

George Floyd Creepypastas

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Jordan Cleeman

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To Mackenzie Der

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The Breathless Man

What happened to me today has left me out of breath. For context, I am a pregnant woman who lives alone in an apartment. I have learned at this moment that black lives don't matter. If you don't believe me, then listening to my story will change your mind.

That morning, I was relaxing with my dog, drinking my morning coffee, and reading the local newspaper. The room felt a bit too dark to read the paper, so I decided to open up the curtains to let some natural light in. What I saw in my front yard staring back at me haunts me to this day. It was a dark figure, standing at what looked like six foot five.

Presumably a male, he had a gun in his hand. I immediately locked all my doors and closed the curtains and then turned on my phone to call the police. But then, I was alarmed by a text message from an unknown number. I opened the messages app and was presented with a photo of that same nigger looking man.

He was wearing glasses and was holding up a gun to the camera, with an angry expression. The following text was a caption of the photo: "send me pregnant belly pics please, or else...". That had me panicking, so I called the police. The cops just chalked it off as a teenage prankster trying to get my reaction.

What happened next was the breaking point, which ultimately convinced me that nigga lives don't matter. I heard a rattling noise coming from the room next door. I didn't think much of it, because I have mouse problems in the apartment, and there was a peculiar absence of breathing noises. I heard loud knocking coming from the door of the room I was in. At that moment, I realized I'm in danger. I ran to lock the door, but it was too late. That same black man barged in and pointed a gun at my belly.

"Ma'am, you didn't send me pregnant belly photos," he said. "You must pay, by giving me money for my fentanyl."

Do you ever get that feeling, where your next choice is what makes or breaks your right to live? I had that feeling and I knew that I had to defeat him in order to survive, so I grabbed the nearest pillow and pushed it against his face to prevent him from breathing.

"I can't breathe", he said running out of my house, never to be seen again.

That night, I turned on the TV to listen to the local news and was shocked to see a photo of the man and the headline corresponding to it; "Nigga named George Floyd robs pregnant women for fentanyl money and/or pregnant belly pics".

Moral of the story, black lives splatter.

Do not Call George Floyd at 3 AM

Last night, I did something that I very much regret to this day. We all have had those moments when our curiosity takes control of our decision making, and leads us to do stupid things. I had one of those moments.

Last night, I was scrolling through YouTube, watching some soft core porn. You may be wondering why I'm not using actual porn sites such as Pornhub or XVideos. You see, my internet service provider has access to my website history, so going on YouTube prevents them from seeing my specific jerk off video routine. I eventually nutted to some twerking videos and decided to finish the night off with some scary videos.

I came across some of those typical "do not call this person at 3 AM" videos. I thought those were fucking retarded and clickbait. But my curiosity got the best of me and I decided I wanted to try one out myself. I wanted to choose a recently dead person who a lot of people know about, so I thought George Floyd was the perfect choice. George Floyd was a black nigga who died from fentanyl. But the stupid ass media made it look like he got killed by a cop named Derek Chauvin.

I grabbed my phone book to look up George Floyd's phone number. It took a good few minutes flipping through hundreds of pages of people named George with last names starting with the letter "F". There were 3 people I found, with the first and last name George Floyd. Luckily, it also included their birthdates, so I was able to easily tell which George Floyd was the one I was looking for. The phone number was [REDACTED].

At last, 3 AM hit, so I dialed his number on my iPhone 12. My phone played an extremely loud static noise. I had my ear next to my phone, so it felt like my ear was bleeding. That was when my heart stopped... I realized that the sound which I thought was static... is actually the sound of breathing. I said a polite "hello". All of a sudden, I heard chimpanzee noises from the other side. That's when I knew for sure, George Floyd was answering.

"Hello George Floyd, how does it feel being a nigger?" I asked.

There wasn't any response for 5 seconds, then I heard a raspy voice: "who dares interrupt my fentanyl snorting sesh". At this point, I was hysterical.

"You fucking idiot, you wouldn't have died if you didn't take all that fentanyl," I said. "Where do you live, I'm gonna knee on you."

I heard some more chimpanzee noises. It was very loud, so I turned down my phone's volume.

"That's it, I'm going to break into your home and shoot your belly!" George Floyd said.

At this moment, I rushed through my home to lock all the doors and close my blinds. However, when I looked behind me, what I saw shocked me. There he was... or an it. It looked like a cross between a malnourished gorilla and a human. It's face... it had an inhumanly large nose and lips. I have no idea how this thing couldn't breathe. Then I looked below its head. Its lungs appeared to have been detached from its chest. The innards have turned into outards.

"How dare you interfere with my fentanyl sesh," it moaned.

I have to admit, it was fucking funny, but at the same time I knew I was in danger.

"I came all the way here from hell to take my revenge and now I'm out of breath," It moaned. "Now show me your belly please so I can shoot it."

I had to do something. I went to my kitchen and turned on my stove at full power.

"AHHH NOOO PLEASE DONT DO THIS, I CAN'T BREATHE!" the thing said.

It went over and smashed my stove with its hands and destroyed it.

"Do not underestimate the abilities of a nigga monkey" it said.

That's when I got an idea. Last summer, I was on a trip to Mexico. It is a home to a lot of monkey species, and I remember buying monkey spray to keep them at bay. I went to my washroom and got the bottle. Ran down and sprayed that motherfucker in the face.

"Ahhh shit monkey spray!" It shouted until it ran out of air.

It then attempted to retreat out of my home. However, it was too out of breath to run away, so it gasped for air and fainted. I called the police over. Once they arrived, George Floyd's corpse was gone. The cops chalked it off to a burglar who snuck in to steal my stuff and they said I needed to take my meds. But I knew it was all real, because of my recorded call history. I showed the cops the entire recording.

"Hey, that's the nigga, George Floyd. He should be dead." The cops then arrested me.

“Let me go, what did I do?” I pleaded.

“Prank calling the police department is a crime,” The cop said.

I am now in prison, writing this on the prison's computer. I just want you to warn you all: whatever you do, do NOT call George Floyd at three AM.

My George Floyd Toy Came to Life

Many of you reading this have probably heard of George Floyd's death. For those of you who live in a cave and have never heard of it, Google it on your own. I will be skipping the details of that incident to get to the point faster.

Shortly after the death of George Floyd, there was a toy maker from Russia who started a page on Instagram and TikTok. The pages were used for advertising his latest product: the George Floyd toy. The George Floyd toy comes in two main types. One of them being a George Floyd plush. It was essentially a cartoonish George Floyd face printed on the head, wearing a black sweater and jeans. One of the striking features being its stupidly large nose. The other type is a pillow with an image of the George Floyd plush printed on it. The comments on the Instagram posts consisted of a ton of snowflakes getting offended by the toys. The other comments were pretty hilarious though. Some of them included jokes such as using the toy as a knee rest.

Now, I am a person who hates niggers so that was when I had an idea: to buy a George Floyd plush myself and place it next to George Floyd's gravestone for a night. I grabbed my Mastercard and added it to my PayPal account. After that, I sent the toy maker the PayPal money, and then emailed him my address. It took 8 days for a response, so I thought it was all a scam. But after those days, I got a response from him.

The email read: “your order has been accounted for and your George floyd toy is now being sent to your address. Delivery time will take twenty days.”

I didn't mind that, because I knew it was going to be well worth the wait.

Fast forward twenty days. I received the package. The George Floyd toy was inside a large white bag with Russian writing on it. I opened the bag to allow the George Floyd toy to breathe. It was one of the sexiest objects I've ever seen in my

life. I immediately brought it to the washroom and busted a nut on it. It felt so damn good. Now is the time to put it next to George Floyd's grave. I happen to live very close to where he lived, so getting there wasn't a challenge. I only live an hour and a half from where his grave is.

I got into my car and drove over to the town's graveyard. Once I arrived, I searched every gravestone in the yard. It took a very long time, and I was starting to lose hope. But finally, after thirty minutes of reading the names of every dead person, I found one with the text: "Rest in Peace George Floyd." I celebrated and then placed the George Floyd toy sitting on top of the stone. It was getting late, so I went home.

The next day, it was time to get my George Floyd toy back, so I went back to the graveyard. But when I arrived, I got a mini heart attack. I didn't see my George Floyd toy anywhere. I panicked due to losing such a valuable object. I cried a ton mainly because it was a very good sex toy. I accepted the loss and drove back home.

When I opened my front door, what I saw scared the shit out of me. I saw the George Floyd toy, with a knife in his right hand.

"Give me some fentanyl or I will kill you!", it said.

I screamed and ran away, but holy shit, it was fast for its size. I thought this was going to be the end of my life. I didn't know how a toy came to life, so George Floyd's ghost had to have haunted it. I decided to go to the nearest church. The toy was still running at me, but thankfully I am slightly faster than it was.

I opened the door of the church and slammed it behind me. The priest looked at me judgmentally. I told him I was being chased by a haunted doll. There was loud banging on the church door, and I knew it was the George Floyd toy doing it, so I opened it to have the priest believe me. The George Floyd toy rushed in and pointed the knife at my neck.

"Give me fentanyl please," it pleaded.

The priest then grabbed it by the neck, but the George Floyd toy was too strong, so it slit the priest's throat.

I thought I was going to die with no more protection, so I decided to battle the George Floyd toy smart, knowing its main weakness: breathing. I kicked the knife off its hand and kneed on its neck as if it was a knee rest.

"I can't breathe", it said.

I then started jousting my penis on its face, suffocating it. Finally, it died. I celebrated in victory that I was responsible for George Floyd's second death. I then took the George Floyd toy and performed a cleansing ritual, to make sure George Floyd's ghost is no longer haunting it. After that, I cut off its head and then attached it to a fleshlight base, to create my very own George Floyd fleshlight. A good way to get rid of those traumatizing moments while making good use of the situation.

To those of you reading this, do NOT place dolls near their corresponding dead corpses. And also, fuck niggers.

I Work at Area 51. We tried to Bring George Floyd Back to Life.

I don't have much time left. I am writing this to you all and have to post this before the government finds out I am leaking disclosed information.

I will begin by saying I work at Area 51. My main occupation in my career is being one of the lead scientists. It is a common misconception that we primarily study aliens and other extraterrestrial beings, but what we mostly examine are quite different. We usually specialize in developing new technology for medical reasons, such as finding the cure for cancers.

Our latest project was engineering a machine which brings dead corpses back to life. The general idea on how it works is we insert a dead body into the large funnel. Once the dead body is completely submerged inside the main component of the machine, it performs numerous chemical reactions which extract the DNA of the dead body. It then begins the cloning process. Carcasses usually lose their DNA remains within a century, so this will require the corpse to have not been dead for any longer than that.

The success rate of the clone highly depends on the race of the person. Cloned black people are much more likely to have defects than white people, if they even manage to be cloned. Now, this is important information to consider since our first test subject was George Floyd. You may be wondering why we picked such a useless piece of ass. The reason is, we want to have confirmation on the actual reason for his death.

Another amazing feature of the machine is that the clonee retains their memories, so they will be able to recall how they died in their previous life. We went to retrieve George Floyd's corpse. Man, I have to admit, he is one ugly son of a bitch. His nose and lips are as big as a skyscraper. Once we develop a DNA editing machine, the first thing we would do is make him less ugly. Anyway, I am getting a bit out of topic.

We gently placed his corpse in the funnel. The cloning process isn't as simple as I described before, so let me elaborate further. We have our computer programmers provide instruction for the machine on what DNA to extract. The problem is, there could be insects and maggots eating at the dead corpse, so the programmers try to prevent the machine from including the insects. Without doing this, we would create a human insect hybrid. We don't want George Floyd to get any uglier.

Once the cloning process was completely finished, we opened the door to let the new George Floyd exit. What came out looked EXACTLY like the original George Floyd. Our officials cheered, in pride of our success despite the higher rate of defects for black people clones. But the behavior of the clone wasn't exactly what we expected. The George Floyd clone started pounding his chest, while making monkey noises.

"OO OO AA AA!" it cried.

It then started attacking my coworkers. It had a very grotesque method of slaughter. It would rip off their lungs out of their chests and then proceed to suck all the air out. Our officials announced that all of us would evacuate the facility. I ran as fast as I could for the sake of keeping my lungs. This nigga monkey was extremely desperate to steal air from other people's lungs.

I lunged out of the master laboratory and then hopped into a helicopter. We flew off and I had a sigh of relief. We were safe high in the sky. Or at least we thought we were. The George Floyd clone managed to jump two thousand feet up and landed onto the chopper.

"OO OO EE EE AH AH GIVE ME YOUR AIR!", it screamed.

It was about to grab the pilot by the throat, but then it stopped. It then started to fall down and then faint. We were confused at first on why it fell down all of a sudden.

Realization then hit me. Since we were so close to the atmosphere, the oxygen concentration was too low for George Floyd, therefore his brain started to lack oxygen.

We celebrated in victory. We returned back to Area 51. We had to promise not to tell anybody who isn't affiliated with Area 51 in any form, or else we are subject to a death penalty.

I am here right now, typing this on my laptop in secret. Once this gets posted online, I will probably end my life by shooting myself with a shotgun, similarly to Ronnie McNutt. I simply cannot live with the memory of seeing close friends getting their organs ripped out of their body. It was nice knowing you all. And beware of the nigga monkey George Floyd.

I Nutted on My George Floyd Toy, and Accidentally Created a George Floyd Homunculus

As an average teenager, each night I do the same routine. Eat dinner, study, chill, and then finally bust a nut before I go to sleep. I tend to have an easier time sleeping after orgasms. I am 17 years old and have been masturbating daily since I was 12.

As you might expect, I need more than just porn to bust a good nut at this point. I've been using various sex toys, such as flesh lights. But it's not just limited to that. I have also secretly bought life size Japanese sex dolls. From all these years of mastering the art of watching porn without being caught by my parents, I was capable of ordering very large toys without my parents knowing. I'd have it shipped to my friend's house, while his parents were at work. Then I would pick it up from his house and use it inside my closet.

One day, I grew tired of the Japanese sex dolls. I wanted something that can create an ultra-realistic sexual experience that will cause me to bust the most satisfying, high volume nut in history. I browsed Tik Tok sellers for some ideas. After several hours of searching, I came across a particularly interesting item: the George Floyd Toy. Just by looking at it, I got a massive boner. I almost came in my pants without even touching my dick. At that moment, I knew this would be the perfect sex

toy. I bought the doll and then excitedly waited the 20 days it took to deliver. Fast forward to the day it came in the mail, my mom came into my room with the package.

“Honey, you have a parcel. What did you purchase?” she asked. I knew exactly how to explain it.

“That is my new George Floyd plush. I bought it to honor his death and to support the cause,” I explained.

She bought into it and handed me the toy. Holy shit, I immediately got the urge to rub its face all over my dick. I Googled the original George Floyd video and then pulled down my pants and started rubbing it out on the George Floyd toy's face. After 10 seconds, I busted my biggest nut yet. It shot out white liquid at a distance of two meters. George Floyd toy's face was painted all white. Man, that was the best feeling ever. I went to the washroom to clean the toy. I valued it so much, so I stored it in my closet, and then went to bed.

When I woke up, I couldn't wait to bust a bonus nut before I went to school. But when I opened my closet, My George Floyd toy didn't look like itself at all. Its outer fabric appeared to have a large hole. I shrugged it off to my semen being acidic and went on with my day.

Once I returned home after school, I saw my mom lying on the floor. She was dead. I couldn't believe my eyes, so I went over to investigate. There, I saw a bullet hole through her pregnant belly. I cried a lot, because I lost my mom and my future brother, who she was pregnant with. I needed to get my revenge on whoever murdered them.

I searched around the house for the robber. I couldn't find any weapon that I could use to defend myself against a gunman, so I decided to use a book that I could use for blocking bullets. I went upstairs. At first I didn't see anything in the second story hallway, but then I heard a small voice. I looked down. There I saw it, a very miniature person. When I looked closely, I saw that it was a miniature George Floyd. Except some features were altered. The George Floyd toy had tentacles as arms and only had one eye. I freaked out so much from looking at the organism that I used my book to crush it.

“Lift up the book please, I can't breathe,” it said. I just kept the book on it until I stopped hearing it breathe.

I did some research on how this George Floyd homunculus existed. There are a ton of rumors spreading through the internet, that the George Floyd toy contains an egg which was extracted from George Floyd's corpse.

Always be careful of what you decide to bust a nut in. You'll never know what life forms you can create.

I am Derek Chauvin. I was Haunted by George Floyds Ghost

Hello, Derek Chauvin here. I just got released from prison recently on a one-million-dollar bail. I am here to share some of my prison experiences. You may be wondering why I would want to. The purpose of this is not to recall my experiences of being prison raped by a 6'9, 320-pound nigga named Tyrone, after I dropped the soap.

The actual purpose of this is to share my paranormal experiences in prison. You can disagree all you want with what I will say next, but ghosts are truly real. Now, no ordinary individuals are simply able to see them. From what I learned, there is a specific criterion you must meet.

For one, you have to have extreme hatred of that deceased person to see the ghost. Two, you must have had physical contact with that person within ten minutes before their death. And three, that person has to be in hell. This criterion is all from a theory which I have crafted. But as you read further into this story, you'll see how it all fits together.

I will now state the ghost who has haunted me. As you have likely guessed it, it was George Floyd's ghost. Think about it. Of course, I'll have a lot of hatred toward that nigga. His fentanyl induced death was the reason why I went to prison in the first place. Also, I may have kned on him within 10 minutes of his death, but he said he couldn't breathe before I even did it. George Floyd is obviously in hell too. He pointed a gun at a pregnant woman's belly. All that fits into the three criteria.

I will now proceed to discuss my paranormal experiences in prison. It all started when I was alone in my cell eating some shitty mashed potatoes. All I was thinking about was how much I wanted to smash George Floyd like a bug. But then... I heard some subtle breathing behind my neck. At first, I thought it was just the wind. Then I heard the voice: *"I can finally breathe."*

I turned back and saw for a split-second George Floyd's face formed by a cloud of white mist. After that split second, it disappeared out of their air. I shrugged it off to my imagination.

I went to the shower room to take a shower. The water was very cold, so I shivered the whole time. I accidentally dropped my soap bar from all the shaking and while I picked up the soap, I had eye contact with the 6'9 nigga named Tyrone. "Spread them cheeks," Tyrone said. I will skip the details of what happened next. George Floyd's ghost then appeared. *"Watching that gay prison rape was breathtaking,"* he said. Tyrone then got scared and ran off.

"George Floyd, get out of here or else I am going to knee on you again," I said.

"I will not leave you until you buy me some fentanyl from the fentanyl dealer of this prison," he said.

I grabbed the shower head and sprayed the George Floyd ghost's face with water.

"AH SHIT WATER I CAN'T BREATHE!" he screamed.

A prison guard then came into the shower room to see what was going on. The George Floyd ghost then used his levitation abilities to force the prison guard's lungs out of his mouth. The prison guard started choking up blood and then died,

"I will do the same to you unless you buy me fentanyl," George Floyd's ghost said. I then agreed.

The fentanyl dealer was Tyrone. I went to his cell and asked him what he charges for fentanyl. He said it would cost me 10,000 dollars. I wasn't willing to pay that, but I got an idea. I'd let him prison rape me again for the fentanyl. Tyrone agreed. After that all happened, I got the fentanyl and gave it to George Floyd's ghost,

"Thank you, Derek, I have left you a gift in your prison cell," George Floyd told me.

I went to my cell to see what it was. I was not disappointed. It was 10,000,000 dollars. I took it and used it as bail to get me released from prison.

I am now home typing this on Reddit. But the reason why I am typing this is a cry for help.

Last night, I saw George Floyd's face outside my bedroom window. I heard whispers asking me for more fentanyl. Now with his ghost addicted to it, I don't think he will ever leave me alone.

Remember, if a ghost offers you a reward for doing a certain thing, do not accept it.

George Floyd is still Alive. Avoid him at All Costs

I work as a Minneapolis hospital receptionist. I will not specify the hospital name for your safety. Our hospital revolves primarily around helping women give birth. It may seem like a boring job, but I have my fair share of exciting moments. It's always funny to virgins' peek through the windows of the birthing rooms as an attempt to see some pussy. But they always get the surprise of seeing blood and poop everywhere.

It makes sense. Since they're incels who don't have wives, they have never seen what a birth process looks like. Most of the time, I see them duck away. Sometimes they would vomit from seeing it. I'd always laugh whenever I hear some college kid say they plan on becoming a nurse so that they could see some pussy when they help a new mother give birth. Some people are just desperate, I guess.

Today, we had one of the most noteworthy victims yet. It was the fall of 2020, late at night when I just started my shift. As usual, I'd see the happy, new to be mothers and fathers exiting the hospital. However, whenever I'd see a black couple with

their new child, I would cringe. You see, I have a strong hatred against black people. I always cringe seeing a new nigga existing in the planet. They are just monkeys who ruin the damn world.

What happened that night supports that statement. I heard an alarm as I was doing some paperwork. I heard screaming from one of the hospital rooms. I went in there to investigate. There I saw it. I saw a black man pointing a gun at a white woman's belly who looked to be on the verge of giving birth. I saw that the window was broken, indicating how he broke in.

"LET ME SNIFF YOUR PUSSY OR ELSE I WILL SHOOT YOUR BELLY!" the black man said.

I took a closer look at his face. I recognized him. He was George Floyd. I was very confused, since he was supposed to be dead months ago. All the nurses were terrified. George Floyd said the woman has 10 seconds to spread her legs, to allow him to sniff her pussy.

"Please ma'am, I need some queef air," George Floyd pleaded.

After 10 seconds, he used his hands to spread her legs himself and then proceeded to lean his head about an inch close to her pussy.

"Ah much better, now I can breathe," he said. He was sniffing to his heart's desire. But then, the woman started to push. Not to give birth to the baby, but it was to take a shit. The poop came out and now George Floyd started sniffing the smell of poop.

