

George Floyd Creepypastas

Volume 2

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Jordan Cleeman

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To Josh Spronk

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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 aretheniggersdead.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 chimed.

"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 fufag 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 desperate 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 something 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 Minneapolis'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 shieet?" 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 orangutan 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 manee, 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 manee, 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 manee, you owe me \$4297 for these pizzas. Come on manee 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. "Agggghhhh! 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 driveway? 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, oooook oooook, 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 ceiling 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 thirteen 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 Scott's nigger howls the whole time. Not to mention the overwhelming number of niggers who were going to show up. The existence 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 20th 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 gangbangng 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 soyduck 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 statistically 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'all's 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 kned 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 kneeling 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 subconsciously 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 instead 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 fentanyl 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 each other, 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 desperate 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 fairy’s 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 its 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 negroes 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 Reverend 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 niggah! Niggah 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 fuck!., 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 Floyd's 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 elderly 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 shantytown 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 for White 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 doesn'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 sheeeeeeeit,” 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 prosecution 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 Floydrah. 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 Floydrah.

“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 Floydrah.

“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 Angirus.

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 a fighting 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 camouflaging 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 struck 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 Paraniggerrrs 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 Taylor 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 yelled 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 chimed 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. Tate, 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 Tate. 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 McNutt. 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 Hwyttes.”

I am fiercely racist, sexist, homophobic, transphobic, anti-Semitic, anti-catboy, misogynistic, Islamophobic, ageist, xenophobic, anti-Fortnite, and anti-criinge. 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 truths 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. 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 niggah 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 niggah 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 occurred 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 autumn's 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 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 jeopardize 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 brevv nigga I cannot fucking brevv 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 coping 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 nigger. 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 fuck 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 goyim 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 goyim 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 niggahs.”

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 committing the greatest number of robberies of any race and have a disproportionate 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 its 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 Floydge 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 Floydge 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 Floydge, 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 Floydge 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 Floydge 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 Floydge 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 givin 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 nigger. 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 nugged 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 like 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 sheeeit.” 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 sheeit, 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 sheeit.”

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, I must 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, I found 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 end I would 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 forward, carrying an Air 2 Fentanyl-omatic 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-omatic 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 parasaur. They were trying to hunt them. The parasaur 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 nigger heading 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 yelled 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, its 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 metastasized 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 extremely 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 niggah! 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 identify 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 desperation 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 fucked 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 like 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 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 supercomputer. “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.

“Sooooooo, 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-worshipping 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 narcissistic 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 Swastika. "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 capture 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 non-frens 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 pea-brained, 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 shieeeeet.”

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 Theodore 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."

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