, but after he consumed the first prototype, everything went wrong."

"Woah woah, I thought that nigger monkey was dead," I said.

"The jew media lied about his death and any employee at FloydCorp is to keep their mouths shut about it or they will face a death punishment. I am sorry I haven't spoken about it to the public earlier. Believe me, I am a nigger hater too."

"So, um, what happened after?" I asked, eager to hear what Doctor Krannies was to say next.

"I don't know exactly how it happened," Doctor Krannies continued. "I am not something of a biologist myself. All I can tell you is the race changer serum somehow turned him into this hyper-aggressive goblin-like being with superhuman strength. He started to attack everybody in close proximity using his fentanyl grenades and then mounted onto his glider and flew off to continue murdering every worker in his line of sight. I don't know whether he is still in the building or not, so here I am hiding in case."

"What the fuck?" I said. "How exactly is a nigger smart enough to even run a company inventing these science-fiction machines?"

"Well you see, George Floyd wasn't even responsible for even a small sliver of the technical processes of the company. All he does is boss everyone around since the top managers of the company are nigger-loving sheep who support BLM."

I suddenly noticed a reddish-orange light flash which looked to be a grenade explosion behind Doctor Krannies, and then instinctively warned him.

"Doctor Krannies, look out!"

Followed by the flash was the sound of what you'd imagine discharging fentanyl would sound like. The force caused Doctor Krannies and I to fly into the wall opposite the office door. Despite me being a three-hundred-pound shredded football lineman in my high school football team, I flew like a paper airplane.

Once we landed, a voice that sounded both jewy and ebonic could be heard. "Ooga booga goys, it is me, Black Goblin and I am here to take mah revenge hehehe."

Stunned, I looked up, to see the figure who said those words. He was hovering a few feet above the ground using his glider. What I saw still haunts me to this day. All of us racists can agree that Jews and niggers are the worst races on the planet. Picture a being that exhibits the physical characteristics of both of those subhuman creatures, but ten times worse than the resulting offspring of a disgusting race-mixing nigger and jew couple. The figure that I saw walking into Doctor Krannies office possessed a nose that had the length of a jew nose, yet had the fatness of a nigger nose. It looked like what would happen if you take a carrot and mash it into a potato to create a giant fruity mass that looks gigantic when it comes to every dimension. Regarding his expectedly terrifying eyes, they showed no semblance of intelligence, while exhibiting the soulless nature of Kyke eyes. When I looked at his lips, god fucking damn, they were of the exact same proportions as the stomach rolls of Breonna Taylor. After seeing all of those characteristics, I instantly knew why he dubbed himself the Black Goblin; he looks exactly like how a professional 3D model artist would portray a nigger goblin, because of all those prominent Jew characteristics glued onto a default nigger face template

"I see it is you goy, Mr. Krannies," Black Goblin continued to speak. "I shall get back at you for turning me into this mess."

"But Mr. Floyd, I had nothing to do with that damn serum!" Mr. Krannies exclaimed.

"Hehehe too bad mane, I keel everyone I see anyway."

Black Goblin shoved his warty hand into his duffel bag, and then retrieved this hand-sized plastic pouch containing a white powder. I figured it was one of his fentanyl grenades that Mr. Krannies mentioned earlier. Before either of us could react, Black Goblin threw it in Mr. Krannies's throat, like how a professional nigger basketball player would dunk a basketball.

"I... can't... breathe," was Dr. Krannies last words.

There was no practical way I could help him at this point, so the only thing I did was stand up and run to the wall furthest from him as fast as I could. Shortly, the fentanyl grenade detonated, blasting Dr. Krannies's brains, looking like some cheap reenactment of Ronnie McNutt's infamous suicide video.

"Hehehe. one goy down mane!" Black Goblin cackled.

I ran toward what was leftover of Dr. Krannies's body; only his torso and legs were intact while his entire head was now completely gone.

Dr. Krannies has always been good to me, so his death hit me hard. The thought of it built up anger in me. I turned to Black Goblin, wanting to avenge Dr. Krannies's death. However, despite me being a three hundred pound racist chad, I was no match for all the tools Black Goblin had at his fingertips. The fentanyl grenades would mean certain death. His glider appeared to be a weapon in itself. At the front of it were a dozen sharp spikes. Anything in the way of the flying glider at high speeds would get impaled to death.

"Fuck you Kyke nigger, you killed him," I said. "Why the fuck did you do this?"

"You see goy," Black Goblin began. "The serum that them crackas worked on that was supposed to turn me into a normal breathing White man, turned out to be a serum that turned me into a niggie Jew instead. I am now angry because now mah extra large jew nose be making it even harder to breathe."

"Okay nigger goblin," I said, as I formed a battle stance.

"Atta main," Black Goblin laughed, as he motioned his pointer finger at himself.

My anger fueled me to run at Black Goblin, probably even faster than the nigger Usain Bolt, and I talked him off his glider.

"Oof goy, you bettah be careful," Black Goblin said.

We tumbled onto the ground and I pinned him for a good five seconds until I heard an eerie whirl behind me because it caught me off guard. I glanced back, so see Black Goblins' glider facing directly at me. I then turned back to look at Black Goblin. On his wrist was a visible watch that looked to be a remote control of the glider.

"Hehehe, I told you you shoulda be careful main," Black Goblin cackled once again. "Prepare to get yo belly impaled by them glider blades."

I thought I was doomed because the glider was only a few feet from me and it seemed like it would be impossible to dodge. I decided to capitalize on the only advantage I had over this Jew nigger: intelligence.

I quickly distracted Black Goblin by saying the word, "air," and then did a high vertical jump that made it look like I was going to lash at him. However, I instead jumped high enough to cling onto one of the hanging lights on the ceiling. This startled Black Goblin enough to induce him to fly the glider not at me, but directly at himself. The glider flew in between my legs, and then into the neck of Black Goblin. The frontal blades of the glider pierced through his throat, preventing him from being able to breathe.

"Ah shit, you who who, glider blades in my throat, I can't breathe!" Black Goblin choked out.

After I was certain he was dead, I evacuated the scene as fast as I could. I knew that if I were to be caught near Black Goblin's corpse, I would likely get arrested and thrown into prison for the murder of a black man, even though everything was self-defense. Hell, Black Goblin was technically the one who killed himself because he drove the glider into his neck.

I am now typing this at my house. I really hope the authorities don't trace Black Goblin's death to me. But if they do, I will certainly lose the court case because of all the nigger lovers running the city. Moral of the story, fuck niggers and fuck jews, but more importantly, fuck nigger jews.

**The Real Purpose of Die Glocke**

By BuckFlackPeople

Many conspiracy theories have popped up over the years. Some are obviously true, like the United States and Israel's involvement in the 9/11 attacks, Jewish-Elite Pedophile Rings, or the fact that the Las Vegas shooting was a false flag operation. Some conspiracy theories are obviously false, like the theory that there are two Joe Biden's or the theory that Michelle Obama is a woman. However, there are some conspiracies which to this day are surrounded in so much mystery that few can even decipher what they truly mean in the grand scheme of life. Perhaps the most famous of these theories surround the project known as Die Glocke. Die Glocke, meaning "The Bell" in German, was reported to be a large bell shaped device created toward the end of World War 2 by Germany. It was theorized by some to be a flying saucer prototype, a time machine, or just a flat out hoax. However, I was there in 1945, and I saw what the true intention of Die Glocke was. And I know how it summoned the malevolent being known as George Perry Floyd.

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Bob Daniel Breaker, but my friends call me Buck Breaker. I grew up in the rural South in Georgia. There was only one nigger in our town. He went by the name of Big Floyd the Landlord, which was ironic as he was a homeless bum who spent his days asking for people's welfare checks, which he referred to as "stimmy checks."

One day I was with my Q.T. big booty racist girlfriend when a nigger walked by and said "Gah damn baby girl I would def buss a nut on yo ass what yo numba?" and slapped her ass, then attempted to rape her.

Naturally, I did what any sane person would do. I gathered a crowd of around 40 armed men, and we hanged him from a telegraph post in the town square. While he was hanging we shot him at least 60 times. While all this was happening he yelled out "Ah shit mane, I can't breathe!"

I can tell he died when he farted and pissed and shit himself. His lifeless body then fell to the ground, landing in the Family Guy death pose. When he fell many people took souvenirs off his body. I took his fat nigger nose as a trophy, which I incorporated into a necklace and gave to my girlfriend. Unfortunately, lynching niggers, which mind you was always done because they had committed a horrific crime,

is now not as common in America. This was why niggers would stay in line as they knew if they fucked with a White man or his woman they would be immediately obliterated. Hell, if you look up lynching cases in the United States, the vast majority of them are related to murder or rape. The media tries very hard to hide this, but even the most basic investigation will show that most if not all lynchings were warranted in some way and were never simply because the victim was black. Anyway, I would not find out Big Floyd's true identity until many years later, on an ill-fated mission in Germany.

During World War 2, I was an agent of the Office of Strategic Services, AKA the OSS. I joined the OSS because there were very few if any black people in it. This is because members of the OSS had to blend in with the environment and not seem out of place in places like Germany and France, and in the 40's a nigger would stick out in Europe like a sore thumb. Jew'd games like Cod Vanguard would have you believe that multiple ethnicities were members of the OSS, but this is a lie. I was deployed to France, mainly to hunt down and eliminate the heads of Soviet backed Partisan movements, ones that could threaten a free Western Europe once France was liberated. It is a well hidden historical fact to this day that many partisan groups during World War 2 held communist sympathies, including the ones who killed Benito Mussolini. This makes sense as fascist leaders were true men of the people, so obviously the majority of the people would rather they stay in power. However, only a small portion of people need to disagree with a good idea to completely fuck it up. But I digress.

One day in May 1945, I had just killed a Jewish, Marxist leader of a communist cell when I was approached by my handler. I was briefed on a mission deep into enemy lines to investigate a Nazi wonder weapon in development that supposedly had some kind of supernatural abilities. My mission was to gather info on the prototype weapon, and report any findings back to base. The weapon was to be preserved at all costs, as the Americans wanted to salvage it for their own purposes. Before I left for my mission, I was introduced to a second agent who would accompany me on my mission, Agent Geedis.

"Hi, I hate niggers," he said as he shook my hand.

"Same, fuck niggers," I responded.

We got into a Jeep and headed towards the German lines. Because the war was almost over, it was very easy to sneak past the German lines. Hell, even if we did encounter any Germans they would probably just surrender to us as they had far better chances of survival with us then in their current situation. We were ordered to keep casualties to a minimum, as the scientists and even the guards at this facility would be able to help us with the weapon once the war ended. Once we came within a few miles of the facility, we disembarked and headed out on foot. We were supposed to go in with Welrods, which are only .32 ACP silenced pistols. However, Geedis managed to smuggle a .30 caliber Browning Automatic Rifle in the Jeep just in case things got messy. And get messy, they would.

When we approached the facility, we were hit with the stench of cheap weed, body odor, and low tier cologne. It was so powerful that we didn't smell the stench of the mutilated corpses of the facility staff until we were very close. We realized the staff had been completely wiped out by some unknown force. It couldn't have been a bombing since the facility was in tact. And it certainly wasn't another army, because there were no signs of bullet wounds on the bodies. The bodies looked like raisins, as if something had sucked the life essence out of them. A strange white powder lay on the ground near some of the bodies. I picked it up with one finger and sniffed it, and immediately regretted it. I grabbed my handkerchief to blow my nose, and when I did there was blood. I pushed through, not knowing what to make of the situation. What hell had the Krauts unleashed upon this world?

We slowly entered the facility, which was completely dark as all the lights were out. We pulled out our flashlights, holding them with our guns. Blood splatters coated the walls, and dead Wehrmacht soldiers and scientists laid all over the floor. As we were walking through the dark, I fell through a hole in the ground, plummeting a floor or two. I yelled up at Geedis that I was okay, and he told me he would look for a way for two down. I looked around with my flashlight. I was clearly in a big room as even the flashlight didn't reveal anything as I looked around. It was completely silent and pitch black. In addition to this, I was only armed with a Welrod pistol to make matters worse. I looked around for anything that could help me distinguish my surroundings. As I was walking, I tripped over a massive wire. Before I could turn to investigate where the wire was leading. I noticed what looked like a person in the distance. They were tweaking the fuck out, almost like a zombie. In fact, it looked like they were doing a little circular hopping

dance. I got closer, against my better judgment.

"Sir," I said, "Are you alright?"

The man immediately lunged at me. I couldn't even see his face as he wrestled with me for my gun. He yelled at me "Ah shit man I ain't that type of guy man I ain't that type of guy!" in a nigger-like voice. I threw a punch into the darkness and felt my fist connect with his face, knocking him away. Suddenly a bright light shined on both of us, blinding me. All I heard was a series of almost deafening noises, what seemed like explosions. I opened my eyes to see it was Geedis who had just cut the assailant practically in half with his automatic rifle. I thanked him and investigated the corpse. To my utter astoundment, it was a nigger. However, that wasn't the craziest part. The craziest part was that it was Big Floyd, the nigger whom I had lynched many years ago. He looked a little different though. His clothes weren't the normal clothes I remembered him wearing back in Georgia, rather they were a black tank top with jeans.

"What the fuck?" I said. "I killed this man."

"Well actually, I kinda killed that dumb nigger when I fucking chopped him in half with .30 caliber bullets," said Geedis, being a little sarcastic.

"No, I mean I killed this man years ago, before the war," I responded. None of this made any sense.

We started to hear screeching monkey noises emanating from the room, and we ran like hell up the stairs Geedis came from. As we were running I picked up a Kar98 from a dead German. While it wasn't exactly the best thing I could get my hands on it was certainly more effective against whatever the fuck we were up against than a shitty silenced pistol. As we were running, we noticed a dim light coming from a room, so we jumped in and closed the door. We held the door shut as we heard a stampede of footsteps pass along with a shitload of nigger noises. Once it was finally over, we heard two guns cock behind us. We turned around to see two Germans in lab coats, both with guns pointed at us, looking very scared.

"Fuck man, you better not miss," I said to the Germans.

Geedis tried to diffuse the situation. "Listen guys, I know you may not understand me, but we can be friends. We can fight together against them. Us. You. Friends."

The Germans lowered their guns and the tension suddenly dropped from the air. The Germans introduced themselves as Otto and Heinrich. They spoke English, albeit very broken. They tried to explain to us what had caused this nigger onslaught, but they did not know the words to explain such advanced concepts to us. All we could really gather was that there was a machine, and there was a generator we could turn on to try and get rid of these monkeys once and for all by powering the machine back on. They also kept mentioning one name, "George Floyd." We assumed this was Big Floyd's true name. We would venture outside, where it was now nighttime, and protect Otto and Heinrich while they tried to get the power back on. We managed to sneak outside to the backup generator, which was in a trench line at the perimeter of the facility. They started to power on the generator and immediately it started emitting loud ass noises, giving away out position to any living thing in the area. Me and Geedis prepared for battle as he readied his automatic rifle, and I picked up and mounted an MG42 that was in the trench. We heard some noises coming from outside the perimeter, so I took a warning shot to see if anything was out there. When I did, I was horrified with what I saw.

The brief muzzle flash revealed that there were a hundred if not more George Floyds in the woods, each wearing a different outfit, about half a kilometer from us. We started to spray wildly in that direction, with each muzzle flash revealing the Floyd rush to be closer and closer. We shot burst after burst. In between each loud burst of gunfire phrases could be heard like, "run me yo stimmy checks", "Please man can I get a dolla for the train mane" and "I'm boutta steal all yo air mane".

The George Floyds looked as if they were running like the zombies do in cod zombies, with their arms and heads flailing everywhere. When the generator finally turned on, the lights went on and revealed that the rush was way closer to us than we thought. The Germans signaled us to follow them so we ran behind them as the horde followed us.

We ran back into the main building, back down the stairs we ran up earlier. As we were running, a George Floyd, dressed in a traditional Jewish outfit with curls and all, picked up Heinrich and drained the life out of him, as if he stole all of his air.

"Oh scheiss, ich kann nicht atmen," he said as he died.

I shot the nig-Jew in the neck with my Kar98. He said "Ah shit, I can't breathe," then immediately died.

Otto said, "Die Maschine, go!" before picking up an MP40 and running back towards the horde to try and buy us some time. It looked like we were on our own to figure out how to stop this. When we got to the bottom, I realized the wire I tripped over before had been running to the machine we were sent here to gather intel on. It was a massive, bell shaped machine, with a portal emitting a purple light in the middle. It was Die Glocke, and this must have been where the George Floyd invasion originated. Before we could make a plan, the George Floyds started rushing down the stairs. We started firing at them but we were getting overrun and we were running out of bullets. Geedis looked at me as if he already knew how it was gonna end. He pushed me into the portal, and my hand got stuck in it, slowly dragging me into the portal. I watched as Geedis pulled a pin on a belt of grenades. He fired his rifle in one hand and a Luger in the other while kneeling on a George Floyd's neck. This one in particular was dressed in a pizza delivery guy outfit similar to what you would see at Papa John's. The explosion from the grenades pushed me fully through the portal.

When I awoke, I was standing in some kind of void, surrounded by a purplish haze. I saw thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of what looked to be windows into other realities. Each one had one thing in common. It was George Floyd suffering some kind of injury that was preventing him from breathing. At the center was George Floyd in the tank top and jeans getting kneeled on by a cop, saying "Ah shit man I can't breathe." Around this scene were an infinite amount of alternate scenes of the same scenario. One had George Floyd in a security guard outfit getting kneeled on by an animatronic bear. Another scene had a George Floyd fortnite skin getting suffocated in a vacuum chamber, dying and dropping all his loot. Another was some kind of dinosaur kneeling on what looked to be a George Floyd equivalent of King Kong. I even saw the scene from a few years ago where my town hung George Floyd. I not only saw all these realities, but I could hear them as well, and they all echoed the same voice "Ah shit, I can't breathe." Except for one.

One was a guy saying "Hey guys, I guess that's it" and blowing his head off with a shotgun. That one made me chuckle a bit.

"Crazy, isn't it. Infinite universes with one outcome," said a voice originating from a point I could not discern.

"Who said that?" I said, waving around my rifle.

Suddenly, a man materialized right in front of me. He was a White man in a suit, wearing a name tag simply saying "Hello, my name is Jordan."

"I am the Keeper, and I keep track of George Floyd throughout the multiverse. There seems to have been an incident that unleashed the Floyds into your timeline, I apologize for that."

I was so confused. "Can you just explain to me in plain English what the fuck is going on and why there's so many niggers running around out there," I said.

"It's simple really," said the Keeper. "The Germans ran many scenarios and in every single one they lost the war, so they wanted to defy fate by looking at alternate realities to see how they could win. They wanted to defy what they thought was a set event to occur. However, Germany's defeat was not guaranteed. There is one, and only one constant in life. George Floyd. In an infinite amount of realities, in an infinite amount of scenarios, in an infinite amount of times, George Floyd will exist, and he will not be able to breathe. And then, of course, niggers will chimp out and kill each other as well as White people. When the Germans activated the machine, they accidentally pulled through the one thing every universe had in common, which was George Floyd."

I was processing what felt like the biggest red pill of all time. "How the fuck do I get out of here?" I asked.

"I can send you where you desire quite easily, would you like to go to a reality where George Floyd is a pitbull? Or where he's SpongeBob? Or where he's-"

I cut the Keeper off "Just send me the fuck home man."

"Ah, it was worth a shot," he said, snapping his fingers and making a portal appear. I waved to him and walked through it emerging to daylight.

When I stepped out of the portal, I was outside the facility. It was completely destroyed by the explosion, and all the George Floyd's were gone. The machine must have been anchoring them to this reality. When high command saw the machine was lost, I was immediately discharged from the OSS. I wasn't even given the chance to explain what had happened, not that they would listen to me anyway. Maybe it was for the best as I don't think I would trust America with that sort of weapon, especially today. I shudder to think of what a weaponized George Floyd army would look like. It would put the H-Bomb to shame.

I am now almost a hundred years old. I'm a pro Among Us and Call of Duty eSports player. I live very lavishly, but I also run a secret business on the side. I run an organization named the Buck Breakers. Our objective is simple. Stop any George Floyds from entering our timeline. And if that fails, make sure he cannot breathe.

**The George Floyd Paradox**

By Gorg Floydson

Hello my name is Delphian Koman but my friends call me Dick destroyer and I work for the FBI. I've stumbled upon something that could change the course of human history as we know it. Before I begin I must go back to that fateful day that changed the world for the worse. May 25th, 2020. The death of George Floyd. On that day, a store clerk at Cup Foods called the police on Floyd because the nigger had used a counterfeit $20 bill to buy a banana. George Floyd supposedly died because Officer Derek Chauvin had his knee on Floyds neck for 9 minutes but here at the FBI we know the truth. George the monkey Floyd died of a fentanyl overdose, the reason why we kept this secret and let Chauvin get sentenced for the murder of Floyd was so we could avoid a country wide riot from BLM. It has been years since George Floyd died and yet there is something else going on related to George Floyd. Since the start of the covid pandemic there has been less and less work for the FBI. I had used most of that time on social media and YouTube.

Being an agent with level 3 clearance, I could practically do anything on the web without other agents seeing what I am doing. This is where I stumbled upon the George Floyd creepypasta phenomenon. Hundreds upon hundreds of creepypasta videos about George Floyd, some involving George Floyd hybrids such as the nigga whale, Floyd Kong, Slenderfloyd and Ronnie McFloyd. I chalked these up to be stories made by edgy teens who wanted attention; however upon a further investigation, I noticed that there were related cases with George Floyd creepypastas. A town near the coastline where many missing persons cases have popped up, eye witnesses describing the creature responsible for the disappearances as a George Floyd mermaid. A case 10 years ago where two 13 year old children were found dead inside the old Ronnie McNutt house. I thought these cases were just coincidences, my boss, Agent Nate Higgers has asked me to investigate Minneapolis which was a main setting in many of the George Floyd creepypastas.

"A recent brawl of sorts went down at Cup Foods, Minneapolis," Nate said. "Our drones caught footage of what appeared to be a legion of George Floyd snowmen along with Ronnie McNutt Santa Claus!" Nate said.

I had listened to the George Floyd snowman creepy pasta however I had never heard of a George Floyd snowmen legion. Another agent who we'll call Ray Cist and I booked a flight to Minneapolis with George Floyd airlines. On the 5 hour flight, I noticed a she boon kicked a man wearing a Burger King crown,

"Ah fuck, I couldn't breathe for a moment," the Burger King crown man said out of breath. "But more importantly, kick that nigger bitch off the plane!" The Burger King Crown man yelled.

Since this was the George Floyd airlines, a ***based*** flight attendant did what the Burger King crown man had asked and kicked the nigger bitch off. 5 hours later, we arrived in Minneapolis. Ray Cist and I booked a room at a shitty hotel called Coon's Inn. We woke up early the next day to investigate Cup Foods.

"What a crappy nigger dump," Ray Cist said.

As we made our way into the Cup Foods, Ray Cist noticed a trapdoor which led to an underground room. There were 2 enormous rooms, the first was an empty room whereas the second room held a strange machine.

"This is an inter-dimensional teleporter!" Ray Cist exclaimed.

I noticed a computer hooked up to the machine. It read specimen: George Floyd. That's when it hit me like a tonne of bricks, this machine was capable of bringing people from different universes through the multiverse to this very location. There were other options made default by the machine, names such as Ronnie McNutt and Heather Wilcock came up.

"Who could have built such an advanced machine?" I asked. Ray Cist looked around the machine until he found a label. "Look over here," he said. The label reads the property of blm. "How could some primitive negroes have built such a complex machine?" Ray Cist asked. "I don't know, but whatever they were using the machine for, it wasn't good, George Floyd was a criminal nigger who contributed nothing to society like all niggers so bringing versions of him from different universes will cause so much more crime," I said. "We need to get this machine out of Minneapolis before blm brings in more versions of George Floyd!" Ray Cist said.

Suddenly, we heard footsteps coming from behind us, followed by a gut wrenching noise. "OOGA BOOGA!" A voice said.

"What the fuck was that, is that a gorilla?" I asked.

Ray Cist and I drew our Nigger Destroyer 3000 provided by Golden Nigger Corp. An army of figures dressed in gothic robes approached us. The person leading the group unveiled himself, it was Ahmaud Arbery. However that wasn't possible as Ahmaud Arbery was killed by 2 ***based*** racists, so that meant this was an alternative universe Ahmaud Arbery.

"Cracka, don't try to stop the George Floyd cult from bringing our saviour to this world!" Ahmaud Arbery chimped.

Ahmaud Arbery along with the rest of the George Floyd cult charged at Ray Cist and I. We quickly shot them all down with the Nigger Destroyer 3000 turning the niggers into banana sandwiches. I realised that the situation had just escalated.

"Agent Ray Cist, the situation has become too dangerous for the two of us on our own, we must return to headquarters." I said. I called Agent Higgers to inform him of the gravity of the situation. "Agent Higgers, I request you send backup, we have found the cause of the George Floyd creepy pasta phenomenon, George Floyd creepypastas are real!" I said. "No, I'm sorry Agent, but if it is true that there is a device capable of bringing beings from other universes to our own then we must keep this information under wraps, imagine what the jews or Chinese could do with such technology," Nate said.

Ray and I heard a loud buzz come from the direction of the machine. To our shock and horror, a figure walked out. It was Derek Chauvin, however something was off. It was a Derek Chauvin toy!