"Ah shit I can't breathe in the smell of poop!" he screamed.

George Floyd then ran off to another hospital birthing room. He threatened another woman that he would shoot her pregnant belly if she didn't let him sniff her pussy. We needed to get rid of him. I didn't know what we could resort to in order to stop a gunman. I volunteered to search the hospital to find any potential weapon to stop George Floyd.

I searched through the hallways, every staff room, and every cabinet. No object in the hospital could be a direct threat to a gunman, so I decided I needed to be creative to defeat this nigga.

Our hospital has plenty of masks. We all know there's Karen's who refuse to wear masks because they can't breathe. This gave me an idea. I could grab a mask and then sneak behind George Floyd. When he least expects it, I could hold the mask in-front of him and then pull it against his nose and mouth, suffocating him.

I took a disposable mask and then ran to the room where I last saw him. When I entered the room, I had a surprise. At first, all I saw was the pregnant woman lying down on her belly. At closer inspection, I saw that she had her pregnant belly crushing George Floyd's neck. "Ma'am, I can't breathe under your belly", George Floyd moaned.

She was asphyxiating George Floyd with her belly. After 10 minutes, George Floyd surrendered and jumped out of the window. The woman successfully gave birth. She named her baby "the nigga killer", because when you think about it, her large belly, which was caused by the weight of the child, was what had stopped George Floyd.

I wrote this as a warning to you all. George Floyd is not dead. He is a criminal who is on a rampage for air and fentanyl. He manipulated the media to believe he is dead to let our guards down, but he is still out there. Avoid him at all costs.

The George Floyd Toy Ritual

Before I begin, I will introduce myself. I am a proud owner of the George Floyd toy. I purchased one ever since the first Instagram page opened. When I first saw it, I immediately thought to myself: *I could use it as a fleshlight*. I ordered it, along with the George Floyd pillow. It was well worth the fifty dollars.

Twenty days after I ordered it, I received the parcel in the form of a bag. Very strange it was packaged this way because there's no way the George Floyd toy could breathe inside the bag. I opened it excitedly. All of a sudden, my pet dog named Max ran at me and started using the George Floyd toy as a chew toy. I felt bad for the toy because there's no way it could breathe with the dog chewing on its neck. I snatched it back and rubbed one out.

After I busted my nut, I had post nut clarity and realized what else I can do with the toy. I figured it can be used as a knee rest. As a forty-year-old, I was starting to feel joint pain, so I needed one anyway. *But what else could I do with a fifty-dollar toy?* I thought. There has got to be more to it.

I went on an Internet forum to see what else people use the George Floyd toy for. I read that some people use it as a teddy bear which they sleep with. I really wondered if they ever accidentally slept on top of it during the night, crushing it. I had a strong feeling that there is something deeper about the George Floyd toy beyond what normal people can do with it. Have you ever had an extremely close attachment to a childhood toy to the point you are deluded to believing it has spiritual value? Well I had the same feeling with the George Floyd toy, despite only having it for less than a day.

I went beyond the shallow internet and went into the dark web to search up what else the George Floyd toy can do. There is this deep web forum that I found which discusses what crazy things people can do with children's toys. For example, somebody figured out how to modify a nerf gun to shoot real lasers. I came across an interesting post.

It was titled: "How to unlock George Floyd toys secret powers". I was puzzled how somebody already discovered something like this, considering the George Floyd toy hasn't been out for even a day. I read through the post. The tutorial was essentially a ritual which you can perform on the George Floyd toy. The main objective of the ritual was that you could transform the George Floyd toy into a powerful, mass destructive weapon which magically suffocates all black people to death in proximity.

The steps to do it were fairly complex. The materials required to do the ritual are: four brand new George Floyd toys, three friends, ten ounces of pig blood, a sewing kit, carbonated water, and a piece of paper.

The steps to perform the ritual were as follows. Step one: cut George Floyd's mouth open. You should see the Styrofoam from inside of the head. Step two: pour pig blood inside of its mouth until its head is full. Step three: sew the mouth shut, forming a smiling face. Step four: have your other friends repeat the steps above with their own respective George Floyd toy. Step five: write the word "nigga" on the piece of paper. Step six: have everyone form a circle surrounding the piece of paper and hold up their George Floyd toys, while yelling "I CAN'T BREATHE!" seven times. Step seven drop the George Floyd toys on the ground one at a time. Now, Watch the George Floyd toys very carefully. If each of the George Floyd toys lungs expand in size, run away from the area immediately and never come back. This means the George Floyd toys have not deemed you worthy enough to use its unlocked powers. If the George Floyd toys say, "I can't breathe", you may proceed. If the second scenario happens, congratulations. You may use its powers to your heart's desire. In order to activate its powers, squeeze the George Floyd toy's neck firmly, and every black person in a one-hundred-meter radius will suffocate to death. Note: whatever you do, do not use the powers on light skin niggas. If you do so, the George Floyd toy will automatically deem you unworthy and will turn against you.

When I finished reading the instructions, I was down to do it. I really hate black people, so I needed a super easy way to mass kill them. I invited my three best friends over. I will not state their names for privacy reasons. I already had a sewing kit and a piece of paper, so it was only a matter of purchasing pig blood. I went over to my local butcher and bought a ten-ounce bag. We did exactly what the instructions said. After we filled the George Floyd toys mouths and chanted while dropping them, we had a very pleasant surprise. All at the same time, the George Floyd toys screamed "I can't breathe!" in a muffled voice. We had officially unlocked the nigga genocide weapon.

We decided to test out our new powers at the nearest K.F.C. There were tons of black people, so using it there would be effective. We each squeezed the George Floyd toy's neck. We heard everybody in the restaurant hyperventilating. We knew it was working. However, we noticed one black person who wasn't suffocating. Weird, he was easily within the radius. I took a closer inspection at him, and then I panicked. He is actually a light skin nigga. I forgot that the ritual instructions advised that you shouldn't use it on light skin niggas. The George Floyd toys all dropped down to the floor and started to have their lungs expand in size. Then, they came to life.

"How dare you abuse our magic on light skin niggas," the George Floyd toys all said in unison.

One of them floated and went to the kitchen. It returned with a kitchen knife and then pointed it at my neck.

"The only way we will forgive you, is if you feed us fentanyl", it said.

I didn't know where I could buy fentanyl. I didn't know what to do, so I just grabbed the kitchen knife from the George Floyd toys hand and stabbed it in the neck.

"Oh no kitchen knife, I can't breathe," it said. It fell down, along with all the other George Floyd toys, onto the floor. All the pigs' blood leaked from their necks.

The ritual was now broken. It was good while it lasted. I looked around. Every dark skin nigga in the restaurant was dead, holding their necks. We got rid of a ton of niggas that day. That's all that matters anyway. We decided it's best we don't mess with that ritual ever again. It's simply too dangerous, since nowadays too many white B.B.C whores are being impregnated by niggas, therefore producing too many light skin niggas.

That being said, always be careful doing online dark web rituals. Misreading one sentence can cost you your life.

I Came Across George Floyd's Identical Twin at a KFC, and Spawned a Floydzilla

In light of some recent events, I have decided to share a story that I have had with one of the Floyd twins. It's kind of a complicated story so I have to give you some context first.

Many of you have probably heard of George Floyd before. He was a monkey who died because of a fentanyl overdose. However, what many people do not know is that the Floyd family had 2 kids who were twins. They were both named George and are exactly identical, so there is actually 2 George Floyds in the world. Oh, and they also have the exact same interests. Alright, now onto the story.

One day, I was feeling hungry, and my fridge was empty. I didn't feel like going to the supermarket, so I decided to get some fast food. While I was driving and listening to the radio, I heard a commercial for a new KFC meal. It sounded like it would be tasty as fuck, so I decided I to go there. When I got there, the drive-thru line was like 5 billion cars long. There was no fucking way I was going to wait in that shit, so I decided to order carryout. I walked inside and then ordered my food. While I was waiting on my phone, I looked up and I noticed that a black man entered the building.

"Oh great, another nigga in the KFC," I thought to myself.

After a few minutes, my food was ready and soon enough, I was on my way to walk out of the building. But then, I was suddenly stopped by the same nigga who I noticed had entered the KFC earlier.

"OOGA BOOGA. GIVE ME KFC!" it said.

I said fuck off nigga and started sprinting towards my car. But of course, I was running against a black man, so I was going to get outrun. He then snatched the KFC out of my hands and consumed all of it within a few seconds. I have no fucking clue how he did it, but afterward, he started choking. But he soon got it all down his stomach and said “Phew, I couldn’t breathe for a second there.”

I was pissed off as anybody would be in that situation, so I decided to go to Subway and get my usual sandwich. Thankfully, no monkeys came and stole my food this time, so I was finally able to have a nice peaceful lunch. I then went back home and relaxed for a few hours, watching YouTube videos and scrolling through Instagram as I usually do.

But then somebody knocked on my door. I opened the door to see who it was. It was George Floyd. He apologized for stealing my KFC and asked if he could come into my house so we could chill for a little bit. I said no fuck off, but then the police came and told me he was an illegal immigrant and was going to be deported to Africa the next day, but he needed a place to stay for the night. And of course, that nigga chose my house. I was forced to let him into my house. Right when he walked in, the first thing he saw was my precious \$2000 blender that I had gotten for Christmas the previous year. It was one of the best blenders in the world and could create breathtaking slushies and smoothies.

He picks up a pair of bananas I have on my counter then goes looking through my pantry. At first, I had no idea what he was looking for but then I realized when he picked it up. Fentanyl. He put the fentanyl and bananas into my blender and started working it. My blender cannot blend drugs and if you try to do so, it will break. Well, guess what, that nigga broke my blender. I wanted to kick that monkey out so badly. But I couldn’t because he had to spend the whole night here.

After he did that, he walked over to my cupboard full of VHS tapes. He picked up one of them, the one he picked up was the VHS of Clarissa Explains it All: Dating. If you don’t know what Clarissa Explains It all was, it was a nickelodeon sitcom in the early 90s.

“This girl looks hot. I want her pregnant belly pics,” George said.

I do have to admit she was hot as fuck and that if I were in that show, I would definitely bang her. But I had to explain to him that for one it was a sitcom from the 90s and that the girl looks completely different now. And two, she is not pregnant.

“OOGA BOOGA. NIGGA MAD!” he said.

He then took all the fentanyl in my pantry and consumed all of it at once. He then started transforming into a giant creature. And of course, it went through my roof which means this nigga severely damaged my house. Then, he turned into his final form: Floydzilla.

“I WANT FENTANYL AND PREGNANT BELLY PICS!” he roared. I ran away from him as fast as I could, and also that nigga stepped on my house which means now it is completely destroyed. My anger was unreal at the time. But then a miracle happened.

I found 5 cups full of fentanyl. I consumed it all at once and then I also transformed into a giant. I then fought with Floydzilla for a solid 10 minutes. Once he was weakened, I slammed him and then started kneeling on his neck.

“I CAN’T BREATHE!” he roared.

After 8 minutes of kneeling on his neck, I killed him. I then started transforming back to normal. Apparently, George Floyd’s twin was a serial criminal throughout the United States. I was given a reward of \$50 million by the government. With that money, I bought a mansion and a nice sports car and restarted my VHS collection. Since they are so cheap, I managed to get it the same size as my old collection within days. I got very lucky with this event, because most people would have gotten fed by George Floyd and received a bullet wound in their stomach due to them not having pregnant belly pics.

In conclusion, be careful about where you eat. You never know what people may change your life for good or worse. And remember, fuck niggas as they contribute absolutely nothing to society.

If you Find a George Floyd Skin in Your Fortnite Lobby, Ignore Him

I will begin by putting things into context. I am a big video game streamer on twitch. Of course, I will not mention my real twitch name for your safety. I stream popular game titles such as Fortnite, Apex Legends, Black Lives Splatter, and ARK Survival Evolved. The game I mainly play is Fortnite. If you don't know what the game Fortnite is, it's a battle royale game where you are in a match with ninety-nine other players. The last team standing wins. There is also a save the world version of Fortnite, but I never play it.

That night, I was streaming Fortnite duo matches with a fellow streamer. Again, I will not mention his real name, so I'll call him Cody for this story. Cody is one of my favourite players to duo with. We'd always play a match at some point in every one of my streams. It was like a tradition. Most importantly, he is the only one of my friends who plays black lives splatter.

We had a lot of fun that night, clapping all kinds of noobs on the African servers.

"Man these black niggers are even worse players than the oceanic players," Cody said. "It's getting kind of boring. We should hop on the American servers."

I agreed and we started to queue up on the American servers.

"Hopefully we don't fight any niggers on these servers. They make really boring content for this stream," I said.

We landed at salty springs. It is one of the best landing locations in the game at the time since it has pretty decent loot and usually has many other players landing there. I deployed on the large blue house since it has a lot of chests in the basement. Cody landed on a separate house. Obviously, only noobs land in the same building as their teammates. It only makes things harder, since the starting loot for each teammate gets too scarce. I was in the attic opening my first chest. I found a bolt action sniper rifle inside. I heard loud footsteps from the room below me. I was worried, since snipers are garbage from close range. But since I am a god at Fortnite, I broke the floor below me with my pickaxe and then no scoped that default skin. These types of kills are good streamer material. Cody eliminated the last teammate of that duo.

"They were so bad, I bet these people are niggers as well," Cody said laughingly.

The storm was getting smaller, so we met up and decided to head toward Pleasant park. Once we made it there, we saw a duo. They were drinking their shield potions out in the open.

"Look at those morons drinking their potions like that", I said.

I notice that one of the teammates in that duo has a very peculiar skin because I have never seen a player wear that skin before. To describe it, it was a black man wearing a black tank top and jeans. He had an abnormally large nose and lips. Far larger than even the default black nigga skin. The skin precisely resembled George Floyd. Once they were finished drinking their potions, we rushed at them.

The other teammate chickened out and ran away. Cody chased after him. But the George Floyd skin ran at me. I only had a sniper on me and he had a pump shotgun, so I was at a disadvantage. He started shooting me, missing every shot. I was thinking a Black nigger must've been playing if he sucks at aiming that much. One thing I noticed was he seemed to be aiming his shotgun towards my Fortnite character's belly, which was strange since headshots deal a lot more damage. Eventually, I quick scoped that noob.

If you didn't know, the game tells you the name of the player you've knocked out. His player name was George Floyd. I Thought it was hilarious that somebody dressed his skin and named his gamer tag like George Floyd. He even mimicked that moment when George Floyd pointed a gun at a pregnant lady's belly. To play along with the joke, I crouched on his knocked out body, making it look like I was kneeling on his neck. But right when I did that, he automatically got eliminated. That was odd, because there's no way he lost all his health after I knocked him out a few seconds before that. Also, I didn't hear gunshots so

nobody could have shot at him to finally eliminate him. I shrugged it off as a visual glitch. Cody eventually hunted and killed the George Floyd skins teammate.

The storm's eye shrunk to the final round. There were only 4 people left, which meant only one duo for us to kill to secure the victory royale. The storm eye was at retail row. We headed there. We spotted a large tower and saw them. They were probably there for a while at this point, because they just stood there waiting. I sniped both of them pretty easily and we won the match.

It was a pretty uneventful game in general, so I apologized to my stream viewers. When I left the match and then returned to the main menu, I got a friend request notification. It was from the player named George Floyd. I accepted it for the memes, not because I like black niggers. He instantly joined the party. I noticed that he had his mic on.

"WHY YOU KILL ME?!" he screamed.

He sounded exactly like the real George Floyd, except a bit more like a twelve-year-old squeaker. I just laughed through my mic in response.

"I WILL FIND OUT WHERE YOU LIVE AND SHOOT YOUR BELLY WITH MY GUN!" he screamed.

I figured that letting him stay in the party is unprofessional as a major streamer, so I booted him out. I was pretty tired, so I stopped the stream for the night and started getting ready for bed. I said my goodbyes to my audience and shut off my PC.

I then heard some strange sounds. It sounded exactly like the loud Fortnite footsteps you hear when an enemy player is walking near you. At first, I thought it was just my mind playing tricks on me after playing Fortnite for all those hours. I started walking towards my washroom to take a shower. But when I opened the washroom door, there was a figure staring right back at me. I turned on the lights to see if I was just seeing things. What I saw, which was only inches away from my face, almost gave me a heart attack. It was the George Floyd Fortnite skin, somehow in the real world. He was just staring at me blankly with his large cartoonish eyes. I could not comprehend what was going on. I was more confused than terrified. I tried pinching myself to check if I was dreaming, but I didn't wake up at all. We were both staring at each other for what felt like a solid minute. Finally, he pulled out his pump shotgun from his pocket and pointed it toward my stomach.

"I told you I will find you and shoot your belly", he said.

I saw that his finger was about to pull the trigger, so I ducked down quickly. He took the shot and missed. I wasn't surprised at all. Of course, this niggers aim was going to be ass. I tried kneeing him in the neck, but it went through his body.

"Nice try, but that's not gonna work this time. I can breathe now," he said.

He tried shooting at my belly once again. He actually managed to land a hit on me, but I somehow did not feel any pain. I saw the number nine floating on top of my head.

"Ah shit, my pump shotgun is only doing nine damage again," the Fortnite George Floyd said in disappointment.

I took off and ran downstairs to my kitchen. I grabbed my kitchen knife. This niggers aiming skills are dogshit, so I thought I could probably knife him before he shoots me. Once the Fortnite George Floyd made it to the kitchen, I ran at him and attempted to strike his lungs. But again, my attacks completely phased through him.

I was out of options, so I bolted down my basement and locked the doors. I then hid inside my large basement refrigerator. Luckily, I haven't bought any groceries in a while, so I managed to fit in.

It has been an hour and I am hearing the Fortnite George Floyd calling out for my name. I had so many questions flying through my head. This all felt like a nightmare. I pulled out my phone and did some research on a paranormal Internet forum to see if I can find an explanation that fits closely to this. I saw that one of the forum posts had some relation with my situation. I decided to look into it.

It was discussing this theory called "electroplasm". It is essentially about how ghosts are able to warp themselves into video game worlds and take the role of a character who represents them. They usually do this because they feel lonely roaming in the real world. They also have the ability to warp themselves back into the real world as the physical appearance of the video game character.

Based on this theory, I crafted an explanation of what had happened. George Floyd's ghost was able to tap into the Fortnite game. He then took the form of his own George Floyd Fortnite skin. This makes sense because at the time of his death, he wore a black tank top and jeans. His Fortnite skin was wearing the same outfit. George Floyd's ghost then transverse back into the real world in the form of his George Floyd skin.

My guess was he raged after I no scoped him to the point where he is willing to phase out of the video game and then kill me in real life. This theory also explains why my knife completely went through his torso. Ghosts may appear as their respective video game character, but they still retain the ability to go through physical objects.

I am still hearing the Fortnite George Floyd call out for my name. I can't hide in this refrigerator forever, so I need to somehow defeat him in a way which doesn't involve physical combat. I brainstormed a bit. I then got an idea. I realized that I own a vacuum chamber in my basement. I could then lure the Fortnite George Floyd into it. Once he's in, I will turn it on and he will not be able to breathe inside of it. The main problem now was how I was going to lure him in. Then I got an idea. I happen to have left over fried chicken in the refrigerator I was hiding in. As we all know, niggers love to eat fried chicken, so I decided to use it as bait.

I placed the piece of fried chicken in the vacuum chamber. I unlocked and opened my basement door, while calling out to the Fortnite George Floyd, telling I am in the basement. I heard the usual Fortnite footstep sound effect, indicating he is running to me. I stood partially inside the vacuum chamber to ensure he got all the way in. Once I saw him run down the basement stairs, I jumped out of the vacuum chamber entrance and then he ran inside of it. I quickly sealed the door and then activated the vacuum.

"Ah shit, there's no air in here. I can't breathe, turn it off please!" he panicked.

"Haha, get clapped noob," I said to him. The Fortnite George Floyd then started making short circuit noises and then completely disintegrated. I have finally destroyed him.

This all happened about a week ago. I haven't felt like playing Fortnite ever since. There is a reason why I am writing this, however. Because recently, Cody has been messaging me about seeing the Fortnite George Floyd staring at him in the corner of his room every night when he is sleeping. I think Cody must have killed him again. I cannot do anything to save him, because he is an online friend who lives across the globe from me.

The best I can do for now is hope that the Fortnite George Floyd's pump shotgun only does nine damage to him.

The takeaway from this is, if you see George Floyd in your Fortnite lobby, avoid him at all costs; do not engage in any form of combat with him. If you somehow do, let him kill you. It is not worth losing your breath for the victory royale.

George Floyds Suicide

Alright, let me clear some things up first. I am the FBI agent of George Floyd. If you don't know what an FBI agent does, we monitor high risk criminals' lives. We mainly investigate their internet activity, and hack into their webcams to see if they are doing any suspicious activity. Whenever we detect something which is on our criteria list, we check it off. Three strikes, and we drive over to where they live and arrest them.

Now let's get into the story. I know the real cause of George Floyd's death. Unfortunately, the media always portrayed him being killed by a police officer's knee. In reality, that's not remotely close to the truth. To this day, I cringe really hard whenever I hear someone say Black Lives Matter. Before writing this, I had hesitation in revealing the truth about George Floyd's death. With how retarded the general public is, they won't believe me if I say it to their face; no point in speaking to a wall.

Before I became an FBI agent, I worked as a fetish sex shop owner. We sell a variety of toys including Japanese sex dolls, monkey dildos, Lego fleshlights, and pregnant lady sex dolls.

One day, we had George Floyd as a customer. He went inside the shop and bought our entire stock of pregnant lady sex dolls, which cost him twenty-three thousand dollars in total. He only had fifty dollars in his pocket. Our shop doesn't accept credit cards, so I didn't let him out of the shop with the sex dolls. He got extremely angry, so he punched the counter and stomped out of the shop.

The next day, he came back with twenty-three thousand dollars in cash and purchased all the pregnant lady sex dolls. Lots of money was made that day. But right after work, I was reading the newspaper and saw that a man named George Floyd robbed a pregnant lady by pointing a gun at her stomach. I was angry. We had a zero-fraud money accounting policy in our store, so we were going to be forced to write off the revenue we made that day.

I then thought about how suspicious it was that George Floyd robbed a pregnant woman to buy those pregnant sex dolls. I really wanted to look into it. I tried looking up his Facebook for a start. But there wasn't any worthy information, besides the fact that he's a nigger. I wanted to dig deeper.

That was when I applied to become George Floyd's residential FBI agent. It took many attempts to get myself in, but after one year of hard work, I was finally accepted.

I gained access to quite a bit of fancy tech equipment and software to monitor George Floyd's activity. I was able to tap into his IP address to access every device which has the capability of accessing the internet. I could view his computer and phone screens through a live feed.

George Floyd had a rather disgusting internet activity. He spent the majority of his time on online dating websites. But that's not what makes it disgusting. I'd read all the chat logs in his online dating adventures. George Floyd would always initiate the conversation by asking the woman whether they are pregnant or not. If they answered no, he would block them and then move onto the next date. When he actually comes across an already pregnant woman, he would then ask for pregnant belly pics.

Of course, most of them refused to. When that happens, I'd see George Floyd cry in his web camera and take a large dose of fentanyl. Now, if he actually gets lucky and the woman agrees to send pregnant belly pics for him, he would screenshot it, and then print it and stick it in his large wall portfolio. George Floyd would then bleach them and then seek another pregnant woman. George Floyd has been doing this for countless years as a nonstop cycle.

This, however, ended on the day of his death. The week prior, George Floyd has had a long streak of rejects upon his requests for pregnant belly pics. On the last woman he asked for some, she told him to fuck himself and that she will never send pics to a nigger. I saw George Floyd's webcam. He started crying like a baby. He then said "I'm gonna kill myself", overdosing on inhumanly amounts of fentanyl. As a result, he started to have a very hard time breathing.

George Floyd rushed out of his home and went to a convenience store. I saw that he tried to rob a pregnant woman once again. She gave him counterfeit money. After that, he went to a convenience store. Since he was intoxicated, he mistaken it as my old fetish sex shop. He tried using the counterfeit money to presumably buy the pregnant lady sex doll.

His counterfeit money was spotted, and someone called the cops on him. He restrained arrest and kept saying "I can't breathe" before the ordeal, so the officer, Derek, gently pressed his knee on George Floyd's neck, just enough to keep him in place. George Floyd then died from fentanyl.

So that, my friends, is the truth about George Floyd's death. Always be aware of what the media tries to manipulate you to believe. If you don't, you will fall into their trap.

The Random Chimp Event is not what You Think it is

The random chimp event is not what you think it is. We've all heard of this meme on the internet. It is a concept about how at some random moment, there will be a group of chimps attacking the world. However, that is not exactly accurate. There is more to the random chimp event than that.

I live in a small town called Nate Higgers. Despite its name, it is a very boring town, so that day, I was going on a trip to Hawaii. I was in the airplane before it took off, waiting excitedly for the trip. I was playing on my phone, trying to hold my excitement, when I heard a loud thud from behind me.

I looked back and saw it. A black woman kicked a white man wearing a cardboard Burger King crown.

"Kick that nigger bitch off the plane!" he demanded the flight attendant. The black woman then continued to attack him, while making monkey noises. A female flight attendant tasered her because the flight is supposed to start shortly. The flight attendant then kissed the Burger King man in the cheek.

"You are a hero babe," she said.

I was a bit jealous because that flight attendant is hot as fuck. But he deserved the respect anyway. He took the hit for all of us, so that we could get rid of that nigger. Unfortunately, though, we had to cancel the flight because of the timeliness. I was disappointed that over fifty people had to get their trip cancelled because of that nigger.

There was a lot of traffic on my way home. I speculated that it was because of the cancelled airplane flight. I turned on the radio because I was too bored waiting inside the car. At first, I thought I heard monkey noises coming from the radio. I assumed it was due to me being at the wrong frequency. But when I listened more carefully, I realized the sound wasn't actually coming from the radio. It was coming from outside my car. I looked out the window. I saw a black man punching the car in front of me. Somehow, he was making chimpanzee noises.

Something must be going on, I thought. He is making monkey noises, similarly to the black nigger bitch who disrespected the Burger King man.

“Ooga booga!”, the nigger chimped.

He was the one causing the traffic. I just kicked the pedal and ran over him. I had no time for this shit. Once I arrived home, I was trying to rationalize what was going on. I thought it was a waste of time to devote my time on thinking about useless niggers, so I turned on the television to distract myself. I watched the walking dead.

All of a sudden, I got an emergency warning on my phone. It read: “*Citizens of Nate Higgers, lock your doors and close your windows. Whatever you do, do NOT leave your home. If you are out in public, drive home immediately.*”

The emergency warning didn’t specify the reason why we had to. I locked all my doors and closed my curtains anyway. Doesn’t hurt to listen to the warning, I thought. I switched to the news channel to see if I could get any more information. I saw the news headline: “*the random chimp event has arrived. all black people around the city are suddenly showing aggressive behavior. Hide inside your home now to stay safe*”.

That answered my questions on why I coincidentally witnessed those two black niggers being aggressive. Since I couldn’t leave my home, I played black lives splatter in the meantime.

I was thirteen hours into running over some virtual black people in the game when I heard knocking on my front door. I went over to the door and looked through my scope. When I put my left eye next to the scope, all I saw was pitch black. Weird, I thought. But when I looked closely, I realized something which still haunts me to this day: the black I was seeing WAS actually the pupil of a black nigger. He was on the other side of the door staring back at me through the scope.

An hour passed and he was still looking through my scope. I needed to do something about it. I grabbed an axe from my garage to defend myself. I then proceeded to open my front door. I swung the back of my axe and hit his head. He fell onto the ground. I used the handle of the axe to lock his neck onto the ground.

“Ooga booga I can’t breathe,” he said, while making monkey noises.

This nigga was being annoying. He then pointed a gun to my stomach. I didn’t have any resources to defend myself from a gun, so I prepared to die. But then, I saw a needle fly through his head. I looked at where it came from. There, I saw a cop holding a monkey tranquilizer.

“Thank you for saving me,” I said.

“Anytime, those niggas be wilding,” he said.

He picked me up and drove me to the police station.

“We’ve been searching for that nigger for a while,” he said. “To thank you for helping us, we will show you our investigations on the random chimp event.”

He led me to their underground science lab.

“We did some DNA sample testing on known aggressive black people,” the officer said. “Take a look at this. Black people share 90% of their DNA with chimpanzees.”

I honestly wasn’t surprised. Niggers look so much like monkeys and they are dumb as fuck.

“Our analysis concludes that when the random chimp event starts, in addition to chimpanzee attacks, black people also turn aggressive,” the officer continued. “There is a gene which they share that activates attack mode.”

The officer then sent me home and I had to promise not to tell anybody this as it is government secret information. In my opinion, the rest of the world deserves to know this.

After I post this online, I will hide from the government. I just want all of you to beware of niggers when the random chimp event happens. Good luck to you all.

I Peed and Came on George Floyds Tombstone. I am now Haunted.

My nigger supporting family one day decided to visit George Floyd tombstone. As the only nigger hater in the family, I begged my mom and dad to let me stay home. But they still made me go. Since we live in Canada, we had to take a long road trip. Going to George Floyd's funeral is one thing, but driving for twenty hours straight is dumb. To be fair, it's not surprising nigger supporters can act this dumb.

The road trip felt like forever, since we never took a washroom break. I had to pee really badly. I decided to watch some porn on my phone secretly. My boner will help hold in the piss. Not gonna lie, the porn I watched was very good, so I was edging. Especially since it is no nut november, I needed to try not to nut so I could gain powers. I was watching some George Floyd toy rule 34 hentai.

Once we arrived at the graveyard, we as a family did this long ass worshipping. We had to stand still for a solid ten minutes, so I couldn't hold on my pee. 5 minutes in, I gave up and went over to George Floyd's tombstone. I pulled down my pants and squatted on it. I peed for a good 20 minutes. Since I was edging for so many hours in the car, I also ejaculated on it by accident. I saw my pee and cum dissolve through the soil very quickly. Then, I heard a whisper that said: "I can't breef."

I thought it was my mind playing tricks on me, so I didn't think much of it.

We headed back home after. Forty hours of driving just to look at some niggers death rock for 10 minutes. Yeah, it's a fact Black Lives Matter supporters are irrational thinkers. It was night, once we arrived home.

I needed to sleep as I was very tired. I dozed off instantly. During my sleep, I had one of the worst nightmares yet. In my dream, I woke up to seeing a poop-colored object very close to my face. When I focused my vision, I saw what it actually was. It was George Floyd's face staring right at me.

"How dare you pee and ejaculate on my gravestone!" he boomed. "Your piss and cum percolated inside my tombstone and then my corpse drowned in it!"

I then woke up covered in sweat. I thought it was just a dream. But then, I saw my belly. It was covered in scratches. George Floyd's spirit must've followed us home.

Throughout the following day, I'd see a tall black figure in the corner of my eyes. George Floyd was out there to get revenge on me. I was now vulnerable. With the scratches on my stomach while I was asleep, it meant I was very vulnerable in my asleep. I went to church that day. I asked the priest if he could do me a favor.

"Hey, I'll do you a favor by clapping your fifteen-year-old cheeks", he responded.

With the pedophile priests these days, it's hard to find one who does his job. So, I punched him in the face and stole the bottle of holy water.

I then drove over to George Floyd's graveyard. Once air arrived, I poured the entire bottle of holy water into the dirt above George Floyd's corpse. The holy water then got absorbed by the dirt and made its way inside George Floyd's coffin. The coffin was now filled with water. Therefore, George Floyd's corpse is drowning in it.

"I can't breathe in the holy water," said a voice coming from underground.

"Haha take that nigga now you can't haunt me," I replied.

I have finally defeated his ghost by preventing him from breathing with the holy water. I decided it was now possible to sleep safely. But when I woke up, I was in a pitch-black crevice. I reached my arms out, but there was a barrier which prevented them from reaching any more than one foot away from my body. I realized I am in a coffin. Then, I started to become short of breath. The air around me was getting thinner. I heard a voice coming from the surface.

"Hehehe, now I am stealing your air."

The voice was coming from George Floyd. I was not actually safe during the night. He buried me alive while I was asleep.

If you are reading this wondering how I posted this online, I had my phone with me. I don't have much time before I run out of air now. So beware, do not piss and cum on George Floyd's tombstone, or else he will steal your air.

George Floyd Joined my Among Us Game.

The video game, Among Us, has gotten very popular these days. Among Us is a game where there are up to ten players of different colors in a spaceship. One to three of them can be an imposter while the rest of them are crew mates. The objective of the game is for all of the crew mates to complete all their tasks or find out who the imposters are. The imposter's objective is to kill all the crew mates, or sabotage. The imposter can also lie throughout the match to have crew mates vote themselves out.

I was playing Among Us one day. I am the type of player who leaves the game whenever I am not the imposter. Bash me in the comments all you want. However, what happened to me in the particular match may induce you to forgive me. I was waiting in the lobby, for the player count to reach ten out of ten. We had players leaving because of how long it was taking to fill up, while there were some new players joining. They were offsetting each other so it felt like forever. Finally, a new player joined after being at nine out of ten players for a while.

The first thing I noticed about that player was that he was wearing a skin that I have never seen in the skin shop. I took a look at the store to make sure I remembered. Sure enough, I did. His skin is the same Color as the regular brown color but had the face of a black nigger. It looked like that iconic picture of George Floyd in front of a brick wall. I then read his name tag. It was George Floyd. I just discounted it as somebody who somehow modified the game files to use his own custom skin.

The match began and I was a crew mate. I didn't leave the game however, because this was the first match, I came across a player with a skin which isn't in the store. I tried following him throughout the match, even though it's sus. I was just very curious. One thing I noticed about this player is that he would spend a huge portion of his time in the oxygen room. I guess he was just trying to role play his George Floyd character since he knew I was following him. Lime green came inside the oxygen room to do his task. When he was about to touch the plant tank, George Floyd walked over to him and did the gun kill animation. But something felt off about the death animation. Instead of the usual punch and shoot the head animation, I saw George Floyd shoot lime green in the stomach. At the moment, I again just assumed he somehow modified the game files to use his own custom kill animation.

I reported the body and told everyone in the chat it was the George Floyd player. Too bad the other players were oversensitive snowflakes though. They didn't believe me and thought I purposefully ratted out George Floyd because of his name. I got kicked out of the server. I was mad as fuck because I knew I was telling the truth.

I joined a new game. This time I was playing on the Polus map. There were nine out of ten players waiting this time for a long time, similar to the last game. Then a new player finally joined. I got a near heart attack when I saw the player. It was that same George Floyd player. Same custom skin and name tag. It was stupid of me to assume it was a pure coincidence because of what happened in the following match.

I followed him again. I was still astonished by the fact that somebody managed to modify the game files like that on a multiplayer game. I decided that it was best to focus on my tasks this time. My task for that game took place in the science laboratory room. I went in, but I found George Floyd in there already. He seemed to be doing this unique animation near one of the chemistry apparatuses. I looked closely and saw that he was making fentanyl. George Floyd then pulled out his pistol and shot me in the stomach. I died and respawned as a ghost. However, I quit the game because spectating is boring and pointless.

I joined a new game. But every player in the match was George Floyd. At this point, I was getting freaked out. The last two games in a row had George Floyd as a player, and now nine other players with the exact name and skin were in the match. The match started. I was a crewmate, but I was the only one who appeared on the screen. I was the only crewmate. The game started and I avoided every George Floyd in the game. Unfortunately, there were simply too many, so I got killed quite fast.

I joined a new game, hoping the same thing doesn't happen. Sure enough, every player except me was George Floyd again. I left the game instantly. I was sad that I couldn't play the game normally anymore. Or could I? I brainstormed a way I could defeat all those niggers. I got an idea. I realized that maybe if I equipped the police officer skin, I could kill them instead. So, I joined a new game and became a police officer skin. Again, every player was George Floyd. When the match started, they were all running away from me. I noticed a new button on the bottom-right of the screen. It was a button that was labelled: knee on that nigger.

That's when I knew what to do: I needed to knee on all of them. They were all running away from me, going in the direction of the oxygen room. I went there and all of them were in the exact same spot: right next to the tank containing the plant. I pressed the knee on that nigger button, and they all died instantly. The iconic Derek Chauvin kneeling on the George Floyd animation popped up. I won the game as a single crewmate.

In conclusion, if you see a player named George Floyd with his skin in your Among Us match, change your skin to the police officer immediately.

The George Floyd Buttplug Haunted my Girlfriends Asshole, which then Haunted my Dick.

Before this whole incident happened, my girlfriend and I always had a very sexually active relationship. We would have very intensive intercourse at the very least once per day. We were mostly into fetish and the use of sex toys. Every week, we would browse the sex toy store to find a new sex toy to use. That's pretty much how often we'd get bored of each sex toy. The kinds of sex toys we use are mostly based off of known people and animals (not that we are into bestiality, we just do it for the texture). The monkey dildo has always been our favorite of the animals, because of the texture.

I am very sad to say that Last week marked the end of our active sex life. At that point, we have pretty much shopped every sex toy store in our town. We browsed the online shops instead because we ran out of interesting toys to bother with. Unfortunately, the formative sex toy online shops are just online shops that are owned by the same shops in our town. We decided to browse through Instagram instead. A problem with browsing for toys with Instagram is that Instagram is full of sensitive snowflakes who report any page related to sex.

Finally, we found this Instagram page called [georgefloydsextoysofficial5](#). We could tell the owner of the account had a ton of previous accounts deleted based on the number at the end of the name. We looked through the posts. The toys were so damn hot. The anal bead that plays the "I can't breathe!" sound effect was quite a unique one.

My girlfriend wanted to pick something simple for a start. We decided to purchase the George Floyd butt plug. It cost us \$599.99 without including tax, but it was well worth it at the time. It was a one-week delivery. I was at my job while it arrived at our home, so my girlfriend was the one who took it. I guess my girlfriend got so horny when she first saw the package, because she immediately fucked the mailman while I was at work. I didn't mind since the George Floyd buttplug will enhance our sexual experience anyway.

Once I got home, I walked into my girlfriend already full on using the George Floyd butt plug. She was pulling it in and out like a madman. I was very tired from work so I said we could have intercourse the next night and then I kissed her goodnight.

The next morning, my girlfriend told me she was starting to feel pins and needles inside her asshole. She also felt something moving in and out of it. I suggested to her it was probably because she just got extremely horny from the George Floyd butt plug and that she should take a break from using it. She agreed to my response. After comforting her, I left for work. During my job, I couldn't wait to do some anal with her.

Fast forward to the following night, we had our best and last intercourse. We went to bed right after, just like last night. I had a very strange experience while I slept. I didn't dream about anything, but I was somehow able to think and feel. I could not open my eyes. But I felt something stroking my Dick. I thought it was just my imagination from doing all that hardcore fucking.

When I woke up, I felt a ton of pins and needles in my dick, just like when my girlfriend felt it in her asshole. You know that feeling when you've taken a good nap on your arm and then woke up with that feeling? Well multiply that by ten, but for my dick. It felt very irritating. We went to the doctor for a checkup to see if we got an STD. The doctor's verdict was that we were completely healthy. We just went on with our day and shrugged it off to a coincidence.

The next night, I felt that same thing stroking my dick. I tried to open my eyes but could not open even a tiny slit sufficient enough to see anything. I told my girlfriend about it and she said she felt the same thing, except it was going in and out of her ass. We decided to set up cameras to see if we both might be sleep walking while having sex.

The next night, we plugged in the cameras and started recording before we slept. The next morning we watched the video tape of the entire night sped up. At around one AM, my girlfriend spotted a dark figure at the corner of the bedroom.

"Honey, what the fuck is that!", my girlfriend said, pointing at it.

I paused the video and examined it closely. At first, I thought the figure was just a tall monkey, but when I tried to ration things, I realized it was a black nigger. I proceeded to play the tape. The figure then went over and sat on our king sized bed. He then pulled down my pants and started stroking my dick. I didn't appear to move at all. I turned up the volume.

The figure said in a familiar voice: "hehehe finally I am absorbing all that penis air."

It was the voice of George Floyd. I paused again and looked closely at his face. Sure enough, he was George Floyd. I pressed play. George Floyd eventually got me to ejaculate. But my semen did not look like liquid at all. It looked more like an aura of white floating dust, flying into George Floyd's inhaling mouth. George Floyd then proceeded to pull my girlfriend's pants off and then fingered her. After he was done, a similar white floating dust flew out and George Floyd inhaled it. After I was done with the whole recording, I had many questions. How is George Floyd even here when he is supposed to be dead? How did he break into our home so silently? And how did we not wake up? I tried to come up with a rational answer but couldn't.

We called the police to do a search through the house. After a few hours of looking through every surface of our property, they didn't come up with anything suspicious, except for the ugly face photo printed onto a buttplug, which was the George Floyd buttplug. They left our home and we still had no answers.

"Sweetie, I may sound crazy, but I think at this point, there might be some paranormal activity going on", my girlfriend told me.

I agreed. So much of what happened seemed to defy physics. Later that day, we attended an appointment with a paranormal specialist. We described everything we saw starting from the beginning from when we purchased the George Floyd buttplug and even showed him the recordings. I saw him get a slight boner after seeing my girlfriend get fingered by George Floyd, but I didn't care. I wanted answers desperately. He then wrote a bunch of symbols in his notebook.

He then concluded: *"the buttplug you guys bought is no ordinary sex toy. You see, when a person dies, their soul remains intact with every object associated with them. That includes paintings, and photos. Now that George Floyd is dead, the buttplug with a photo of his face in the base is not an exception. Now that you as a couple interacted with the object in such a passionate manner, which is genuine sex expressing love, that signaled George Floyd's spirit to leave hell and haunt you. What he wants from both of you guys is your air. Specifically, the air contained in your sexual body parts. The white mist you see him inhale, comes from him providing you guys an orgasm while you both sleep. It is essentially oxygen which spirits can breathe as air. This explains the pins and needles you both feel in the morning. This is due to the lack of circulation going to your genitals."*

It's what you feel when that specific body part lacks oxygen. George Floyd is depriving it of oxygen so that he can breathe it for himself."

After listening to this man's conclusion, I was in a state of shock. I couldn't grasp the truth of all of this. My girlfriend and I then paid the bill and left. Night hit, and we then slept with the cameras recording. During the night, I felt George Floyd giving me a blowjob.

The next morning, we viewed the overnight recording. We saw George Floyd enjoying all the air coming out of my dick and her asshole.

"Yippee! I like this air!" George Floyd said when he finished.

The pins and needles felt a lot worse this time. I couldn't handle it. It continued to feel that way the entire day this time. It got to the point where I could no longer take it. I took my kitchen knife and cut off my dick. I didn't want to feel this anymore. No more sex for the rest of my life, but at the time, I was worth ending the pain. The next night, I didn't feel any stroking. I felt very bad for my girlfriend because it is impossible to cut off a hole.

But the next morning, she did something even worse. She did self-surgery by cutting open her abdomen and then removed her intestines through her rectum. I tried calling the ambulance, but it was too late before she was long gone. I watched the video tape for that next night. George Floyd entered the room in disappointment.

"Ah shit, no air to breathe out of their penis and anus anymore," he said in a sad tone.

He left the room. It's been a week since that happened and I haven't seen George Floyd in the following night's recordings, so it's safe to say he has no interest in visiting us anymore. If you consider buying and using the George Floyd buttplug, do NOT use it too much, or else you will awaken his spirit and he will steal all your penis air.