"Must eliminate," the Derek Chauvin toy said.

I watched as the Derek Chauvin toy lunged at Ray Cist.

"Oh fuck, I can't breathe!" Ray gasped while the Derek Chauvin toy was choking him.

I fired shots at the Derek Chauvin toy with the Nigger Destroyer 3000 to no effect. The Nigger Destroyer only works on living niggers. I tried my hardest to pull the toy off Ray's neck however it wouldn't budge, it was like someone had super glued the toy. After 9 minutes, Ray Cist dropped dead. The Derek Chauvin toy then turned to me.

"Must eliminate all niggers," the toy said.

But before the toy could get to my neck, it was blown to bits by a shotgun. It was Ronnie McNutt, or should I say a variant of Ronnie as the Ronnie McNutt of this universe had died years ago.

"Where the fuck am I?" Ronnie asked. "I was just having sex with my ex Equinox Autumn and suddenly, I was teleported to this place," Ronnie said. "You don't belong here, your small cuck brain might not believe me but there are multiple universes, a multiverse is the proper term," I said. "What?" Ronnie said,

confused. “It doesn’t matter now, but I need your help to take this machine back to FBI headquarters and afterwards you can be reunited with your ugly bitch ex,” I said.

Ronnie and I brought the machine out of the Cup Foods which was hard as fuck because Ronnie is a weak beta, we only managed to get the machine out because I am a 300 pound racist chad. Once we got out of the Cup Foods, Ronnie and I noticed a large group of mud sharks waving Black Lives Matter and Antifa flags.

“OOGA BOOGA, leave that machine alone,” the niggers yelled. “That machine belongs to da black folk, y’all crackas are just doing what yo ancestors did, you be stealing our land and our culture n shit,” the leader of blm said.

Ronnie held his shotgun tightly. I thought that Ronnie would begin to blast these monkeys out of existence but instead Ronnie pointed the gun to his chin.

“Dude, what the fuck are you doing?” I asked. “Hey guys, I guess that's it," Ronnie said before shortly blowing his brains out.

Blood and gore covered my face and clothing, I looked like Carrie from the horror movie of the same name. I blacked out afterwards. When I woke up, I was tied up in a dark room.

“Oh good, you’re up mane,” a voice said.

My eyes were still adjusting to the darkness of the room. I looked up to see a nigger wearing a suit. It was Philonise Floyd, George Floyd’s brother.

“Now mane, shall I explain my evil plans?”

Philonise Floyd asked. “Mane you see, ever since my bro big Floyd died cuz police brutality n shit, I looked fo a way to bring him back, dats when I found a whitey scientist named Darius, Darius wit his big ass brain developed a machine capable of bringing niggas from other dimensions n shit.” Philonise said. “For the past years n shit, I’ve been bringing versions of my bro from other dimensions, unfortunately they were even more violent than George so once they came to our reality, they began to wreak havoc, but now I’ve found the closest version of my bro!” Philonise Floyd said. “George Perry Floyd from Earth-N3GR0 is the most similar to my bro and once I bring him here, black folk gonna bust a cap in all y’all pale ass monkeys!” Philonise cackled.

Philonise Floyd went over to the machine and typed in Earth-N3GR0 under specimen: George Floyd. The machine began to glow blue as a tall figure in a tank top walked out, it was George Floyd.

“You who who , thanks for opening the portal mane, I couldn’t breathe in there for a moment,” George Floyd said.

This George Floyd was a spitting image of the original one, no body modifications such as slender Floyd or George the cucumber, this was just simply George Perry Floyd, a nigga monkey who loves pregnant bellies and fentanyl.

“Ayo bro, we going to take over da world cuz we wuz kangz n shit!” Philonise said. “Yeah bro, yung generation clearly lost mane, clearly lost mane,” George Floyd responded.

Philonise went back to the machine and began to type in coordinates.

“OOGA BOOGA, I will gather an army of George Floyds!” Philonise said.

Another figure walked out however something was off, it was a George Floyd toy. The George Floyd toy ran at Philonise pulling out a small handgun, the George Floyd toy shot Philonise Floyd in the belly and began to choke him.

“Ah fuck, I can’t breathe!” Philonise Floyd yelped.

This was no ordinary George Floyd toy, this was SCP- N1998! After Philonise was dead, his corpse fell onto the machine which began inputting random numbers. SCP-N1998 who I will just refer to as the toy fished out a bag of fentanyl from Philonise’s back pocket. I realised how dire the situation had truly gotten with different George Floyd’s all arriving in one place would surely destroy the fabric of spacetime. Two more figures came out, one was George Floyd wearing a suit and glasses, dubbed Floyd coin otherwise commonly known as George Floyd finance. The other was the George Floyd Fortnite skin. While George Floyd finance kept the other Floyds busy by getting them to invest in George Floyd NFTs, I managed to

untie myself. I walked over to the machine without the other George Floyds noticing me. I began to look for specific George Floyds that would help me get out of this situation. The only White George Floyd variant was Ronnie McFloyd and there was no way that nigger cuck hybrid could do anything. The next best candidate was the Minneapolis Police Officer George Floyd.

"Although George Floyd is a criminal nigger, if there is a version of him that became a police officer then he must abide by the law somewhat," I thought.

You may be thinking, why didn't I get the help of a variant of someone besides the bug brained nigger George Floyd, the only problem was that Philonise had erased the data of other people's variants except George Floyd. Officer George Floyd arrived, as soon as he saw SCP-N1998 consuming fentanyl, he shot the nigger doll 15 times.

"Ayo brotha, want to invest in George Floyd NFTs?" George Floyd finance asked. "Nah nigga, NFTs are dumb as fuck," Officer Floyd said.

Officer Floyd shot George Floyd finance in the neck. "Ah shit, I can't breathe mama!" George Floyd finance cried.

The only other person left now was the George Floyd Philonise had summoned.

"Ooo ooo eee eee ah ah, yung generation clearly lost mane, clearly lost mane!" George Floyd said.

Officer Floyd and George Floyd began to brawl like two silverback gorillas, both pounding their chests. However Officer Floyd had the upper hand and pressed his knee on George Floyds neck.

"Ah fuck, please mane I can't breathe!" George Floyd cried. "Please officer, I ain't done nothing wrong mane, I'm not a bad guy, I'm not a bad guy!" George Floyd continued to plead for his life but Officer Floyd did not budge. "Please mane, ah I can't breathe, mama, I love ya mama, my stomach hurt, my neck hurt, everything hurts mane,"

George Floyd continued to cry like a baby baboon until he ran out of breath. Before Officer Floyd could do anything else, I shot him with the Nigger Destroyer 3000 which turned him along with the other bodies of George Floyd into dust. The George Floyd problem wasn't over yet as the machine was still making noises and glowing a white glow indicating that more George Floyds were on their way here. I heard a knock at the door, Nigger Destroyer in hand, I walked over to check it. To my relief, it was a White person in a lab coat.

"Hello, I'm Darius," the man introduced himself. "I'm Delphian but my friends call me dick destroyer," I replied. "What is this place anyway?" I asked. "The Floyd residence," Darius responded. "Since that ape, Philonise tampered with my machine to the point of breaking, the George Floyd paradox will never end unless we put that niggers soul to rest so it can return to hell," Darius said. "How can we do that?" I asked. "With this!" Darius said as he pulled out a golden George Floyd toy. "Shoot this toy with the Nigger Destroyer 3000," Darius said. I did as he asked, turning the golden George Floyd toy to dust.

The machine stopped glowing and shut off for good. I thanked Darius and headed back to FBI headquarters to give a report to Nate. It's been a few weeks now and after careful monitoring of the internet, George Floyd creepypastas have since stopped with no more George Floyd related incidents popping up around the world. I am now at home relaxing, after the big incident at Cup Foods, Nate higgers had given me a 2 week break from work. I've been at home since playing black lives splatter and trolling trannies on Instagram. I've kept in touch with Darius who plans to use the inter-dimensional teleporter for good. Today, I received a message from Nate, it was a new George Floyd creepypasta along with a recent incident relating to it.

"Do not screenshot George Floyd NFTs." I had screenshotted a few George Floyd NFTs which count as buying them. I am now typing this on my phone as I had just heard tapping from my window, followed by a voice that whispered something that made my blood run cold. "You should have never screenshotted those NFTs mane!"

**A Breathtaking Celebration of Martin Luther King Jr. Day**

By Toast Man

In the United States of America, there are four birthdays that are celebrated as national holidays.

First and foremost, there is Christmas, which as you all are certainly aware is a celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ. While in the modern capitalist West Christmas has been degraded by Jewish consumerism into a crude mockery of that age-old celebration, the root of the celebration is undeniably based upon the entry of God's only son into the world of man.

The second holiday is President's Day, which is the celebration of the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln on the third Monday in the month of February. Originally, Washington and Lincoln's birthdays were celebrated on separate days–the twenty-second for Washington and the eleventh for Lincoln–but the days were combined into President's Day as a celebration of both of their birthdays. As most ***based*** people are already aware, Abraham Lincoln was the worst president in American history. Not only did he free the slaves, which cursed all White people from the day of Emancipation Proclaimation onward to bear the burden of the black menace, he also started a war with the Confederate States of America–which had rightfully seceded–that led to the deaths of hundreds of thousands of White people. This loss of White life in a war of brothers all over the fate of some outdated farm equipment should make one's blood boil, even a hundred and sixty years after the Civil War. On the other hand, views about George Washington tend to be a bit more nuanced, even among racists. While he was one of the founders of America, a country originally founded by and for European Christians, he also took really poor advice from Alexander Hamilton, who might've been a crypto-Jew. I would recommend listening to Fash The Nation's "American Mephistopheles" on this subject, but I digress. What I'm trying to get at is that in America, we celebrate the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln in a single holiday. Although one or even both of them may have been awful for America, it is undeniable that they have had a lasting historical impact on the country.

Now, from the above two examples, you would think that the third birthday that Americans celebrate as a national holiday would be of a pretty damn important person. We're talking about the birthdays of two past presidents combined into a single holiday for one and the birth of the literal Son of God for the other. And in some respects, the person–if that thing can be referred to as a human–we are talking about is indeed just as important in the Jew-controlled, fag-loving, and nigger-worshipping America of modernity.

Allow me to introduce myself. While I cannot reveal my name, I go by the moniker of "Balex McSneed" online, where, besides promoting racism and anti-Semitism, I am known for being an avid proponent of bodybuilding and making fun of cyclists. I am also super tall, have small ears, and have a full head of blonde hair.

However, in real life, I am unfortunate enough to be a White guy who was forced to go to college by his liberal parents, where I am forced to go against what I know to be the truth in almost every single class I take. For example, I had to refer to trannies by their so-called preferred pronouns and to niggers as humans. However, just recently, I had an experience at my college that has traumatized me beyond belief. Here is that story.

It was Friday, and I was busy training in the gym. I was having a real good time as I was listening to my favorite workout music, "1 Hour Woman Sobbing and Crying Sound" on YouTube. However, right as I was about to start another set of weighted pull-ups, I received a notification for a text. Since my workout mattered more than any message, I finished doing my set of 10, then checked my phone.

I rolled my eyes when I saw that it was from my "girlfriend," an art hoe named Eliza. She and I had met in a political philosophy class, where she had obviously fallen for me because I was the only tall, fit Aryan chad in the room (and probably the entire school). Eliza seemed hesitant to approach me at first as she thought that I was a Trump supporter, but she opened up to me when I told her that I was a socialist. That isn't a lie by the way, since I am a 'socialist'–just a 'national' one.

She was decent looking; a seven out of ten–and the sex great. However just like any other left-wing woman she had obvious mental health and father issues so I intended on ditching her when I found a girl who was wife material.

When I saw that she had sent me an image, I opened it up expecting nudes since she was that kind of chick, but instead saw that it was a screenshot of an email that the dean of the college had sent. She had written "Let's go to this together!" underneath the screenshot.

I groaned as I saw that. The email was a request to the student population to attend the Martin Luther King Jr. remembrance session for that babbling baboon's birthday, which, you guessed it, was the federally mandated holiday that I was talking about earlier.

If you were unfortunate enough to have been brought up in the Church of Holocaust Rememberance and Negro Worship, also known as the American education system, you would know just how much the Jews push this particular baboon-mouthed preacher. You see him everywhere; in textbooks, in videos, on murals and in thousands of student projects. He even has as many schools named after him as countries Jews were expelled from, which is 110. And all of this pushing of "Doctor" Martin Looter Kang in education is intensely ironic, as it has been confirmed by Boston University that at least a third of his doctoral thesis, the most important thing you write as a PhD candidate, was plagiarized–which is to say, stolen–from another student.

I replied with a quick, "Sorry but I'm busy so I can't go."

However, when I sent that, she immediately came back with, "But I thought that you said earlier that you were going to spend all day at the gym since you didn't have class that day?"

"When did I say that?" I wrote.

After a minute, she replied with a screenshot of me saying, "Gonna finally leave humanity on Monday with the Rich Piana 8-hour workout."

I grimaced as I realized that she had me there. "Yeah, but its gonna be boring as Fruck. It's just gonna be a speech by the dean and the black student's union."

"Okay maybe, but please just do this just once?" Eliza pleaded with me through text. "I'll do anything you want if you go with me. Anything, and I mean it."

I sighed, knowing that I shouldn't give in, but decided that since the MLK event was only supposed to last one hour, I could do the Rich Piana workout once it was over. And so, I replied, "Fine. Let's go."

That mistake, relenting to Eliza the art hoe's demands, was probably the greatest mistake of my life.

On Monday, I walked onto campus and met up with Eliza. She had dressed herself up as if she were going to a party; Gothic Lolita from head to toe.

"So do you like it?" Eliza said, twirling around to show off to me.

"Of course Eliza, it looks great," I lied, thinking that the style was awful. The bitch had dressed in what essentially amounted to frilly black curtains and make up straight out of a Twilight film.

As she grabbed my arm and tugged me towards the place where the MLK remembrance event was supposed to take place, I slowly realized that she had asked me to come along and dressed up for the occasion for a single reason: it was to show off.

The event hall for the MLK event was a full blown festival. There was everything; a buffet, punch bowl, cotton candy machine, enormous boom boxes playing awful nigger rap music, and even a goddamn dance floor where some of the niggers who got into my college through affirmative action were busy twerking and grinding on each other.

There were banners on every wall that had famous quotes from the Baboon of Birmingham Jail embroidered on them. You know, ones like *Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that* and *Intelligence plus character–that is the goal of true education*. I burst out laughing when I read those because most–if not all–of the quotes were from speeches and articles that Martin the Monkey hadn't written himself. Almost every word that had spewed from the King of the Apes had been written by a Jew named (((Stanley Levison))), who served as the treasurer of the American Jewish Congress, where he defended (((Julius and Ethel Rosenberg))), who were spies who passed atomic secrets to the Soviet Union.

And not only was Martin a fraud and a puppet of Jewish power, but he was a literal criminal like most other American black males. There are audio recordings of his laughing as he watched one of his fellow nigger preachers rape a woman, as well as numerous records of him having sex with White women, many of which were undoubtably rapes because any White women with a BMI under 30 would never willingly step in a twenty meter radius of one of those charcoal chimps out of fear of their lives. He also produced an illegitimate niglet child, who he of course abandoned just like any other nigger absentee father.

I laughed so hard at the quotes that Eliza asked if I was okay.

Shaking my head, I replied, "I'm fine babe, I'm just mind blown by how inspiring these quotes are. Kinda like Ronnie McNutt."

Eliza's brow furrowed. "Who is Ronnie McNutt?"

I ignored her when she asked that since, as a man, I had a right not to answer a woman's questions if I chose not to. She didn't pursue the question either because while Eliza professed to be a feminist, she knew her place around me.

For the next hour or so, we walked around the hall, with Eliza basically showing me off to her fugly feminist friends like a trophy. I could not only see the seething jealousy in the piggish eyes of the mystery meat mutts, with their rolls of blubber and skin bursting with pus-filled acne, as Eliza paraded me around, but I could smell it as well.

If you don't know, most feminists–and especially black and brown women–become feminists as compensation for the fact that they are total biological failures. They are genetically inferior in almost every way; appearance, intelligence, and even personality traits like agreeableness and motherliness, which are determined in large part by genetics. Dr. Edward Dutton, an actual academic unlike Martin Looter Kang, has referred to these errors of nature as 'spiteful mutants.' Men don't want to have sex with them, let alone date or, may God above forbid, marry them, so they cope with that fact by becoming feminists and saying stuff like "Kill All Men." This plays into the hands of the International Jew**,** as feminism is a social corrosive used by Jews to destroy Western Civilization and White people.

After a while, it was finally time to sit down so that we could listen to the speeches in honor of Saint Martin. And by time to sit down, only the White and Asian students did so because the niggers and spics were still busy freaking out and partying. The dean of my school, an old guy named Mr. (((Goldsteinbergowitz))), got up on the podium and began to speak.

"Oy vey goyim, erm, I mean, students," (((Goldsteinbergowitz))) said, adjusting the yarmulke on his head. "We are here today to celebrate the life of a man who we at the university believe to be the greatest man of the 20th century."

Eliza leaned over and whispered in my ear, "I mean, I guess MLK was a great guy, but I don't like how he said 'greatest man' of the 20th century. It excludes women and non-binary folk."

I whispered back. "Well I don't think MLK was the greatest man of the 20th century."

"Who do you think it was then?" she asked.

I felt a tear come to my eye as I thought of Him. "A painter, a brilliant, magnificent painter," I said, my voice immediately becoming hoarse.

(((Goldsteinbergowitz))) continued speaking. "However, we need to remember that even though Martin Luther King Jr. made phenomenal contributions to American society, his work is not finished. As early back as 2020, we witnessed one of the most horrifying affronts to the safety, dignity, and the very lives of black people with the murder of George Floyd."

As the dean said that, a massive projection of George Floyd's face appeared behind him. It was the famous brick wall photo, and I couldn't help myself from chuckling when I saw it as I was reminded of all the memes that had been made of that criminal chimp. For those of you who aren't aware, George Floyd was a career criminal who was a chronic drug addict, a porn actor, and had even beaten and robbed a pregnant woman at gunpoint. Making White people mourn that monkey's well-deserved death via fentanyl overdose was one of the greatest tricks that the Jewish media has played, only beaten by the COVID-19 media circus and the Big Lie known as the Holocaust.

The dean continued his speech, speaking in his very nasally accent like any other hook-nosed heeb from NYC. "So in honor of the contributions of Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and in memory of George Floyd, whose death has reminded us of how much needs to be done in order to dismantle systemic White supremacy in America, we are unveiling these new statues of those great men!"

The dean gestured behind him as two life-sized statues of Martin Luther King and George Floyd were rolled out. And when I say life-sized, I mean it, because everything from their height to their proportions to even their builds were perfectly replicated. Curious George towered over MLK, standing at six foot

five inches and covered in bulging, bull-like muscles; even as a statue, it was possible to tell that he was descended from a genetic line that had been selectively bred to be farm animals. Meanwhile, the Prime Pastor of the America Primate Population stood an entire head shorter than Big Floyd and had his grotesque gut, which resembled that of an orangutan, bulging out.

Although I was on the verge of laughing at the two statues as they had so precisely replicated how ugly those two nigger saints of America had been before they had bit the dust, my mirth quickly became an unbridled rage as I realized that my extraordinarily high tuition fees had helped to cover the cost for making the statues of those apes.

As the audience of mindless normies clapped like seals around me, I felt the anger burn within me like a firestorm.

Eliza, noticing that there was something off about me, grabbed my arm. "Hey, **[Balex McSneed]**, is there something wrong? You seem angry all of a sudden."

I suddenly felt like a fool–no, I knew that I had been a fool. Even though I had been forced to do so by my parents, I had helped to pay for those statues of the Bonobo Baptist and Six-foot Tall Simian. I had relented to Eliza's feminine desire to show me off to her feminist spiteful mutant 'friends' and, worst of all, I had sacrificed my Rich Piana 8-hour arm day workout to come here in the first place.

I couldn't hold it in anymore. Like a nuke over Hiroshima, I exploded.

"Listen here you Jew!" I shouted at (((Goldsteinbergowitz))) "Both of those niggers right there? Both of them were criminal monkeys! Both of them Frucking deserved what they got. Martin was a rapist fraud plagiarist and Floyd was a drug monkey who robbed pregnant women!"

The entire ceremony hall fell dead silent as I said that. I immediately felt the cold stares of hundreds of normies, blacks, spics, and Jews. However, my pure fury numbed me to their ire.

(((Goldsteinbergowitz))) looked down at me from the podium, the nostrils on his toucan-esque nose flared in disbelief and outrage at what had just come from my mouth.

"What...what did you just say? Goy?" he said.

"The truth, you lying Jew," I said. I felt Eliza tugging on my sleeve, mouthing to me to sit down and calm down, but I pulled away from her. I started walking up the podium, hands splayed. "I'm speaking the truth. That both King and Floyd were who contributed nothing to society except violence, crime, and illegitimate offspring that they fathered with sheboon single moms on welfare. They aren't any different from the rest of the African race, which are used as a ethnic sledgehammer against White people by you, the so-called Chosen People of God."

(((Goldsteinbergowitz))) was taken aback by what I had just said, staggering backwards. But then, to my shock, he began to laugh, raising his witch-like nose high to the sky as he cackled from the bottom of his flabby gut.

"Oy Gevalt, of all places, I didn't expect to meet one of you here," he said, his expression of indignation morphing into a grin. "But by the name of Father Abraham, I will graciously take this chance to test them out against our greatest enemy, an Aryan man."

I blinked in confusion. "Test what out you hook-nosed goblin?"

The dean took out what I recognized to be a Talmud scroll and began reciting prayers in Hebrew. As he read out lines that probably said stuff about how Jesus was boiling in Hell in a vat of feces and how it was okay for chosenites to rape gentile babies, I saw that everybody in the audience was growing pale and gaunt. Right before my eyes, I could see that their lifeforce was being drained from them.

That was when I heard him speak.

"Where are the White women at?" The Martin Luther King statue said as it creaked to life, stepping forward. His eyes glowed a bright, burning red. "Let me ask again: Where are the White women at?"

There was another voice behind me, this one deeper and even less intelligent sounding. "Ahhh shieeet mayne. First time outta Hell and not a pregnant bitch in sight mayne. You gotta be kiddin' me mayne, foolin' with me mayne."

It was the Monkey of Minneapolis, George Floyd. I looked down at the auditorium to see that everybody down there was dead, their corpses shriveled like prunes. Hundreds of Whites, Asians, Mexicans and–yes–even the blacks, had been sacrificed in a Kabbalist ritual to reanimate Martin Luther King Jr. and George Floyd.

"Hmm, it is as I expected," (((Goldsteinbergowitz))) said, retreating as his two African-American warriors advanced towards me. "An Aryan who believes deeply in the greatest enemy of our people, that damned Austrian painter, is immune to having his soul utilized in our golems. Good to know for the future."

"You won't get away with this, you blood-sucking parasite. Always using dirty tricks like this to cover up for how physically pathetic you are," I said as I squared up against the reanimated statues. It was illegal to carry a gun on campus so I didn't have my glock on me, so all I was left with were my fists.

"Haha dumb goy, but I will get away with it," (((Goldsteinbergowitz))) cackled, then turned to address George Floyd and Martin Luther King Jr. "Now, my African golems, kill whitey!"

King and Floyd began to charge me, roaring like the simians they were as they began throwing blows at me.

"Ooga booga, die you White cracka!" George Floyd chimped as he tried to clobber me with his fists. I easily rolled out of the way because while buck negroes like Floyd are strong as hell, they lack any semblance of technique. The blow however was powerful enough to break the wooden flooring of the stage, sending splinters flying everywhere.

Right as I thought I was safe, Martin Looter Kang slammed into me at blinding speed. "I need to breed with a White woman!" The leader of the Monkey Rights Movement said, "It is the God given right of every black man to plant his seed in a White womb!"

I tumbled to the ground. The blow hadn't hurt me much, but it had certainly dazed me. The two nigger golems were the perfect duo, kind of like Ornstein and Smough from Dark Souls. The King of Criminals was small, fast and twitchy while Big Floyd was lumbering, massive, and absurdly strong.

I knew that I had to find a way to divide the two from each other and deal with them individually. I leapt from the stage and began running through the rows of seats. The auditorium had become a maze of corpses due to the ritual, and because of that the African golems had trouble chasing after me.

"Come here you racist anti-Semite!" Martin the Rapist Reverend said, "Face me and let me prove to you that I, as a black man, am far more virile and potent at impregnating White women than you pale folk!"

I looked back and saw that, due to his greater size, George Floyd was still struggling to climb over the dead bodies. "Hey Martin mah nigguh, you betta be sabin dat White cracka for me too mayne. I wanna beat da shieet outta him too mayne!"

Since the two nigger golems were separated for now, I knew that now was my chance. I pulled out my smartphone and opened up Telegram. I scrolled to my files and, to my relief, found what I was looking for.

I turned towards Monkey Martin with a grin. "Hey you low IQ puppet, take this!" I said, then plunged my phone into his chest.

Martin staggered back, confused at what I had just done to him. "What? What have you done to me?" he said, checking to see if he had been damaged.

I waved to him. "Sayonara, Mister Kang."

The audiobook began to play.