SlenderFloyd

My friend Matteus and I love saying the word nigga. It sounds funny and makes black people mad. We would go in public places and play a game where whoever says nigger the loudest is the winner. Often, we'd get chased by those black monkeys who overhear us. We'd outrun those losers even though they're black anyway. We would also play the game in the middle of class when the teacher is out of the classroom.

One day, on a Monday afternoon in the middle of language arts class, our teacher, Mr. Asslicker got a phone call to come down to the office. Matteus and I decided it was the perfect time to play the nigger game. This time, we changed up the rules a bit. We made a rule where the loser has to confess that he has a crush on our math teacher. Our math teacher is uncomfortably hot for a person who works at an education facility.

Anyway, we both really didn't want to lose, so the game lasted very long. Eventually, we got so loud that our shouting was heard in the hallways. Mr. Asslicker came into the room and caught us in the act.

"You two are suspended from school for the week. Pack up and go home!" he said.

We both had a sigh of relief. At least neither of us had to lose and confess. We headed out of the school. We still wanted to play the game since saying the word nigger is so fun, so we decided to go to a quiet area to play. We chose to do it in the woods because that's where our voices would echo the most.

Unfortunately, we live in the suburbs, so the nearest forest is a long drive away. I asked my parents if they could drop us off to the nearest woods, which is out of town. Thankfully, my parents are also nigger haters, so they happily agreed.

They dropped us off in the northern forest. The trees were redwood, so it looked a bit scary. We ran as close to the middle of the woods as possible so that we could have a better experience. Once we were exhausted from running, we started the game. I initiated the battle.

“NIGGER NIGGER NIGGER NIGGER!” I shouted.

Right after, we heard a voice. It didn’t come from Matteus, it came from a distance away from us. The voice played again. We could not recognize what it was saying. The voice was getting louder and louder as time passed. We were getting worried it was some kind of animal. We decided it was time to leave and I called my parents to pick both of us up. Once I put my phone in my pocket, we started to walk toward where we first entered the woods.

“Hey, what’s with these pieces of paper stuck in the trees?” Matteus asked me.

I looked around. He was right, I also saw loose pages taped on the tree trunks. I closely examine one of them. There were written words on them. The one I was looking at read “*I CAN’T BREATHE*”. I didn’t know what it meant, but it looked very creepy. Who the hell writes these in the middle of a forest? I just shrugged it off as a person on drugs writing these.

I took a look at another page on a tree in the far distance. That page had a picture of someone laying down and someone else kneeling on their neck.

“What the hell is that thing?” Matteus said.

I turned around and saw something that still haunts me to this day. I saw an insanely tall and slender figure. It has proportions which I couldn’t comprehend. It was wearing a black hoodie and blue jeans. Then, I took a look at its face. It had a very wide nose. Its mouth opened, ripping open a hole in between its large thick lips.

“I am the Slender Floyd. How dare you say nigger in my territory. You must pay by giving me all your air!” it said.

I was in a state of shock. How was this even possible? I turned back and ran as fast as I could. 50 meters in, I realized Matteus wasn’t running with me. I turned back to see where he was. But it was too late. I saw Slender Floyd grabbing Matteus by the neck and kissing him in the mouth, breathing in all the air inside his lungs. He then dropped Matteus on the ground. Matteus looked completely drained and useless. Slender Floyd then looked at me and smiled.

“You’re next!” it said.

I turned back and ran away from it. I saw the opening of the woods which was where we entered the forest. I ran like there was no tomorrow. Once I made it there, I looked up. There it was. Slender Floyd teleported right in front of me.

“Now I will breathe in all your air. You will pay for this,” Slender Floyd said.

It reached its arms toward me. I closed my eyes, prepared to die. But then, I heard a car driving nearby. I opened my eyes and looked where the sound was coming from. It was my parents' car, speeding toward our direction. The car then accelerated at full speed and ran over slender Floyd.

“Ah shit, I can’t breathe!” Slender Floyd said.

I saw beans pouring out of his neck. He seemed to be made out of stuffing. We then drove back home, without looking back.

That all happened years ago, and I haven’t had direct contact with the Slender Floyd ever since. I am sad to say that Matteus was announced to be dead due to asphyxiation. I think George Floyd’s ghost is out there in the form of slender Floyd to get his air back. Whatever do you, if you find yourself in that forest, do not say nigger. Even though it's fun to say, it is not worth dying for or losing a friend.

If you see a George Floyd Mural, vandalize it.

I was driving home from my job. You may be surprised by this, but I dread leaving work. You see, I am a professional graphic designer and I enjoy my job. I work for all sorts of companies by helping them achieve their artistic endeavors, such as designing their logos. It is also important for me to mention that I am against the Black Lives Matter movement.

I believe they don't change anything and cause too much damage to our infrastructure with their riots. And it's not only limited to the damage they cause in the process, I dislike their intentions as well. Even without the Black Lives Matter movement in the discussion, it's a fact that black people themselves ruin society. Just look at the crime rates. You would be delusional to think otherwise.

I was almost home to play my favorite video game, Black Lives Splatter, when I caught a glimpse of some sort of a painting on a building. I stopped to examine it closer. At first, I thought it was some sort of a gay furry hentai of a monkey, but when I put on my glasses, I realized it was one of those George Floyd murals. As I mentioned earlier, I dislike black people, so it slightly made me angry.

Even though the artist nailed every detail of George Floyd's facial features, including his notoriously big nose that somehow can't breathe, it was pretty fucking ugly purely because George Floyd is black. I stared at the eyes of the mural for 2 hours with pure hatred, and I'm not even exaggerating. I highly considered defacing it. Unfortunately, there was a security guard next to it, so I couldn't. I headed home.

Once I made it home, somehow, I was very tired. I was excited about my Black Lives Splatter session, but I was dozing off at this point, so I had to pass this time. I crawled under the covers and instantly went out.

I woke up at 1:00 AM. I felt a warm breeze on my face. My eyelids were too tired to open. As time went by, I still felt the warm breeze. I decided to take a peek slightly out of curiosity. But once I managed to open my eyes just a bit, I saw it. It was a face, about a couple inches away from mine. It resembled the George Floyd mural's face that I had seen that night. As I was still partially in a slumber, I just thought I was just imagining things, so I started to close my eyes again. But then, I felt a deep pressure against my chest. I couldn't breathe nor move. I was in a state of panic while not being able to do anything. I have no idea exactly when, but I eventually went back to sleep.

I woke up sweaty. I thought it was just a really bad case of sleep paralysis. I went out of bed excitedly because, as I said, I was looking forward to going to work. Especially with what happened in the middle of the night. Today, I was booked by a client company to design a billboard advertisement. The company is a supplier of soda drinks. The company sent me a basic layout showing where they want the product info to be. They were advertising a new orange carbonated drink. I went to work. After 5 hours of using Adobe Illustrator, I finished the project and sent it over to the company.

Then, I headed home for the evening. I wasn't particularly tired that day, so I used it as an opportunity to play some Black Lives Splatter. In the middle of playing, I got an email notification. It was from the soda company. I opened the email to see if they left any feedback. Once I read it over, I noticed that they left a very negative review.

They also sent me back the masterpiece I created. When I started to review my own work, I was in a state of shock. The work that they sent back to me that was supposedly my work looked nothing like what I did that day. I just saw a bunch of George Floyd faces painted on the advertisement art, completely covering the rest. Specifically, the faces looked exactly like the mural I saw the previous day.

I thought back to last night when I had that so-called sleep paralysis. I started to question whether or not I was actually seeing things. I was beginning to get a bit weirded out. I have never taken a drug in my life, so there's no way I was hallucinating. I thought maybe the sleep paralysis just hit me hard that night and maybe if I slept again, it would go away. I ate dinner then went to bed.

I woke up at 1:00 AM again. I thought to myself: "not this shit again". I felt the warm breeze against my face again. I decided to open my eyes widely to see what happened. I saw it again. I completely saw the George Floyd mural's face almost touching mine. I looked to the lower direction of my view. I didn't see his torso at all. It was completely invisible. The only portion I saw was his head to shoulder, which was what the mural I saw the other day exclusively showed. I tried to scream, but nothing came out.

"You can't scream little one. I have stolen most of your air," the George Floyd face said.

Similar to last time, I couldn't even move. I then realized the reason why. If you haven't taken a high school biology class, you probably don't know this. The movement of muscle requires an enzyme called ATP. In order for ATP to be formed, phosphorus must be chemically bonded with oxygen. Without oxygen, your muscles cannot function.

I could not do anything about the situation, so I decided to just close my eyes and wait it out. I did sleep eventually and woke up. I was able to move my limbs normally. At this point, I was very scared. I didn't want this to happen every night. So I tried to think of a way to stop this all. In my thought process, I was trying to come up with the source which started this all. I backtracked to when I first saw the George Floyd mural on that building. I then flashed back to when I angrily stared into the eyes of the George Floyd mural.

That's when it all came together. Way back in the art school I enrolled in to have my job, taking a history art class was mandatory as part of my major. We learned about all the famous artists, such as Leonardo Da Vinci. It wasn't only that. We also learned about the early days of art, which involved a lot of superstition. We had this one lecture where we learned that it was believed way back in the 15th century where if you stare at a painting of a dead person's portrait for hours with intensely negative emotion, the spirit of that particular painting will come out of the portal of the art realm and reflect the exact same negative emotion back to you.

Once this happens, you are cursed and all the artwork you create after that will end up being the face of that entity. Not only that, but the entity will also visit you every night at 1:00 AM and haunt you. The only way to break the curse is to vandalize a large portion of the original painting which you stared at. The vandalization of the painting will essentially block the spirit from being able to exit from the portal to the real world.

I was out of rational ideas, so I decided to give that one a shot. I drove over to the closest hobby store. I bought all the spray paint I could afford, and then headed over to the George Floyd mural. I climbed up the ladder and spray painted a giant penis in George Floyd's mouth. Then I painted a rope around his neck which made it look like George Floyd was hanging himself. Then I saw his mouth move.

"I can't breathe with this dick in my mouth!", the George Floyd mural said. Once I was finished, I went home to sleep. I slept the entire night without any interruption. I have broken the curse.

Whether you believe me or not, I am uploading this to Reddit. This is supposed to warn you all, if you see a George Floyd mural, do all of us a favor and vandalize it. It will save all the Black Lives Don't Matter supporters as they will inevitably look into the eyes of the mural with anger.

SCP-N1998

I first got my job as an SCP researcher after I formerly worked as a convenience store clerk. The income of being a clerk barely provided me the necessities to survive, as I live in an apartment complex. Life as a low-income earner can get quite boring. With very limited opportunities one can participate in, it can lead them to depression. My inferior job was due to my low performance in my studies. I find that the main reason why people in general tend to procrastinate in their schoolwork, is that high grades aren't exactly seen as a badass achievement, from a prospective viewpoint. We all have heard of the nerd stigma attached to it. However, in hindsight, high achievement in human capital will feel very rewarding.

How I became an SCP researcher was purely a happenstance. On a Monday night, it was unknowingly my very last shift of my convenience store occupation. Occasionally, there will be that one Karen who enters the store and gives the employee a hard time. That day was not an exception. Not going to lie, the Karen was extremely attractive and looked like a porn star with perfectly shaped breasts. In fact, her entire body looked impeccably sculpted. Her proportions seemed unnaturally cartoonish, but somehow maintained an aesthetic appeal. I imagined her giving me boobjob for a second. But once she went up to me to pay for a lottery ticket, the cloud of naughty fantasies went poof.

"That will be twenty dollars ma'am," I said after the ticket scanned.

"No, it isn't. I'm paying 5 take it or leave it," She said, putting a five-dollar bill on the counter without even accounting for tax.

I gently refused it and demanded \$20.00 plus tax. She still didn't budge. She then called for my manager.

My manager, named Carl, exited his office to see what was up.

The Karen pointed right at me. "He insulted me and was trying to make me pay five times more than I should have!"

Carl then looked at me. "You're fired," he said.

"Woah what? She hasn't even provided any evidence," I replied.

"No, look at the price tag. It clearly says five dollars," He pointed at the price tag.

He was right. I didn't read the tag correctly. However, I couldn't fathom this being a valid reason to fire me instantly. But then, I took a look at Carl's body language. He was staring right at the Karen's breasts, looking like he desperately wanted to touch them.

It then all made sense. He was simping for that Karen, which was why he conformed to her so easily. I packed up and left. With her being insanely attractive, there was no way I could convince him to let me stay at work.

I changed out of my uniform and exited the store. I was now concerned about how I was going to maintain my essentials for living now that I lost my job. I glanced back at the convenience store for a second. I swore I saw Carl and the Karen making out on top of the counter, through the window.

That was the breaking point. Not only was I unfairly screwed by my simp manager, but he also had the opportunity to fuck one of the sexiest women on the planet. I decided I was going to end my life by blasting my face with a shotgun, just like Ronnie McNutt. I drove back to my apartment. Once I made it there, I walked over to my bedroom. That is where I store my shotgun. I lock it in a vault, mainly for home defense purposes. I don't exactly live in a high quality of life apartment, so I get frequent visits from sketchy people.

I entered the pin code of my vault and grabbed the pump shotgun. I connected my cell phone to my speakers so that I could play the exact same music which played right after Ronnie McNutt shot himself. I used an app which can automatically play a song after a set amount of time. I tweaked it to play the infamous Ronnie McNutt song in ten seconds, which was the planned time of my suicide. I pointed the nose of the shotgun to my head, waiting for the timer, which was programmed to count from ten seconds to zero. But when the three second mark hit, I heard a very loud blast from the door which I entered my apartment room from. I assumed it was a burglar, so I decided I might as well let him kill me instead of a suicide, so I headed to where the sound came from. I was surprised to see that the man who was waiting for me at my door looked nothing like the typical crackhead who visits. He was wearing an elegant suit and sunglasses. He appeared to have very good hygiene as well.

"Come with me," he said.

He grabbed my hand and then we went outside, into a black van. He got me to sit in the front seat. I was very puzzled at the time, as it felt so random.

"What do you want from me?" I asked him as he started the van.

He didn't respond. He drove off and sped to the countryside. My apartment is pretty much at the Center of the city, so it took a long time to get out of town. Once the absence of buildings got less apparent, he finally spoke again.

"We have been watching you."

"Who the hell are you? And what do you want from me?" I asked again.

"If you want a hint, take a look at the backseat," he responded. I didn't appreciate his vagueness, but I looked back anyway.

I saw the Karen who got me fired, bound by ropes. I started stuttering, unsure what my next question should be.

"That Karen who made you lose your job today is not a human being," he said. "We are the SCP foundation. We are responsible for containing beings, entities, locations, and objects which violate natural law. The being that you encountered today is SCP-285, which we have been trying to search for, for many years. That specific SCP takes advantage of its unrealistically beautiful body to trick others to do what it wishes, in exchange for sex. In your situation, it drove your manager to fire you without reason. If that hadn't happened, we wouldn't have detected it. We observed that you are now in financial pain since the ordeal, so we wish to recruit you as an SCP researcher"

"How much is the pay?" I asked.

"The pay here is better than that garbage retail with a manager who just had sex with a damn beast" he replied.

I accepted the offer.

That was a few months ago. Being an SCP scientist brought a ton of light to my life, when compared to working at the convenience store. Studying all kinds of anomaly's led me to have a new perspective on the world. There are still many things on the planet that haven't been discovered. Prior to that, my mind was too closed minded due to the fact that I was limited to what I could afford.

How I became an SCP scientist is not the main point of this piece of writing, but SCP-285 will be important for what's next. I am writing this to talk about a particularly interesting SCP which I studied, SCP-N1998.

On November 2, 2020, I heard a chopper land near my office. I knew they had captured a brand-new SCP. Excitedly, I waited for them to finally chuck the SCP into its cell for me to study. When I looked into the door of the cell, the first thing I noticed was how large the room was. It had to be at least one hundred meters in length and width. But I didn't see the SCP.

"Where is the SCP? Is it an invisible one again?" I asked the onsite guard.

"Are you blind? Look at the floor," he said.

When I looked down, I saw the SCP. It was a George Floyd toy, or at least it looked like one.

"Um, is this a joke? Why do we have that nigger doll as an SCP?" I questioned.

"Sir, this is no ordinary George Floyd toy. As you can see, we place it in a large cell. Our reports advised us not to go near it," the guard said.

That meant I wasn't allowed to study it with my naked eye. I had to observe it through cameras. I returned to my office and booted up my monitor to start my observations.

The first few days of staring at this George Floyd toy was rather uneventful compared to the previous SCPs I studied. It was facing the opposite of the wall my camera is attached to, so I couldn't see its face. It appeared to be completely inanimate. The main thing I noticed about SCP-N1998 is that every morning, a site guard would throw a pile of white powder into the cell. Throughout the day, the pile of powder would very slowly disappear. So slowly that I don't even notice. As we all know, we don't notice the sun moving through our naked eye. It's a similar thing in this case. At the end of each day, the entire pile of white power is gone completely.

I called the guard over to ask what the white powder is for. He entered my office and tossed me a bag of the white powder. It had a label on it that read: fentanyl.

"SCP- N1998 must be fed fentanyl regularly to prevent it from entering attack mode. Once it is in attack mode, it will unleash its special ability which prevents all nearby living beings in an eighty-foot radius from being able to breathe. We had a few soldiers magically die from asphyxiation while we were trying to capture it," the guard said.

After hearing that, I was even more interested in studying this SCP. I came up with a research question: how would it react to pregnant women?

Unfortunately, using non prisoner pregnant women as test subjects violates SCP foundations code of conduct, and pregnant prisoners aren't exactly common, so I had to take matters into my own hands.

We still had SCP-285 contained at the moment. I came up with the idea where I could have sex with her and then impregnate her and use her as the test subject. Due to her sexual nature, I figured it wouldn't be a hard task. Also, I have the authority to deem an SCP too dangerous to be kept alive, so I had the right to be responsible for the death of SCP-285 without being terminated from my job.

I entered SCP-285s cell. Boy did I instantly get horny at the sight of her. She was already fully naked.

"Hey, I'll set you free from this facility in a month, under the condition that you let me cum in your pussy!", I offered her.

I was lying though. Though I am allowed to decide if an SCP should be killed, I am not allowed to set one free. I set her date of freedom at 30 days, because that was more than enough time to find out whether she got pregnant or not.

SCP-285 agreed. I spread her cheeks and fucked her pussy like there was no tomorrow. Once I cream-pied her, she now set an obligation where I had to free her in a month.

Fast forward to two weeks, her belly started to expand. She was officially pregnant.

Now the plan was to convince her to go inside the George Floyd toys cell. I told SCP-285 that I'll free her earlier for her cooperation. I led her to George Floyd toys cell door, telling her it's the exit of the facility. Once she set foot in the cell, I pushed her in and locked the door. I went upstairs to my office to observe what happened, through my camera.

The George Floyd toy was still facing the wall, without any movement. There was left over fentanyl it had yet to consume. SCP-285 walked a bit closer to the George Floyd toy. It was at that moment it overheard her footsteps and it turned to her. That was the first time I saw it move. The George Floyd toy's eyes started to have a round blue glow in its eyes. The glow started to expand in size and eventually formed into a linear shape. The linear shape wasn't stationary though. It was actually a laser beam. The George Floyd toy produced laser beams out of its eyes and shot at SCP-285s pregnant belly. She, along with the fetus, died shortly after. I reported what happened to comms, and then the site guards rushed into the room to collect her body.

I wrote into the George Floyd toy SCPs files that it is aggressive to pregnant women regardless of the presence of fentanyl.

In the following events, I conducted even more tests to learn more about the George Floyd toy SCP. We tried testing the limits of the George Floyd toy SCPs attack mode whenever it gets deprived of fentanyl. We stopped feeding it to see if it will do anything beyond just inducing its special ability of preventing nearby people from breathing.

After six days of leaving, it at its own devices, disaster struck. I woke up to see it wasn't in its cell at all. I switched the camera to the door perspective to see if it somehow managed to open the door. The door looked as if it was untouched. I set off an emergency breach, and then switched the cameras to check all rooms to search for it. I checked into the lounge where the site guards sleep and came across an unpleasant surprise. The guard, who is in charge of feeding the George Floyd toy SCP fentanyl, had blood coming out of his mouth. I saw the George Floyd toy snacking on the bag of fentanyl in the guard's hand. The guard must've refused to give it the fentanyl. The George Floyd toy then vanished.

At first, I thought it was just a camera glitch, but I was able to still switch to other rooms. I switched back to the George Floyd toy cell room and saw him back there. That's when I confirmed another ability of the SCP. The George Floyd SCP will teleport to the nearest source of fentanyl if it gets starved long enough.

I then decided it is best to get rid of it since I considered it to be too dangerous to be kept alive. The real question is how we were going to slaughter it. It's literally a doll.

I came up with an idea though. I remember it having to face toward SCP-285 to see her. Since we know that the George Floyd toy has some basic optical functions, we could have SCP-096 AKA the shy guy to destroy it. If you didn't know, SCP-096 will kill anything that observes it's face, whether it be a photograph or in person.

I opened the cell of the George Floyd toy SCP and took it to SCP-096s cell. Of course, I looked away when I did. I got the George Floyd toy to face the grey creature. I went to my office to observe what happened through the camera. I saw SCP-096 kneeling on the George Floyd toy.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe SCP-096!" the George Floyd toy SCP said.

We all know there is no escaping from SCP-096 if we look at its face, so for sure the George Floyd toy officially got destroyed.

That was my last time seeing the George Floyd toy SCP. Management deemed it in a destroyed state because it no longer functioned at all. The origin of where it came from is still unknown, however. But I know that there are still a lot of people buying the George Floyd toy. If you are thinking of buying one, make sure it doesn't end up being this anomaly.

George Floyd was One of my Coworkers. He tried to Steal my Air.

Alright, I need to give you some context before I tell this story. I used to work at Nickelodeon Studios in Orlando. The main reason why I was working there, is because it was located in Universal Studios, so I got free admission to visit the theme park whenever I wanted to.

Ok now onto the story. I had several coworkers at Nickelodeon Studios, but there was one who I really REALLY did not like. Another thing about myself, I was the only nigger hater who worked at the studio. If you want to know why I hate niggers, just look at the crime rate.

So, when I found out that this coworker was going to audition for Clarissa Explains It All, which was the number one Nickelodeon show at the time, I had to find a way to prevent him from getting on the show. This coworker was black and his name was George Floyd. I didn't know anything about him at the time other than the fact that he was a monkey who smelled like shit.

Now, he was auditioning for the role of Clarissa's sidekick who explained things alongside her even though this role never actually came to be. For the audition, the person auditioning had to explain a certain topic. I came up with the perfect plan to prevent George Floyd from getting the role. I created a robot that would interfere with his explanation so he would start making monkey noises.

1 week later, the auditions started taking place. When it was George Floyd's turn, I was looking and listening closely to see what he was going to be asked to explain. He was told to explain breathing. I sent the robot out to strangle him. George Floyd got really nervous and then the robot started attacking him and strangling the actual shit out of him.

"Fuck I can't breathe with this robot strangling me," he said.

Needless to say, he did not get the role. The robot came back to me and we celebrated and went out to Dave and Buster's the following night. We were having a fun time playing games and drinking a shit ton of beers until some LGBTQ niggers came in with dick tattoos on their faces came in and started beating the shit out of every straight person. We then got out of the building and were extremely disappointed.

We then heard somebody making monkey noises. I looked behind and saw George Floyd.

"OOOOO EEEE AAAA AAAA you stole my chance of becoming a professional actor so now I will steal your air," he said.

He then started running after us, so we got in our car. But holy shit was that nigga fast, he was running at double the rate of Usain Bolt. He then kneeled on our car and threw fentanyl at both of us so hard we went unconscious.

We then woke up several hours later in Nickelodeon Studios. I was tied up in very thick rope and when I woke up my eyes gazed around the large room. I realized this was the room where the Nickelodeon Kids Choice Awards took place. I then looked at my stomach and saw there was a gun pointed directly at it. George Floyd was pointing a gun directly at my belly.

"I was going to get Clarissa's pregnant belly pics and you stopped me. Now give me Clarissa's pregnant belly pics," he said.

I had no fucking idea what he was talking about. I tried to tell him that I didn't have any pregnant belly pics for him.

"OOOOO OOOO AAAA AAAA I WANT PREGNANT BELLY PICS," he said as he took his fentanyl out and ate the whole bottle within seconds.

He then grew muscles and yelled "NIGGA MAD". He tried punching me but then suddenly he stopped. I realized that my robot was behind him and kneeled on his neck, even though he was being held in a place he was still breathing. The robot then extended his arms and untied the rope. I had to think of a way to prevent him from breathing because this creepy-ass nigga did not deserve oxygen.

But then I realized the perfect way. I ran up the stairs and went into the supply room to look for slime. I then found the perfect slime. The robot then stopped kneeled on George Floyd's neck and then he ran up the stairs and pounded on his chest.

"OOOO OOO AAAA AAA GIVE ME YOUR AIR," he said.

When he came into the supply room, I dumped all the slime all over his face.

"Ah shit I can't breathe in this slime," George Floyd said.

I then locked him in the room and then I and the robot celebrated again.

This event was in the back of my head for the longest time until I heard that the same George Floyd who I thought I killed died from a fentanyl overdose even though the media said he was killed by a cop. I then looked up George Floyd Death from 1993 on the dark web and found out why he didn't die. He made a deal with the devil for an infinite air supply until May 25th, 2020. On that day, the air contract expired, and George Floyd's supply of air disappeared. He then went crazy and then started punching Derek Chauvin, the police officer who kneeled on George Floyd's neck. Derek Chauvin had no other way of defense as he did not have a gun with him at the time, so he had no choice but to kneel on George's neck to prevent him from doing any other crazy shit. He eventually died but the media realized that he was a black person so they could manipulate the reason for his death.

I shared this story so you wouldn't fall for the media's lies. Do not listen to them as they lie about black people all the time. George Floyd was not really killed by a cop, he basically killed himself with that deal.

Before I go, I want to tell you all that if you see a black person applying for a job, please try to stop them. We cannot let these monkeys rule the world. The moral of the story is that niggas are evil and the reason the crime rate is so high.

I am a Marine Biologist. We Have Awoken the Nigga Whale.

Our most recent deep-sea expedition was an especially dangerous one. It left me contemplating whether or not I should quit my job as a marine biologist. My career has always been interesting since our ambitious team constantly discovers new-deep sea life left and right. Our management would usually report an unknown sound or silhouette from the bottom of the ocean, and it is our team's job to drive down there on a submarine to see if it is a sea organism causing it. Usually, the creature we end up discovering is smaller than anticipated, due to our radio receivers being oversensitive. But what we saw on that recent trip still sends chills down my spine.

On September 2, our management called all of us to a meeting.

"I think we have detected something big," our director said. "Our radar has picked up an extremely low frequency sonar coming from the Mariana Trench. No man-made submarine is capable of sourcing such frequency. We have a verdict that something out there, unbelievably large, is causing it."

This was major news for us, as we have never been aware of echolocation this significant.

My coworkers and I were then sent, along with our submarine, to uncover whatever was making these sounds. The coworkers who were coming with me were Curtis and John. Curtis was in charge of navigating and driving the submarine to the destination. John was in charge of monitoring the health of our operations. He would watch for our limited oxygen supply and is there to fix any power outages. My job was to document any of our findings. It may sound lame and effortless but being responsible for the other tasks simultaneously is easier said than done.

The radio receiver estimated that the source of the sonar sourced from 40,000 feet deep. So far, this is the deepest our team was ordered to travel down to. As we went closer and closer to the destination, the absence of light was becoming apparent. John started to turn on our dimmest lights, so that we can have some basic source of vision. There was no need to turn on our bright lights at the time, to preserve our electricity. We rely mostly on our submarine's radar screen to navigate, but it doesn't hurt to observe some undetected small organisms in proximity.

Once we started to scrape the crust of the Mariana Trench, the more interesting sea creatures came into view. All sorts of colorful jellyfish, eels, and octopus swimming around, playing their part in the ecosystem. We even discovered a couple new smaller organisms. They were just relatives within the phytoplankton family, so nothing interesting enough to mention.

We were getting very close to our point of interest, and I noticed that my lungs started to feel a subtle vibrating sensation.

"Hey, does anyone else feel a strange buzz on their chest?", Curtis asked.

John and I both answered yes to that question at the same time. Have you ever lied down with your shirt tucked so tightly against your chest, that whenever you breathe, it feels as if you are inhaling liquid? We had the same sensation, except it was happening in pulses versus only when we breathe.

The vibration we felt became more intense and painful as we travelled closer to our destination. We shrugged it off to the air pressure. However, what happened next changed our minds. We were only five hundred feet away from our destination, when we heard a very loud clicking sound. I listened closely to the rhythm. I noticed that the vibration pulses I felt in my lungs were scarily in sync with the clicking noises. John and Curtis noticed that too. We just thought it was a coincidence and continued driving deeper. God, I wish we just turned back.

We finally made it to the exact coordinates in which we were ordered to arrive. At this point, the clicks were ear piercing, and the vibrations I felt in my lungs felt pain comparable to kidney stones. But we didn't want to give up.

We were basically touching the source of the sonar. We were ready to observe whatever we were next to. I grabbed my pen and notebook, ready to jot down some new discoveries. Curtis turned the submarine to the direction of the source. And finally, John turned on our external lights to maximum brightness.

I looked at the front observation window of the submarine.

I saw a giant face... a giant humanoid face. To put into perspective, our submarine's observation window has a radius of twelve feet. The window barely covered enough distance to showcase what we saw. Now to the specific details of the face. It had dark skin, a human nose which makes up at least thirty percent of the area of the face, and large lips to complement the nose. The face perfectly resembled George Floyd's facial features. Its eyes were staring into my soul, communicating that it wanted something from us. Somehow, I knew exactly what it wanted, as if it could telepathically tap into my brain. It wanted our air.

It finally opened its mouth, revealing human teeth. Then, it quickly recoiled its jaw, clicking its teeth together. It produced a vibrating sensation, in the form of echolocation. At the exact same time, I felt the intense pulsing vibration on my lungs. That was when I realized: the pulsing feeling we felt wasn't from air pressure. It was due to the sonar of this creature. I heard a loud thump behind me. I looked back and saw that John collapsed. Blood was leaking from his mouth.

Curtis drove the submarine back, so that we could get a better idea on the shape and size of this creature. I resumed looking at the observation window. The creature looked to be a giant sperm whale, except it had George Floyd's face as its head. I estimated it to be at the very least ninety feet long. It opened its mouth again and clicked its teeth together to echolocate again. My lungs felt as if it was going to explode this time. The George Floyd whale then swam at the speed of light, to the back of the submarine. Then, the oxygen tank alarm went off. I looked at the bar, which indicates the oxygen supply of our submarine. It was going down very quickly. I glanced at the rear observation window and saw that the George Floyd whale was chomping on our oxygen tank. It was trying to steal our air!

Curtis decided we needed to leave this area, or else we were going to run out of oxygen before we would make it back. He steered the submarine up and tried to drive it at full speed, but it wouldn't move. The George Floyd whale was biting our submarine's air tank too hard. We thought it was going to be the end of our lives.

But then, our submarine started to finally move forward. I looked back. There was a giant squid, latching its tentacles around the George Floyd whale's body. It was holding on tighter as time went by. At the same time, it was getting easier for the submarine to move.

"Ah shit, giant squid I can't breathe!" the George Floyd whale said.

We were now able to freely escape. We began to ascend at full speed. I looked back once again. I saw the George Floyd whale giving me a burning stare, while it was being asphyxiated by the giant squid.

The pulsing vibration was completely gone for all of us, once we made it to the surface. We brought John's body to the medical Center of our headquarters. He was pronounced dead. Our nurses performed an autopsy of John. The cause of his death was due to lung rupture, caused by the George Floyd whales echolocation clicks. Sonar is capable of vibrating people's bodies to death. The George Floyd whale's sonar is at a specialized frequency which is capable of targeting only the lungs.

Somehow, Curtis and I were lucky to survive. I documented almost every detail I could remember and worked on an analysis. I couldn't come close to coming up with any conclusions, which conforms to standard biological rationale.

But I did manage to come up with a theory, which explains every event in a unified way. It may sound crazy, but reincarnation is a real thing. After his death, George Floyd reincarnated as a sperm whale. Due to the challenges of living in the ocean, he now seeks revenge for his death. With his echolocation abilities, he is able to shatter other organisms' lungs, until they rupture. He feeds on seeing others not being able to breathe. This also explains why he tried to steal our air, by biting into our oxygen tank. He did succeed in his motive by killing John. My condolences to his family.

This doesn't count as a new species, since this can only be considered an anomaly of a sperm whale. We officially named it the nigga whale.

This was everything I recall about this expedition. We have no plans on going back there. It is simply too dangerous. Hell, I can no longer see myself exploring the ocean any longer, since PTSD is getting the best of me. The takeaway of this document is to spread awareness of the nigga whale, to all the fellow marine biologists reading this.

I Got A Life Size George Floyd Toy for Christmas

I am a huge fan of the George Floyd toy franchise. I own a collection of over 100 George Floyd plush dolls and pillows. I even support the creator by purchasing the Elon musk toys as well.

Lately, the human size George Floyd toy was announced on the website. I took a look at its specific features. The human size was no joke. It stood at a height of 5'5. I instantly wanted it, even though its price was \$500. Unfortunately, though, I could not afford it. But luckily, since Christmas was coming up, I knew to ask Santa for one. I made myself a Christmas wish list, which I mailed over to Santa. I requested for items, such as a device which completely vaporizes all niggers in the area, a Ronnie McNutt toy, a Hitler toy, and finally, the human size George Floyd toy.

A couple days before Christmas, I drove over to the post office. It was time to mail over my list. I went up to the receptionist counter, to get my envelope stamped. I got unlucky, however, to have a snitch service me. The receptionist opened the envelope, to see its contents.

"We don't want you asking for a nigger destroying device, from Santa!" the receptionist said.

At that moment, I could tell he was a nigger lives matter supporter.

I called in the manager of the post office, because I knew that no matter what kind of information an envelope contains. Regardless, a nigger detonating machine shouldn't be a bannable offense. The manager came in.

"Your receptionist won't allow me to send my Santa wish list. Get that nigger bitch fired!" I demanded.

Luckily, the manager isn't a nigger supporter, so he listened. He then proceeded to mail the envelope. In the days before Christmas, I was thinking about my new gifts from Santa. I had dreams of exterminating every nigger on the planet.

Most importantly, I dreamed about using the human size George Floyd toy as a sex doll. I imagined myself tying it up by its neck, until it couldn't breathe. And then stroking my penis on the human size George Floyd toy's face and inseminating all the tiny pores on its fabricated head. I was probably getting ahead of myself at the time, but my excitement got the best of me.

Christmas morning arrived. I found it extremely difficult to sleep the night before. I'm pretty sure every person as a Santa believing child related to this. I ran over to my Christmas tree for the presents. There were two wrapped packages. One was a rectangle, and the other was a large humanoid shape.

I knew the humanoid shaped package was going to be the human size George Floyd toy. I still had my morning wood, so I felt very horny. It was time to start having sex with the human size George Floyd toy. I unwrapped it and saw it. The toy maker did a pretty good job of putting it together. It was essentially a scaled-up George Floyd toy. I knew it was every BBC whores dream, to attach a life size black dildo on it. We all know They don't even support nigger lives matter genuinely. They're just trying to get easy cock.

My intentions of having sex with the George Floyd toy isn't because I am a queer. I just get pleasure from ruining niggers' lives, by raping them. I took the human size George Floyd toy out into my backyard. I tied it onto my fence post by its neck. I unzipped my pants, and then started rubbing my penis against its face. I've been doing this for 10 hours, making sure it can't breathe. I was holding back my cum, to make sure I don't accidentally create cum stains on this valuable object. Since I was edging for so long, I decided to finish by pulling up some porn.

It was already getting late, since I raped it for so long. I brought the human size George Floyd toy back into my bedroom, while I slept. I place it in the corner of my room, facing the wall. I do admit, it's a bit creepy to have any life size doll facing you while sleeping. I was still excited from raping the human size George Floyd toy, so it was not easy to sleep. I decided to go on my phone, browsing through funny George Floyd memes. I eventually dozed off to sleep.

Right around 2 AM, I woke up, covered in sweat. I didn't dream of anything, so There was no obvious reason why I did. We have all heard of this saying, where you know when you are being watched, even when you don't see any eyes. This holds true, when I peeked at the corner of my bedroom. I saw it. The human size George Floyd toy was no longer facing the wall. It was facing directly at me. Chills ran down my spine. I was quite creeped out, but it was in the middle of the night, so I just shrugged it off to me forgetting how I positioned it. I went back to sleep. Boy, I wish I hadn't ignored it.

I woke up at 7 AM. However, when I looked at the corner of my room, I didn't see the human size George Floyd toy at all. My brain went alert. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was seeing things correctly. Nope, I still didn't see it. The only way it could have been gone, was if some burglar broke in to steal it. But there's no way, since my windows and door are left untouched. And I would've woken up to the break-in anyway. I decided to accept the loss and go shopping for Boxing Day.

Unfortunately, because of Covid, I couldn't physically go out, so I had to shop online to take advantage of the Boxing Day deals. I pretty much received all I could ask for, from Santa, so I decided to shop on the deep web. There's this online shop, called Niggers R US. It sells all kinds of DVDs of niggers getting tortured, by nigger hating white people. I took advantage of the 33% off deals and copped this video of a white dude throwing smoke grenades on a bunch of niggers visiting George Floyd's tomb stone. It was so funny, I laughed until I couldn't breathe.

There was nothing else to do, so I binge watched some Netflix. Nothing beats Netflix and chill. Of course, I watched all the Home Alone movies. It's a tradition I always do every holiday season. I always wished they used niggers as the burglars, because it's entertaining to watch niggers in pain.

Night arrived quickly. As usual, time goes by fast when binge watching Netflix. I settled myself into bed, and then turned off the lights. But the seconds the lights went off, I saw a silhouette at the corner of my room. I squinted to see what it was. It was the human size George Floyd toy; it was back. This time, it was closer to my bed than it was the previous night. I was very confused. I had no idea how an inanimate object was capable of appearing out of nowhere. I turned on the lights. Sure enough, it was still there, looking at me intensely with its eyes. The human size George Floyd toy wasn't moving at all.

I was very tired, and I didn't want to waste any more energy on some imaginary nigger, so I just turned off the lights and slept. Big mistake.

I woke up at 2 AM. Creepily similar to the previous night. But this time, the human size George Floyd toy was leaning very close to my face. I even felt it's breath against my face. Quite ironic, since this nigger isn't supposed to breathe. It then finally started to move. It placed its head right next to my ear and whispered: "fart on my face please", and then pointed a gun at my belly. I was now very concerned. Now, I am very against the fart fetish community, so I really didn't want to do it. But I was at gunpoint, so I didn't know what to do.

But all of a sudden, I heard a loud thump coming from the roof of my home. I thought it was just the wind from outside causing it. The human size George Floyd toy seemed to have heard it as well, because it looked up, wondering what it was too. The thumping noise then travelled to the inside of my home. I thought I was a burglar, but I didn't care. I'd rather get shot by a burglar, than be clapped by a nigger doll. The thumping became louder, as each second passed by. I closed my eyes and expected the worst. The door creaked open. I then opened my eyes. Who I saw was not who I expected at all.

It was Santa Clause.

"HO HO HO! I've been watching you, and I see your new human size George Floyd toy is being naughty!" he said.

The human size George Floyd toy then looked at Santa, and then pointed the gun at his belly instead.

"HO HO HO! Not so fast, you nigger bastard. Do not underestimate the power of my belly!" Santa said.

Santa jumped up, and then belly flopped on the human size George Floyd toy.

"Santa, I can't breathe," the George Floyd toy said.

Santa waited until the human size George Floyd toy passed out. Then, he put it in his giant bag which he usually uses to store presents.

"I'm sorry about the toy. There was a mishap when my elves were manufacturing it. Our elves were also experimenting with George Floyd's corpse as a side project. They were trying to find out why that nigga couldn't breathe, even with that fatass nose. George Floyd's soul somehow crept into the toy," Santa explained.

I was about to respond, but when I began, Santa disappeared instantly. I turned on the lights. There was no trace of him, nor the George Floyd toy. However, I knew that everything I saw was real.

These were all the events which I could recall. From that point, I love Santa even more, because I learnt that he is a nigger hater as well. Although my human size George Floyd toy was now gone, I am glad I at least don't have to have that nigger, George Floyd's spirit in my home any longer.

Moral of the story. If you request a human size George Floyd toy from Santa clause, beware. Make sure to cleanse the toy, or else you might have to deal with the nigga monkey, George Floyd.

My George Floyd Snowman Came to Life

My favorite season of the year is winter. It is the time when snow falls, and more outdoor activities arise. Sledding, skiing, snowman building. But it's not just limited to that. You see, I have a powerful hatred towards niggers. My favorite part of the winter season is that I could look at the white snow. The white snow symbolizes the superiority of white people. Every time I am on a steaming rage from thinking about niggers, I take a look at the snow.

Unfortunately, my family recently moved away from Canada to California this year. That meant I could no longer observe the snow. Therefore, the existence of niggers will bother me again. I tried to convince my family to move back, but unfortunately, they are all nigger lives matter supporters.

This year, there was this one nigger named George Floyd, who got clapped by overdosing on fentanyl. The media tried to manipulate the truth, by making it look like he was killed by a cop. That only led to the cop getting in trouble, for nothing. This made me hate niggers as a whole even more.

Winter was arriving, so now that we live in California, I was missing the opportunity to enjoy winter. I asked my parents, requesting for a road trip. But Due to their fear of Covid, they refused to. The fact that a single nigger caused a large amount of damage to the United States infrastructure made me even more desperate to look at snow. I decided to take things in my own hands.

That night, I planned to take a taxi to the nearest town where snow fell. Minneapolis. I dialed the number of the California cab service and told them my address details. My parents were already asleep, so it was the perfect time to sneak out. I opened my bedroom window, and then jumped out like a ninja.

I found the cab at the front driveway of the house. I entered the vehicle. But then, I saw the driver. He was a nigger. I instantly exited the car. There was no way I was going to be in the same car as a nigger.

"Get out of my property you nigger bitch!" I spoke. He quickly drove off.

California's taxi service is mainly employed by black people, so my chances of being driven by a nigger is too high. I needed to think of another way to get to Minneapolis.

I ended up taking one of those greyhound road trip buses. They cost a significant amount more for a ticket. But it is all worth it if it means that I don't have to be close to a nigger for hours.

I was tired on the way, since it was nighttime. I fell asleep. Once I woke up, we were in Minneapolis.

I saw all the snow on the ground. The snow was at least 6 inches deep. I admired the whiteness of it, already being reminded of how inferior niggers are.

I jumped out of the bus. I needed more of the nice view. I found an open field with even deeper snow. That's when I got an idea.

I wanted to build a George Floyd snowman to use as snowball target practice. The snow here was perfect for building, just at the right temperature. It had the structural integrity of a skyscraper.

I started to work on the George Floyd snowman. I had no difficulty building the lower body of it. However, I started facing challenges building the head. George Floyd's nose is so large, I can't even find a carrot big enough to represent the snowman's nose. You would have to genetically engineer carrots in order to grow them to the size of George Floyd's nose. So instead, I decided to sculpt George Floyd's nose manually. Damn, it took a lot of snow. The nose was the body part I spent the most time on, besides the George Floyd snowman's fat lips.

Once I finished building the snowman, I laughed at how ugly it was. Not because it was poorly made. George Floyd is simply an ugly nigger, that no artistic representation of him can make him good looking. I threw snowballs at the George Floyd snowman's neck so that it couldn't breathe.