"...he who would live must fight. He who doesn't wish to fight in this world, where permanent struggle is the law of life, has not the right to exist..."

Martin squealed like a pig as he realized what I had just planted in his chest. "Is that...Mine Krampf?" he said as his golem body crumbled around him.

"Of course it is, you simian slave of the Semites," I said, quietly thanking Murdoch Murdoch, the alt-right's hit anime, for having taught me all those years ago on how to destroy Martin Luther King Jr. in their Halloween Special.

"Noooooooooooo!" the Uptalking Ape from Alabama screamed as he crumbled into dust. "I just wanted to bed White women, why do you racists have to do this to me? Noooooooooo!"

I then turned to George Floyd, getting into a Brazilian Jiu Jitsu stance because I knew that in order to defeat him, I would need to grapple him to the ground then knee him on the neck. However, for some odd reason, he wasn't looking towards me. Instead, the jumbo jigaboo lumbered towards the crumbled body of the MLK Jr. golem.

"Ahhhh shieet mayne, I been waitin' for a hit mayne!" George Floyd exclaimed, then began to stuff himself with the broken chunks of Martin Luther King Jr. "Gaddamn, Missa (((Goldsteinbergowitz))), thank ya for all dis fent mayne!"

I realized to my horror that George Floyd wasn't just following his African instincts to cannibalize his own kin, but was in fact consuming the golem's body because it was made of fentanyl, which was George Floyd's favorite drug when he was alive.

"Gaddamn mayne, dis be da good shiet." Floyd said as he finished consuming Martin Luther King Jr. "So many drugs mayne. So many."

I watched, completely aghast, as George Floyd began to grow. He doubled in size, reaching a towering 13 feet in height. His face also began to change as he acquired some of Martin's facial features.

At the end of his transformation, he yelled, "Heeheeheehee, muh name be Reverend Doctor Saint Martin George Luther King Perry Floyd Junior Junior of Fentanyl! Now gimme all yo White women and yo stimmy checks and yo Dodge Chargers mayne!"

Even though my heart was thudding in fear, I had to roll my eyes at the name. "Hey, you dumb monkey, if you're gonna fuse together to become stronger you should think of a snappier name."

"Ooh ooh ahh ahh, I don't hab to think mayne, I just gonna destroy your cracka ass!" he said, then began attacking me. He swung at me with his giant, gorilla-like arms, both of which I dodged easily. The golem kept this assault up, leaving me constantly on the defensive.

I was beginning to get exhausted from how long the fighting had been going on, leaving me short of breath. I had to find a way to kill Reverend Doctor Saint Martin George Luther King Perry Floyd Junior Junior of Fentanyl quickly or else I would eventually get caught by one of its attacks and then die.

However, that was when I heard a coughing sound coming from the front row of seats. I looked up and saw that it was Eliza. By some miracle she was still alive.

The fused nigger golem headed towards Eliza, sniffing the air like a hog. "Oohlahlah! Dat be a White woman right dere mayne," Reverend Doctor Saint Martin George Luther King Perry Floyd Junior Junior of Fentanyl said, then scooped her up into his hands. "Imma have unga bunga time with you ooga booga!"

I knew that this was my chance. I got a running start, dashing between and over the dead bodies and towards Reverend Doctor Saint Martin George Luther King Perry Floyd Junior Junior of Fentanyl.

"Take this you nigger!" I said as I jumped into the air. With all of the force in my Aryan chad body, I landed a flying knee on the back of Reverend Doctor Saint Martin George Luther King Perry Floyd Junior Junior of Fentanyl's neck. The force of the blow knocked the fused negro golem's head clean off. As I landed on the ground, I caught Eliza in my arms.

"Ahh shieet, you detached muh head from muh body mayne! My lungs are in my body so I can't breathe mayne! Ah gawd I can't breathe. Please mama pleeeze mayne!" The head of Reverend Doctor Saint Martin George Luther King Perry Floyd Junior Junior of Fentanyl said, then eventually fell silent.

Eliza opened her eyes. "You, you saved me," she said. "I can't believe that you were a racist all this time, but I also can't believe that a racist like you could be the good guy."

"Eliza, it's because racists and anti-Semites are the good guys," I said, setting her down. "Now wait here, I need to finish this."

(((Goldsteinbergowitz))) was on the stage, mouth agape at having seen his golems destroyed. "Oy vey goy, I spent over six million dollars on making those two!" he said, baring his rat-like teeth. "You better reimburse me for that property damage."

"Shut up Jew," I said. I then took a deep breath, held it for a long moment, then let it out onto (((Goldsteinbergowitz)))'s face. Instantly, he began to gag.

"Oh gawd, is this carbon dioxide? Oh gawd you're gassing me with it! This is like anudda shoah! Oy vey, oy gevalt!" he shrieked, then choked to death.

"There can't be another one since it didn't happen," I said, walking away. "But it certainly should have."

Eliza was sitting upright now and seemed in stable condition now, so I asked, "Eliza, the ritual should've killed you since you don't believe in National Socialism or the Great Austrian Painter. How could you have survived it?"

Eliza blushed, then said, "Well, you see, I might've gotten pregnant with your kid. And maybe that protected me?"

I felt my heart sink into my stomach as I heard that. "You got what?!!!!"

And that, my friends, is the breathtaking celebration of Martin Luther King Jr. day. There are two morals to this story. The first is that both George Floyd and Martin Luther King Jr. were tools of International Jewry and really just criminal nigger monkeys to the core. They are both low IQ puppets that are used to subvert White people and White culture and White civilization, all of which they, as blacks, had no hand in building up. The second and more subtle takeaway is that you should never date art hoes at your college, lest you knock them up and have to spend the rest of your life with them as I will likely have to do in the future. I need to stay with her now because I can't be like a nigger monkey and leave my soon-to-be-born child without a dad, but please don't make the same mistake that I made, because I am now seriously considering the McNutt option. Don't fall for the temptation because trust me, it's never worth it.

**The Floyd and the Furious**

By BuckFlackPeople

My name is Sneed Racer. I live in a suburban town in the United States. I live a quiet, humble life as a college student, studying engineering at a Jewish run college. Luckily I am a 4 trillion IQ White Chad so I got a free ride to the college. Little do those Jews know they're not gonna get a single cent out of me once I am an alumni.

Anyway, one thing I keep secret about myself is that I am one of the best street racers in my state. Don't worry if you don't know anything about cars as I will be sure to explain anything relating to them or their culture as I will explain anything beyond basic level knowledge. I drive a 1979 Chevrolet Camaro Z28. It is my prized possession, and I have poured thousands of dollars into this car to make it one of the fastest cars around for miles. I am also one of the lead members of a car club, called the Chauvinizers. We of course dedicated the name of the club to the one and only Derek Chauvin, as I and the other founding member of the club hate niggers.

The other founding member of the club is a man named Kike. For those wondering why he's called Kike, it is not for the reason you would think. His full name is "Kike Killer", however everyone just calls him Kike for short. He drives a new model Ford Mustang and runs a social media account with thousands of followers. One would assume that a car club founded by two ***based*** racists like us would be exclusively White and extremely hostile to anyone not. However, our car club is actually quite diverse in terms of the different racial demographics and types of cars that show up. Whites show up with their muscle cars and lifted trucks. Arabs show up with their white BMWs and Mercedes. Asians show up with their Japanese tuner cars. We tolerate Spics on the condition that they don't blast their trash spic music from their cars. If they do, everyone collectively jumps them and beats the shit out of them.

The only race we do not tolerate is niggers. This is because they are 100% guaranteed every single time to pull up to the car meets in droves of shitty, beat up cars blaring their loud chimp music, start fights, and do burnouts, all of which lead to us getting the cops called on us and the meets getting canceled. We also do not allow Jews to join the club, however I've never met a Jew that drove a cool car in all honesty. This is most likely because Jews are fragile and avoid anything that could provide the slightest bit of danger to them, such as fast cars. We tolerate the other races as not only do they not start trouble most of the time, but diverse types of cars that these different races bring to the meets help to expand and grow the club. In

addition to this, only whites are allowed to make any decisions pertaining to the club. Finally, each race hates niggers enough to go to our car club, and not the other one.

You see, there are two car clubs in our township. The first one is ours, the Chauvinizers. We host normal car meets, where we simply park in a lot, have some music on, and let people mingle. If people want to race, they simply go to a nearby highway together and duke it out there. The second car club is known as the Pavement Apes. They are almost exclusively made up of smelly retarded gorilla niggers. The Pavement Apes do not host normal car meets. They host what are known as "full send" car meets, also known as takeover car meets, or, to people like me, nigger car meets. I'm sure most of you do not know what a full send car meet is, but I can explain it pretty easily. A "full send" car meet can best be described as a doomsday tier nigger chimpout, only in car meet form. Hordes upon hordes of ugly niggers take over an intersection, and circle the open road in the middle as cars, usually Dodge Chargers, drift in the middle. They blast their shitty jungle coon tunes, which is natural as niggers for whatever reason need to make their presence known to every single person in a 50 mile radius by being as loud and obnoxious as possible. Niggers often do this while recording on their stolen, and or refurbished, outdated iPhones, making loud ass ape-baboon noises, as well as getting constantly whacked and sent flying by the cars drifting in the middle of the intersection, leading to niggers as well as their orangutan women getting injured or dying. I'm sure you can easily find many clips of these online if you look up "street takeover death" or something similar.

While the idea of niggers getting hurt and dying as a result of their own stupidity is fucking hysterical to me, it is unfortunately detrimental to us. You see, when niggers die at these "full send" meets, the media blames it on car culture and street racing, and not nigger stupidity. This is because the media is run by Jews who try to pass off the impression that niggers are somehow intellectually equal to whites, when in fact they regularly do retarded shit like this, causing their own misfortunes. The media blaming the deaths on street racing causes towns to crack down on good natured car clubs like us that take precautions to not have anyone get hurt at our meets. Of course the niggers don't actually get cracked down on because they are above the law, thus niggers hurt themselves and whites suffer for it, similar to the way gun control works.

Going into more detail about the Pavement Apes themselves, I already mentioned they are mostly made up of niggers, with a few Dominicans bolstering their ranks. Dominicans are basically niggers however so it's all the same really. They are all the niggers who invade the suburbs from their city, because their city bug slave lifestyle doesn't accommodate for having a good car. They then tear up the suburbs where good White folks live in their cars, causing damage and disruption, as niggers typically do. Their car club is almost exclusively made up of Dodge Chargers, Dodge Challengers, and Chrysler 300s. For those of you wondering why these specific cars are what they drive, it is because niggers idolize these specific cars as they look very mean and aggressive, and in addition to this rappers usually flex these cars in their shitty music videos.

A Chrysler 300 can best be described as a poor man's Rolls Royce, and the Dodge Charger and Challenger are sports cars made by Dodge. The Chrysler 300 in particular is popular among niggers as these cars have an obscene amount of chrome on their trims, which niggers love since they live to flex on their fellow apes in the projects who have even less than them. These cars are normally known for their powerful and great sounding engines. However, niggers don't actually get the package with the good engines, the V8s, as their income of welfare and drug money doesn't net them enough income to afford such things. Thus, they usually end up buying the V6 package, which are usually pitifully slow and sound like a fart leaving a faggot's loose asshole. The Dominicans usually drive shitty beat up 90's Honda Civics, lowered to an unnatural height, sporting mismatched doors, a Dominican flag hanging from the rear view mirror, and no muffler. They flock to these cars because they are ridiculously cheap, light, and need very little knowledge about cars to maintain.

Anyway, now that you are familiar with all this redpilled background information, let me begin my story. I just got off my security guard shift at one of those kid's pizza places that has animatronics. I left my uniform and waved to the night guard who was taking over my shift as I walked to my car. I got a text from Kike saying there was a car meet in our usual spot and that I should stop by. I came over without a second thought as my parents were out of town for the weekend so I had nowhere else to be. I showed up, and said hi to everyone. There was a great turnout that night. Kike was there with his girlfriend and his Mustang GT. My good friend Kyle Larson was also there with his Camaro. "Hey Kyle, what's up man!" I said, happy to see him. "Hey niggers!" He said.

I looked over to the part of the meet where all the Hispanics were congregating to see Beano, a light skin Mexican, was also here with his tricked out minivan, with speakers in the back. Luckily, he wasn't playing any spic or coon tunes. Instead he was using a video game setup he had in the back of his van to play Black Lives Splatter with anyone who wanted to join in and try it for themselves.

Me and Kike caught up as the meet went as they normally do. As we were talking, I saw Beano look at his phone, all the joy seemingly leaving his face in an instant. He ran over to me and Kike trying to tell us something, however we could not understand him as he talked like a dumb mool.

"Ayo niggas there's deadass some beef on the way like bruh shits boutta get crazy bruh there boutta be shmoke bruh."

"Beano," I said. "Fucking English."

"Niggas are pulling up. We gotta fucking bounce man," said Beano.

"Who's pulling up?" said Kike.

Suddenly our answer formed right in front of our eyes. Out of nowhere, a fuckload of Dodge Chargers, Dodge Challengers, and Chrysler 300's started pulling into the lot, all with niggers driving them. They were blaring their coon tunes, particularly NBA Youngboy and Kodak Black, both of which are fucking jungle monkeys who make music for dumb safari gorillas who write with their whole fists. A black Chrysler 300 led the pack. It had black tinted windows so nobody could see who was inside. Although the windows were rolled up, I could hear the song "Wishing Well" by that dumb dead nigger Jewce World playing loud as fuck over the typical bass boosted speakers most niggers install in their cars. It had the stock wheels, which whoever was driving the car had sprayed chrome with a cheap rattle can to give off the impression that the car had actual chrome rims. It had multiple dents and scrapes all over the exterior. The car had a license plate that said "Landlord". Finally, the car reeked of shitty Newport menthols, cheap nigger weed, and body odor. The niggers all started getting out of their cars, yelling shit like, "Ayo where the White women at yerr," and immediately started running their hands all over peoples cars and tugging at the door handles of peoples cars to see if they could try to get in. A bonobo monkey named Barry Washington immediately honed in Kike's girlfriend, saying "Ayo gah damn baby girl you fine as hell whaz yo numba." Kike's girlfriend tried to clarify that she was not single, but Barry simply said, "Ayo man what Timmy gon do." Kike came over to tell him to fuck off, to which Barry responded by pushing him. Kike responded in kind by pulling out a Glock 19 and shooting Barry in the balls. "Ah shit, I can't rape White women and shit no more," said Barry.

"Fucking dicklicker," said Kike.

"Ayo nigga whatchu du that fo mane?" said a voice from the distance. I looked on in shock as a big ass black nigga stepped out of the Black Chrysler 300. He wore a big ass gold chain, a black tank top, and saggy jeans. He had a baked bean ass head, with eyes that looked like he had a thousand yard stare, a nose that looked like a mutated mushroom, and lips that looked like two hot pockets stuck together. "Bruh you can't be doing my niggas like dat dawg. He just saying hello man thas all, my man deadass din even do nuffin!" A couple lower caste niggers, AKA lightskins, carried Barry Washington away.

I will shortly interrupt this story to talk about how much I hate lightskins. One would think I hate them less than full blooded niggers due to the White DNA within them. But there is a reason even blacks shun them. They have zero identity outside of being an unholy combination of two races that could be argued are not even the same species. Their men act gay as fuck, and they are berated for it constantly by blacks. Their women are certainly better to the eye than a full blooded sheboon, as they have some beauty emanating from their White DNA. However, when compared to a full blooded White woman, lightskin women are still ugly as shit. Yes, a nigger's identity comes from being a slave class race, causing destruction, getting shot at, and partaking in every sinful indulgence in the book. But at least they have an identity, it's just a fucking abysmal one. Lightskins are stuck in the middle and try to act like they are better than both whites and blacks when in fact most would consider them inferior to both.

Anyway, having finished that very ***based*** rant about lightskins, I will resume the story. Beano stepped in to confront big nigga. "Bruh, you fucking niggas deadass need to get the fuck out of here bruh, like you niggas deadass blowing my shit bruh," said Beano, trying to step up to the nigvasion.

The buck nigger flashed a shitty hi-point 9 millimeter pistol at Beano, who promptly ran away terrified. Kike and I didn't back down however. He pulled out his Glock and I pulled out my Mauser C96. I specifically carry this gun because although it is pretty impractical, it was used in the colonization of Africa, so if it could stop a Zulu warrior dead in their tracks I expect it to stop a low tier American orangutan nigger. Also the gun kinda looks cool. Once we flashed our guns all the niggers started to chimp out and jump around, yelling "AH SHIT NIGGA ITS ON MANE!" being as loud and disruptive as possible. I saw an Arab man named Saheel, clearly fed up with all the nigs, open the trunk of his BMW. I thought to myself the last thing we need is one of these dudes blowing himself up or pulling out an RPG.

I put away my gun and said, "Listen, why are you guys here, don't you usually just hang out at intersections or some shit like that." I tried my very hardest to refer to them as people and not niggers, gorillas, coons, moon crickets, etc.

"See nigga we was doing our thang in the section till some niggas got ran up on, so den we pulled up here because they got dat Popeyes n sheet over deh. My girlfriend wanted some of that shit nigga, oo oo ah ah," said the nigger.

To translate for anyone who does not speak Ebonics, he was at a car meet in the projects when some niggers killed some other niggers, probably because one fucked the other's 400 pound obese land whale baby mama. The niggers then all flocked here to get away. When George Floyd pointed I realized there was a Popeyes in the parking lot we were in, but it had been empty all night.

"Your girlfriend?" asked Kike.

"Yeah nigga right over deh mane," said the nigger. As he said that a disgusting fatass she-boon got out of the Chrysler 300, shifting the suspension as she did so. I wanted to vomit in my mouth just by the sight of her, even though this was a common sight for me, it to this day still disgusts me when I see a fat nigress.

"I'm George Floyd, but my boys call me Big Floyd the Landlord, Houston projects nigga. And dis here my girlfriend Breonna Taylor."

I told him, "okay George, can you please take get your fatass land whale girlfriend to get a 5 piece at Popeyes and get the fuck out of here."

"Nah mane, this spot look like dat good ass hangout spot, you know. Listen I was gonna go but I got a challenge for yo cracka asses. How about we race fo da spot? Best 2 out of 3, whoever wins keeps the lot mane. Unless you a pussy ass nigga mane," said George Floyd.

Kike and I scoffed at each other. Could this nigger really be serious? We were some of the fastest cars for miles around, and all these niggers had were V6 Dodges and Chryslers. Obviously, in the event we won, the niggers would still come back as they are dishonest and cannot hold any long term oath that doesn't benefit them. However in all honesty it sounded fun to at least humiliate the Pavement Apes. To humor George Floyd, I walked over to his beat up piece of shit Chrysler to inspect it. The interior was even worse than the exterior. It smelt like decaying flesh and cheap cologne. The passenger seat had a big ass dip from where Breonna Taylor's fat nasty ass had been sitting. Part of the seats were torn all over. The car showed serious signs of neglect. The most interesting and probably the only interesting part of the interior was a button in the middle of the dashboard. I knew it wasn't a stock part of the dashboard. At first I thought it was a nitrous button, however I realized the button didn't read "N2O". Instead it read, "C22H28N2O". Kike stealthily wrote this down on his phone. I agreed to George Floyd's challenge, telling him, we'd race him and two friends, each in pairs, best 2 out of 3. He responded by simply saying "I don't have friends, I have fentanyl."

"Is that supposed to be a movie quote or reference or something," I asked.

"Nah nigga," he responded.

"Okay then," I said.

After that awkward exchange, Kike and I walked away and discussed our plan. He and an Arab named Saheel would race the two best racers George Floyd had to offer, while I would race George Floyd himself, with the best 2 out of 3 retaining the right to use the lot for meets. Saheel was a logical choice for the third driver as he had a White BMW which was on par in terms of speed with my Camaro and Kike's Mustang.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" said Kike, regretting this decision. "Niggers statistically have less spatial awareness than whites, meaning one could easily crash into us. Also who's to say they won't just come back to the lot if we win?"

I tried to assure him that we had it in the bag. "Don't worry Kike, we'll be flying so far ahead of them by the time they crash and spin out they won't even be near us. Also, if they do come back, we can just call the cops on them and have the police kneel on all their necks."

"Okay," said Kike. "Who's gonna be our third driver?"

"Just get Kyle Larson, he's the best racer here," I said before realizing he couldn't. "Oh wait, shit, actually he probably won't because he almost got his license taken away last time he got pulled over, since he called the officer who pulled him over a nigger. Just get Saheel, he's a brown Paki but his BMW should be fast enough."

"Alright, sounds good," said Kike. "Oh, by the way, I looked up what that button was on this nigger's car. That symbol is the chemical abbreviation for fentanyl. That shit makes no sense, why the fuck would a car need fentanyl?"

I was quite confused. "I don't know, maybe because he's such a stupid shitskin he thinks the car's engine likes fentanyl as much as him. It doesn't matter anyway, fentanyl would probably only hurt the car's engine." Little did I know how wrong I was.

Me, Kike, and Saheel all met up with George Floyd to meet our opponents. Kike would be racing a nigga named Bubba Wallace, who was a lightskin. I could tell he was despised by both blacks and whites alike. He drove a newer Chevy Camaro with a number 43 sloppily spray painted on the side and a BLM flag completely covering the rear window, which was definitely not safe. Saheel would be racing a Hispanic driving a black Hyundai Genesis that was lowered really low to the ground and clearly had no muffler as it was loud as shit. From what I could gather, the Hispanic's name was Perez. As for me, I would have the honor of racing George Floyd.

The way the races were set to work was simple. We would race down the highway, which on nights like these had no traffic around this time. There was a bridge a few miles down the highway that would act as a finish line once you passed under it. We had people on the bridge recording with their phones so the true winner would be evident from actual evidence and not just word of mouth. Kike and Bubba Wallace were first to race. They both went down the ramp onto the highway and started the race on a rolling start. Their cars were very evenly matched in terms of performance, however Kike was a far better driver than Bubba Wallace. Kike hauled ass down the highway, however by the time he reached the finish line he was cruising pretty casually as Bubba Wallace had spun out halfway through the race. I would later learn he has never won a race before as he's a dumb nigger with no spatial awareness. I learned this from Kyle Larson, who told me he had raced Bubba Wallace many times before and beat him every time. Bubba Wallace tried to get him canceled one time by telling everyone he used the n word, but that only made everyone like Kyle Larson more as he only associated with ***based*** racists like us.

Next up was Saheel, going up against Perez. Now, we originally thought Saheel would have this race in the bag. A BMW versus a shitty Hyundai shouldn't even be a challenge. Saheel got much further than Perez at first. However, I quickly noticed that Perez was gaining on Saheel. As they got closer and closer to the bridge, Perez got closer and closer to Saheel. By the time they reached the bridge, Saheel had been passed by Perez and lost the race. I guess he couldn't stomach the idea of losing to a spic, because he screamed "Allah Akbar!" and pressed a button in his car, blowing himself and Perez up. George Floyd didn't really seem to give a shit though, he was just happy his guy won the race.This is most likely because niggers have a smaller frontal lobe than most other races, which means they lack sympathy for other living things. "Yeah das rite, you niggas gettin shmoked," said George Floyd, unleashing his vile nigger breath way too close to my face.

Finally, I was up to race George Floyd. He and Breonna Taylor got in his Chrysler 300, and I got in my Camaro. "Are you ready?" I asked.

"Shiet man, I live my life a quarter ounce of fentanyl at a time," said George Floyd. I was pretty positive he was making movie references at this point.

We both got on the highway and rolled around 20 MPH. I honked my horn 3 times, with the third horn signifying the start of the race. As would be expected, I was flying ahead of George Floyd. However, in my rear view mirror, I saw George Floyd doing something strange. He put a large clear tube in his mouth, kind of like he was sucking a fatass cock. He then pressed the fentanyl button on the dashboard. Pressing the button caused a large amount of fentanyl to shoot through the tube into his mouth, which for whatever reason made him go faster.

"Ah shit, I be breathin' good and shit," said George Floyd. He was about a car length behind me at this point. I heard George Floyd say, "You too thicc bitch, you gotta go," before pressing a James Bond style ejection seat in his car that launched Breonna Taylor's fat ass out the roof, sending her splatting to the ground where she splattered into blood and gore. This was pretty normal behavior to me as niggers typically chimp out and kill each other, especially when on drugs. However, I was wondering how the fuck I didn't notice all these weird ass gadgets in George Floyd's car before. After the weight reduction from dumping Breonna Taylor, George Floyd was able to catch up to me and was even with my car. I watched as George Floyd put the tube back in his mouth, with his eyes bloodshot red. He started spamming the button, sending what seemed like gallons and gallons of fentanyl rushing into his mouth. He was starting to pass me as the bridge got closer and closer. However, then something happened. George Floyd said, "Ah shit man, I can't breathe, I's is dying of a fentanyl overdose nigga!" George Floyd's car then careened across the road into a forest, where he hit a tree and flew out the windshield, hitting the ground and dying on impact. I crossed the finish line, victorious. After I stopped my car, I got out and walked over to where George Floyd crashed. I found him pretty easily, as his stereo was still blaring coon toons. To be specific, the radio was playing "Laughin' to the Bank" by Chief Keef. I found his body several yards away from the wreckage of the car. His dead body looked like the fucked up, disfigured corpse of Emmett Till, who was a niglet that got beasted on by some racist chads during the 60's. I thought it was very kek. I ran his pockets to see if he had anything valuable, but all he had in his pockets was a fake $20 bill with a dumb gorilla woman named Harriett Tubman on it.