A few hours later, I got bored. I made the decision to go back home. I repurchased a bus ticket back to California. Once I arrived home, I was greeted by my father at the front door. It was 12 o'clock in the morning, so the rest of my family was asleep. I was tired, so I went to bed. It was a fun day, clapping snowman Floyd.

I woke up at 3 AM. For some reason, I felt a cold breeze in the air. I also heard a strange sound downstairs. I left my room to investigate. I tiptoed down the stairs. And then I saw it. I saw my father, and the George Floyd snowman. My father appeared to be unconscious. But when I looked at the George Floyd snowman, what I saw still haunts me to this day. The George Floyd snowman was stuffing my father's mouth full of snow.

"Hehehe, now you can't breathe in the snow!" the George Floyd snowman said.

It was suffocating my father with its own snow, to get revenge. I needed to do something. I grabbed my kitchen knife and ran at the George Floyd snowman. I sliced off its nose and lips.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe without my nose!" it said.

It then collapsed into a pile of snow. My father at this point, wouldn't wake up. So, I called 911. The paramedics arrived shortly and picked up my father. I was asked questions on what happened. I doubt that they would believe the George Floyd snowman incident, so I just told them he got into a snowboarding accident.

They told me that my father was going to be alright. But the snow was deep inside his lungs, so they needed to surgically remove the snow.

The rest of the night, I couldn't sleep. I was firing myself with questions on how the George Floyd snowman came alive. But then, realization hit me.

I thought back at the open fields where I built it. I just realized it was the Minneapolis graveyard, where George Floyd was buried. His soul must've been angered, so it possessed the snowman, and then followed me home. He wanted to get revenge by suffocating my family members, one by one.

Moral of the story, do not build a snowman on George Floyd's cemetery. He will take the form of the snowman and he will steal your air.

My Encounter with the Floyd Creature

So one day my dad was practicing his daily routine, he was butt naked and meditating while using georgle floyd toys as knee pads while listening to hitlers speech, my dad said that all nigger monkeys should die, around that time 2 weeks ago I was really into witchcraft, so I decided to do a ritual to bring george floyd back to life so my dad can beat that stupid monkey nigger with a metal baseball bat so me and my dad decided to drench our george floyd toy in pigs blood in order to bring him back to life, we had to do the entire ritual and sing through 2 poems written by monkey killer in 1786.

The poems were written by him while he had 2 niggers' captive in his basement.
the poems go:

*walking through a forest
a glimmer of hope as we walk through there
a nigger of mope when we got attacked by a creature
it seemed to be a large black monkey
we wacked that monkey with our chains and beheaded him
we later realized it was a nigger
to all those dead nigger whasps I kill
I am not sorry
to all those dead nigger whasps I kill
its your fault for being a nigger, its your fault for existing
you disgusting fucking nigger whasps
I hope to kill every single one of you stupid big dicked monkey niggers
kill the niggers
slam their asses
stomp their heads on a rock
they don't deserve respect*

When we recited that poem our dicks immediately became longer, almost the size of George Floyds penis that we saw in the porn we saw him in, almost as if we started transforming into him

We suddenly got the urge to rob a pregnant woman at gunpoint, but we had a ritual to do.
we read the second poem:

*goddamn fucking niggers
I hope they all die
before they die they need to die my dick with a diy cum
kill the niggers.*

Now our skin started turning black and we wanted to start taking fentanyl, we started robbing innocent pregnant women at gunpoint and starring in nigger porn and then we felt a sudden breathtaking moment. I was panicking. I was in a temporary bliss state. I couldn't breathe, neither could my dad. George Floyds ghost went up to me and told me that he was the superior, he wanted us to feel what he felt, he wanted everyone to know he couldn't breathe. my dad's neck deflated, and I told George Floyd I'm sorry, he disappeared

Months later in bed I saw that George Floyd was growing on my dick, I knew what I had to do. I went to the bathroom and grabbed a knife, and I chopped my entire dick off. I then saw George Floyd crying in the fetal position in my closet, I knew what I had to do. I laid him on his back, took my George Floyd toy and wrapped it around his neck.

He couldn't breathe. He was breathless again. Knowing I had killed that monkey Jew who fucked my father in the cumhole is incredible and I hope to never see this creature again.

Five Nights at Floyds

Before I got this job, I had just graduated college with a business degree. You all may be wondering why I didn't start my own business. You see, I was part of a workshop program, where I could establish a miniature business funded by my college. I started a firm, which sells toys of Ronnie McNutt. Unfortunately, though, the workshop did not approve of that. I called the director a nigger snowflake as a result. The thing is, a license is required to start a company. My rights got taken away after that.

My parents already kicked me out of the house before I started college, so I needed to get a job. Unfortunately, business school does not teach a ton of skills in the employee sector. I had a narrow range of jobs to choose from. Since I had to start from scratch, I needed a job with the highest wage possible.

Working as a cashier at McDonald's was an option, but the pay was too low. I could work at a Walmart, but there are too many LGBTQ community members hanging out there, so I passed.

Eventually, I came across a job ad for a pizzeria security night guard. It was called Floyd's Pizzeria. What caught my eye was the pay. \$37.00 per hour. 8-hour night shift. It was, by far, the highest paying job I had found. Another bonus was the easy skill requirement.

I wrote out my resume, and then mailed it over. After a week had passed, I was called over for a job interview. The pizzeria was near the border of my town, so it was a fairly long drive.

Once I arrived, I saw the Floyd's Pizzeria building. It was a purple cube with a giant George Floyd toy face on top. There was a giant logo at the front that read "Floyd's Pizzeria". I entered the building. The call described the interview room to be at the security office. On my way there, I saw a George Floyd toy animatronic. It looked to be a life size George Floyd toy, but with mechanical parts inside of it. It waved at me.

It creeped me out a bit, but I was about to be interviewed so my focus was toward that. I finally found the interview room at the end of the west hallway.

I entered the security office and was greeted by a man wearing a burger king crown. He asked me: "Do you hate niggers?"

"Yes, I do," I said.

"Great, you're hired!" he exclaimed

I was happy. I was now hooked up with an easy job, with a good pay.

“Show up at 10:00 PM. No earlier, no later,” he said. He then left the building. I spent the rest of the day hyped for this job.

10:00 PM came to be. I made sure to arrive at the security, at 10 on the dot. The security office was full of technical equipment. There was a giant screen, which was labelled “surveillance”. There were two doors on both ends of the room. They appeared to be electrically powered.

I spotted a letter at the front of the security camera monitor. It read:

“Welcome to your first night of your security night job, at the Floyd’s Pizzeria facility! This is a list of rules you must follow. Read carefully!”

Rule 1: do not leave the security office, unless instructed to do so.

Rule 2: leave the doors open, to preserve power.

Rule 3: if you hear footsteps near you, close the doors immediately, and do not breathe. Or else it will hear you.

Rule 4: if you see a George Floyd animatronic stare at the camera directly, don’t be alarmed. It is normal.

Rule 5: if you hear, “I can’t breathe”, from a camera’s audio feed, leave the office, and go into the corresponding room. Use the oxygen tank in the room, to refill the George Floyd animatronic with air, until it is recharged.

Rule 6: if you feel cold air, stay as still as possible. Do not close the doors. It means that the George Floyd animatronic is just enjoying the fresh air.

Rule 7: if you hear breathing near you, run out of the facility as soon as possible. Do not look back. Drive away, as far as you can!”

After reading the list of rules, I was a bit nervous. But then, I remembered the high pay. It should be worth it as long as I follow the instructions, I thought to myself.

I turned on the cameras. There were various rooms to inspect. The auditorium, the kitchen, the tables, the birthday room, and the ventilation room.

I took a look at the auditorium room. There was a stage with a George Floyd toy animatronic, staring eerily at the observer. But I remembered rule number 4. It’s not harmful. I switched to the kitchen camera. There was a ton of pizza. But I noticed some odd ingredients used. Fentanyl tablets were used in replacement of pepperoni.

I was cut off by the sound of footsteps. Rule number 3 popped into my head. I closed the doors and held my breath. I heard a knock on the door. I just froze still. 8 minutes and 46 seconds of silence passed. I then called it safe. I opened the doors back up.

I continued looking through the cameras. I switched to the birthday room. There was leftover pizza on the tables. I then saw the George Floyd animatronic come into the room. It gobbled up the fentanyl pepperoni. It then started choking.

“I ate too fast, can’t breathe!” it said.

I remembered rule number 5. I went to the party room. There was an oxygen tank at the corner of the room. I grabbed it, and then plugged the end of the tube into the George Floyd animatronics’ mouth opening and pumped. After it was refilled, the George Floyd animatronic said; “yay, I can breathe again!”

I ran back to the security office. It was now 2:00 AM. I was not expecting to be this tired. I was dozing off, closing my eyes. I was trying to fight my urge to fall asleep but failed. I went out cold.

I knew I slept for around twenty minutes, when I woke up, and looked at the clock. 2:20 AM.

I noticed a special button at the top right of the security feed. I clicked it and saw that it was a camera of the security office. I saw myself on the screen. I decided to play around with it. Just for fun, I rewound it, to watch myself sleep. I was a surprisingly quiet sleeper, and I hardly move at all when I sleep.

But what I saw made my blood run cold. I noticed that the thermometer, mounted at the wall, instantly went from room temperature, to -10 degrees. The air went cold. I then saw the George Floyd animatronic walk across the security office while I was still asleep. The George Floyd animatronic did not seem to notice me at all. It appeared to be enjoying the cool air. That’s when I remembered rule number 6. That was the moment that sent chills up my spine. If I hadn’t been such a sound sleeper, I don’t think I would be alive right now.

An hour passed by. I was still thinking about the whole it. But then, I heard breathing near me. It was rule number 7. The rule which burned into my mind, after I read it. I sprung out of my seat, and ran as fast as I could, to the exit of the facility.

When I made it to the front door, I pulled the handle. But it didn't open. I forgot the keys at the office. I turned back but met the George Floyd animatronic. It said;

"Give me your air!" My adrenaline shot up. It ran at me and tackled me. This thing weighed at least a ton. I could not get close to getting it off of me.

It then pulled its pants down and revealed a strapped on black dildo on its crotch.

"If you don't give your air, I will rape you!" it said.

I'm against gay people, so I didn't know what to do. It was pinning my neck, and I was running out of air. I then saw an oxygen tank. I reached in and managed to grab it. I then stabbed the sharp nozzle into the George Floyd animatronics' chest. I heard air rushing out.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" it said.

It's weight on me started to reduce. I was then able to escape its pin. I ran to the security office to grab the key and then I managed to open the front door. I rushed out, never looking back. I went into my car and sped out of the parking lot. I drove for hours, and hours. Continuing to follow rule number 7.

I am writing this on my phone, while still driving on the highway. I have no idea where I'm going to stop, but it won't be anytime soon. I want this to serve as a warning to you all. If you, for whatever reason, ever decide to work as a security night guard at Floyd's Pizzeria, quit. It is not worth risking your life.

The George Floyd Toy

Ever since my son got that doll our lives have changed for the worst.

It was an ordinary day in October. My son's birthday was right around the corner and he kept demanding this one toy over and over again. It was some kind of stuffed doll of this criminal who died of a fentanyl overdose and became a political icon. You know which one I'm talking about. My son, Riley, was only 10 and I didn't want him to get involved in the world of politics yet. Not only that but the doll was very controversial. I have no idea why my son wanted a toy of some random dead guy, but I was not going to buy it for him.

Riley asked multiple times during the week and we told him no every time. I offered to buy him an Elon Musk toy from the same website, but he didn't want that. This birthday was going to be difficult. I decided to buy him a really big Lego Ninjago

set and was sort of hoping he and I could put together the hundreds of pieces to create the temple. We'd have some father and son bonding time with it. My wife and I hosted a really fun birthday party at our house for our son.

He had a ton of friends over. They had a Nerf gun war in the woods and then came inside to play Xbox. I remember it was at around 3:00 when we had the cake and presents ready. All of Riley's friends had a slice of cake right before we opened presents. I spotted an extra one I hadn't seen before when setting them up on the table.

I assumed one of Riley's friends forgot to bring the present in until then. He started with the biggest present, which was the Lego set I got him. He then worked his way down to the one I hadn't seen before. It was a plain bag. My son looked excitedly as he reached down into it and pulled out a George Floyd toy. I was shocked. He must have told one of his friends he wanted it but whose parents would let them get that?

"YES!" Riley said, "A George Floyd toy! Thank you! Thank you!" I looked around. The other kids were smiling and laughing. Something didn't feel right.

"Hey Riley," I asked, "Who got that for you?" he looked through the bag but there was no card. All of the kids said they didn't get him the Floyd toy. I pulled my wife into another room and asked if she got the toy. She hadn't. This was strange. I walked back into the dining room to see them playing with it, mocking it and chanting "I can't breathe".

They started playing the song Wishing Well by Juice Wrld and kneeling on its neck (the song that goes "I can't breathe, I'm waiting for the exhale [...] etc). I figured one of his friends was being sneaky and lying. Nonetheless, I just decided to let him have the doll as long as he hid it in front of guests at our house and never took it out in public.

Things were normal for a few days. Until one Thursday morning. Riley left his George Floyd toy sitting on the shelf. I looked at it while working from home on my desktop. I went to get a sandwich. When I got back, the Floyd toy's head was facing toward the door. That was really odd. Given how it basically had no neck, I found it strange. I walked over to it and picked it up. It was a little bit heavier than I thought. I gave it light pressure and the texture was like that of a stress-relief toy. But it was heavier than it should have been. I brought it back to Riley's room and set it on his bed.

The doll looked really weird. George Floyd's face was stretched out. His eyes were dark and soulless. His lips and nose were way bigger than that of a regular human. It looked like Humpty Dumpty with Floyd's face on it. I then left the doll alone. While it had a funny face, something about it creeped me out. When my son came home from school he asked where the Floyd toy was. I told him it was on his bed. He ran up to it and didn't come downstairs until dinner. But when I passed by his room to go to the bathroom, I could hear him quietly talking to someone. He didn't have a phone and our computer wasn't in that room.

"Riley?" I asked, opening the door a little bit. He turned to face me, George Floyd toy in-hand.

"Yeah, what dad?"

"Who are you talking to?"

"Uh, no one. Just my Floyd toy," my son had never exhibited this kind of behavior before. He wasn't really the type to make imaginary friends or talk to himself.

"Okay well uh... alright," I didn't know what to say. I closed the door and walked away. I started doing research on the George Floyd toy that night. The thing costs 50 dollars! Whoever the hell bought him that toy had cash to waste. That reminded me; I still never figured out who bought it. As I suspected, it was a stress-relief toy. There were all kinds of memes and pictures of people's George Floyd toys. I could not understand the motive behind owning one - other than the face looking funny. But now that my son was literally talking to it as if it was a real person, there wasn't much I could do at that point.

As I was browsing the internet, I could hear my son get up and go into the kitchen. If he was hungry, I didn't want to stop him from eating. But the next day, he left a mess. There were crumbs all over the table and floor. I quickly swepted it all up and told him to try and be less messy as he was heading out the door for school. He left his Floyd toy on the couch. I eyed it. The silence between us suddenly broke when I heard a sound come from the toy;

"Low battery," a robotic female voice said suddenly. It scared the hell out of me to be honest... battery? This thing was electronic? I didn't know that but that must be why it costs half a hundred dollars. I walked over to the Floyd toy and squeezed its body. There was some kind of device in the chest. I think it was one of those plush dolls that could talk if you squeezed it. I tried. I couldn't find the buttons. I looked for a place on the doll where I could open it up and replace the batteries. But there wasn't one. I figured I would ask my son when he got home. I searched what kind of batteries I would need. I couldn't find any information on it. I asked on a George Floyd message board how to open the toy and what type of batteries it needed when suddenly I heard some noises from upstairs.

"Crystal?" I called my wife.

“Yeah?” she answered from the kitchen. She was not upstairs. I ran up there to see if some kind of rodent had gotten into our house. There was no animal I could find. Sometimes I have bouts of anxiety in life, and I’ll get really paranoid. I chalked it up to that.

“I think I’m getting some anxiety attacks aga-” but before I could finish, I looked at the couch to see the Floyd toy was gone. Now I knew it wasn’t just my anxiety. Something was definitely going on. I freaked out and told my wife about the Floyd toy and how it had been acting weird. She calmed me down and said I was getting worked up over nothing. I tried to relax. When my son came home, I heard him talking to no one again. I opened his door and there, in his hands, was the George Floyd toy.

“Oh, hi dad,”

“Riley, where did you find that?”

“It was sitting on my bed when I got home from school,”

“Does... that- thing move on its own?”

“Uh... well sometimes it’s head tilts a bit. And it talks,”

“Talks?”

“Yeah, listen,” he held the toy up only for me to hear absolutely nothing.

“Riley are you... okay?”

“Dad, I’m serious... maybe he just doesn’t wanna talk to you right now or something... I don’t know, but I swear he talks,” I threw him a confused look and walked away. There was something definitely going on. Then came the weekend. I am the leader of the local boy scout troop and this weekend we had a campout planned at some forest in Oregon.

Me and some other leaders taught the kids how to grill burgers and hot dogs. We also went fishing and made a scavenger hunt. We had some hiking planned but it was too cold and windy to venture as far as we wanted. When my family got home, several foods from our fridge were gone.

“Crystal, I think we were robbed,” I said. This time, she couldn’t just chalk it up to my anxiety. There were undeniably copious amounts of food that had seemingly disappeared. But I didn’t know who to call. Nothing else was missing. I left my wallet and other valuable items out in the open and none of it was gone. Nothing was broken into. There were some crumbs right outside my son’s room. And sitting on his bed was the George Floyd toy.

There was no feasible way the toy could have moved on its own. I thought about all of the terrifying things I had overlooked. This toy was an anonymous gift that seemed to move on its own and even tilt its head. There was no way to reach in and replace the batteries but there were electronic devices within the toy. That reminded me. I checked the message board and got 15 responses telling me there were no electronic devices in anyone else’s George Floyd toy. That was it. I didn’t care if my son had grown attached to this doll.

Everything about it was disturbing. Our attic has one of those ladders that comes down and out onto the floor. I didn’t even look into the attic. It smelled disgusting. I just chucked the Floyd toy in there and closed it up... So, you can understand how absolutely livid I was when I caught my son talking to the toy again the very next day!

“Riley! Where was the toy?”

“Dad you’re acting weird-”

“WHERE WAS THE TOY, RILEY?”

“It-it was on my bed,”

“No, I’ve had enough of this,” I confiscated the toy and asked him to stay in his room. I walked into the kitchen and grabbed a pair of scissors. I cut the toy open. Hundreds of tiny balls of foam poured out like sand. It hurt me to have to do this to my son’s favorite toy but it’s something I should have done a long time ago. It didn’t take long for me to find multiple devices in the doll - a walkie talkie, wiretaps, a fucking camera, and some other electronics. This was suspicious. I put the devices in a box and decided who to call. My wife walked into the room and told me I needed rest desperately.

“You can figure out who to call in the morning. Just get some sleep,” Crystal said. She was right. We walked into our bedroom and I tried to sleep. But I heard my son eating a midnight snack again. He was particularly loud that night so I started walking downstairs... but I heard him snoring in his room. Now I was in full panic mode.

I snuck quietly downstairs. I could hear the refrigerator open. I took a peak and saw white hair on the back of an old man’s head. He was about 6 feet tall and kind of thin. I felt so disgusted watching this intruder in my house. I went back up to my bedroom and told my wife to call the cops because there was an intruder in our home.

I grabbed the gun and walked downstairs. Something about this guy looked familiar. By the time I got down there he wasn't there anymore. I heard a small thud though. He was hiding around.

"Alright, who's there?" I called out. There was no answer. I turned on the lights and searched with my gun. Out of nowhere, the man suddenly jumped at me, screaming. I didn't have time to react. I didn't have the courage to shoot yet and kind of froze up as he tried to tackle me. I pushed him off of me and shot toward his foot. I accidentally missed but he stood still with his hands in the air so I didn't shoot. Instead, I waited for the cops. He seemed to be unarmed. I finally looked up at his face.

"No way," I said, instantly recognizing him, "Jeffery fucking Epstein... I thought you killed yourself.. Or didn't kill yourself... I mean, ugh, it's-it's complicated," He didn't say a word. Crystal came downstairs to see what was happening. Jeffrey Epstein quickly grabbed a device from his pocket and pressed a button on it. The power in our house went out and I could hear him run out the back door. I tried to follow him, but I nearly tripped on my way out. He got away into the woods. When the cops showed up, I explained everything to them.

After a thorough investigation, they found that Jeffrey Epstein had been living in the attic. I would have even seen him if I had actually gone up there when throwing the George Floyd toy in. He had blankets and a laptop which had an entire zettabyte of illegal porn on it. He had used the George Floyd toy to stalk my son. He talked to Riley through the walkie talkie and watched him through the camera. Those nights where I'd hear my son go get food, it was actually Epstein getting food. He is the one who gave my son the toy and he had been living in our house for so long. The police never caught him and I'm thinking of moving out soon.

The Floyd Fish

The big brown fish maneuvers through the ocean, slowly swimming past seaweed and much smaller aquatic life. He watches as they swim away from him. He wonders if it's because of the color of his hide. This fish was much bigger than others in the ocean and soon pose a serious threat... the Floydfish...

Timothy and Lyla sat down by the beach. Timothy played ukulele as Lyla roasted marshmallows in the fire. It was a relaxing summer night, past midnight, and the two young adults were relaxing by themselves.

"You're good at that," Lyla said.

"Thank you," Timothy replied, "feel like I was born with a ukulele," Lyla giggled, "and once our child is born, I wanna teach it to play," Timothy patted her pregnant belly. Lyla watched the waves from the ocean hit the sand and really wanted to swim.