As I walked back to my car, I saw all the Pavement Apes drive up to the crash site to see if their leader was okay. Upon realizing he was dead, all the blacks started to chimp out. "Yo mane, they kill Big Floyd and shiet, we gon kill dem why boyz mane," said one of them. "Yo mane let's go into the town and riot-I mean peacefully protest mane," said another one. I knew I had to stop these niggers before they did some serious damage to the town, or God forbid my friends back at the club. There were too many for me to fight alone, but luckily I didn't need to fight them at all. I pulled out my phone and called 9-1-1.

"Hello, 9-1-1, what's your emergency?" said the operator.

"Hello, yes, send 50 squad cars to my location immediately. There are niggers here," I said.

The phone operator screamed in horror and then hung up the phone. Within two minutes what seemed like every cop, and even some firemen, from a 20 mile radius was on the scene. A cop began to speak over the intercom of their car.

"This is the police, you are all under arrest for muder, possession of drugs, driving V6 Dodges, and being black," said the ***based*** cop. For those of you wondering why he knew they were carrying drugs, the crowd of niggers reeked of cheap shitty weed, plus the fact that the fentanyl from Big Floyd's car was everywhere. The blacks were all rounded up and taken away by the police. Some of you may see the tactic I used to get rid of the blacks as cheap, however just know blacks will use any and all cheap and dirty tactics when put into any sort of conflict with whites.

We never saw the Pavement Apes again after that night. Ever since, the Chauvinizers have existed quite peacefully in that lot. This all happened in late 2019. George Floyd would later come back from the dead and move to Minneapolis where he would die a second time from a police officer who stopped him from inhaling the entire city through his fat nigga nostrils. I am writing this message from my goon cave in the basement of my house. Recently, my friend Kike passed away as he was driving home from a local KKK meeting in his mustang when he crashed into a Toyota full of Mexicans, killing him instantly. His exploded head kind of looked like Ronnie McNutt's exploded head after he blew his head off. I wanted to write this story in his memory as this was definitely one of the most ***based*** moments we ever had. Anyway, moral of the story: if you can find a compilation online of niggers getting obliterated at intersection takeovers, watch them. They will bring a lot of joy into your life and are 100% guaranteed to cheer you up.

**If You See George Floyd on Twitch, Do Not Watch!**

By ChiefArmyCommandant

You all may be aware of the insanely popular streaming platform named Twitch.TV. It is a streaming platform where most of the streamers have no content and cater to the most braindead insipid losers possible. Along with the fact that they give women and subhuman spear chucking niggers a lot more chances before completely banning them from the platform for breaking the Terms of Service. Well besides all of that, I have found out something on the Twitch platform that nobody to my knowledge has ever spoken of.

It all started yesterday evening when I woke up from a nightmare about black people taking over America and running it. I couldn't get myself to go back to sleep due to my terrible nightmare, so I randomly decided to look at Ronnie McNutt's Twitch account out of pure boredom, just to laugh at how much of a loser cuck he was. After I was done laughing for 15 minutes straight at his Twitch VODs, I looked at the time and saw that it was 2:30 AM. Twitch seemed to be somewhat dead at this time, despite having over 15 million daily active users. I found this to be really strange, but I didn't know what I would end up getting myself into. I explored Twitch in this dead-like state, viewing the front page and looking at different categories like Just Chatting.

It was then that I decided to look at my "Recommended Streamers" list. I saw a few names that were somewhat familiar to me, but not very interesting enough to actually watch. However, there was one name that stood out to me in this list.

A user named GeorgeFloydGamingTTV, that was streaming to 0 viewers. I thought this was hilarious, as I expected this to be a ***based*** racist chad hacking through the Twitch systems to show his stream about making fun of the ape nigger George Floyd. I ended up being wrong thinking this, sadly. I clicked on the stream, with my expectations high. It took at least a minute and a half for the livestream to even load, and I soon realized why this was. When the stream finally loaded, I saw George Floyd's ugly nigger face pop up in the top left corner of the stream, while he played the song "Wishing Well" by that dead drug addict nigger Jewce WRLD. I was so disappointed at the subhuman that I was looking at, but I had to keep watching. He was playing GTA San Andreas, a game starring a stupid nigger named Carl Johnson as he fights against other rival gangs like the Ballas. Expected, as George Floyd is a stinky nigger coonspook himself. He was attempting to shoot police officers in game, but missed a lot of his shots due to his poor aim. This is already funny enough on its own, but it's even more hilarious knowing that his stream kept lagging and dropping frames every minute or so as a result of him having an African mud hut's Wi-Fi connection.

I then decided to epicly troll George Floyd, and made an account with the name **"All-Blacks-Are-Monkeys13-50"** and followed his Twitch with it. I did this simply because he had follower notifications that would pop up on screen and alert him to the new recent follower. Everybody knows that only uneducated niggers keep follower notifications on.

After I followed him, he saw the name of my Twitch account and said "Oh my god mane, this raycis cracka just followed me, get out of my stream you dumb mayo monkey mothafucka."

After he saw my name, I quickly started to spam his chat with things such as the 13/50 crime statistic and Bible verses about hating faggots and Jews. During my constant non stop spamming of his chat, he got shot and killed by the police in game. He chimped out immensely because of that and my spamming, then started smashing the keyboard he was using onto his table, almost completely breaking a perfectly fine keyboard over almost nothing, with it now having severe dents and keys completely broken.

He then said angrily, "All of my problems are because of you wypipo, why iz you harassin' mah stream and sheeeeit?! I dindu nuffin to anyone to deserve dis kind of treatment.!"

After he said that almost unintelligible nigger nonsense, he right clicked on my Twitch name in his chatroom and banned my account, which caused me to laugh even more than I was previously. He stood up from his chair after banning me, and I saw him making a banana mayo sandwich for himself to eat. This disgusted me and reminded me of how similar niggers are to monkeys. I could smell the chicken and fentanyl stench coming from him, even from behind my computer screen. After a few minutes of George doing a monkey dance and some other random shit, he sat back down in his chair and ate his banana mayo sandwich, just like how a monkey would eat food. After he was done, he started to address his audience.

He said "Aight niggaz, since dat gameplay was ruined by these dumbass crackaz, we are going to watch a movie and sheeeeit nigga."

He then opened up Netflix on a stolen account and began to play the movie Buck Breaking, made by the famous film producer Tariq Nasheed. I questioned how this kind of shit was even allowed on the Twitch platform, but I then remembered that Twitch is run by greedy Jews that do not care about copyright law or enforcing their Terms of Service against niggers. I watched as George Floyd played a full unedited movie in almost complete silence, only occasionally saying words like "damn" or "sheeeit".

After the movie ended, the monkey ape George Floyd started ranting again about how Whites are the reason why he hates America, even though George Floyd and the rest of his kind have never actually contributed to American society in a positive way.

At the end of his rant, he said something along the lines of "These raycis ass crackaz will pay for being so mean and hateful to me and mah kind. I dindu nuffin mane!"

Right after he said that, his stream froze and started loading. I assumed that this was his deadbeat nigger stream lagging like it was before, but it just continued loading for no reason. I thought something was wrong with mine or George Groid's connection, so I refreshed the page. To my horror, what I saw when I refreshed was not the Twitch website at all.

It redirected to a brand new streaming platform named Floyd.TV. The logo showed an outline of George Floyd's face but with a brown outline around it and white on the inside, with text next to it reading "FLOYD".

The Recommended Streamers list was filled with filthy negroes that had viewers as high as 7,000. It then began to sink in that there were no White streamers on this platform at all. The entire platform was filled to the brim with subhuman monkeys that come from Africa. I tried going to Twitch's URL again thinking it was a joke, but it just kept sending me to the front page of George Floyd's shithole streaming platform filled with gorilla niggers. The UI completely copied Twitch's style, so much that they could probably sue. The only difference is that the colors were all different shades of brown, thus making it extremely hard to see messages in chatrooms. A perfect example of poor graphics design when you let niggers do the job.

I decided to text my friend David about my predicament, with him telling me that he could access Twitch just fine, and asking if I was on fentanyl like George Floyd. He even told me that Floyd.TV was not even a registered domain to begin with, which really confused me. I tried opening up Twitch on my phone, and surely enough it worked. So, this turned out to be an issue that affected my computer and ended up blocking me off from Twitch entirely. And now, I am forced to look at this god awful web design that looks like it was made by an actual monkey. Even worse than that, the site has Black Lives Matter and gay pride flags plastered everywhere on the front page. It made me genuinely sick. As an act of revenge, I decided to hack into Floyd.TV's source code and API, which was incredibly easy to pull off, due to niggers not knowing how to make their websites secure. I covered the entire website with a GIF of Ronnie McNutt shooting himself in the head with a shotgun, which ended up making a lot of niggers mad. The website got shut down soon after, but not because of what I did.

It was because George Floyd ran out of welfare money, and couldn't afford to keep his streaming platform's servers up. This is also the reason why you cannot visit Floyd.TV today, and is likely why nobody has talked about this. I have come up with my own conclusion to why this incident happened in the first place. I'm guessing that Twitch launched a deal with George Floyd to promote his Twitch stream in the recommended lists of random people's accounts, and then sending them to Floyd.TV after they say racist things. Which let's face it, is always going to happen if you see an ugly monkey nigger like George Floyd eating banana mayo sandwiches on your computer screen. If this theory is true, then Twitch is even more Jewish than it already was for allowing something like this to happen. I wouldn't recommend even touching Twitch at all after what I have witnessed on the platform, but if you still use the Twitch platform, and you see George Floyd live in your recommended streamers list, do NOT watch his stream. You will end up getting locked out of Twitch, and completely banned from viewing and interacting with the website.

**The Real Reason Why Northern White Rhinos Are Going Extinct**

By Jordan Cleeman

Many of you are probably aware of the fact that the Northern White Rhinos are one of the most endangered rhino subspecies on earth. As of now, only two females are roaming around, therefore it is impossible for them to reproduce because of the absence of an available male. Accompanying those two specimens in Kenya's Ol Pejeta Conservancy are armed guards, who aid to protect them from poachers. It is widely believed that the reason for their endangerment is the high demand for their horns and therefore they are overhunted. However, this is not actually the main reason. Like many things, there are multiple causes for an effect and this is no different. In this following essay, I will explain the preeminent reason why the Northern White Rhino population is getting fucked. Brace yourself, readers, because what I am about to tell you is going to be mind blowing, similar to Ronnie McNutt's death. It will be contrary to what the Jew media tells you.

My name is Kurder Mikes and I am a long-term volunteer who works at the National Rhinoceros Preservation Association. It is a company that keeps track of everything Rhinoceros-related, such as migration patterns, biomass, and diet. That is, we study all aspects of every subspecies of Rhinos, including the now extinct Woolly Rhinoceros, but that isn't important for the story, since all the ooga booga men hunted them down anyway. We have many outposts built across the globe, especially centered around the habitats of Rhino species in order to study them closely. Regarding the Northern White Rhinoceros, we have laboratories set up in Northwest Uganda, Southern South Sudan, and the Central African Republic; their main habitats before they became critically endangered.

My story begins way back in the 1960s, where my manager assigned me the task of monitoring the current Northern White Rhinoceros population in Southern South Sudan. That is, I was to temporarily move there and do a quick count and then extrapolate the sample into an estimated population under a certain confidence interval. I was notified of the undertaking shortly after I was finished with my coffee break.

"Good evening Mr. Kurder Mikes," my manager said, sitting at his desk, as I entered his office. "As you know, there has been an obvious rapid decline of White rhinos for the past decade, and the reason is unknown so far. I would like you to report to us a rough number which would potentially help us figure out the reason."

"Okay, but is there any payment for this because I am in student debt right now," I said. "At this point, I am doing the level of work that regular employees are doing."

"Remember, you agreed in the contract that any form of labor you undertake will be unpaid volunteership."

My manager pulled out a document on his computer and showed me it.

It was at this point I had just figured out that I've been screwed over by some organization that manipulates contracts. What was actually on the contract at the time that I signed it was a statement that declared a five-year-long quota, while I have been a member of this organization for several more years than that. I agreed to my manager's order though, because I strongly care about the well-being of the rhinoceros species and that is ultimately why I was volunteering in the company in the first place. The animal I value highly over niggers, which are a type of subhuman ape that contribute nothing to society. As a child, I've always been super intrigued by not only the unique appearance of rhinos, but I was super interested in their behavior. I consider them to be a ***based*** animal, since they would ram niggers in the Congo jungle.

"Alright I'll do it," I said.

"Again, thank you for your hard work. We highly appreciate your service and you are responsible for a lot of the current rhinoceros research."

I rolled my eyes because I highly doubted his so-called appreciation due to the kyke nature of the organization.

"So Kurder," my manager continued. "Your task is simple. We will transport you through each of our built northern White rhinoceros outposts and you will spend a day in each of them, scooping data to the best of your ability."

And so, I was sent to Africa via flight, where I knew I would hate every second of because I hate being around nigger territory.

The first Northern White Rhinoceros outpost I ended up on was the one farthest to the north, called outpost seven twenty, which was located in Northwest Uganda. I entered the garage accompanying the outpost and then drove the jeep out. Now, you may be wondering why we would use land vehicles to conduct specimen counts instead of an aircraft. Well you see, the jeep has a built-in grass cutter at the front, which prevents the three-foot-tall grass from getting in the way. This allows for uber-efficient land travel. Flying high in the sky would make it easy to miscount, simply because aircraft are too fast.

As effective as our jeeps are at scouting wildlife, my favorite part of their built-in grass cutters is the fact that it also makes them super good at wiping out the mud huts of the African villagers and mauling niggers to death. This, of course, is solely for self-defense purposes. Oftentimes, the violent tendencies of the niggers over here induce them to threaten me for food and water with their primitive spears whenever I'd slow down the jeep near their villages while snacking on my Bear Paw Cookies.

Shortly after I'd speed away, they'd throw their shitty made weapons at me, which pisses me off, so I would turn the jeep right over and then turn the tribe niggers into what looks like Emmett Till's ugly fucked up corpse with the jeep's grass cutters, making it look like I'm playing Black Lives Splatter: Africa edition. Anyways, back to the story.

We set up each of our outposts a good distance away from the actual habitats of the Rhinoceros since man-made buildings tend to have a high possibility of disrupting the ecosystems in which they live. I drove a good half mile until I finally spotted the first Northern White Rhinoceros. Seeing them in person never fails to amaze me, so I stopped the keep for a moment to take a photo. Again, it was the 1960s, so I was using one of those super old fashion cameras that prints the pictures immediately, not using the fancy iPhones that we all have in our pockets nowadays. Not to sound like a boomer. Once my camera finally processed the printed photo, I waited for the blank black film to disintegrate and then finally saw the final product. There in the photo was the beautiful adult White rhino standing by an Acadia tree, eating its leaves. This is a keeper, I thought. However, right when I was about to slide the pocket-sized photo into my backpack, I noticed something dark and peculiar in the background of the photo. It was probably around fifty meters away behind the White rhino that I focused the camera on. I inspected it closely and to my surprise, I realized that it was a black rhinoceros. I was shocked because black Rhinos are not supposed to live anywhere near where I was. In fact, there hasn't ever been a case of Black Rhinos wandering anywhere close to any of the habitats of the Northern White Rhinoceros. Black Rhinos are supposed to inhabit the far south, while the Northern White Rhino, as its name suggests, is supposed to live up North. It was especially strange because I was currently in the northmost area of where the Northern White Rhinoceros roam.

*Maybe it was due to the aperture of the photo*, I thought. However, it couldn't be. I compared the lips of the black Rhino with the Northern White rhino, and each of their lips distinguished their distinct species. Black rhinos tend to have noticeable hooked lips similar to the fat lips of niggers, while the Northern White Rhino tends to have square lips.

Next, I thought that maybe the camera didn't capture the colors accurately, so I discarded the photo in the pocket of my backpack and then looked up. Contrary to my latter speculation, the Rhino in the background exhibited every characteristic of a Black Rhino to the finest detail.

"What the fuck?" I said to myself out loud.

The Black Rhino was eating the grass directly below its head, going about its business. Nothing behaviourally out of the ordinary. I was quite tempted to drive the jeep closer or even step out of the car to take a closer in-person look, but I remembered that it wouldn't be a smart idea since Black Rhinos tend to be extremely aggressive, compared to the docile and peaceful Northern White Rhino. This difference in behavior is because Black Rhinos are precisely the rhinoceros equivalent of niggers. Despite living in a comparatively isolated area from local African tribes, they are responsible for fifty percent of rhino-related human deaths, whether they are tourists or said African tribe members. And like I said earlier, Black Rhinos have similar lips to niggers. It is safe to say that Black Rhinos are essentially the black people of the entire rhinoceros family. This is very similar to how Pitbulls are the niggers of the canine family.

I decided not to think much of it because I was under some time constraints since counting specimens is a generally time-consuming process, so I moved on. I started up the jeep as quietly as possible, ensuring

I didn't disturb the two rhinos nearby and continued to drive. The rest of that safari was as normal as can be. By the end of the day, I recalled that there was nothing but around twelve hundred accounts of White Rhinos, excluding the majestic elephants and lions that I passed by. I recorded the data then called my travel agent to arrange a flight to the next outpost, which was one a bit more down south; the central African Republic.

Fast forward a couple of hours, I flew there and settled myself at outpost seven twenty-one. I took a quick nap since I was tired from the day-long scout at outpost seven twenty. Once I was reenergized, I took this outpost's jeep and then headed out. Not too long after I began driving, I was surprised to see that I was already seeing Rhinoceros. However, it was not an assortment that I was expecting at all. Just when I thought the anomalous black Rhino that I saw up north was going to be a one-time thing, I saw one here. Not one, a group of them! Coexisting with a pack of Northern White Rhinos! This was bizarre. No way in hell this I am seeing this, I thought. I thought back to my promised commitment to my main task, so I tried my best to resume my assignment. I continued to focus only on the Northern White Rhinos. I counted three in this area. A below-average figure for sure. Most packs in a given territory consist of around five.

I moved on to the next venue. It was where I would have expected to see the first White Rhinos in this particular central region. However, what I saw next shocked me even more and distracted me so much that it prevented me from being able to continue the journey further. There I saw, another coexisting group of black rhinos and Northern White rhinos. Most of them were full grown, and I noticed a few newborns. For some strange reason, I couldn't tell whether the infants were black or northern white, so I took a closer look at them. However, when I did, I abruptly gasped when I realized why. All of the infant rhinos amongst the group were the resulting offspring of what would happen if a Northern White Rhino were to mate with a black rhino. The rhino hybrid babies looked grotesque as fuck which isn't surprising since this was the equivalent of race-mixing. As we all know, race-mixing is the best way to create fucked up looking genetic messes. No fucking way, I thought. Since when has this been happening? At this point, the line between what constituted a White rhino and a black rhino blurred, making my task of counting Northern White Rhinos significantly more difficult, so I decided to call the assignment quits and report this strange phenomenon to my manager.

When I got back to the main headquarters, I told my manager that I could not complete the task because of what I saw. However, he thought I was just trying to come up with some twisted excuse so that I wouldn't have to finish the assignment, so he temporarily laid me off for a few weeks. It wasn't that big of a deal though because I needed a break from the time-demanding volunteer program anyway.

In the following decades, the rather eerie migration of Black Rhinos to the territory of the Northern White Rhinos continued to persist, and it would show in my regular trips to Africa. The population of the Northern White Rhinoceros exponentially decreased, eventually becoming critically endangered, while the population of the Black Rhino somewhat decreased due to poachers, but not to the extreme degree of the White ones. Throughout the years, I was never able to come up with a reason on why this was happening, so I just shrugged it off to some natural cause that probably has a one in a million chance of happening. Since the twentieth century began, I sort of just forgot about it all.

However, I recently found the real reason why this had been happening. This is the reason why I am writing this. It was the year 2020. My manager, who was now an old man, announced to us that one of the armed men defending the last specimens of the Northern White Rhinoceros species had been severely injured via a puncture in the stomach last night. It was unclear whether it was caused by one of the White Rhinos he was defending or some unknown outsider since it was too dark for him to see clearly. It all happened in the snap of a finger apparently. I was called to investigate to determine who or what injured him. I am a world-renowned rhino expert after all, so I was the perfect candidate for doing this sort of thing, as weird as it sounds.

I was dropped off at Kenya's Ol Pejeta Conservancy, where the incident happened. I walked towards the two last remaining Northern White Rhinos, who were protected by a different set of armed guards. I went up to the guards for some questioning.

"Do you guys happen to have any information regarding the last guard's injury?" I asked them politely.

"We have no clue man," one of them replied. "We are glad you are here to investigate this though."

"Yeah, anytime."

Just then, I heard a rough breathing sound on the back of my neck.

The armed guards looked behind me wide-eyed and then they all said in unison, "What the fuck is that?"

I gradually noticed a sour smell which I recognized to be a mix of KFC nigger breath and rhino breath.

I slowly turned back, to see one of the ugliest beings in my life. It was an anthronigger dressed up in a rhino costume. For those of you who don't know, anthroniggers are nigger furries. Furries are extremely degenerate, so seeing a nigger being a furry almost made my eyes bleed. I did notice that the costume he was wearing didn't look like the traditional cartoonish furry costume. It appeared to be designed to look hyperrealistic.

"Ooga booga, I am Rhino Floyd, y'all mains better get outta mah way coz I need to eliminate them Cracka Rhinos," the nigger furry said.

"Freeze right there," the guards said. "You better not hurt them!"

"Hehehe, y'all can't stop me."

Rhino Floyd went into a charging position and then ran at the armed guards. They instantly considered him a threat, so they opened fire. However, the bullets were somehow bouncing off Rhino Floyd, as if his fursuit was made out of solid steel. Rhino Floyd used his horn to do this super quick ricochet charge attack on all the guards, which instantly killed all of them.

"Hehehe. I am unstoppable," Rhino Floyd said.

"Okay nigger furry, what the fuck do you want?" I asked angrily. "And why do you want to get rid of the last remaining two Northern White Rhinos?"

"You see main, I have been responsible for the endangerment of them cracka rhinos. I am the ancient black rhino king, and I am sick of yo crackas being the superior race to us niggies, so I wanted to take action by eliminating the cracka rhino race, so I commanded all teh Black Rhinos around the globe to migrate to the country of the White Rhinos and slowly destroy you guys race. Hehehe, looks like my plan is working."

I didn't buy any of what this so-called Rhino Floyd said.

"Okay nigger furry, I don't know what you are smoking, but you need to get out now. This is the preservation center of the last two remaining White rhinos on the planet and it is illegal to poach them. You got some twisted fantasies dude."

"Nah I ain't listening to you main, I am going to kill them. Also, I ain't a furry. I am Rhino Floyd!"

Rhino Floyd then started to charge at the two White Rhinos. I could not let it happen, so with my racist chad strength, I tackled him before he could land a hit on them. He was surprisingly robust, but I managed to body slam him to the floor.

"Ouch main, you ruined my plan!" Rhino Floyd cried.

"I am not going to let you do this," I said. "I am going to unmask you so I could see the nigger behind the costume of yours."

I tugged my fingers to the rear flap of the rhino mask, and then attempted to rip it off the niggers face. However, it wouldn't budge. I again tried to rip it off a second time, this time with two hands, but despite my ability to bench seven hundred pounds, I didn't come close to unmasking him.

"Hehehe main, I told ya I'm not a furry, I am da real deal god of da nigga Rhinos."

To my horror, I realized that it wasn't actually a furry costume. Whatever I was trying to unmask was not actually a nigger furry, but some half rhino half nigger bipedal hybrid.

"What? What the fuck are you!" I stammered.

"I already told ya main, I am Rhino Floyd."

I had enough of this nigger rhino's bullshit, so I grabbed his horn, and pulled it, until I successfully pried it off. Where his horn was supposed to be was a large circular hole that seemed to be connected to his nasal cavity.

"Ah shit main, I can't breathe because all the air I inhale is escaping through mah horn socket!" Rhino Floyd cried.

"Haha, get poached nigger rhino!" I laughed.

Using his stubby hands, Rhino Floyd tried to cover his horn socket to be able to breathe again. He looked me right in the eye in anger and said, "I'll be back main. Mah horn will grow back eventually," and then ran away until I could no longer see him in the distance.

I am now typing this in fear. Given his monstrous nature, I believed what Rhino Floyd said when he claimed he is the one responsible for the endangerment of the Northern White Rhinos. He acknowledged the inferiority of the nigger race, so he decided that his last resort is to erase the White rhino race to project his anger. I don't know how long it will take for his horn to grow back, but when it does, we need to prevent him from hurting the remaining White rhino specimens at all cost.

Moral of the story, race-mixing is the ultimate reason why the Northern White Rhinoceros population is almost dead. Same thing applies to humans as well. Do... not... race... mix.

**Minecraft Has Fentanyl Golems**

By Gorg Floydson

One day I was playing Minecraft. I have spent over 5000 hours on my world, building giant structures such as mansions, red stone machines and flying islands. And before you call me a no life fag who needs to touch some grass and hit the gym, I am a ***based*** chad who spent majority of the time in Minecraft trolling tranny dream stans and making them commit a McNutt.