"Baby, let's go swimming,"

"Nah, it's too cold for me. I'm relaxed here. I was surfing all damn day. Let me rest,"

"Well... I wanna swim for a few minutes. Is that okay?"

"Yeah," Timothy sighed, "I'm not gonna stop you. Just try not to drink much ocean water. I don't know how that will affect the pregnancy," Lyla started running toward the water. She threw off her hoodie and got in as fast as possible to get used to the water's temperature. Timothy started laying down between the log he was previously sitting on and the fire, easing into sleep. Meanwhile, Lyla was all the way out in the ocean past sight. She swam around underwater, free and happy... but she wouldn't be for long...

The Floydfish was just beneath her, watching her. He could sense her presence and had a hunger for pregnant women. Floydfish started swimming up. He bit her foot and tried to drag her down. In shock, Lyla froze. When she realized the large creature was trying to eat her, she flailed her limbs, attempting to escape. But the shark had a lust for that pregnant blood and wasn't gonna let go. He came up and sunk his teeth into her pregnant belly. The rush of pain hit Lyla only then and she screamed for help.

However, she was way too far out into the ocean to be heard. She screamed and moaned in pain as the Floydfish continued eating her. Blood was gushing all around the ocean. Lyla let out one last scream before being consumed and killed by

the giant vicious creature. After eating her, the large fish swam back into the depths of the ocean, and would find its next victim later...

Derek Chauvin sat in the cop car, eating donuts and drinking coffee. His friend and partner, Ronnie McNutt, was in the seat beside him.

"Well, I guess that's it," Ronnie said. Derek looked at him, confused.

"Hm?" Derek asked him, with a mouthful of donut.

"I don't know, I just- this job just sucks. It wasn't anything I thought it would be. I guess that's it - as in THIS is our life now. We sit and wait for someone to pass the speed limit by one mile to ruin their day with a fine. And sometimes if we're lucky, we get to bust people using fake 20-dollar bills at corner stores,"

"Eh," Chauvin responded, "It really pays the bills though. I mean my wife and I are about to buy a new house down on uh, Shekel Road,"

"I mean it does pay well but the ONE thing we're supposed to be doing, catching people speeding, is boring and it's honestly hard. Some poor kid who's just trying to get from point A to point B going a little over but not hurting anyone has to appear in court and pay,"

"Well, these laws are here for a reason. Us doing this keeps people safe," Just as Derek finished the last donut, his phone rang. "Hello?" he asked.

"Derek! My man! Where are you at?" their boss asked.

"Side of a freeway. We are patrolling the area giving tickets close to Burger King and-"

"Come down to the station as quickly as possible," the boss interrupted.

"Yes sir," Derek said. The boss hung up. Derek pulled out of the area and got to the station in only a few minutes. As they got out, Ronnie McNutt was adjusting his gun and put it under his face. He almost pulled the trigger on accident, but Derek Chauvin quickly snatched the gun, "Watch it man! You're gonna blow your own brains out if you're not careful with that thing!"

"Whoops, sorry," Ronnie said. They both walked into the station. They found the boss's office and walked in. Two chairs awaited them. The two tired cops sat down.

"So, Derek, you used to be in the military once between 1996 and 2000, right?" the boss asked.

"Yeah, that's right,"

"Well listen, we basically seem to have no coast guard around here. They don't do their fucking job so I'm gonna see if you and McNutt over here can find out what's behind the disappearances at the beach,"

"I'm sorry, what's going on?"

"5 people have gone missing this week by the beach. We don't know if it's a serial killer, kidnapper, earthquakes, sharks... I have no idea. But I'd like you to investigate and see if you can find the source,"

"Alright. Sounds cool," Derek said, "do you have any files you can forward to me? Like all the information so far?"

"Well one person here, Timothy, uh, I can't pronounce that last na-"

"Timothy Faggot," Ronnie read out loud with no shame or guilt.

"Yes, well he said his girlfriend went to go for a swim and after he passed out, she was gone. Another guy here, Shooter Tweets, said his wife went missing around that area. Just days before. And this one mom, uh, Bita Nigga, says her son went missing there on Sunday. All 3 of these people happened to be swimming on that day,"

"Well damn, do you think it was sharks?" Ronnie asked Derek.

"Uh," Derek thought, "well this rate of disappearances by the beach has never happened before. This is very unusual. I doubt sharks could have killed that many people in one week. I mean only 50 people die of shark attacks per year,"

"Well what else could it be?"

"Not sure. Maybe a mass murderer or kidnapper. I mean you've heard stories from that weird island up north right?"

“Uh... all of those legends about that island are false. Not real. Moving on,” the boss said nervously and suspiciously, “in case it’s something out in the water, we’re giving you this speed boat out by the dock. Also, some weapons are in the lower compartment of it. It all uses the same key. It should be the only boat by the lighthouse right now,” After the long conversation, Derek and Ronnie got in their police cruiser and went to the beach to investigate. It was a nice day. The sun was shining, and many local families were relaxing. The children were swimming together.

Derek Chauvin and Ronnie McNutt sat down on two of those folded out chairs and watched the scene. Everything was fine. Derek Chauvin turned on his favorite rapper Chill Cosby and began listening to his music. Ronnie was researching on his computer.

“This area isn’t on any fault lines or whatever. And there hasn’t been a murder in this town since 2002,” he said. Derek Chauvin was too busy listening to Chill Cosby...

Meanwhile, the Floydfish down below was looking up. He could see the kids swimming together. He was hungry. There were so many children to choose. Everyone was watching. The Floydfish was swimming upward toward a kid. The kid had a yellow paddleboard, and the vibrancy attracted the Floydfish. The parents, Chauvin, McNutt, and all of the families surrounding saw the giant creature emerge from the water and chomp down on the small child’s torso, dragging him down under. The kid screamed in pain.

“I CAN’T BREATHE!” he screamed before the Floydfish fully dragged him into the water. His blood clouded that area and other kids saw. They began running to the land as fast as they could. Their parents were rushing to meet them and carry them away from the dangerous situation between the land and water. The parents of the now dead kid stood there, tearing up, horrified. Derek Chauvin was shaking in his seat. McNutt sat there, mouth wide open. The Floydfish was big. It had the body of a massive whale but it’s head was a human head. The body was brown and this human-looking face had huge lips and a giant nose.

“Holy shit!” Ronnie said.

“What the hell is that thing?” Derek asked.

“It looks almost like a giant shark with a human head somehow... that’s terrifying, I’ve never seen anything like that!”

“Well with THAT kind of creature in our oceans, we definitely know where these disappearances are coming from,” They started walking to their cruiser to report what happened. Ronnie, being young and less centered than Derek, was having trouble processing such a scene. A child was just eaten by a human-shark thing in front of him.

“Shit get the boss on the phone,” Ronnie commanded. Derek Chauvin just continued looking out the window of the police cruiser, watching horrified parents and other cops run around the scene wildly. He was lost in his own world, frozen in his seat. That wasn’t any shark or whale he knew about, “Derek!” Ronnie yelled. Derek Chauvin snapped out of it and called the boss.

“Sir, uh... yeah we found out what caused these people to go missing. It was a fish with-” before Derek went into detail, Ronnie McNutt stopped him.

“Just say it was a weird looking shark!” he hushed out quickly. Derek nodded.

“Yeah, it was a really big weird looking shark, uh, you said there was a speed boat available with weapons in it. Any keys to that?”

“Yeah, they’re here at the station. But do either of you nippletwisters know how to sail a boat? Or do you need me to find a guy?”

“Find us a guy,” Derek responded. They went to the station and got the key. They were also dismissed to their lunch break. Both officers got back in the cruiser and went to Chick Fil A for lunch.

“You know what I love about this place?” Ronnie asked Derek. Derek looked at him, unamused, “it’s homophobic,”

“Look, will you stop dicking around? We need to get to the bottom of this,”

“I don’t know what to tell you man, I’ve been making Google searches all day. I searched up all kinds of human sharks, brown whales, fish with human heads, but nothing is coming up. This might be some super rare creature, maybe the last of its kind. You know only 5% of our ocean has been explored right? We know more about the moon than the ocean. This big fish could have come from far below or something,”

“Maybe... those are good guesses. Y’know what? I say the hunt starts tonight. We’ll get on the boat, find the weapons, have whoever the hell sail around, and maybe we can look for it among the waters. We can chum,” Ronnie started laughing, “What’s so funny?”

“The word chum. Hey Derek,” Ronnie squeezed the mayo out of the sauce packet, “I’m chumming right now,” Derek facepalmed but laughed a little.

“Chumming is where you use dead animals to attract predatory animals. So, we throw in a bunch of dead fish and wait and see what happens,”

“Alright. Sounds good. So the hunt begins tonight!”

CallMeCarson sat in his canoe. It was around midnight and he had his fishing pole in the water. He looked into the eyes of the sex doll he brought with him. It looked like one of the underage girls he was talking to. He started slowly caressing the doll’s face when suddenly his fish pole just flipped up and into the water. A giant fish below had snatched it and was really strong. Carson looked down, worried.

There was a giant creature underneath his tiny canoe, and he could feel its presence. The Floydfish swayed from side to side as he swam around the man’s boat, preparing to eat it. Carson hugged his sex doll, fearing for his life. Carson started crying when suddenly, the Floydfish rose up, opening his jaw. Floydfish bit down into the canoe, destroying nearly half of it. Carson screamed and grabbed some oars. He saw that the leg was bitten off of his sex doll and got defensive.

“Leave her alone, man!” he yelled. The Floydfish didn’t care. It came up, opening wide. The Floydfish’s open jaw was the last thing Carson saw before it consumed him...

Meanwhile, Derek and Ronnie walked along the boat doc by the lighthouse. The person supposed to be sailing the boat was a 10-year-old Mexican kid.

“Aha,” Ronnie said, “this should be the boat,” he grabbed the key and turned it on. It worked. The speed boat’s engine came on. Derek watched the kid, worried.

“You look a little young to sail this boat,” Derek said. The kid replied in Spanish;

“Odio a los Judios!” he said.

“What did he say?” Derek asked.

“Uh... he probably said yeah. Now let’s get into this thing and out on the water,” Ronnie leveled the boat and Derek and the Mexican kid got on it. As the kid sped the boat out into the water, Derek and Ronnie looked around. They hadn’t had that much experience on boats. Derek Chauvin reached into the compartment for weapons.

“If there aren’t guns in here, I’m gonna be pissed,” Derek used his phone flashlight to fully look in the compartment. There were Japanese katanas.

“What is this some fucking anime?” Ronnie asked.

“Yeah, what the hell are we supposed to swordfight this thing? Is this political correctness or were they just cheap as shit?”

“It’s okay Derek, remember you have knees of steel. If anyone comes at us, you can use your knee to fuck them up,” Derek Chauvin nodded. And they quietly waited. The Mexican kid started screaming jibberish out loud while pointing at something in front of the boat. Derek and Ronnie got up and looked. There was a broken and bloody canoe in front of them. The pieces of it were everywhere. There was also a broken sex doll floating about. Ronnie noticed it.

“Hey look! It’s a 240 Volt FuckMaster Pro 5000 blowup latex doll with 6 speed pulsating vagina, elasticized anus with non-drip semen collection tray, together with optional built-in realistic orgasm scream surround sound system!”

“What the hell?”

“My dad used to own one,”

“No... I mean that,” Derek said, pointing at a splatter of blood on some broken pieces of what was once a canoe, “Whatever creature that was... it was definitely here,”

“PUTO!” The Mexican kid screamed. The two men looked and saw a big brown fin coming their way. As it swam around them, they gulped, knowing they made a big mistake. This fish was WAY bigger than they initially thought. It could destroy the speedboat they were in.

"We're gonna need a bigger boat," Ronnie said. He always wanted a reason to say that famous line that he totally didn't steal from some old movie.

"Shit, uh get the katana!" Derek yelled. Ronnie reached for it and gave it to Derek. Derek Chauvin was too afraid to reach out the katana to poke the Floydfish. The Mexican kid put out his knee. Right as the Floydfish passed by him, he jumped down and tried to kneel on the creature's neck. He jumped onto it, slamming the Floydfish with his knee. But he quickly slid off and into the water. Derek helped him back up into the boat. The Floydfish bumped the boat hard though and all 3 of them fell to the ground, smacking their limbs on the ground.

"Oh- no oh fuck!" Ronnie said, scared. Derek tried stabbing the Floydfish but each trust did nothing. He was merely poking it and pissing it off.

"It's hide is too thick! I can't even cut through,"

"Fuck it. Let's get the hell away from here," Ronnie jumped into the sailor's seat and began trying to figure out how to operate it. He managed to swiftly speed away from the scene. The Floydfish was following them. Ronnie looked desperately for a way to get the fish away from them. He found a half-eaten KFC bucket and chucked it into the water. The Floydfish went after it and that bought Ronnie, Derek, and the kid time to get away. However, the boat ran out of gas in the middle of the water and stopped moving, "SHIT!" Ronnie said, "I accidentally ran out of gas I'm so sorry, it's just-"

"It's fine, don't worry,"

"But now we're stranded here with no food, no sense of direction, we just gotta paddle I guess, row our way home with these katanas,"

"No, there is an island, look!" Derek pointed out the big island in the distance. A temple with blue and white stripes could be seen from where they were, "let's use the katanas to row there," They grabbed the swords and slowly but surely rowed their way over to the island. A sign upon entering said 'Saint James'.

"Damn. I've heard rumors about this island," The three started walking up the sides and onto the island itself. They could hear some partying going on. They emerged from the bushes and were surprised to see tables and chairs filled with famous people like Bill Clinton, Joe Biden, Barack Obama, Kathy Griffin, Tom Hanks, Katy Perry, Beyonce, Hillary Clinton, Bill Gates, and other elites.

"Uh hello?" Derek said. Everybody looked at them like deer in headlights.

"Who the hell invited you two? What is this malarkey?" Joe Biden said.

"Uh, good evening Mr. President? We just ran out of gas while hunting a really big shark... well it's sort of a shark. It's a big brown fish with a human head at the end,"

"Oh... they're after the Floydfish," One of them said to the other.

"So you two and the kid were hunting down the Floydfish and you washed up here with no way out," Another one said to them.

"Yeah that's it. Who owns this island?" One of the guards walked Ronnie, Derek, and the kid into the blue and white temple. They walked down a hall and into an office at the end. The hallway was filled with bedrooms that looked like asylum cells. There were children in all of them. Jeffrey Epstein was sitting there, reading some papers.

"Jeffrey Epstein?" Ronnie McNutt asked. Jeffrey looked up at him, "I thought you uh... didn't kill yourself?"

"No, that was all for show," he said, what do you want?" Derek was about to say something, but the guard spoke for them;

"These guys said they were hunting the Floydfish when their boat ran out of gas and they washed up here,"

"Oh. Well, interesting. Have a seat, boys," All 3 of them sat down in the chairs, "You were huntin' the Floydish, eh?"

"Floydfish? We had no idea it was called that,"

"Yeah, that's what we named it. It ate some of the children we got here. WE were supposed to eat them and that damn shark, or whale, or whatever the hell it is... stealing our lunch man,"

"Well anyway," Ronnie said, "do you know if there's a way to get back from-" he looked out the window and noticed a giant ship. It looked amazing. It was a really big boat, as big as a pirate ship,

"Wow! That boat! It's awesome,"

"Yeah it is. It's the SS Lolita. Finest boat on the coast. You want it?"

"Yeah! That would be awesome!"

“How much do you got on ya?”

“Uh, we just washed up here,” Derek said, “we don’t have any money,”

“Well...” Epstein looked at the Mexican kid, “everyone’s got something to trade,” Derek and Ronnie looked at each other, not knowing what Jeffrey had in mind, “the kid for the boat,” he said.

“Deal!” The two officers said at the same time. The kid screamed and cried as he was shuffled off into the back room.

“Now, you guys are gonna need some weapons if you’re hunting down the Floydfish. I mean some serious weaponry. There are guns on the boat. I’ll go with you guys and we’ll kill the Floydfish. We all want it dead so why not? We’ll start sailing in the morning. You two can sleep in the uh... hmmm... I don’t want you to sleep with the children. They are saved for me and Billy. Bill Clinton. Um, why don’t you sleep in this office. I can give you some blankets or whatever. The Wi-Fi password here is ShitFartButtthole,” Epstein went to go drink with the other elites and left the two in the room. Derek Chauvin called the boss.

“Hey boss, sorry uh, the boat ran out of gas and we didn’t kill the shark yet but we washed up on Epstein’s island and he is offering a boat,”

“Shit, you guys weren’t supposed to find that. And I know Epstein... uh totally not like personally or anything... but he wouldn’t be the type to give you a boat for free. What did you give him?”

“The Mexican kid,”

“Oh that’s okay. I just found that kid in a crate and told him I’d help reunite him with his family if he helped steer the boat so it doesn’t matter to me. Anyway, you got 48 hours to find and kill the shark,”

“You got it,”

“Alright boys, you can sleep in the boat. Every other room is filled with children that are either dead or naked,” Epstein said. The three of them walked down the hallway and out to the doc.

“Oh okay,” Derek replied nervously. The big boat stood tall on the water. Epstein led the two men inside. He showed them around.

“So here is where you steer and sail the ship from. I’ll probably be doing that. Then over here we got this big table with a laptop at the end. That might’ve been Hunter Biden’s. Hope the feds don’t find it again. There are some couches over here. Oh, and uh, that is the deck,” He continued to show them around and then let them sleep on the couches. The next morning, they got up, ready to catch a fish. Epstein woke them up early. And they set sail, going out into the middle of the ocean. Ronnie got on Hunter Biden’s old laptop.

“Hey what the hell? There’s a whole zettabyte of pregnant dwarf porn on here!”

“I don’t know, that guy is weird as fuck,” The boat moved for about an hour. Derek stared into the water, starting to feel a little bit seasick. He walked out onto the deck and looked out at the water.

“Alright. Looks like a good spot,” Epstein said. He stopped it and the boat sat in the water. Ronnie walked onto the deck as well. They both grabbed buckets of dead fish and threw them into the water.

“Hey, throw this in there too,” Epstein said, handing them Edward Snowden’s corpse.

“What the? I thought he was living in Moscow,”

“Not anymore. We can’t have him tell people we’re spying on them. Anyway, we’ll use his body to attract the Floydfish. Derek threw the heavy body in the water. Minutes later, the brown fish’s jaw came up from out of the water, consuming Snowden’s entire body. Derek stepped back in fear.

“What the hell?” he said, “that thing is way too big, holy shit!” Epstein saw it and grabbed the gun. He shot at the Floydfish multiple times. The bullets could be seen hitting the blubber but never went through. It was too big and thick to just shoot.

“The gun won’t work! This is insane!” The Floydfish ended up getting away.

“Well shit what’re we gonna use?” Ronnie asked. The three looked around for items. Ronnie heard screaming. He followed it and indeed up in the bottom of the boat. He saw Mexican immigrant children in cages.

“Uh... Jeffrey Epstein? What is this?”

“Oh we keep those beans in a cage,”

“Hey look!” Derek said, “I found a spear!”

“Woah woah that’s not just any spear, man, that’s actually a very dangerous spear. It can poison people,”

“Hey that’s it!” Ronnie said, “We can use one of these cages, I can go inside, lure him in, and stab him with a spear.”

“I don’t want you doing that,” Derek said, “It’s risky,”

“I know but this whole thing is a risk - a risk we signed up to take ever since we put on these badges. I’m prepared to do this. He shouldn’t be able to bite this cage open and I’ll be able to get close to him,”

“Alright fine. But be safe down there,”

“Don’t worry,” Ronnie and Epstein spent the day getting the cage ready. They put it on a pulley and set up all of the scuba gear so that Ronnie could breathe underwater. It was about midnight when they finished. Derek was laying on the couch. Ronnie searched up facts about the Floydfish on the internet. There was nothing but he tried anyway. Epstein smoked. They all joked about the situation until they fell asleep.

That morning, Ronnie put on the scuba gear and went in the cage. Derek watched as Epstein lowered the cage into the water. They began chumming around the cage and eventually attracted the Floydfish. Ronnie saw it coming. The big brown creature moved next to the cage. Ronnie tried jabbing it with his spear but it was too far.

“Sup nigga,” Floydfish said. Ronnie wasn’t aware it could talk but he heard it through the water perfectly fine. Minutes later, he was launched forward and hit the wall of the cage. The Floydfish had swam really fast into the cage, knocking it back and rattling it. It then began biting at the bars. Ronnie tried stabbing it but dropped his spear. He started shaking the cage, hoping Epstein or Derek would pull him up. But they didn’t all he could do now was use his hands to protect himself. But that didn’t work. The Floydfish bit through the bars. He looked up.

“Well... I guess that’s it.”

Derek looked at the string holding the cage. As soon as he saw blood in the water, he freaked out.

“PULL UP THE CAGE!” he yelled to Epstein. Epstein hoisted it up using the pulley. The cage was half broken and Ronnie’s face had been torn up into a million pieces. Blood was oozing everywhere. Derek almost threw up at the sight.

“Wow... that is something!” Epstein said. But the Floydfish wasn’t done yet. Epstein stood up. The Floydfish jumped out of the water. It landed on the boat. The whole boat leaned down, rocking back. Derek ran back into the room. Epstein accidentally slipped and fell. The Floydfish bit his leg and pulled him in. It crunched down. Epstein screamed as he felt the big brown shark’s teeth sink into his leg. He cried out for help, but Derek couldn’t help him now.

“If I die, give all of my unmolested children to Bill Clinton,” he said. The Floydfish kept consuming him until he was gone. His blood was everywhere. The Floydfish dragged what remained of his body into the water. As the fish got back into the water, it realized there was still one more man on the boat. It rammed into the ship, tipping it over. Derek Chauvin grabbed the closest things to him - a Burger King paper crown and a gun. He put on the paper crown but before he could escape the room, the Floydfish swam its way in. Water leaked everywhere. The boat was now sideways. Derek struggled. He saw the jaw of the big fish coming toward him, so he grabbed the closest thing to save him - a big tank of fentanyl.