After 5000 hours, there was basically nothing left for me to do in the world. I had killed the ender dragon and wither over 10,000 times at this point. I decided it was finally time to incorporate some mods into my world. If you didn't know, a mod is an independent, user-made modification to the video game Minecraft. Tens of thousands of these mods exist, and users can download them from the internet for free. The most popular mods among ***based*** racist chads include the Ronnie McNutt mod, George Floyd mod and Schizocraft. Utilizing additional software, several mods are typically able to be used at the same time in order to enhance gameplay.

I was browsing a site that a friend had recommended called Niggercraft mods as we are ***based*** racist chads so the first mod that I would install would obviously be something racist. After scrolling through a bit, I found a mod that drew my attention. It was called the fentanyl golem mod.

The image provided was a modified iron golem which had its face replaced with the face of George Floyd. The golem was also pointing a gun at the belly of a pregnant villager. It looked like an interesting mod so I read the description. The fentanyl golem is a hybrid of the iron golem created from the remains of George Floyd. It is a large and strong mob, however unlike the iron golem, the fentanyl golem is a hostile mob that attacks any pregnant mob on sight just like the violent George Floyd when he was alive. They can spawn in Jew villages but the player can also create them by making a T shape with blocks of fentanyl and placing the head of George Floyd on top. Due to the rarity of fentanyl ore, it is often difficult to get enough materials without cheating.

After reading through the description, I thought this mod would be perfect for a person like me so I downloaded it. When the download finished, I immediately noticed some changes with the game. The splash text which is the little yellow text that appears next to the title screen which was randomly generated now reads "Give me belly pics or else." I had never seen that specific message before even after 5000 hours of Minecraft.

Looking back, I should have quit and deleted the mod the moment I saw that text. When my world loaded, I was spawned into a village. I noticed that the heads-up display was changed. Besides the health and hunger bars, there was also the oxygen bar which should only appear if you are drowning. The first thing I did was raid the jew village looking for anything useful. I went to the blacksmith's chest and found an iron pickaxe along with 2 blocks of fentanyl. I needed at least 4 blocks of fentanyl as well as the head of

George Floyd to summon the fentanyl golem. Now I had no idea where to get blocks of fentanyl or fentanyl ore so I started exploring the world.

I made my way to a swamp where I found a witch hut, however something was off. There was a sign outside of the hut that read "Property of the Floyd Witch!" I cautiously approached the hut when the door opened. What came out made my blood run cold. It was the Floyd Witch!

A chat message popped up that read "How dare you trespass on my property mayne!" "

If you do not leave then I will steal yo air and corrupt yo world!" Luckily I had crafted an iron sword along with a shield before I came across the witch hut so I managed to kill the Floyd Witch by hitting it in the neck. A new message popped up that read

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!"

An achievement popped up, "Achievement unlocked! Kill a nigger!" The Floyd witch dropped some items upon death which included fentanyl ore, a potion of fentanyl and the head of George Floyd. These were all the required materials needed to make the fentanyl golem. I rejoiced and returned to the village that I had spawned in to create the fentanyl golem. When I arrived, I used a furnace to smelt the fentanyl ore into fentanyl ingots which can then be crafted into blocks of fentanyl on a crafting table. Once I had 4 blocks of fentanyl, I placed them down in a T shape and finally placed the head of George Floyd onto it. Suddenly, the blocks of fentanyl began to move and created the fentanyl golem, I also got an achievement.

It said "Achievement Unlocked! Spawned a nigger golem!"

Upon first glance, the fentanyl golem was a hideous creature that the pictures of it on the mod website did not do it justice. A message popped up that said

"Thank yo mayne, I can finally breathe now!"

As I read the message, a pregnant jew villager walked by the fentanyl golem and I. The fentanyl golem immediately launched the pregnant villager up into the air which killed it along with its unborn baby once they hit the ground. Another message popped up, this one read

"Ah shit pregnant bitch, it'd be a shame if someone were to kill yo baby n shiet!"

The fentanyl golem made its way into the village killing every pregnant villager that it saw. Once it was over, all the pregnant villagers were dead. The fentanyl golem made its way out of the village probably looking for other pregnant villagers in different villages. I tried to kill it to prevent it from causing more nigga monkey bullshit however the fentanyl golem was fast despite it being built like Breonna Taylor. I followed the fentanyl golem closely behind as it killed every pregnant mob it saw which included pregnant cows, pigs and even zombies and creepers.

Eventually the fentanyl golem made its way to a new village however the village was unlike anything I had ever seen. Instead of the typical villager buildings, this village had tall urban skyscrapers as well as stores and cars. Instead of the typical villager with their big jew noses, the inhabitants of this new village all looked like the player albeit they had nigger skin. There was a sign outside the city that read Minneapolis. As the fentanyl golem and I passed through the streets of Minneapolis, I saw that many of the nigger inhabitants were lying on the floor with syringes stuck in their arms. A pregnant nigger bitch was in front of the fentanyl golem. Suddenly the fentanyl golem pulled out a gun and shot the pregnant nigger character. A message popped up that said

"Hehehe bitch, you better give me belly pics next time!"

The fentanyl golem ran into a store that had a sign that said "Cup Foods." I needed to find a way to stop the fentanyl golem before it targets me after it has killed every pregnant being in this world. I walked into a nearby shop which had a sign that read KFC. I got a bucket of KFC chicken along with some gravel blocks to kill the fentanyl golem. When I left the KFC, I noticed a police car parked on the sidewalk beside the Cup Foods. Two characters with police uniforms walked out, they both had player names which shouldn't be possible as I had turned off multiplayer. The player names were Alexander Kueng and Thomas Lane. I followed Thomas Lane and Alexander Kueng to the back of Cup Foods where we found the fentanyl golem beating up a pregnant woman.

"Stop right there nigger," a message from Thomas Lane said.

"OOGA BOOGA I be da fentanyl golem, yo crackas can't stop me!" A message from the fentanyl golem said.

Another police vehicle parked beside us, two more characters walked out with player names that read Derek Chauvin and Tou Thao. A new message popped up from the fentanyl golem,

"Ah shit officers, I dindu nuffin wrong mayne."

Alexander Kueng, Thomas Lane and Tou Thao jumped the fentanyl golem which Chauvin and I watched.

"OOGA BOOGA ooh ooh ahh ahh, shiet officers, I innocent n shiet, ah fuck mayne, they gonna kill me!"

The fentanyl golem cried. I noticed that the oxygen bar of the three officers began to decrease.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!"

Three new pop up messages said.

"Hehehe mayne, I be taking all yo airs n shiet!"

Derek Chauvin who appeared to be the most built and powerful of the four officers finally made his move. Chauvin walked up to the fentanyl golem who was still pinned to the floor by the other three officers. Chauvin then put his knee on the fentanyl golem's neck like it were a knee pillow.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" The fentanyl golem cried. "Mama, mama, I love ya mama, shiet yung generation clearly lost mayne, clearly lost, ma neck hurt, ma stomach hurt, everything hurt, ah shit!"

The fentanyl golem said before dying. A new achievement popped up, "Achievement unlocked! Nigger slayer!" Upon death, the fentanyl golem dropped the four blocks of fentanyl as well as the head of George Floyd. I thanked Derek Chauvin as well as the other three officers for their heroic deeds. Derek Chauvin dropped an item on the floor which looked identical to diamond leggings. When I picked up the diamond leggings, it read nigger neck destroyer in my HUD. A chat message said,

"Use this to knee all those useless niggers to death!"

I equipped the nigger neck destroyer and tested it out on a little niglet who was nearby, upon placing my knee on the niglet's neck, a pop up message said

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!"

The niglet died and dropped a KFC drumstick along with some fentanyl. After this wild event, I sat back on my chair and departed into deep thought. After thinking it through, I decided it was time to quit Minecraft. 5000 hours is more than enough time poured into a video game. But before I logged off completely, I just had to troll one more tranny dream stan. After around 10 hours later, the tranny went live on instagram where she went up to the roof of her building and jumped off. After laughing about another day of epic trolling, I finally uninstalled Minecraft and got a membership for a local gym.

Moral of the story, always check whatever modifications or add-ons you are planning to add beforehand, it might be spyware or a virus by some pajeet hacker. But the worst case scenario is you downloading a Floydian virus onto your software. Even though George Floyd has been dead for over a year, that nigger's ghost is still causing nigga mischief and mayhem all around the world. Fuck niggers!

**Joji Floyd**

By Toast Man

Rap. That awful genre of "music" that the man-apes of Africa produced with the help of the International Jew. Invented in the '70s and popularized in the' 80s and '90s, the jungle beats of the American Primate Population have permeated and corrupted almost all of Western media. The lyrics of rap music focus on niggers selling drugs, having lots of sex, and murdering each other in the streets over petty turf wars. There isn't even a melody to the unga bunga trash that is rap, so that can't be commented on. Even though I detest almost everything that spews from the mouth of the lying, Zionist manlet warmonger Ben Shapiro, I do agree with his assertion that rap music is not music. Every rap song by a black artist is an assortment of chimpanzee noises and jungle drum beats chucked into a synthesizer and sold to unsuspecting low IQ Zoomers. The foul, pitch-black taint of rap music can corrupt even those who we considered to be

paragons of internet culture. Here is one story of how that happened.

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Bravis Tickle. I'm a twenty-six year old U.S. army veteran who fought in Afghanistan and now drives an Uber to keep myself from becoming homeless. I don't have any time for hobbies because I have to drive for over thirteen hours a day to keep up rent for an apartment that I don't even spend any time in except to sleep and eat breakfast. The job is pretty awful, but it's the only job a straight White guy can get nowadays since all affirmative action does is help the rich kids of niggers and Mexicans get into good colleges while leaving poor White guys like myself in the dust. Wonderful country, America.

Anyway, my story begins with me driving around New York City at night as usual, waiting for a passenger to get in. It had been a slow day for me since the only "people" that wanted to get into my car were niggers. From my four-year experience of driving for Uber, I have not had a single good experience with a nigger. I have been mugged at gunpoint three times by those monkeys and, when they aren't trying to rob me, they vomit or shit in the car and while never leaving tips. Although I don't openly discriminate against them because if I did Uber would terminate my contract, I always make sure to ignore requests from passengers with black sounding names like Laquarius or DeShawn.

After driving around for thirty minutes in the fading twilight of New York, I finally got a request from a guy named Jeffrey Jameson, which was a name that sounded White enough for me to go and pick him up. I drove out to his place, which was a small, dingy-looking apartment complex in a gentrified area of the city. When I arrived, I was relieved to see that it was, as I had hoped, a skinny White guy in his early twenties. To my slight dismay though, I saw that he was holding hands with an Asian woman. During my stint in NYC, I had seen White guys with Asian wives and girlfriends one too many times. At first I tolerated it, but eventually I came to hate how disgusting it all was. It was by far the most common form of race mixing that I saw in this city full of mulattoes and mystery meat mongrels, so common in fact that I have come to consider Asian women as the greatest threat to the genetic integrity of the White race. And yes, that includes niggers, since only the worst and least genetically fit Whites would ever consider mixing with a jungle monkey while plenty of relatively healthy White men would wife up an ching-chong chinker.

In spite of how disgusting they were together, I let them into by Uber because I knew that they weren't criminally inclined like niggers or prone to scamming me like pajeets.

"Where to?" I asked the White guy. "And what music do you want me to play?"

"Yo man, this ride be bussin'," the White kid said. "Take me to the Joji concert bro. He's at a concert hall. Find it through Google Maps or whatever. And while we're on the way, play me some of his music man. I'm tryna vibe out with Julia here."

He wrapped his arm around the Asian. She smiled, revealing giant, oversized teeth; each individual tooth was shaped like a goddamn shovel.

"Oh , I rub you Boon Goon!" she said as they began to make out in the back of my van. The sound of the two of them slobbering over each other made me want to pull a Patrick Bateman on them, but I controlled my urge to commit an act of violence by focusing on pulling up the music that the White guy had requested. Although I had heard of Joji before, I had never listened to him and was excited to do so because my White customers usually had great taste in music, and listening to what they listened to was one of the few joys in my life. In fact, listening to and learning about what music my White passengers like is one of the few things that is keeping me from blowing my face off with a rifle like one of my squad mates had done on a livestream. From my time as an Uber driver, I have come to learn that White people are the race where every individual has a unique taste in music. There are some who like classical, others who like country and bluegrass, and yet others who like newfangled stuff like Vaporwave. I had even driven around a chubby guy named Sven once who could sing every Metallica song from heart, and he sang pretty damn well too. Meanwhile, every other racial group had this very fixed, bland preference for music. All Indians would listen to were songs from Bollywood movies. Hispanics listened solely to hip-hop music sung in Spanish. And Asians only listened to K-pop or songs from anime. It may sound pretty ironic when I say this, but White people are the only race on Earth that has a rich and diverse taste in music, so I was excited to see what this Joji character had to offer.

However, as the music began to play, I couldn't have been more disappointed.

"...When I'm around slow dancing in the dark, don't follow me, you'll end up in my arms..."

The melody was very soft, with a slow tempo, all of which was acceptable. But what I really disliked was the singer's voice. It was incredibly soft and raspy, the lyrics mumbled instead of sung. It wasn't an absolute affront to my ears, but it was still mediocre at best. However, I couldn't help but think that I had heard it somewhere else before, but I didn't know where.

"So uh," I said, trying to strike up a conversation. "What's this song about?"

Jeffrey Jameson, who apparently was going by the nickname Boon Goon, shrugged. "I dunno, it's about finding your love or something like that. Joji's lyrics are just so deep man. They vibe so hard with me and my girl."

I shook my head as I heard that reply. "Our young generation is clearly lost, clearly lost," I muttered under my breath.

I saw in the rear view mirror that Boon Goon and his Asian girlfriend Julia were now in each other's arms.

"I rub you soooooo muchu Boon Goon." Julia said.

Boon Goon smiled. "When we have kids, I hope they turn out like Joji. He's just so freaking cool man."

Hearing that comment made a switch go off in my head. "Wait wait wait, does Joji happen to be half-Japanese?" I asked.

"Well yeah, duh. I thought everybody knew that about him lol," Boon Goon said. "I mean Julia here is a Vietnamese-American, but I'm sure that if we have kids together we could raise them to be as awesome as Joji, amirite babe?"

"Yes, yes! I have many babies for you Boon Goon!" the Vietnamese chick said. "Much rub for you!"

Hearing that made me so nauseous that it made me pull out my e-cigarette and start puffing on it to calm my nerves. I had been free of nicotine for over six weeks but this couple was too much. Having them slobbering over each other like two dogs, both from a separate breed, was revolting. However, as the nicotine flooded through my system, I remembered the question that I was about to ask the White guy.

"Hey, Mr. Jameson or Boon Goon or whatever you wanna be called, was Joji ever famous for something else? You know, before his rap career?"

"Well duh, he used to be Filthy Frank," he responded. "Big Papa Franku."

"Hah!" I laughed aloud as I took another puff on my e-cig. I felt a tear run down my eye as I recalled all the good memories I had of watching Filthy Frank all those years ago. Sleeping over at a friend's house and watching videos of him cooking rats and chasing school girls down the street into the early hours of the morning, all of it made me nostalgic. Even though I was still in my twenties it made me feel like an old man.

However, this wave of wonderful nostalgia was quickly quashed when I heard what came on the speaker next.

"Hey yo mayne dis is Big Joji here mayne, and I'm 'boutta play some tunes for y'all and shieet."

It was Joji's voice, but he was not speaking like a normal human being. No, he was speaking like a nigger, and a really stupid one at that.

"So dis is to muh yung fans mayne, cuz you yung keeds gotta be saved from all da violence on da streets and shieet," he said, then began to rap. What came out of the car speaker was absolutely awful: a desynchronized collection of primate mating calls, gunshot sound effects, and swear words that were then fed through a cheap synthesizer and then autotuned.

"Uh, this doesn't sound like Joji," I commented. "Neither that Slow Dancing song or his earlier Filthy Frank songs."

However, both of my passengers were jamming out to it just the same. In fact, on a second examination of the rearview mirror, I saw that the Asian chick had bent over and was now giving the White guy a blowjob synchronized to the beat of the music.

"Yeah babe, right there, right there," he said, patting her head.

I was revolted at the sight, but I also saw that I was nearing the Joji concert hall, so I got an idea. I slowly accelerated until I was going forty miles an hour, even though I was within city limits. And as I rolled up to the Joji concert hall, I slammed on the breaks.

Boon Goon shrieked as the Vietnamese chick chomped down on his cock with her beaver teeth. "Holy shieet! You just bit it!"

He clasped his crotch as blood seeped from between his fingers. "What the hell man? Why did you slam on the breaks like that? The hell?"

I shrugged. "Well, sir, why were you having sex in my car? You know that I can dial up the cops right now and have you explain why you were doing that to them, right?"

"It's cuz of Joji's new music," Julia the Vietnamese chick said, spitting Boon Goon's blood out of her mouth. "I don't know, but it just makes you so horny."

"What?" I said, dumbfounded and unconvinced by her explanation. "Well that's strange. I don't feel like that."

Julia blushed. "Well, I don't know how to put this, but it only makes you horny for, uh, people from different races. Like brack and latino and arab. Almost everybody who goes to Joji's concerts nowadays has a partner of a different race."

Now that comment got my attention. "Tell me more."

"I'll tell you more if you give me a band-aid or something for my bleeding cock," Boon Goon pleaded. "Please man, I'm sorry about having sex in your car."

"I will, but on one condition," I said, scratching my head. That Joji music that had been playing at the end was pretty awfully degenerate, and was much closer to African jungle gangster rap than anything I'd expect out of a non-nigger. Add to that, the news that this music made you want to race-mix was concerning. "Both of you, give me your tickets to the concert. If you do, I won't call the cops on you and I'll give Boon Goon some raw milk mixed with Monster Energy Zero Ultra and raw egg yolks to heal his now-doubly circumcised penis."

"Aw c'mon man, what the hell are you talking about? Raw milk? Monster Energy? How can that help me?" Boon Goon complained like a little baby.

"Just shut the hell up and give me your tickets or I call the cops. I have a camera record so they'll side with me," I said, which finally made the two of them relent and hand over their tickets. In return, I gave Boon Goon a sip of raw milk mixed with Monster Energy Zero Ultra and raw egg yolks. As soon as it had touched his lips, he jumped up in shock.

"Hot damn!" he exclaimed, looking down at his crotch. "It's fixed and, wait did this also heal my foreskin?"

I nodded. "Yeah. I've discovered that raw milk and raw egg yolks mixed together with Monster Energy Ultra Zero serves as the ultimate healing agent for White people because it stimulates our inner spiritual Aryan cells. It's so powerful that it can even heal wounds that the Jew inflicted on you as a baby, when they stole your foreskin. Now get out of my car."

Boon Goon and Julia got out of my vehicle, then Julia asked, "Wait, how are we gonna get back?"

"No idea. Not my problem," I said as I geared up to go inside the Joji concert. I had a seriously bad feeling about what was going on inside, so I armed myself with the Astra Constable that I kept in my trunk as well as the tiny Smith and Wesson Model 61 revolver that I kept on my person at all times for self-defense. In order to protect myself from the race-mix brainwashing music that was playing inside, I put in my earbuds and began to play music that I liked. I grinned as I heard the beat drop on the Jin-Roh Wolf Brigade OST.

"But-but it's super dark outside..." Julia said. "And when it's dark, well, you know, they come out."

"You mean niggers?" I said as I filled up my water bottle with the Monster Energy Ultra mixture. "Yeah, if you had any more sense you'd have made sure not to be out in the city when it's dark out. But, well, if you had better sense you wouldn't be in this situation so–."

I waved to the two of them as I walked inside the concert hall. "Bye."

Inside the hall, I saw hundreds, no, thousands of Zoomers. And to my great dismay, I saw that every single one of them was with another Zoomer of a different race. It was truly disgusting as I waded through the crowd of filthy race-mixers and towards the stage, where Joji was performing. The entire place reeked of cheap weed and cotton candy vape, making me cough. And worst of all was the music. Even through the earbuds, I could hear the unga bunga rap of Joji. However, it didn't even sound like him anymore. The lyrics were all about how he loved to have sex with pregnant White women and loved using drugs like fentanyl and meth.

And when I finally made it to the stage, it all made sense.

"Ooga booga, lemme see dem pregnant bellies and bling and shieet mayne! Raise dem EBT cards in da air and twerk yo cake biches!"

Joji looked nothing like I remembered. Even though many years had passed since I had last watched Filthy Frank, what I saw before me was a totally different person. Joji's face looked like a cross between a human, an orangutan, and a pit bull. His skin was as dark as midnight and, even through the scent of the Zoomer's pot and vape, I could smell the body odor and cheap cologne off of him. However, what defined his face most was his nose. Joji's nose was a nose that I would recognize anywhere. The shape, the width, the size of those enormous nostrils; there was no doubt that it was the nose of George Floyd.

That was when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around and looked down to see a filthy, grubby-looking fatty with a five o'clock shadow and a beanie.

"Hey goy, I mean guy, why do you have your earbuds in. You're at my friend's concert for frucks sake!"

It was Ethan Klein, the Jew who ran H3H3 productions. Immediately, I stepped away from him as I noticed the vial of Palestinian children's blood that he had in his shirt pocket. He seemed to have noticed that I had noticed it, because he began to laugh. "Oy vey, you noticed that?" he said as he took the vial out and drained it in a single gulp. "My loving wife got that for me when she helped during a Peacekeeping Mission in the IDF. Some Palestinian kids through some rocks at her tank so she had to crush them under the treads. Now stop looking at me with that funny expression goy, and start enjoying Joji Floyd's music or else I'm going to have security throw you out."

I grimaced, putting my hand on my pistol. "What are you doing to these Zoomers, Klein? Why are you making them race-mix? And what have you done to Joji?"

Ethan Klein began to rub his hands. "Oy veeeey. What are you talking about? They're just enjoying themselves. And who cares who they go out with, it's their individual choice right?"

"Well then, why did you marry a fellow Jew who served in the IDF, which is an organization that ethnically cleanses Palestinians to keep Is Real an ethnically Jewish state?"

Ethan Klein frowned upon hearing that. "Oy gevalt, that is anti-ceramic! Why do you hate Jew so much?" He turned to Joji Floyd. "Joji! Destroy this evil White goy!"

"Ooh ooh ahh ahh. Yes Master Klein, anything for you and Is Real!" Joji Floyd said, then jumped down from the stage and into the crowd of Zoomers. They all cheered because they thought he was going to shake their hands or something, but instead he just pushed his way through, trampling a couple of them under his feet.

"Eeeet Eeeet! Imma destroy you cracka!" Floyd said, then began to scream into his mic. Horrible, unbearable sound waves began to emanate from the speakers. "Dis here be Big Floyd's big muhfuggin album beaches!" he said, beginning to go into a fast rap. "So you put da banana and da mayo into da sandwich and eat and shieet! Den ya throw da poo poo at da cracka pregnant beaches belly and shieet cuz you got no basketball scholarship and you broke and shieeet!"

I watched in horror as all the non-nigger Zoomers fainted, blood gushing from their ears upon hearing the god awful sound. Even I started to feel like I was going crazy as my ear buds began to break from the strength of the vibrations.

"Hee hee hee hee," Ethan Klein said, rubbing his hands together. "With the power of Joji Floyd, I shall turn all the gentile Zoomers into race mixers! And there is nothing you can do to stop me, goy!

Nothing!"

As I clasped my hands around my ears, dropping to the ground, I got an idea that I knew was my only chance out of this situation. I took out both my guns, cocked them, and discharged into the air while holding them right next to my ears. I felt dizzy and disorientated as I got to my feet. I saw that Joji Floyd was still singing and that Ethan Klein's fat Jewish lips were moving, but I didn't hear anything.

I grinned and said, "Never underestimate the power of Aryan man, Klein."

I then brought my Astra Constable to bear on Joji Floyd. With pinpoint accuracy, I shot his mic, destroying it. Joji Floyd reeled back, roaring in ape-like anger.

I knew it was my chance. I took out the bottle full of Monster Energy Ultra Zero Mixture and, running over to Joji Floyd, poured it down his fat lips. I force fed Joji Floyd with the mixture until he began to choke and couldn't breathe.

I watched as Joji Floyd writhed on the ground, the one hundred percent White power of the monster energy, raw egg yolks and raw milk purifying his body. I took a swig of the mixture to heal my shattered eardrums now that Joji Floyd couldn't breathe and, therefore, couldn't rap.

I watched as something dark and ominous emerged from Joji Floyd's mouth. It was the soul of George Floyd.

"Awww shieet mayne," the soul of George Floyd said, looking down at Joji's body. "Awww shieet, why couldn't a cracka like you just let a homie like me pursue muh dreams as a rapper? I just wanted a good life mayne. All I wanted was to become famous and hab all dem beaches and shieet mayne."

I then grabbed the soul of George Floyd, which was tangible because of how evil and sinister he had been while he was alive. "Well George, maybe you should stop trying to leech off of other people's hard work, but I guess that's impossible for an African nigger like you." I said, then squeezed George Floyd's soul.

"Ahhh shieet mayne! Even though I don't have lungs as a soul you're making it impossible for me to breathe mayne. I can't breathe even though I'm just a soul mayne, I can't breathe! Mama please, I can't choke, I can't breathe!"

George Floyd's soul then exploded into a pile of black pus. I then squatted down to check and see if Joji, who had now returned to his normal self, was alive. He was, which brought me great relief because even though he was non-white, he was a victim of a nigger and a Jew.

Ethan Klein, seeing that his pet nigger rapper had been defeated, began to run away. Fleeing from the scene of their crimes is typical behavior for the Jew, as they will always tell you what happened to them but never why it happened to them. However, since Ethan Klein is a fat Jew with a beer belly, manboobs and stubby legs, I easily walked over to him and tripped him. He fell and then began clutching at his leg as if I had shot him.

"Oy vey, what have you done goy? You've killed an innocent black man for no reason whatsoever. You racist!" Ethan Klein screeched. "You will be hearing from my lawyer, who also happens to be my cousin, about this!"

"Just chill for a moment, Klein." I said, taking a puff on my e-cigarette and blowing it into his face.

However, as the vapor reached his nose, he began to cough. "Oh gawd! Is that propylene glycol and glycerin in that e-cigarette vapor! That isn't oxygen! Oh gawd you're gassing me, gassing me!"

And then Ethan Klein died of a heart attack. I later learned that he had developed myocarditis and multiple other heart problems from having taken four COVID vaccines, not to mention just how morbidly fat and disgusting that Jew was. I also learned that Joji is back to giving concerts, having retracted all the albums he had released while being possessed by the spirit of George Floyd.

I am now on the run in my Uber, writing this as I flee to Mexico. Although I, like a certain aspiring artist-architect in mid-century Germany, didn't do anything wrong, I am still being persecuted by the Jewish media. However, I know I did the right thing because I later got a message from Boon Goon that he had broken up with that Vietnamese chick and had even gotten her deported to her jungle Asian homeland even though the beach technically had American citizenship. The moral of the story is that rap music is garbage and is manufactured by the International Jew to corrupt the youth, and that even though you might think

that e-celebs from your youth like H3H3 and Filthy Frank are still cool, they really aren't. Anyway, goodbye for now and, remember, fuck niggers.

**Do Not Wear the George Floyd Hoodie**

By Gorg Floydson and Jordan Cleeman

My name is Nick Gurr. I live in Minneapolis, a dangerous city with a crime rate of 57 per 1000 residents.

This is mainly due to the overwhelming number of nigger monkeys living in the city. If you thought the crime rate was already bad, well do I have something to tell you. Ever since the death of that fentanyl loving nigga monkey George Floyd died of an overdose. The crime rate skyrocketed to 98 for every 1000 residents.

I am a cashier at Cup Foods, the same ***based*** corner store that called the police on George Floyd the day he paid for a banana with a counterfeit bill. Ever since then the store has been at the centre of many Black Lives Matter riots.

Because of the rioters and looters, the store hasn't seen profit in over a year. And now it is that time of year again where it is getting cold as fuck down in Minneapolis. As a ***based*** chad, I would only ever wear a shirt and shorts during even the coldest winters. Unfortunately this year the cold was getting so bad that my balls were frozen together. I decided it was time to buy a hoodie.

I was scrolling through Kohl's to find a good hoodie to buy. After looking around a bit, I stumbled upon a very familiar looking charcoal hoodie by urban pipeline. I tried to remember where I had seen this hoodie. That's when it hit me, this was the same hoodie worn by George Floyd in that famous picture of him standing in front of a brick wall. The website listed the price, $20 which makes sense as that's all a poor ass nigger like George Floyd could afford. I don't make much from working at Cup Foods but $20 is like pocket change to me.

I completed the order and went on about my day as usual. Shouting slurs at trannies and niggers. Friday came and I received a package. When I opened it, I saw that it was the George Floyd hoodie. It was a poorly made hoodie that definitely couldn't help me withstand the cold air of Minneapolis. My shift starts in 30 minutes so I was late on time. If I arrive late my boss will deduct even more money from my paycheque.

I put the hoodie on and bolted to work. I was surprised as I arrived earlier than I had any other time I ran. I brushed it off as I gained calf muscles from the previous runs to work.

My shift went on as usual with niggers trying to steal or pay with fake bills. At 5, another BLM protest happened outside the store. I recognized the nigger in charge of the protest. It was Bridgett Floyd, the sister of George Floyd. I could tell from even afar she had the same monstrously big nose. I walked outside get the fuck outta here nigga, I said. That only riled up the monkeys even more as they began to chimp out and loot the store.

Usually when a riot happens, I use my chad strength to beat all the niggers. But something strange happened this time. When I went to punch Bridgett Floyd's big fat nose, my body stopped. "

Ayo mane why u tryna punch me sis nigga," I said.

I was shocked as I had never spoken in a nigger accent unironically.

"OOGA BOOGA mane give me pregnant belly pics sis."

Bridgett Floyd with a confused look on her ape face said "George?!"

I noticed that my right arm was beginning to turn a dark nigger black. I ran back inside the store to check my face. I saw that I had grown a massive nose. The same nose of George Floyd. I now resembled the White George Floyd edit I had seen on the internet. I tried to take off the George Floyd hoodie but it wouldn't budge as if it had been gorilla glued onto my body.

"Ouch mane, I can't breathe with you strangling ma neck."

That's when I realized where the initial voice had come from. It wasn't me who said that to Bridgett Floyd, it was the hoodie.

"Ayo mane when are we going out to rob pregnant woman," the hoodie said.

I watched in horror as my hair began to fall off and my face had began to turn dark. I screamed and pulled on the hoodie hard.

"Stop resisting me mane, soon we will become one," the hoodie said.

"It is only a matter of time before you reincarnate into George Floyd mane."

I gave up as the last of my body became George Floyd. Now the voice stopped coming from the hoodie and now from my mouth.

"Ah it feels so good to breathe again mane."

"Damn I am hungry mane, I need to consume fentanyl and fetuses OOGA BOOGA."

Despite being turned into a newly reanimated George Floyd, I was still able to observe what was happening outside. I watched as George Floyd approached a pregnant woman and began to lick her belly.

"Hey what the fuck are you doing to my wife, nigger." A man said as he kicked George Floyd in the balls.

"Ah shit mane my balls can't breathe," George Floyd yelped.

Whoever did that to George Floyd was a ***based*** chad but unfortunately I felt everything that George Floyd felt. The nigger Floyd next moved on to some nigger drug dealers by an alley.

"Ayo mane pass me some of dat fentanyl," George Floyd said.

The two niglets drug dealers looked stunned when they saw George Floyd.

"Ayo its dat nigga who wuz killed by police violence said one of the niglets."

"I'm yo biggest fan mane," said the other.

"That's cool and all mane but you better give me some of dat sweet fentanyl or I will shoot your belly," George Floyd said.

The other nigger was too poor to own his fentanyl though. He fished his pockets to show nothing was in it. George Floyd had no mercy for him, so George Floyd shot him in the belly with perfect aim for a monkey.

"Ah sheet mane, why you shoot me," he said.

Unfortunately for George Floyd, there were two witnesses. One of them being a cop who happened to not be jew controlled. He yelled out "Freeze!" to George Floyd, whilst pointing a gun at George Floyd's head. With his instinct, George Floyd looked at the cop like a deer in headlights, and ran away.

The cop's aim was not able to keep up with his nigger speed though. George Floyd was zig zagging the sidewalk, looking like he was doing a potty monkey dance, until he came across a sewer entrance. The cop was gaining on him, so George Floyd lifted up the lid of the sewer hole and jumped in.

It smelled like dogshit inside the sewage system. However, with George Floyd's extremely limited ability to breathe, it wasn't too bad compared to a man who has normal breathing skills. George Floyd sealed the lid shut, locking himself in.

Initially, I thought this was very problematic, since it seemed that George Floyd's animalistic instincts in turn trapped me underground. However, what happened next changed my mind. As nasty as the sewers are, there are wonders in there that can really get you out of a shitty situation.

A group of giant spiders emerged from the murky water, to look at George Floyd. Judging by their facial expressions, they looked hungry. But not hungry for George Floyd of course. Niggers are toxic to eat for any animal. The spiders were instead hungry for the George Floyd sweater. Turns out they were silk eating spiders, because they latched onto the hoodie and began consuming it.

Not too long after, the George Floyd hoodie was all gone, and I was turning back to normal. My skin went from the color of poop, to my original beautiful White skin. My IQ skyrocketed, and I no longer craved fentanyl. I was extremely relieved by this, since I had the strong urge to Ronnie McNutt myself because being black felt like shit.

However, the celebration did not last very long. Two things. I was still stuck underground in the sewers, and I had to deal with the spiders. Why the spiders?, you may ask. Well, something had to happen to them when they consumed the George Floyd hoodie.

Suddenly, a strange sound came from the group of spiders. I turned to face them, to see they were growing in size rapidly, their exoskeletons no longer looked like exoskeletons. They became leathery in nature and their legs grew hands. But the scariest part was their faces. In replacement of their eyes, they each grew eight nigger noses. Holy shit, I thought. But I still felt my feet plant into the ground because I was too busy trying to comprehend all of this to even consider running away. The spiders then developed giant sacs on their backs which are meant to act as biological fentanyl storage reserves.

They were so overfilled with the white substance, that some of the sacs leaked. Finally, they grew to an outstanding height of eight feet tall. All of them barely fit within the sewer corridors. I nearly puked, and that was what scared me to run in the opposite direction as fast as I could. I heard the George Floyd Spider's bone chilling hisses as they breathed hard trying to catch up to me.

But that didn't mean they were unathletic, because they were gaining on me very fast. A spider's speed genetics combined with that of a nigger's is fucking terrifying. But I used my smaller size to an advantage. I was able to sneak under some obstacles which the George Floyd spiders could not fit in. However, that was not the be all and end all.

Just when I thought I had finally outran them, one of the George Floyd spiders did this squirmy battle position and squirted out fentanyl infused webs, that came from it's fentanyl sacs. A piece of it managed to land onto my left arm and it stung like a bitch. It felt as if my arm had the pins and needles feeling whenever I'd sleep on it, but I knew it was because my arm couldn't breathe. I then thought of an obvious weakness of the George Floyd spiders. I realized that since they no longer had developed exoskeletons as a result of the George Floyd hoodie evolution, they are as vulnerable as normal sized spiders. I noticed a large broken pipe to my side and used it as my one and only weapon.

With my exceptional aim that I developed from shooting down niggers in my front yard every night, I threw the pipe into the air, when then landed on all of the George Floyd spiders necks so perfectly.

They hissed in a way where I could tell they said, "I can't breathe," in spider language.

I didn't care to watch their slow and painful deaths though. I looked for the nearest sewer exit and used the last of my adrenaline strength to push it up. I lifted myself up to the upper world and closed it.

Moral of the story, the George Floyd hoodie is as dangerous as it looks like an ugly Christmas sweater that your grandmother would buy you. Do not wear it, or else you will turn into George Floyd. And keep it away from animals at all costs.

**Fentanyl Games**

By Mason Collins

Hello to the person who finds this. By now, I am probably dead or captured somewhere waiting to be executed or worse. This is my story on how I won the Fentanyl Games. The story begins on draft day, where 1 male and 1 female are selected from 48 Districts, then forced to kill each other for sport on national television. That is bad within itself and the draftees are ages 12 to 18 years old, which makes it even viler than negroes fucking a dog.

I was waking up and getting ready to go hunting, which I need to do secretly because I will get my tongue cut off by capital order and there are 48 Districts. Mine is copper District which is District 48. This place is like a 3rd world country because we are the last District in order, which means we need to poach or win the Fentanyl Games to get the spoils. Since most people here are malnourished, we always lose.

While I was thinking about drafting day, I heard a blood-curdling scream from my younger brother's room. I ran over there as fast as I could and he hugged me. He said that he got drafted for the Fentanyl Games, and I then said, "Nobody gets drafted the first time," since he turned 12, making him eligible to be drafted. I proceeded to give him a Derek Chauvin toy before he went back to bed, then I went outside to go hunting.

I proceeded to sneak through a hole in the fence which had a sign that said, "WARNING District Boundary, Do Not Cross."

After sneaking through the fence, I went into the woods where I proceeded to grab my bow and arrow that were hidden inside a tree trunk. The reason is that if I shot a rifle, the capitol would know I'm there.

I went deeper into the forest and since I came here to hunt, I knew all the routes. After 20 minutes of shooting squirrels, there was a deer. When I took aim, I heard someone yell, "YO WHATS UP MY NIGGA," scaring the deer off. I proceeded to shoot a hail mary at it which missed by afoot.

"Damn it, Tyrone, that was the first deer I've seen in 5 years you shit skinned asshole,'' I said.

"Dude, drafting is in like 3 hours my nigga, we need to get going," Tyrone said back.

We proceeded to go to a clear spot that's in the boundary and talked shit about President Floyd.

Since I am White, I must treat negroes as if they were God, and that law was made by President Floyd himself. Tyrone doesn't like that concept because he wants to do actual work and not just be tended to by White people, and he cant talk about it because he could get executed for it, since its a "non nigga" move.

"I am not going to have kids," I said.

Tyrone asked why, and I proceeded to explain that since the Fentanyl Games require children to kill each other, I might as well not have any children at all.

Tyrone and I split off so that I could get dressed and he could too. I grabbed my younger brother and we started heading for the town square where they took a sample of our blood and made us write our names down on a piece of paper. We waited.

After 20 minutes, a rainbow-haired tranny came up the stage and proceeded to give a speech.

"Happy Fentanyl Games boys and girls. This one is very special since it is the 74th, which means that two of your darlings will come along and hopefully win the prize of 2600 pounds of food and nominee of the year, and we have a very very special video straight from the capital," she said with enthusiasm, then started up the video.

"Hello to all 48 Districts for the 74th annual Fentanyl Games, the reason why we have these games is for payment to the 50 District war, where 48 were captured and 2 were destroyed. This ties us closer than we are and may the odds ever be in your favor."

"What a bunch of bullshit," I said to myself.

The tranny continued to speak. "Now then let's get to drafting. Ladies first!" she said as the NBA draft jingle played.

The girl chosen was "Bianca," and then some e-slut proceeded to skip to the stage and shook hands with the tranny.

"Now for the boys," she said, and the person drawn was my younger brother, who I will call Nuck Figgers.

"Nuck Figgers," she yelled.

He came out of the crowd, sobbing. That was when I yelled, "I volunteer as tribute!"

Everyone stopped and looked at me. I told Nuck Figgers to go find mom, which he refused to do, so Tyrone carried him away.

I was escorted onto the stage by 4 Antifa agents, and the tranny then proceeded to say, "It looks like we have our first volunteer. What is your name?"

"Nmash Siggers," I said.

"Can we have a big round of applause for our first volunteer tribute of District 48?"

Instead of clapping, everyone raised their right arm with 3 fingers out, which is commonly used in funerals when someone dies in our District.

The tranny was shocked at the sight of the crowd's act, so she started screaming at them about how we were all racist pigs and shit. Eventually, she regained her composure and said, "Happy 74th Fentanyl Games and may the odds ever be in your favor," before Bianca and I were forced inside the building where we said our final goodbyes to our family and friends before leaving for the capital.

We boarded a train and then the tranny told us about our mentor, called “Big O.” As if it were a movie, the door slammed open and what looked like a 7-foot tall gorilla barged in.

He was actually a big ass negro. He won the games 25 years ago and he had a polar pop cup filled with lean to the top, and it looked like he had gone through a lot of trauma and didn’t wan’t to get close to us because he feared that we would die just like the others.

I said, “Look, I will not die under your guidance,” which he agreed to.

Bianca stormed off, pissed off that she won’t get any advice on how to survive since she’s an arrogant bitch.

Big O proceeded to tell me a couple of things, such as, ”Keep yourself as much distance away from the others as possible,” and “Don’t light a campfire at night.”

“And also do your homework,” big o said.

As we neared the capitol, the city started to appear bigger and bigger, like bigger than texas. I was in awe and as the train neared the station, it stopped.

There was a huge crowd of people and I started waving with Bianca. We then began getting ready for the chariot parade, where every tribute from each District is shown off to the country.

I met with my stylist, a black bitch, called “Big Dick Bitch.”

She started showering me down and then slowly but surely added clothing after taking some photos of me naked. Bianca and I then got on the chariot, where we were dressed with copper plating and knives.

President Floyd started calling out Districts, going, “District 1, District 2”, then finally “District 48.”

We started riding out, twirling knives left hand to right hand, and then we locked our knives and hands and raised them. The crowd went wild, throwing roses, gold bars, white power cards, and bouquets of flowers. It made me feel powerful since I won the whole crowd over in one singular night.

Tomorrow was the first day of training, where we were gathered into a room. A black woman walked in front of the crowd of tributes, then proceeded to explain the rules in the training phase.

I proceeded to start training, and a career tribute watched me. He walked over to where I was. After doing my 100th rep, he asked, “You wanna train in fighting?”

“Alright,” I said back to him.

We walked to the other side and he gave me a training sword, and one for himself.

“Let’s begin,” the career tribute said, and started swinging it at me which I easily dodged.

I swung at his sword, knocking it out of his hands before throwing him onto the ground and pointing the training sword at his neck.

“Good game,” I said before returning to bench pressing and doing physical and survival exercises. It caught the sponsor’s eyes, and then President Floyd stepped in and wanted to watch. I grabbed a bow and arrow, then shot the target dead center.

I shot at it a second time, splitting the arrow I shot earlier, impressing all 93 tributes.That was when Bianca came up and tried to bitch slap me, which I easily blocked.

We all cleared out of there for the games to begin. I couldn’t sleep that night, thinking of what will happen in the games because anything can happen.

Night eventually turned to dawn. That morning, Big O gave me one final piece of advice: “don’t go to the cornucopia,” before I left the tribute center to board an aircraft. Before we took off, a White woman told me to give her my arm, which I did. She took out a syringe then injected something weird.

“What did you put in my arm?” I said.

“A tracking device,” she replied.

The aircraft started lifting off to the deaths of 93 people. I made some small talk with the career tribute who I sparred with earlier, and he said that I should join him in an alliance.

I accepted his offer and told him where I would be at.

Once it landed, we proceeded to get off of said aircraft, where then I was escorted into a room with big dick bitch, who was holding a coat and a tube that could fit one person.

She put the coat on me then gave me a hug and said, “Good luck mothafucka,” before I went into the tube. It led upwards into the arena.

The tube came to an end when a bright light hit me. I found myself in a forested area, and there was a big cornucopia shaped structure with spears, supply bags, swords, bows and arrows, knives, hatchets, and a chain whip.

A loud voice started counting down from 50. In 10 seconds, I got ready to dart into the forest. When the countdown hit 0, a loud gunshot indicated the start of the Fentanyl Games. I ran into the forest as fast as I could, creating as much distance as I could from the other tributes and then I proceeded to rest temporarily at a tree. I heard the code word that I made with the career tribute earlier, and I reply with my part. He appeared with 7 other tributes, then I jumped down from the tree introducing myself to the others, as they wondered why I did not run into the cornucopia. I explained my reasons, and we started searching the area for other tributes. Suddenly, we heard a loud boom.

“It's a cannon,” I said. “That means a dead tribute.”

As we were discussing ideas, an arrow came flying, hitting one of the tributes in the eye killing her instantly. I proceeded to throw the knife they gave me, hitting a girl in the stomach. She fell from the tree while screaming in pain and saying every curse word in the book. She got up as I rushed her. She pulled the knife out and stabbed my shoulder, and I broke her negroe back over my knee and then stomped her head. A cannon went off roughly five seconds later, indicating that she died. I took the knife out of my shoulder and then made a fire, cauterizing the wound so that it doesn't get infected.

We went to a different area to settle in for the night. We talked about the girl with the bow who shot one of ours and that epic kill I made and how we were lucky that I managed to be their ally, otherwise, they would’ve been dropping like flies.

Massive trumpets started playing and a screen of the fallen popped into view, showing District numbers, 10,5,25,27,47,33,23,45,33,44,9, etc, and also the bitch I killed.

I decided to keep watch overnight. Suddenly, I heard a snap, and then a small fire started blooming, so we proceeded to ambush the 15-year-old girl who was there, killing her with an arrow to the head. The cannon fired once again, stirring everyone awake. Eventually, dawn neared which was an indication that we have survived the first 24 hours of the Fentanyl Games. We continued looking for more tributes to finish off. We saw another group and they immediately yelled, “This is blood turf my niggas!” before we heard a woman screaming.

A cannon went off, then a boy from District 11 said, “Climb up the tree and see what's going on.”

I proceeded to climb up the tree and saw what looked like a troop of chimpanzees. Just then, they found the other 6 tributes since one went foraging for berries. I heard their screams as the 3 cannons went off so I took aim and shot at their leader, hitting him.

“Ah sheet mane, who the fuck shot me?” he said in pain, before collapsing.

The other negroes scattered like chimps, howling at the baboon.

We decided to interrogate the negroe, so we hung him upside down on a tree and then woke him up.

“Nigga what the fuck is this!” he said as he awokened.

“Your interrogation,” I said back to him, before grabbing a bat from the cornucopia then taking a swing at him.

“Where are your friends?”

“Aint telling you nigga,” he said back. I cut a piece of his skin off and left him there to die, open for others to kill him.

As the night neared, a cannon went off.

We did not know who died yet and we waited for the fallen to begin. Just like a cue, the music started playing and it showed the numbers 33,42,48,23,13.

"Shit Bianca's dead," I said to myself.

I heard screaming behind me. I turned, to see it was a negroe. I grabbed the sword and then decapitated him. He looked like the Bianca death photos which made me chuckle a little bit. I shortly realized that I was the only one left in the group, which made me stop and come up with plans. As dawn neared, I went back to the cornucopia, but the bloods took everything out and made a tower with all the goods, so I proceeded to shoot a bag of apples which caused a massive explosion, killing all the negroes there. I picked off the other ones who were running to see what happened. In a matter of 10 minutes, I killed all the bloods, leaving 10 tributes left in the game.

That day went slowly for me, as I hunted for squirrels and other small animals. I heard a thud, followed by a cannon. It was some ginger girl and she ate some cyanide berries.

I thought it was suicide because she did not want to get brutally killed or worse. A loud voice boomed all across the arena. The man said, "Ayo crackas there will be a feast at the cornucopia tomorrow so be there, there is some good sheet."

Morning arrived, where I got ready just in case someone tried to ambush me. I neared the cornucopia and then some fat black guy took all of them and tried to run, but fell, causing an earthquake because of his fat negroe ass. Since he was defenseless, I ran up to him and stabbed his spine, and then finished him off with a curb stomp where I grabbed my bag and ran for it.

That was when some girl threw a knife at me and managed to pin me down, where I proceeded to grab an arrow and stuffed it down her throat, killing her. Her boyfriend then tried to stab me, but I grabbed my sword and then cut his right arm off. I finished him off by cutting his jugular vein open, and as 7 cannons went off in the distance, it was just me and 1 other person, who was a ching. He proceeded to do some Kill Bill-like stance and then rushed at me with a katana. I shot him with a bow and arrow, which hit him in the shoulder, and then I threw him to the ground.

"Me got defeated, life over now," he said, before grabbing my knife and slashing his gut open, killing himself.

Where then, the games ended and I came out as victor for the 74th annual Fentanyl Games. I got onto a train and headed home and hugged my younger brother. He was happy that I stayed alive.

**Nigger Venom**

By Gorg Floydson

Space, a vast ocean of the unknown where many dangers lurk. My name is Dominico, I am an astronaut working at the Nigger Foundation. The Nigger Foundation was founded after the dismantle of NASA since it is run by filthy jews and nigger lovers. On the surface, the Nigger Foundation seems to be an ordinary genetics corporation but we are really just a group of ***based*** Aryan brothers who fucking wish for the death of all niggers. The founder of the Nigger Foundation is Nate Higgers, the most racist man currently alive. Nate and I have been experimenting on niggers for years trying to find out why they are so violent. One day, I got a call from Nate.

"Dominico, I have exciting news for you!" Nate said.

"What, did all the niggers and jews finally die out?" I said.

"Nope, but we were given a special opportunity for a joint space operation with SpaceX." Nate announced.

"Apparently, there is a large asteroid currently floating just outside the Asteroid Belt. SpaceX's satellite near Mars detected heat signatures."

"Ok, I'm in, when will this operation commence?" I asked.

"In a few days, once the paperwork is done," Nate said.

That night, I laid down in bed not able to sleep. The idea of finally the chance to see extraterrestrials was upon us. Once we establish a bond with the aliens and show them the behaviour of niggers, even they will have to think that niggers are inferior mud men, I thought. When the day came, I was handed paperwork detailing the length of the trip as well as who I would be working with. The first thing I did was check the race of the fellow astronauts on the mission. The first astronaut, an Iraqi veteran named Ronnie

McNutt was thankfully white. I looked below that to see the second member, a former police officer, Derek Chauvin, another White male. However the last member stood out the most, not only by race but also by name. The last member was a nigger, his name was George Floyd. It was George Floyd!

"What the fuck is this?! I shouted angrily.

"How is George Floyd still alive and why is he an astronaut?" I demanded answers.

"We brought him back thanks to a new regeneration machine developed by Elon Musk himself which repaired Mr. Floyd's damaged lungs so he can breathe again," A SpaceX employee said.

"George Floyd is a criminal nigger who doesn't have the brains to even cook let alone manage a spacecraft!" I said.

"Take it or leave it sir, this is part of our new diversity program," The SpaceX employee said.

I looked over and finally got a good look at the employee, it was a female tranny. I ran up and punched the tranny in the face which knocked him out. The pay was $400 million which was enough to continue paying off my $1 billion mansion so I took the job. I went to the lounge where the other astronauts were. When I arrived, I saw a man with a beard and glasses sitting by a couch watching porn. The man looked up and noticed me,

"Hey I'm Ronald but my friends call me Ronnie," the man said.

"Oh you must be private McNutt," I said.

Suddenly, a tall dark figure walked into the room, despite the room being very well lit, it was almost impossible to make out the features of the tall figure, it was like he was a shadow.

"Sup maynes, I be George Floyd n shit, nice to meet y'all crackas," The shadow said.

As the figure came closer into the light, his facial features became much clearer. He was a tall 6 foot 5 nigger with an ugly mushroom shaped nose that extended to the edges of his face, his lips were as thick as an eggplant. The nigger wore a shirt that read "Landlord" along with a cap that read "Breathing is the greatest pleasure in life" a quote by Giovanni Papini.

"Shit maynes, I know I ain't supposed to ask dis on da job but do any of y'all got the fent?" George Floyd asked.

"What?" Ronnie and I said.

"You know, da good shit, da shit that make a niggie go wild, da shit dat make yo lungs not working, you know da fentanyl n shit," George Floyd said.

"You aren't allowed fentanyl here!" A voice boomed.

The last astronaut, Derek Chauvin said as he walked in. Just by his presence and aura alone, I could tell his body radiated the hatred of niggers and particularly the hatred towards George Floyd.

"Who da fuck is you?" George Floyd said angrily.

"I am the destroyer of necks, the knee of justice, former Minneapolis police officer Derek Chauvin at your service!"

"Oh shit niggie, it be dat racist ass cracka who stole ma breath!" George Floyd exclaimed.

"I'm not here for confrontation, I am above that, let's put our differences aside for now and just focus on the mission," Chauvin said.

"Shiet cracka, whatever you say."

After we left the meeting room, mission control was ready for take off. It took longer than expected for us to suit up since George Floyd was a dumb bug nigger who didn't know how to suit up in a spacesuit.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" George Floyd yelped as the helmet was suited onto him.

We boarded the spacecraft, a newly designed craft more powerful than anything created previously. It was a joint effort by the Nigger Foundation, Golden Nigger Corp and SpaceX. Mission control gave us the countdown and we launched. This wasn't my first time in space however each time, it was an exhilarating rush seeing the stars. I have a love hate relationship with space, it is a beautiful, quiet and peaceful sight for ones eyes however the void of space is black which reminded me my hatred of niggers!

"We're approaching the outer rim of the asteroid belt," Ronnie alerted.

I saw hundreds of thousands of rocks floating in the void of space. In the centre of them all was a massive asteroid which dwarfed all the others.

"I'm detecting heat signatures by the big one!" Ronnie said.

I noticed that George Floyd was quiet throughout the entire ride instead of making his usual monkey noises or causing his nigga monkey bullshit, I turned around to check. To my shock, George Floyd was consuming fentanyl!

"How the fuck did you manage to sneak that onboard?!" I said furiously.

"We can't have any fuck ups, it's way too dangerous!"

"Shiet mayne, lighten up n shit, have sum of dat fentanyl n shit," George Floyd said while making monkey noises.

"2 minutes until contact!" Ronnie warned, however Derek and I didn't notice since we were berating the fentanyl ape.

"You fucking jigaboo, I've just about had it with your nigger baboon shenanigans!" Chauvin said angrily.

"1 minute until contact!"

"I will throw you out right now into the vacuum of space where you won't be able to breathe forever unless you stop this bullshit!" I said.

Suddenly, the craft crashed onto a rough surface creating a hole in the haul. Chauvin, George Floyd and I were sucked out of the ship while Ronnie died immediately upon impact. Luckily, Chauvin and I were already wearing our space suits and we took little damage because we are racist chads.

"Oh shit, oh shit!" I said panicking.

"How will we get back home now!?"

"We'll have to patch it up," Chauvin said as we walked to the damaged ship.

It was a gruesome sight due to how Ronnie's blood and gore covered the entire craft. We found Ronnie or what was left of him, his face was entirely gone, it was like it was never there to begin with. What was left was only what I could describe as an exploded watermelon. Derek and I searched around the ship looking for the toolbox that Golden Nigger Corp had provided in case something went wrong.

"Thank Jesus and all that is good!" Chauvin said as he fished the toolbox out of a pile of scraps and rubble.

"We can use the liquid nitrogen spray to repair the haul!" Chauvin exclaimed.

While Derek Chauvin was hard at work repairing the craft, I went to investigate since this was the promised asteroid that had alien life on it. As I examined the surface, I noticed George Floyd's body up ahead facing down. I ran up and examined his body. George Floyd's visor was cracked open, exposing his massive nose which took up the majority of his helmet. This meant that he couldn't breathe and therefore was dead. I walked back to the ship where Derek had just finished repairing the craft.

"That nigger George Floyd is dead," I informed Chauvin.

"Good," Chauvin responded.

"Anyways, I'm done repairing the ship, we can leave at any moment," Chauvin informed.

"Ok," I said.

"Should we bring their bodies back?"

"Ronnie's body is too fucked up but you might as well bring Floyd's, once his family sees his body, they'll chimp out which is something I look forward to seeing." Chauvin said.

I dragged George Floyd's body and threw it into the garbage. We left the asteroid afterwards and returned to Earth. Once we arrived back on Earth, Derek and I gave a report to Nate Higgers and also informed mission control about the deaths of Ronnie McNutt and George Floyd.

“Where is Floyd’s body?” Nate asked.

“We kept it in the garbage compactor since niggers are human garbage,” I said.

“Haha, good one,” Nate chuckled.

When I opened the garbage compactor, I was surprised to see no body.

“Where the fuck is the body, are you playing a prank on me?” Nate asked.

“No, I swear it was here when Derek and I took off,” I said.

“OOGA BOOGA!” A bloodcurdling voice roared behind us.

Nate and I slowly turned around to face what had made that horrible noise. To our shock, it was George Floyd! However something was different about him, his eyes were pitch black, there was also a black goo mass covering the lower half of his body.

“What the fuck happened to you, Floyd?” Nate asked.

“I am the Fent-eye-oat but you can call me Nigger Venom!” The creature said.

The creature extended its arm which turned into the shape of a blade and swung at Nate and I. Luckily, both Nate and I managed to duck just in time which led to the space craft behind us being split in half.

“Holy shit, this thing has incredible power!” Nate yelled.

“What’s going on in here!?” A pregnant SpaceX employee said.

Nigger Venom turned to the pregnant woman and grabbed her by the neck with his tendrils.

“Lungs, bellies, fetuses, so many snacks so little time!” Nigger Venom said as he licked the pregnant woman’s belly.

Just then gunshots rang out, I saw that it was the Mexican security guard, Carlos who had unloaded several shots into Nigger Venom however the creature absorbed all the bullets. Nigger Venom dropped the pregnant woman and bit Carlos’s neck off.

“Ah I can finally breathe again, I will eat every lung on the planet to satiate my need for air!” Nigger Venom said.

Nate helped the pregnant woman to her feet as Nigger Venom was monologuing. We ran out of the room and locked the doors behind us.

“This should buy us some time,” Nate said.

However Nate was dead wrong as the metal doors broke down almost immediately.

“Where are you going mayne, don’t take ma precious fetus away from me, fetuses are ma third favourite snack after fentanyl and lungs!” Nigger Venom said as it made its way out of the room.

Nigger Venom extended its arm once again to grab the pregnant woman however it was quickly cut down.

“Ah shit, dat hurt mama!” Nigger Venom winced in pain.

I turned around to see Derek Chauvin. Much similar to Floyd, he had a slimy substance around his body however this one was white.

“Ah shit, it be ma arch nemesis n shit, Knee-ger Venom!” Nigger Venom said.

Derek Chauvin fully transformed. Unlike Nigger Venom, Chauvin was fully White. Knee-ger Venom stretched his arm out around Nigger Venom’s neck.

“Ah shit, I can’t breathe!” Nigger Venom cried.

“You black symbiotes are the worst kind, you call yourselves Fent-eye-oats while only making up 13 percent of the population while committing 58 percent of all symbiotic crimes!” Knee-ger Venom said as he tightened his grip around Nigger Venom’s neck.

“Ah shit, mama, I love ya mama, I can’t breathe mayne!” Nigger Venom said.

Knee-ger Venom grabbed the body of Nigger Venom which was lifeless now, Knee-ger Venom dragged Nigger Venom to a puddle and began to drown him.

"Ah shit, water ma third worst enemy after police brutality and black on black crime!" Nigger Venom yelled before the parasitic symbiote dissolved into nothing. Derek Chauvin reverted back to his normal self.

"Wow this is fucking awesome, I can kill niggers without getting blamed for it!" Chauvin said happily.

Moral of the story, niggers should never be allowed to work as astronauts!

**Mysterio Floyd**

By Gorg Floydson

Special effects, they've always blew my mind as a child similar to Ronnie McNutt's suicide. If you didn't know, Special effects often abbreviated as VFX are illusions or visual tricks used in the theatre, film, television, video game, and simulator industries to simulate the imagined events in a story or virtual world.

I go to an arts school full of liberals where I take a 3D animation program. Since I am the only normal sane person in the entire school, I have no friends and I'm perfectly fine with that.

There's no way I'd be friends with one of those trannies who would McNutt themselves by the end of the first semester. Anyways, enough about my hatred of trannies, I will now explain my spooky encounter with George Floyd as most creepy pastas do.

One day, my professor, Reginald Weibe, was handing out forms for an upcoming field trip to meet one of the greatest special effects wizards alive.

"We'll depart on Monday to meet Mister Floyd at the set of one of his upcoming movies," Reginald Weibe said.

"Um, what are some of Mister Floyd's previous works?" A dirty pajeet named Baljeet asked in his unbearable curry accent.

"Mister Floyd has worked on great movies such as Candy Man, Buck Breaking and Man of Fentanyl." Reginald Weibe said.

I chuckled at the last movie mentioned since Man of Fentanyl is a movie enjoyed by ***based*** racist chads due to the fact that Breonna Taylor the fat nigga whale was actually shot on set. I decided to go on the field trip since I wanted to learn more about VFX. However I was curious about this Mister Floyd the effects wizard, all the movies that Reginald Weibe mentioned besides Man of Fentanyl were pro BLM nigger movies made by filthy jews as are most Hollywood productions.

Monday came and I jumped out of bed. I was the first to arrive in class since all the other liberals are lazy fucks who will contribute absolutely nothing to society like all niggers. Just goes to show that racists aren't bad people. At 10, the other students finally showed up despite Reginald Weibe saying that we need to meet at 9. Reginald Wiebe told us to line up to board the bus. Unfortunately I had to sit next to this BBC whore named Heather Wilcock. I noticed that Heather was constantly coughing and hurling like she was going to vomit. I paid no attention to this as I had my AirPods Pro with noise cancelation and phone to keep me occupied. I decided to play some black lives splatter mobile edition while Heather kept making noises throughout the ride.

2 hours later, we arrived at our destination, the set of a new movie called "Pregnant Bellies: The Movie."

"Alright, you guys will split up into groups of 3 and we'll meet back at the main entrance at 4," Reginald Weibe said.

I was stuck with Heather and Baljeet the pajeet. We walked around the massive hall where many special effects wizards were showing off their skills. However none looked as good as these holographic projections I saw near the end of the hall. I ran up to the end where I saw that the holograms were coming from a strange looking drone. Heather and Baljeet the pajeet caught up to me to see what I was looking at.

"Hey man, we're supposed to stick together," Baljeet the pajeet said.

I ignored him and continued to look at the holograms, the holograms were all pregnant women which was a bit weird however they looked real as fuck. Suddenly, a tall nigger jumped up from the stand scaring

the life out of the 3 of us.

"Sup maynes, I see y'all be interested in ma drones n shit," the tall nigger said.

"Um who the fuck are you, nigger?" I said.

I felt a slap on the back from behind me, it was Heather Wilcock.

"You racist!" She said quietly.

"I be Big Floyd the special effects wizard from da Houston Projects and dis be ma special effects drones that I stole err I mean built," the nigger said.

"Anyways mayne, I'll show y'all ma drones and how good they be n shit," the nigger said as he put on a pair of glasses that were controlling the drones.

The drones flew up and projected a pregnant White woman being robbed by a tall nigger in a ski mask. I was utterly stunned as to why the stupid nigger would project something this disturbing. The pregnant woman was struggling as the nigger grabbed her. The pregnant woman grabbed the nigger's ski mask and managed to pull it off. That's when my heart skipped a beat. The nigger's face from the drone projection was the same face as Big Floyd the effects wizard. The big fat nose and large lips were unmistakable.

"Um nigger, why the fuck are you projecting such a fucked up video for everyone to see?" I said angrily.

"Ah shiet cracka, lighten up n shiet, dis be a projection of ma previous robbery with ma niggas, pregnant bitch got what she deserved for not giving me the belly pics!" Big Floyd said.

The nigger then walked away from his stand and walked to the centre of the room where he began to project more of his past robberies. Everyone else seemed to be stunned by how real the effects looked despite the fact that they were effects of a woman being robbed.

"Wow, black VFX artists are as amazing as ever," Heather Wilcock said.

While the nigger was distracted, I took the chance to walk over to the back of his stand where I found a large box that was full of documents. There were parole documents along with a clear plastic bag with a white powder in it. Along with the bag, there was an arrest warrant for someone named George Perry Floyd for stealing technology from a company called Golden Nigger Corp. The warrant had a picture and to my surprise, it was that same nigger.

"Big Floyd The Effects Wizard is really George Floyd?!" I said out loud.

I thought about this for a good minute and that's when it all added up. Only a nigger like George Floyd would be that attracted to pregnant women. Only a nigger like George Floyd could have a nose and lips of that size. Under the box of documents, there was what appeared to be a suit of some kind. It had a fishbowl helmet which made it look like an astronaut suit but it also had a cape. Suddenly, something grabbed the hood of my sweater and threw me up into the air despite me being a 300 pound built chad. I landed on a wooden table causing it to break upon impact. Luckily, I wasn't badly hurt and only came out with some scratches as I am a shredded chad. I looked up and noticed a cloud of white smoke which made it very hard to see. I began to cough which made me realize, this was fentanyl smoke. I heard coughs all around me along with some jews yelling "I'm being gassed!" When the fentanyl smoke cleared, I was shocked to see George Floyd who was suited up along with an army of drones.

"Shiet mayne, it be a shame that you figured out ma real identity, I be Mysterio Floyd n shit! "

"So it looks like that I have to kill everyone in this room!" Mysterio Floyd said.

Mysterio Floyd then put the fish bowl over his face and began shooting white beams around the room, luckily they didn't hit anyone since he has trash aim.

"What, what's going on here?!" Reginald Weibe said.

Mysterio Floyd immediately turned around and fired a beam at Reginald Weibe.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" Reginald Weibe the liberal professor said as he dropped dead.

That shouldn't be possible, those are just supposed to be special effects, I thought. I noticed that everyone else including the art hoe students were passed out from the fentanyl smoke except Heather and Baljeet the pajeet. Baljeet the pajeet looked up to see Mysterio Floyd the criminal nigger blasting his white

fentanyl beams everywhere. Baljeet grabbed a broken piece of the wooden table and threw it right into the white beam. The beam was cut in half revealing a drone masked by it.

"Ah shiet, looks like you figured out how ma drones work n shit!" Mysterio Floyd said.

While Baljeet the pajeet was throwing objects at the drones, breaking them. I noticed a cable connected to the back of Mysterio Floyd's fishbowl helmet. That must be supplying him air otherwise he wouldn't be able to breathe, I thought. I ran over to the cable which was connected to a machine labelled breathing machine. I began to pull at the cable with all my strength which was fuelled by adrenaline and my hatred towards niggers. I managed to unplug the cable.

"Ah shit mayne, I can't breathe ma fuggin shiet!" Mysterio Floyd yelped in pain.

Without the constant air flowing into the fish bowl now Mysterio Floyd couldn't breathe. He launched himself into a wall to try and break the helmet.

"Shiet mama, ah fuck mayne!"

Mysterio Floyd continued to bang the helmet at the wall to which it began to crack. Eventually the fish bowl fully cracked which was able to let Mysterio Floyd's fat ugly nose protrude from the crack.

"Ah dats better mayne, I can breathe, it was all a big misunderstanding!" Mysterio Floyd said as he inhaled and exhaled.

"Oh shit, oh shit!" Baljeet the pajeet said as he was flung back 10 feet at high speed into a wall causing his body to splatter into gore and blood resembling the face of Ronnie McNutt.

"Now no one will stop me mayne!" Mysterio Floyd said as another cloud of fentanyl smoke engulfed the room.

I heard coughing followed by "Ah I can't breathe," coming from Heather Wilcock.

"Hehehe bitch, dats what you get for not owning me ma fentanyl!" Mysterio Floyd said.

That meant Mysterio Floyd was near Heather. I made my way through the smoke covering my mouth and nose to where I had heard both Heather and Mysterio Floyd. I heard more coughing from Heather followed by a noise I can only describe as when you try to spit out the phlegm in your throat when you're sick. Suddenly the fentanyl smoke cleared revealing what had happened. There I saw Heather Wilcock who was no longer coughing, beside her was Mysterio Floyd who had some white gooey substance around his nose and mouth.

"Oh god, I should have never swallowed Jayesh's load last night, it messed my throat up," Heather said.

I cringed in disgust upon hearing those words. That meant Jayesh's seed was in Mysterio Floyd's nose and mouth.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe with cum in ma lungs!" Mysterio Floyd said.

Mysterio Floyd then choked on the cum and died. Everything after that was a blur. The next thing I remember was waking up in the hospital. The rest of my liberal arts classmates somehow managed to survive despite being gassed by fentanyl. I had to remain in the hospital for over 2 weeks because of the fentanyl that had gotten into my system. The drones that George Floyd stole from Golden Nigger Corp were returned to its rightful owners.

Moral of the story, always make sure to keep your belongings in a safe place where a nigger won't steal it. Black lives splatter!

Candy Floyd

By Gorg Floydson

Minneapolis, a shit hole city filled with shit hole people. I am of course talking about the nigger rioters and looters who contribute nothing to society. For many years, I've worked and studied in Minneapolis, to try and learn what makes niggers so inherently violent. I am a researcher of urban legends who works for the University of Tomasso.

Urban legends among the black community is more prevalent than for any other racial groups such as White people, Asians or spics. The only group that rivals niggers with their urban legends are native

Americans because they are paranoid as fuck about people stealing their “land.”

Recently, I’ve come across an urban legend in the Cabrini-Green projects that caught my interest. A nigger spirit with a hook for a hand who kills anyone who says fentanyl five times in front of a mirror. The legend of Candy Floyd! But before I begin, I must provide some context. One day, my negro guide Daniel Robitaille was guiding me through the projects avoiding the nigger gangs that inhabit the area. The most notorious and feared gang in these parts call themselves “The Floyd Alliance.” Many older negroes know well to stay away from the criminal niggers, however the young negroes often join the lower ranks of the Floyd Alliance to sell fentanyl and other deadly drugs to pregnant sheboons.

“Das rite there ol’mista, dat be where Anne-Marie McCoy were killed by a stab through the neck with a hook!” Daniel Robitaille explained while pointing to the Cabrini-Green projects.

“Can I take a closer look and step into the buildings?” I asked.

“Dat not safe sir, dat be where dem gangs and wild negroes be living, and if they see someone of yo skin, dem niggers won’t be happy!” Daniel Robitaille said as he took a few steps back.

I ignored Daniel Robitaille and walked towards the projects. As I made my way to the entrance, three niggers dressed in purple jumpsuits stopped me.

“Cracka, ya better turn around and go da other way,” a short bug nigger said.

“Das rite, one of our own just bit da dust so we don’t want no outsiders entering our place, cracka,” a tall lanky nigger said.

Not looking for trouble, I walked away but unbeknownst to the three stooges, I walked to the back of the building and entered through there. When I entered, I noticed a little niglet child staring at me,

“Hey cracka what you do doing in a place like dis n shiet?” The niglet asked.

“Oh I’m just here to investigate the recent killing and why do all you niggers talk like fucking monkeys?” I said.

“Anyways who are you niglet?” I asked.

“I be Sherman Fields ‘n shiet,” the niglet said.

“And if you looking for recent killing, you must be talking bout Anne-Marie McCoy,” the niglet said.

“Yes actually, so do you know what happened to her?” I asked.

“She wuz gots by Candy Floyd!” Sherman said.

“What?” “What the fuck are you talking about?” I said.

“Come n see mayne,” the niglet said.

I followed Sherman up to the 10th floor, there was a little hole in a wall which Sherman walked through. Now I was a little skeptical thinking it was a trap but the niglet insisted.

“Dis where candy Floyd n shiet,” Sherman said.

I bent down and walked through the hole, I was shocked by what was on the other side. There was a mural of a giant face with its mouth open, it was the face of a nigger. It had hideous features like a big fat nose and large lips. There was graffiti everywhere that all read “I can’t breathe” and “da landlord.” I snapped a few pictures.

“Hey kid, what happened to Anne-Marie McCoy anyway?” I asked.

“Days before Anne-Marie was killed, she had just recently given birth to a baby dat da popo’s didn’t find when they investigated her death,” Sherman said.

“Few days before she gave birth, she heard a voice say “Hey bitch, it’d be a shame if someone were to kill yo baby but I will take him!’”Sherman said.

I made my way out the hole and that’s when I noticed blood stains on the floor.

“So who’s Candy Floyd?” I asked.

“Candy Floyd be a supernatural creature ‘n shiet, many years ago, there were a nigga named Floyd who gave candy out to the kids of Cabrini-Green but once da parents realized that there were fentanyl in da candy, they called da popo on Floyd, he were kneed to death by a police officer.” Sherman explained.

"But instead of moving on, Floyd's spirit remained here and can be summoned if you say fentanyl in a mirror five times," Sherman said.

I thanked the niglet for the info and left Cabrini-Green. On my way home, I ran into Daniel Robitaille who was hitting a bong in an alley.

"Ayo ol'mista, how yo research be going n shiet?" Daniel Robitaille asked.

"It's going well," I said.

"Say ol'mista, you mind giving me sum money for food, I spent it on all da weed n purple drank n shiet?" Daniel Robitaille asked.

I knew the negro was probably going to spend the money on more drugs but I decided to give him $10 anyway since I felt bad for the homeless nigger. Daniel Robitaille and I both went to a Burger King to get some food, Daniel Robitaille was devouring his whopper and fries like if he were a wild chimp while I just bought a coffee and Burger King crowns.

"So ol'mista, did ya hear about the legend of candy Floyd?" Daniel Robitaille asked.

"Yeah but it sounds just like your regular urban legend," I said.

"Oh no ol'mista, Candy Floyd real alright, he'll gonna get ya if you're a pregnant bitch or a racist cracka!" Daniel Robitaille said.

"This whole thing is just retarded nigger bullshit," I said angrily.

"Damn rite mayne!" Daniel Robitaille said but he was clearly high.

In his state, Daniel Robitaille waltzed around the Burger King, saying candy Floyd 5 times, unknowingly in front of a window. Suddenly Daniel Robitaille's body floated up into the air!

"Ah shit mayne, what the fuck is happening?!"

But before he could say another word, he was stabbed through the neck by an invisible object. I looked at Daniel Robitaille's reflection through a window and saw *him*–it was Candy Floyd! There was a hook in place of his right hand which was the object that had stabbed Daniel Robitaille.

"Hehehe mayne, dats what a niggie gets fo saying fentanyl five times in a mirror ya hear?!" Candy Floyd said.

"Don't say dat or else, I'll come fo you next, racist cracka!" Candy Floyd warned.

He shortly disappeared after that and dropped the body of Daniel Robitaille on the floor.

"Ah shit mama, I can't breathe!" Daniel Robitaille yelled as blood gushed out from his neck like a fountain.

There wasn't anything I could do to save the negro, so I simply asked the staff to call the police and made my way out of the restaurant. Even though Robitaille was a dumb bug nigger, I still felt that his death was my fault for dragging him into the whole candy Floyd incident. I decided to go back to Tomasso to find out more details on Candy Floyd. Tomasso has a large archive of urban legends in their library. I checked out every book related to Candy Floyd and other nigger urban legends. Other nigger urban legend creatures besides candy Floyd included Gorilla Floyd, Krampus Floyd and Wilcock ness monster. I found an old book near the end of the section which detailed how Minneapolis was founded.

*"1842, my name is Tobias Minneapolis. I am a proud owner of Floyd's Seed and Feed Plantation where I make niggers work themselves to the bone. One of my most prized possessions was a buck negro of outstanding height who was specifically bred as a farm tool, his name was George Floyd. However my worst nightmare came true, I found out that my daughter Helen who was no more than 17 years old was raped by that nigger George Floyd. When I found that out, I informed our little town which was only comprised of fair skinned nigger haters. When Floyd realized that we had formed a posse to lynch him, he ran out of town screaming*

*"Shiet mayne, I'm not dat typa guy mayne!"*

*Along with other incomprehensible chimpanzee noises. Although, he was fast like the average nigger, he eventually ran out of steam and our posse had caught up to him near the outskirts of town. After beating him up for a bit, I sawed off Floyd's right hand which made him cry like a baboon. We then smeared honey*

*all over his neck which attracted a horde of bees. The bees stung him over and over in the neck and by the end, his neck no longer resembled a neck. It only looked like an enlarged grotesque red tumour.*

*"Ah shit, I can't breathe mama!" Floyd said as he coughed up blood before shortly dying from his wounds.*

*Once it was over, we burned his body in the centre of town to set an example for all the other nigger slaves. I was shocked after reading and I noticed that I was out of breath. However this along with Sherman Fields' explanation of Candy Floyd was not adding up. Sherman's Candy Floyd was a nigger who gave kids fentanyl candy, however this Candy Floyd was a nigger slave who raped a White girl. The only thing they had in common was their names. George Floyd and Floyd. I needed answers. I returned to Cabrini-Green, to the Candy Floyd mural on the 10th floor. I noticed a light coming from the hole in the wall. I saw that there were candles everywhere that were not present when I first came here. I also heard the faint sound of a crying baby. I walked towards the centre of the room where I saw a baby nigger in what looked like a poorly made altar that some suicidal goth chick would make."*

"OOGA BOOGA mayne, I knew you'd show up here!" A voice said.

I turned around to see Candy Floyd in the flesh.

"Nigger, how and why the fuck are you here?"

"I didn't even say fentanyl in the mirror 5 times!" I said.

"I've become more powerful than ever thanks to you mayne, you be da reason why ma soul has returned to this state of power!" Candy Floyd said.

"It be you wit yo dumbass investigation of me that gave me power, White boy, you was da one who relit ma spark, cuz of you, the people believe in me once again!"

"A mere urban legend that spread like wildfire just because some cracka decided to look into ma history n shit," Candy Floyd laughed.

"Hehehe mayne, thanks to you, I can once again rob and rape da White women n shiet!"

"But first, I must smoke ma first new victim, I found out that Anne-Marie McCoy wuz a cousin of me n shit, dat means her baby is ma nephew n shit!"

"I will smoke him, in order to bring fear back to this city, ma city!" Candy Floyd said.

"See mayne, I be telling you my origins n shit, once dem racist ass crackas lynched me, they buried ma body in the centre of their settlement which would later become da city of Minneapolis!"

"However, ma soul did not pass on up to heaven."

"Don't you mean down to hell, you dumb nigger?" I said cutting Candy Floyd off.

"Shiet cracka, I'll smoke you once I be done telling my motherfuckin story, anyways, ma soul roamed this city for hundreds of years, possessing different niggies that all be named George Floyd, dat why there be more than one Candy Floyd!" Candy Floyd explained.

Candy Floyd made his way towards me, opening his coat revealing his exposed ribcage which housed a horde of bees. It was gross as fuck, almost as gross as Ronnie McNutt's face after his suicide and speaking of Ronnie McNutt, I had a replica of his shotgun in my bag for self defense against niggers or if I just felt like going on a nigger slaughtering rampage. I pulled the shotgun out and shot Candy Floyd's neck which pushed him back a few feet.

"Ouch mayne, dat ma fuggin hurt n shiet!" Candy Floyd said.

I was shocked seeing that he was still perfectly fine.

"You be forgetting dat I already be dead n shit, you can't kill a ghost dumbass cracka hehehe!" Candy Floyd chastised me.

"I be back after I smoke ma nephew mayne," Candy Floyd said as he grabbed the niglet and disappeared.

I was shitting bricks at this point, being killed by a nigger ghost was not how I wanted to die. I looked up to see the mural of Candy Floyd. Rage over took my fear. The fear of being killed by Candy Floyd was nothing compared to my rage and hatred towards the ugly mural. I walked towards it and started

vandalizing the mural like what I had done to many George Floyd murals in the past. After drawing dicks all over the mural, I got the idea to pull out my shotgun and shot the mural's big fat nose creating a hole in the wall. Just then, I heard a voice come from behind me.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe with my nose gone!"

I looked and saw Candy Floyd with a hole where his nose should have been along with hundreds of dick drawings on his face. That's when I had a lightbulb moment! Whatever happens to the mural is reflected onto the actual Candy Floyd. I unloaded round after round into the mural until I ran out of shells. Candy Floyd dropped to the floor,

"Why mayne, why wouldn't you let me smoke ma own kin?"

"I thought that's what you racist crackas wanted," Candy Floyd said.

"Well, I certainly don't give a rats ass about that niglet, however I do not want him dead," I said.

"Do you know who gets blamed for the death of one of your niglets, White people, do you know who has to pay for his death, White people!"

"Ah shiet mama," Candy Floyd said before he disappeared into a swarm of bees.

I walked out of Cabrini-Green, I noticed a large pile of trash in the parking lot where I heard a faint crying. I walked over to see Anne-Marie McCoy's niglet offspring near the top. Even though, I was tired as fuck after just battling Candy Floyd, I decided to climb the pile and retrieved the crying niglet. I walked to the main entrance of Cabrini-Green where I saw a nigger couple standing outside. When they saw me holding the niglet, they immediately rushed over to me.

"Hey, get yo hands off ma cousins baby cracka!" A fat she boon whale said.

"Who the fuck are you, nigger?" I said.

The male bug nigger walked towards me.

"I be Derrick Delane n shiet and dis be ma baby mama, we wuz da relatives of Anne-Marie McCoy," the bug nigger said.

"I bet you didn't even know that your relative existed or the fact that she had a child, you're just here to start a go fund me and profit off her death like all niggers do," I said as I walked away, the two niggers chimping and shouting at me as I did.

After this bone chilling event, I decided not to do my urban legend report on Candy Floyd and instead wrote a 2 page 5000 word report on the Jewish Moth Man instead.

Moral of the story, niggers are heartless subhumans who only pretend to care about the death of their own to profit off their death and make White people feel guilty. This is why niggers are always the first to chimp out when they are being "attacked" however when a nigger is behind an attack, they blame it on White people. Fuck niggers and black lives splatter!

George Floyd Tried To Destroy the Canadian Truckers' Freedom Convoy

By Toast Man

Beginning in early 2020, the COVID-19 pandemic has been used by the Jews to knee on the necks of White people for over two years at the time of this writing. But in 2022, a brave coalition of over 50000 Canadian truckers decided to take a stand against their evil scheme by driving into Ottawa, the capital city of Canada, all at once in protest against the vaccine mandate. By parking their trucks all around the city while honking their horns in unison, they caused such a ruckus that it made the cuckold president of Cucknada, Justin Trudeau, flee the city.

However, the Jewish media has covered up parts of the truth behind this incident. This is because if they let the truth about what happened during the Freedom Convoy of 2022 get out, their entire narrative surrounding not only COVID-19, but Black Lives Matter would collapse. And that is why, dear reader, I am here to tell you the truth.

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Buck Sneed, and I am a truck driver who specializes in delivering shipments of animal fodder and grain from the U.S. heartland to Canada. You may say that I am an expert in the transportation of feed and seed, but I digress. I was one of the leaders behind the

organization of the Freedom Convoy, which was created with the expressed intent of preventing us from getting the COVID-19 vaccine. This is because the vaccines are ineffective, cause girls to miss the periods, and make men develop myocarditis so bad that it makes their hearts look like that of a buck nigger who abused steroids, Newport Menthols, malt liquor, and fentanyl for two decades.

And yes, I just said nigger. That is because, during the course of the COVID-19 fiasco, I went from a humble libertarian who was fine with coexisting with blacks to a full blown National Socialist who hates niggers and Jews. I became a racist anti-Semite during the scamdemic because that's precisely what it was: a scam that was used to destroy White people. If you recall the BLM riots of 2020, niggers and nigger lives matter protestors were allowed to run rampant after that drugged up darkie, George Floyd, died from ODing on fent and meth. They looted, marched in the streets, and burned down entire cities while breaking quarantine and not wearing masks. And when the vaccines were rolled out, niggers weren't forced into taking that poison by their employers because most of them either live off welfare or are in prison, both of which are paid for by the taxes of White people.

Meanwhile, Jews control the media that is blaming the unvaccinated for spreading the virus, even though they have come out and admitted that the vaccine doesn't stop transmission or even prevent death from COVID, but oh, it could give you heart attacks. Also the CEO of Pfizer, Albert Bourla, is a Jew who has made millions for himself and his fellow kikes by selling those leaky vaccines and closing down local small businesses while propping up massive corporations like Amazon and Jewgle.

Anyway, enough about my hatred of heebs and nigga monkeys, and on with my story. It was January 30th, and I was busy honking my horn in a wealthy neighborhood filled with White libtards, Jews, and Chinese investors. Over the past day, I had had eleven residents come out and tell me to cut it out, but I told them that I would keep on honking forward until my enemies were destroyed. One yenta told me that my honking had caused her husband to have a heart attack, a fact that I promptly laughed off when she told me that her husband had been quadruple vaccinated. There was also this one ugly White bitch named Equinox something who came out to try and bribe me with sex, but I rejected her offer because I am a ***based*** racist chad that is dedicated to my cause and belief in God. And besides, she probably had multiple STDs from being a mudshark since she had a little niglet kid.

However, after staying up for over 36 hours straight honking my horn while sustaining myself solely on Werewolfbrew from Jotunheim Nutrition mixed with raspberry Mountain Dew, even my six foot seven, 300 pound racist chad body was beginning to give out. So with dreary eyes, I called up my fellow trucker, a guy named Bubba Chuck.

"Hello? Who's this?" Bubba asked as he picked up.

"Hey Bubba, this is Buck. I've been out here for o'er a day and a half, and I'm on the verge of blackin' out. Can you and yer guys send me some back-up truckers?" I asked.

"Well of course Mister Sneed. Which street are ya on?"

I checked the street sign. "I'm on 110 Exodus Avenue. And please hurry with the back-up, I feel as nauseous as that one time a guy spammed Nikocado Avocado's OnlyFans content into a Telegram chat."

"Right on, Mister Sneed. George is right on his way and should be there within thirty minutes," Bubba Chuck said, then hung up.

I felt a slight uneasiness as I heard the name 'George', but I couldn't tell why. I told myself that I was just getting the jitters from having stayed up for so long while consuming as much caffeine as I had, but that didn't quell the concern that lurked within me like a nigger lurking the streets on a moonless night.

And, when George the trucker arrived, my fears were vindicated. His truck showed up two hours later than Bubba Chuck had promised, knocking down the fence of one of the Asian houses as he swerved onto 109 Exodus Avenue. I watched as a pack of dogs, totalling at least twenty in number, ran off, yelping joyously. A short, slant-eyed Hong Konger dashed out of the house, butcher's knife in hand.

"All you doggu! Cammu backu! I need you for za dinnah**!.**" the Hong Kong chink squealed, then began chasing the dogs as fast as his stubby little legs could carry him.

George's truck pulled to a halt beside mine. The truck was unlike anything I had ever seen before. Whereas most trucks that I saw were driven by humble White men who, at the very most, discreetly put a Confederate flag bumper sticker somewhere on there, this truck was the polar opposite of that. It had a

glossy purple paint job, tinted windows, and a cheap-looking chrome finish. The words "Big Floyd" were spray painted onto the doors in big, white letters.

And when George got out, I groaned as I saw who he (or should I say it) was. It was a nigger, and a fuckin' big one at that. He only stood two inches shorter than myself and had a fair bit of muscle on his frame. His massive nostrils were like two blackholes, both flared like those of a bull seeing red, and the color of his skin was the color of literal bullshit. And if you want an image of what that nigger's lips looked like, well, visualize two fat mealworms then fuse them together with gorilla glue. In short, George fit the definition of a buck negro; a grotesque, hulking mass of muscle that had been bred with the express purpose of being farm equipment.

I also had this odd feeling that I recognized George's face and name from somewhere, but my brain was mush from sleep deprivation and caffeine abuse, and it took all of my willpower just to stay awake.

"Ayo mane, you be Buck Sneed and shieet?" George said, giving me his hand. "I be George Floyd, but you can call me Big Floyd. Know what I'm sayin?"

Reluctantly, I took his hand and shook it once. "Yes," I said curtly, then nearly gagged as George's odor penetrated my nostrils.

Now as a trucker, some of us admittedly can have a bit of B.O. because of just how long we have to stay on the road; it's an inevitable consequence of the job. But this nigger's stench was on a whole different level. If the unwashed, smegma-covered pussy of your average Tinder date was a seven on the smelliness scale, this nigger was undoubtably a ten.

"So, uh, you're unvaxxed?" I asked George, trying to follow the COVID rule for once and maintain 'social distance' from that ape.

George bobbed his head up and down. "Das rite nigguh. I be unvaxxed. I only shoot up dat fentanyl into muh veins mayne."

I grimaced as I heard this nigger openly confess to using hard drugs. As most guys know, being a trucker means staying clean of all substances, hell, I knew many guys who had gotten banned from the industry for life because they had smoked a little weed for their back pain which was caused by sitting all day. But of course niggers were allowed to get away with using stuff like fent because no company in their right mind would try to fire one of those simian unga bungas out of fear of a Jewish law firm filing a civil rights case against them.

"Well uh, good for you I guess," I said, feeling the drowsiness creeping up on me. I wanted to sleep just about as much as your average tranny wants to commit suicide, but I just couldn't because an age old saying kept playing in my head on repeat:

*"Around blacks, never relax. Around blacks, never relax. Around blacks, never relax."*

George grinned. "So cracka, I thought ya hadda ta go to sleep or sum shieet. Don't worry about da honkin' ov da horn an stuff mane. I'm here fo you muh nigga. Go ahead and take a little nap mane."

I sighed, my head bursting with pain as I thought of a non-racist way to tell George that I didn't trust him. "George, you see, I, uh, can't trust anybody who isn't a Christian. So I think I'm going to stay awake until Bubba Chuck sends another guy who is a Christian." It was a stupid excuse, but it was the best one I could come up with.

However, that was when George pulled off his shirt, revealing a collection of faded tattoos. "You see dis one here mane? Dis tattoo Ah got for muhself cuz Ah believe in God and Jesus and shieet. It cuz one day it's gonna be you and him, know what I'm sayin'? And besides, Bubba wouldn't have trusted me in da first place if I wasn't uh Christian mane."

Upon hearing that, I began telling myself: *"Hey, maybe George isn't that bad. Bubba is a civic nationalist boomer who thinks that religion matters more than race, but he still trusted George enough to allow him to participate in the Freedom Convoy. And he says that he's a Christian."*

I felt my eyelids close against my conscious will. I had to sleep. "Alright, George, I'm trusting you to keep up the honking of the horn."

"Yeah mayne, no worries mayne," George said.

I gave him a thumbs up, putting on my headphones and my favorite ASMR track, a ten-hour compilation of trannies talking about how they had ruined their bodies, relationships with family, and lives in general by transitioning that was set to a lo-fi remix of Signs by Metatrypic. I dozed off with a smile as I heard the neck of a self-admitted child rapist snapping as he hung himself.

This mistake, showing weakness and trusting a nigger, not only nearly cost me my life, but almost led to the end of the Freedom Convoy as a strike.

I woke up nearly twelve hours later, and what I saw when I first opened my eyes made me think that I was having a nightmare. Outside, I saw that there was fire all around me. My heart was pounding as I exited the truck. All around me, the neighborhood was up in flames, but that wasn't what my eyes were drawn to. The houses that hadn't yet burned down had crooked swastikas painted on them, the lawns were defaced with signs that read "Hail Trump" and "Trust in QAnon", and copies of James Mason's Siege lay strewn everywhere.

That was when I spotted somebody in a Ku Klux Klan robe spray painting "White power 14/88**"** on what I recognized to be the drive-way of a rabbi, only that all the words were misspelled and the letters were so poorly formed that Koko the Gorilla could've done a better job.

My racist chad body was fully recharged, so I snuck up on the suspicious figure and tackled him to the ground.

"Aw shieet, what did you has to do dat fo mayne?" the guy in the Klan robe said, struggling against my racist muscles but failing to escape.

Although I knew what was underneath the hood, I reached down and tore it off anyway. The soulless, psychopathic eyes of a bug black stared back at me. "You dumbass cracka, whadda fuck do you think you be doin' mane?"

I punched the nigger in the face, breaking his fetal alcohol syndrome nose. "Better question is, what the fuck are *you* doing you primate, wearing those robes and making it look as if White nationalists destroyed this neighborhood?"

"Ah ain't gunna tell you shieet cracka," the bug black chimped. "I'm only doin' what Big Floyd told me ta do, and he be doin' what da Canadian gubbament told him ta do**!.**"

I let out a brief chuckle as the dumb nigger accidentally told me everything I needed to know. I punched the bug black in the jaw to knock him out, then took a photo of him so that I could notify my fellow truckers about what the Canadian government was trying to do.

Once I was finished notifying all the leaders of the Freedom Convoy about how they were trying to frame us for being White supremacist terrorists when we were only peacefully protesting, I searched the bug black for his phone and used his fingerprint to unlock it.

I scrolled through hundreds of notifications about unpaid child support until I finally found a text from a user that was named "Big Floyd." Although it was almost unreadable, this was what I was able to make out.

*"Hey y'all niggas it be Big Floyd here and shieet. I be speakin' ta y'all cuz da cracka husband of muh girlfriend, Justin Trudeau, is askin' me to ask all y'all nigguhs ta burn down dis town but make it look like da rayciss crackas did it. If you do dis Justin Trudeau told me dat he gib all y'all free purple drank for a year dat is paid for by whitey's taxes, know what I'm sayin'? Anyway dat was Big Floyd, now signin' off."*

After reading that, I knew that I had to go and personally confront the Prime Minister of Canada, Justin Trudeau. He was trying to frame the Freedom Convoy as being White supremacist terrorists instead of the authentic, working class reaction of truckers to his vaccine bullshit.

I turned to inspect my truck. To my surprise, it was unharmed, but that made sense since they were trying to pin the blame for the damage and violence on me and my fellow truckers. I knew that I had very little time, so I hopped in, revved up the engine, and began racing towards 24 Sussex Drive, which is the official residence of the Prime Minister of Canada.

Since I was driving a truck, the other truckers let me past the blockade. I smiled and waved to them. All of them were good, honest, working class White men who had been screwed over by a Jew-run system that privileged niggers and other mudskins while bringing the boot down on White people. I recognized a

few of them from the crowd. There was Tim Horton, who was having problems getting Insulin for his Type 1 Diabetes because he wasn't a nigger and he wasn't vaccinated. There was an American trucker named Bill Conte, whose daughter had gotten hooked on oxys produced by the Jewish Sackler family after she broke her leg in a car crash, and was now being denied access to rehab because she wasn't vaccinated. And I knew that there were millions more like them, and knowing this filled me with righteous fury. My rage burned so blazingly hot that, if crematoria ovens burned with the same intensity as my rage, the Holocaust could have conceivably happened.

After a few minutes more of driving, I finally arrived at Justin Trudeau's residence. I smashed my fist down on the horn, the sound blaring like a Stuka siren. A minute of me holding down the horn passed until three people exited the house.

It was Justin Trudeau, his wife Sophie Trudeau, and who I now knew to be George Floyd. I didn't know how that nigger had come back to life, but there was no doubt that it was him. All of them were in their underwear, and what looked like semen stains were on Sophie Trudeau's panties.

"Hey, can you stop disturbing Sophie and George's lovemaking? I'm trying to make sure that Sophie is pregnant with his beautiful, black baby," Justin Trudeau shouted. "It's really difficult for the three of us to enjoy our open relationship together when you're making all that noise."

"I've come to stop you, you disgusting, limp-wristed cuckold," I said, stepping out of my truck. "I will not allow you to harm anymore White people with your leaky, heart-attack inducing vaccines and I will not allow you to frame White people as terrorists for opposing said vaccine."

Justin Trudeau began to laugh. "Hah! A pasty chud like you is no match for George Floyd," he said, pointing to the Monkey of Minneapolis.

Floyd snarled at me like an angry orangutan. "Ooga booga, your cracka ass ain't gunna stop me from habin da sex wit da White woman."

I cracked my knuckles. "Yeah and about that. How did you bring him back to life? Talmudic rituals?"

Justin Trudeau grinned. "After Mister Saint George Floyd died, my wife told me that she would only feel satisfied if she could have sex with Saint George. And since I am a proud male feminist and anti-racist activist, I decided to help fulfil her desires by cloning him. He's now been genetically enhanced and is more powerful than ever. There's no way that a redneck hillbilly chud like yourself could beat him**!.**"

I tore off my shirt, revealing my ***based*** racist chad physique. I saw Sophie Trudeau's eyes sparkle as she saw my bulging muscles, which made me puke a little in my mouth because the idea that I was being sought after by a nigger-loving whore was enough to make my stomach turn. I took out a cigar and lit it up.

"Lemme guess, you used White people's taxes to pay for that clone?" I said, taking a puff. "Well, lemme just say this before I destroy it. You're going to regret everything you've done to degrade this country, you cuck."

Justin Trudeau, feeling threatened by my racist chad aura, turned to Floyd. "George, destroy that trucker chud**!.** If you do I'll let you fuck my wife in the ass**!.**"

"Ooh la la, sex wit a pregnant White woman. I need dat thicc pregnant cake**!.**" George Floyd screamed, then rushed towards me at full speed.

Normally, I would have no trouble dodging a nigger's erratic assault because niggers have no technique, but this time it was different. Justin Trudeau wasn't lying when he said that this clone of George Floyd had been genetically modified because he was as strong as the black crime rate was high, his blows doing massive damage to me whenever they connected.

I felt my ribs shatter when he punched me in the torso; if I were a pregnant woman I would've certainly lost the baby right then and there.

And when I tried to mount an assault back at that nigger, he dodged all of my strikes with the same efficiency that he had dodged child support. The clone of George Floyd was as elusive as the lies of a Jew.

After only a minute of fighting, I was lying on the pavement, blood seeping from my broken nose and my lips busted open. Every single cell in my body was shrieking with agony after the beating that the Floyd clone had given me.

Justin Trudeau was hollering with laughter. "You're no match for a strong, independent black man like George Floyd. Don't you know that, after the Jews, the African race is the greatest in the world?" he said as he rubbed his wife's belly. "And soon, Sophie shall be pregnant with his seed**!.**"

George Floyd picked me up by the scruff of the neck. "Any last words you wanna spit out befo I smoke yo cracka ass muhfugga?."

I spat in that nigger's ugly face. "Go back to the jungle, you parasitic, verminous ape."

Then, right as George Floyd was about to crush my windpipe, I heard the honking of truck horns behind me.

"Buck Sneed alone might not be a match for you, criminal," A familiar voice from a megaphone boomed. "But you will never, *ever* be a match for all of us when we are united**!.**"

I glanced around and saw hundreds of trucks approaching. They were led by Bubba Chuck, Tim Horton, and Bill Conte. I couldn't believe my eyes since, while all of them were anti-vaccine, they weren't racists.

"We got your message Buck," Bubba Chuck said through his megaphone. "We know that our cuckold of a Prime Minister used that black to infiltrate and frame us, so we came to pay him a visit."

"You stupid, uneducated chuds!. No matter how many of you come, you will never be able to stop the greatest, most breathtakingly beautiful black man of the 21st century," Justin Trudeau said.

Upon seeing all those trucks and hearing what Justin Trudeau said, an idea popped into my head. "Y'all, crank your engines up to the max!. Do it now!." I shouted at the truckers.

"Hey, what you tryin' ta do cracka?" George Floyd said, shaking me violently. "Why you tellin' dem ta turn dem motors up and shieet?"

Bubba and the other truckers did as I said, their engines roaring in unison. I smiled at the sound, and mumbled, "You'll see nigger."

Suddenly, the air reeked of the powerful, bitter odor of auto-exhaust fumes.

"Ah shieet, dem be auto-exhaust fumes," George Floyd said, letting go of me as he grabbed his throat. "I can't choke, I can't breathe!. Mama, pleeeze. I can't breathe!. Tell ma kids I love dem. Mamaaaaa!."

Seeing my opportunity, I brought my knee down on the neck of George Floyd, driving him to the ground. Using the full force of my Aryan physique, I crushed that nigger monkey's neck.

"Ah shiieeet!. You're killin' me mayne, killin' me!. Mama please I can't breathe!." George Floyd screamed, then died.

Justin Trudeau stood there, mortified at what he had just seen. He fell to his knees, sobbing. "Oh my goodness, you've killed the one man who could sexually satisfy my wife!. What am I going to do as a proud male feminist?"

Justin Trudeau then took out a shotgun that he had been hiding and brought it to his face. "Hey guys, I guess that's it." Justin Trudeau pulled the trigger, transforming his face into a mound of flesh that looked like the sauce you dip mozzarella sticks in. He did it completely of his own accord. All of us, including his wife Sophie Trudeau, laughed our asses off as that cuck's body crumpled. We then sent Sophie Trudeau off to a nunnery so that she could repent for the sins of race-mixing and whoredom.

Later that day, all of the truckers celebrated our victory over Justin Trudeau, the George Floyd clone, and the vaccine mandate. The moral of the story is that when White men work together in opposition against the Jew, cuckold, and nigger controlled system, we will always win. Also, since the cloning technology has already been developed by the Canadian government when they cloned George Floyd, when Justin Trudeau reappears from his sudden disappearance, please know that it is a clone of Justin. That is the case because the real, original Justin Trudeau has already killed himself after knowing that his wife wouldn't be able to get railed by George Floyd any longer.

Anyway, remember to work together against the system. Unite, dedicate your hearts, and reclaim Canada!.

\nd{document}