He smacked the Floydfish with it and shoved it into his mouth. It swam out of the boat and far into the water. This gave Derek time to swim out of the room. The boat was sinking. He got onto the spar - aka one of those big poles on ships. It was the only thing sticking out of the water. He sat on it. The Floydfish wasn’t far. It began swimming toward him. Derek pulled out the gun. It was life or death. He shot the fish over and over again, but he kept missing. He saw the fentanyl tank in the mouth. The Floydfish was approaching fast. He got angry. He fit the Burger King crown onto his head quickly.

“NIGGER!” he screamed. He took one last shot, the last bullet of the gun, and it struck the tank of fentanyl. A huge explosion came from the water. Brown pieces of the Floydfish went everywhere, as did its blood. Derek knew fentanyl wasn’t even explosive so it didn’t make sense, but he didn’t care. The job was done. The Floydfish was dead. It was a painful journey, but he remembered what Ronnie said:

“this whole thing is a risk - a risk we signed up to take ever since we put on these badges. I’m prepared to do this,”

He remembered those words and kneeled on the deck. He kneeled for Ronnie. “Rest in peace,” he said. He turned around and a life raft emerged from the bottom of the boat. Derek got into it and sailed home.

Always Listen to the Advice of @georgefloydfinance

If you ever come across the Instagram finance page called georgefloydfinance, always listen to his advice. This statement may sound odd, but what I have experienced lately will convince you to do so. Let me begin by introducing my profession.

I work for a financial institution. I assess the credit rating of prospective borrowers, and I also have the side job of managing mutual funds. I occasionally work on my Instagram social media page, which gives financial and investing advice to my followers. It isn’t as big as the top pages, but it is growing quite rapidly so I still have a reason to keep it running. I will not give away the username for your safety.

One night, I was scrolling through the explore tab on Instagram. I had just finished working with all of my clients back-to-back, so it was one of those nights where I had more free time than usual. It has been a long week, so I used this time to relax. By now, it is obvious that my explore tab consists of a large amount of finance posts. I saw a lot of inspirational quotes from well-known business owners, such as Elon Musk and Jeff Bezos. They were all ones which I’ve seen before, so I just scrolled past them. After scrolling through about 1000 photos, I came across an interesting post. It featured a photo of George Floyd wearing a business suit, on the right side of the picture. On the left side, there was a block of text, with the words having the color of either orange or white. The text was supposedly a piece of financial advice which tells the reader to use counterfeit money, if expenses cannot be covered. I looked at the top left of the post to see what account posted it. The account was called George Floyd Finance. I just chuckled, because it looked like one of those parody accounts which mocks financial and investing advising pages, such as myself. I tapped on the profile of George Floyd Finance to see more of his posts for laughs.

All of the posts had a similar format to the one I just looked at, in that they had that same orange, white, and black theme. It had 2,600 followers at the time. The page didn’t have a lot of posts on it, only having 25.

I started exploring it in order, starting from the very first post. There were three photos, the first one containing Bill Gates, the second one being Mark Zuckerberg, and the last one being George Floyd in his tank top. All of them wore basic clothing. You know, the ones that you would not expect wealthy individuals to wear. The caption of the post was, “The goal is

to be rich, not to look rich.” I’ve seen that sort of caption thousands of times on other financial pages. It was one of those quotes which we’ve all seen since the last decade. I went over to the second post. It was a graphic which told the reader not to purchase the eye phone, Starbucks coffee, McDonalds fries, and sports shoes. It instead recommends the reader to purchase George Floyd and Derek Chauvin toys. I chuckled at the post, thinking it’s a joke, and liked it. I scrolled through the remainder of the posts. Again, I thought that the page was just a parody account, so I didn’t take it seriously.

Frankly, niggers are usually garbage at finance, so it is highly unlikely that a man such as George Floyd, could run a successful serious financial advice page. I gave the page a follow, even though it hasn’t posted any new content in almost a month.

I had been looking at the page for a couple hours, so I realized that I needed to cook dinner. I turned off my phone and headed to the kitchen. I decided that steak with ketchup would be a great meal for today. I figured, with how busy I was with clients lately, a hefty dose of red meat will help me recover. I grabbed the uncooked meat from my refrigerator and placed it on the stove. I prefer medium rare, so I set my phone’s timer to 3 minutes. After that, I noticed an Instagram direct message notification. It was a message from George Floyd finance. It surprised me a fair bit, since I haven’t really interacted with the page, besides liking a few posts and following. I tapped the notification to read what he sent me. The text bubble read: “you must invest in Floyd coin. Visit the website link gfloydcoin.com.”

After reading it, I laughed my ass off. If he had just sent me this shortly after I followed his page, who knows how much time he spent messaging that to all of the other incoming followers. Unless I am some special follower to receive this treatment. It was later that night, when I found out the latter is true. I heard a loud beep, coming from the ceiling. I looked up to realize that my smoke detector went off. I had forgotten to turn off the stove, due to being distracted by George Floyd Finances message. I immediately turned off the stove, to find an overcooked steak. With me being so wealthy from all of my smart investment strategies, I threw away the black colored meat and began to cook a new one. This time, I promised myself that I will not be so distracted this time.

After 3 minutes had passed, my steak was finally cooked to my desired state. I turned off the stove to finally enjoy a relaxing dinner for the first time in a long time. As I was taking my first bites of the juicy meat, I heard my phone buzz. It was another Instagram direct message from George Floyd Finance.

My heart skipped a beat. I wasn’t expecting a second message from him. I tapped on it to read what it said.

“Listen to me, buy some Floyd coin, or else I will shoot your belly,” were the words.

From reading it, I laughed quite hard, to the point where I almost choked on my steak. I took a sip from my glass of water. It was all fun and games, until I read the next message he sent. I saw the speech bubble icon with the three dots pop up, which indicates the recipient is typing a new message. A new message with text had formed shortly. What the text said made my blood run cold.

“Stop laughing at my advice please. Invest in floyd coin right now, or else you will suffer the consequences,” the message said.

How did he know I was laughing? I thought. Even though you can’t really read emotion from text messages, I had a feeling that it was in an angry tone this time. I quickly finished eating the remainder of my steak and put the plate in the sink. I didn’t feel like washing the dishes tonight. I had my mind on that creepy message. I tried to ration things. Maybe the account owner just took a good guess of my reaction to his prior messages. But I still had the feeling of dread, as if he was actually watching me.

I decided that I had enough internet for today, so I switched to reading a book, to distract myself. It was an investing book, which gives up to date information on stocks and other investing instruments. I read the book in bed to help me doze off to sleep. It took around half an hour, until I finally felt my eyelids getting heavy. I put the book on my nightstand, and then went to sleep.

The following morning, I woke up to my bedroom all scattered. I looked to my left. The window was broken, and my bedroom television screen was shattered. My bookshelf was face down on the floor. I looked at my nightstand. The nightstand itself was left untouched. My charging phone was also left untouched, but the book I read last night had all of its pages torn out. I was very confused, and I was wondering whether it was a dream or not. I pinched my skin and looked at my phone’s time. To my disappointment, I didn’t wake up from any dream.

On my phone’s lock screen, I noticed an Instagram notification. It was a new Instagram direct message from George Floyd finance. I couldn’t help myself but open the notification. The message sent shivers down my spine.

“How dare you read that garbage book instead of following my advice. With your book now destroyed and your messy bedroom, I hope this serves as a warning. Invest in Floyd coin now, or else I will do much worse,” the text message said.

It was at this point, when I was genuinely horrified. Whoever ran this account knows where I live. I called the police, to do a search through my home, to hopefully find the home invader. They came to my house shortly. They went through every surface of my home, including my secret stash of Ronnie McNutt hentai. They ended up not finding anybody. As they left my house, I slammed my door in frustration. I didn’t want whoever invaded my house to get away with this. I decided to check the Floyd coin website myself. I clicked on the link that George Floyd Finance sent me. It had an interface which displays the trend in the value of the Floyd coin. It was rising quite rapidly. I saw the tweets section of the website. One user said it had a lot of meme potential. Now, as an experienced investor who has worked in finance for decades, I learned not to touch meme based crypto currencies. I refused to let whoever runs the George Floyd finance page win. I didn’t want to let some meme finance page control my investment portfolio. I thought I was wise for thinking this. However, as I am writing this, I regret being so stubborn.

Throughout the day, I purchased a heavy-duty home security system. It consists of an alarm which sets off when it detects that a window has broken. It also has motion detectors, which are evenly distributed throughout the perimeter of the exterior of my home. I also installed some trip wires at every doorway of my home. I was pretty sure it would be enough to stop whoever is the home invader.

The following night, I had an easier time falling asleep. I was awoken by a very loud ring, at around 1 AM. It was coming from outside. I looked out of my bedroom window, to see who the home invader was. I looked outside at my front yard. I saw a dark figure looking right back at me. The figure was wearing a business suit, I eyeballed the facial features of the figure. It was George Floyd. I have to admit, it is funny seeing niggers wearing business suits, as that particular type of clothing doesn’t fit them. Niggers are low IQ monkeys, so they shouldn’t deserve to wear that kind of precious clothing. George Floyd stared straight into my eyes with a furious look in his eyes. I then called the police, to catch this nigger. I warned them of the security systems installed in my home. The police were set to arrive in 5 minutes. However, when I hung up, George Floyd was already making a run for it. I took a photo of him before he went out of view. I was going to show the picture to the police.

I eventually saw a police car park at the front of my home. I went downstairs, making sure to avoid the trip wires. I exited my house to meet up with the cops. There were two of them, next to the car, waiting for me. I told them about the man I had just caught with my front yard motion detectors. I then showed them that photo of George Floyd, who was facing away from the camera, running away before the cops could arrive. However, I didn’t tell them it was specifically George Floyd, because that nigger is supposed to be dead, and the cops would think I’m joking. One of them assured me that finding the suspect will be easy, since his nose and lips are so distinctively large. He took his own copy of the photo, and then let me go.

I walked back to my home, tired. I wanted to go back to sleep. However, the second I closed my front door, I heard a gunshot, and screams coming from outside. I looked through my front door’s peephole. What I saw made me want to vomit. I saw the two cops, lying on the sidewalk dead. Blood was gushing out of both of their stomachs. At the right of their corpses, I saw George Floyd, with a gun in his left hand. In his right hand held a smartphone.

George Floyd turned on his smartphone and looked to be typing something. After he was finished, I felt my phone vibrate. I looked at my lock screen and saw a message from George Floyd finance. I looked back through the peephole. I saw George Floyd, staring back at me, somehow knowing I was looking through the peephole. He looked to be waiting for me to open the message. I felt goosebumps forming on my arm. I opened the message, anticipating a frightening threat. My anticipation was nothing but accurate.

“I hope you saw what happened to the cops. The same will happen to you if you don’t invest in Floyd coin. I will make sure you will do it, right now.”

The words phased through my mind a million times. Shortly after, I heard footsteps coming from outside. They were getting louder as each second passed. As the volume of the footsteps reached its peak, I heard a knock on my front door. I looked through my front door’s peephole. At first, all I saw through the peephole was a black circle, surrounded by a shiny white matter. The circle was moving around, slightly. I then had a heavy sense of dread when I realized something. That black circle was actually the eye of George Floyd, looking right back at me from the other side of the peephole. I immediately jumped back, as if I saw a jumpscare from a horror movie.

“Invest in Floyd coin right now!” I heard him yell through my door.

I heard the door creaking open. I have forgotten to lock the door. I tried to push the door back close, but George Floyd was too strong. He easily overpowered my push and sent me flying across. He stepped onto my floor, managing to step over the tripwire. He pulled out his pistol and pointed it toward my stomach.

“I told you numerous times to listen to my financial advice. This will be your last chance to buy some Floyd coins. If you don’t within 5 minutes, I will pull the trigger,” he said.

I turned on my phone and entered the Floyd coin website. I tapped on the buy button. I was met with an interface, which allows you to swap another cryptocurrency for Floyd coin. I had a large amount of bitcoin already, so I decided to use that to buy Floyd coins. I exchanged 10 units of bitcoin for 6,114 Floyd coins. I then connected my wallet to the transaction.

After the transaction was complete, George Floyd put away his pistol, and then proceeded to leave my home. I looked out of the peephole to make sure he went out of sight. To my relief, he did. I went upstairs to go back to bed. Just when I plugged in my phone on my nightstand, I received a new Instagram direct message from George Floyd finance. I opened it. It was just a simple text which read: “Thank you for listening to my advice. Expect some huge capital profits.” I then passed out right at that moment, due to being sleep deprived.

This all happened two weeks ago as I am writing this. I checked the dashboard of Floyd coins performance, so far, it has been doing extremely well. In fact, this was the most successful cryptocurrency I have ever seen with my eyes, in the span of two weeks.

Please, for all of you reading this, if you ever come across the George Floyd finance page on Instagram, listen to whatever he advises you to do. George Floyd himself is truly one of the best investors on the planet. And as mentioned above, the Floyd coin is a very smart investment choice. Buy some when you have the chance.

George Floyd Administered my COVID Vaccine

In light of recent events, public distribution of the COVID vaccine had finally started. I myself am against vaccines, so I was not happy about it at all. The vaccine has a chance of causing infertility and herpes, and a larger chance of having negative side effects than surviving COVID. Logistically, it is nowhere close to being feasible to take the vaccine. Unfortunately, all of my family members are liberal pro vaccination faggots, so they are making take the vaccine, even though I am of the legal age to make the decision myself. I am a jobless high schooler, so if they kick me out of the house as a consequence, I would not be able to financially support myself for long.

My family scheduled our COVID vaccination on a Friday morning. My mom woke me up at 8 o'clock AM, but I was struggling to get up because I spent all night awake, worrying about the vaccination. Eventually, I checked my phone, to check the Liberal Termination group chat I am in. The memes that my buddies sent last night cracked me up, so it gave me a burst of energy to get up from bed.

We had to arrive at the clinic in 10 minutes, so I dressed up as fast as I could and didn't bother eating breakfast. I met up with my mom and dad in the living room, where they've been waiting for me for a long time.

"Looks like you've finally left your little man cave," my dad teased.

"Fuck off libtard," I joked back.

My family went silent after I said that, but I didn't care about it. I am the only person in my family who is against BLM and LGBTQ. Like I said before, they are all libtards. After half a minute of awkward silence, we collectively realized we were wasting time, so we jumped into the car.

On the ride to the clinic, I was picturing all the potential side effects of the covid vaccination, such as infertility and herpes. If any of those happen to me, I would kill all niggers and fags. I hoped that the person who injects me isn't a nigger. As we all know, niggers are low IQ monkeys who mess up everything they do whether its intentional or not.

Eventually, we made it to the clinic. However, the building did not look like a clinic at all. It looked more like a home. It had a lot of worn-down paint and broken windows. I had a feeling that things will not go well in addition to the vaccination itself. We walked to the front porch and then my dad attempted to open the door.

"The door is locked," my dad said, as he tried to turn the doorknob.

He then spotted a doorbell on the right of the door. He pressed the button, hoping that somebody would answer. We heard footsteps coming our way, indicating the doorbell works. A tall black nigger answered the door. He motioned us to come in. The interior of the building smelt awfully like banana sandwiches. I thought it was odd that we didn't get checked for any symptoms before we could enter. As we stepped in the building, the floor creaked very loudly, showing how old the building is. It was at this point when I knew something was off. There appeared to be no one else in presence.

"Who will be the first one to be injected?" the nigger began.

My mom, dad, and I went silent for a few seconds. I think we all took the queue that something wasn't right, but we just continued anyway. I volunteered to be the first one, to get it over with. I stepped forward, to show my desire for my turn.

"Very well, come with me sir," the nigger said.

He went up the stairs and I followed him. His ass smelt reeked rotten bananas, so I tried not to puke on the way. Finally, we made it at the top of the staircase. We then went inside what looked like a bedroom. That should have been a red light. No doctor, or even therapist, performs their work on patients in a bedroom. At this point, I was distracted by the thought of the vaccine, so I still went on.

The nigger sat on a desk and told me to take a seat on the opposite side of the desk. This gave me an opportunity to have a closer look at his face. He had an insanely large nose and lips as I described earlier, but there was something very distinct about him. He had prominent lines percolating from his nose to the sides of his mouth. I was in shock when I recognized who he was. It was George Floyd. This nigger should've been dead by now.

"Alright, pull up your sleeves, man", he said.

I refused to. There is no way I was going to get an injection from that dumb nigger George Floyd. Just when I was about to stand up and leave the room, he pulled out a gun toward my belly. I sat back down in response. He took a needle, which contained an opaque white fluid, which was supposedly the vaccine. Now, I am no doctor, but I knew that a vaccine should not be that color. He was still pointing the gun toward my belly, so I didn't have a choice. He poked the needle into my left arm and injected whatever the fluid was.

The initial feeling was the flow of the liquid on the inner part of my arm. This was strange, since vaccines shouldn't feel this way. Once George Floyd finished injecting it, he stuck a band aid on the spot. George Floyd then opened a cabinet in the desk and pulled out a banana sandwich, then gave it to me.

It looked slimy and disgusting, but I still accepted it, because god knows what he would do with the gun pointed at me if I hurt his feelings. He then let me free. George Floyd led me back downstairs, to meet with my parents. My mom volunteered to be the next one to take the vaccination. She then followed George Floyd to the bedroom. After they went inside the bedroom, I heard the door lock. This alerted me, as he didn't lock the door when he gave me the injection.

I snuck upstairs and went near the bedroom door to hear what could be happening inside the bedroom. All of a sudden, I heard a muffled scream. I knew that she was in trouble. I ran downstairs to let my dad know about what was happening, and then took him to the bedroom door. My dad and I then worked together to kick the door down. The door went down very easily, which mirrors the worn-out state of the building as a whole. What we saw in the bedroom made me cringe.

Both my mom and George Floyd were naked, except my mom was bound by him. I looked at the desk, where I was administered the vaccine. There was a broken needle. Based on my observations, my mom noticed the suspicious looking fluid and refused it, so George Floyd raped her in anger. Dad was furious. He punched George Floyd in the face, who was too distracted by his dick penetrating my mom's ass. George Floyd went out cold. My dad then kneeled on his neck.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" George Floyd said.

My dad showed no mercy. He kept pressing all his weight on George Floyd's neck. George Floyd then went unconscious, with blood flowing out of his nose and mouth

"I fucking hate niggers now," my dad said as he removed his knee off of George Floyd's neck.

"Yeah, me too. They are all rapists and criminals," my mom replied.

I lit up. I was glad my parents are now nigger haters. My mom dressed back into her clothes while cleaning her asshole, which was full of nigger cum. We then headed out of the building. During the drive back home, I started to have a hard time breathing, and felt very lightheaded. I also felt a strange sensation in my ball sack. I was immediately angered. These are the side effects of the vaccine. I then remembered that I would kill all niggers and fags if I experienced infertility. However, I noticed the fact that struggling to breathe is not a potential side effect, which is known to be interrelated to the COVID vaccine. I just assumed that I am an anomaly who had just suffered a rare, unknown side effect, so I just ignored it. I began my planning on the genocide of all niggers and fags.

Once we arrived home, I felt somewhat nauseous. I have always been good at holding back vomit, so it didn't worry me too much. It was only a minor impediment to my nigger and fag genocide brainstorming. After around 2 hours, I felt extremely tired, so I laid on my bed and took a nap.

I woke up, feeling quite groggy. At this point, these strange side effects were becoming severe. I went on my computer and googled all of the side effects which didn't match the known afflictions of the COVID vaccine. On the front page, most of the results had the keyword fentanyl. I was very confused at first, but then, I started to backtrack, and everything made sense. I thought back at the strange white color of the needle which George Floyd injected into me. I remembered that George Floyd owns a ton of fentanyl. My difficulty breathing and my nausea are some of the main side effects of fentanyl. It all clicked. George Floyd mixed my COVID vaccine with fentanyl. I felt a sense of dread as I realized this.

I was now pissed at George Floyd even more. I decided that I was going to kill George Floyd once and for all. I grabbed my shotgun from under my bed. It is time to McNutt George Floyd. I went downstairs and asked my dad to drive me back to the clinic.

"Why would you want to visit the clinic again?" my dad asked.

I showed him the shotgun and told him that I am going to kill George Floyd. He approved and then we went into the car. Seeing his wife get raped by George Floyd was enough to want him dead. We drove over to the clinic.

Once we arrived, we rang the doorbell. However, George Floyd didn't answer the door. My dad rang the doorbell once again, but we still were not met with a response. George Floyd knows it is us. He knows that we are trying to get in to kill him. I took the butt of the shotgun and rammed it against the door. The door went down quickly, unsurprisingly. We went inside to look for George Floyd.

We went searching in the bedroom first, but he wasn't there. Dad and I split up to look for him faster. I stayed upstairs, while he went downstairs as his area of search. I looked in the washroom next. I found a ton of pregnant belly pics, covered in

cum stains. George Floyd must've nussed to those photos a lot, by the looks of it. I shut the door in disgust from the sight. I then decided to look in the room next door, but just when I creaked open the door, I heard a scream. It was coming from my dad.

"Help me!" my dad yelled from downstairs.

I was rushed by adrenaline and ran down the stairs as fast as I could. My dad's screams continued, but I still couldn't tell where they were coming from. I poked my ear near the floor, and the screams became more noticeable. My dad was in the basement. I looked around for any stairs leading to the basement. It was a struggle since I was in a state of panic. I opened every door I saw as fast as I could. Eventually, I opened one near the kitchen, and saw a staircase going down. The lights were already on. I walked down the stairs. Once I made it to the basement, I saw dad. He was tied up in a chair. I went towards him, and then began to untie the rope. The second I freed him, a man walked in the room. It was George Floyd, with a needle in his hand. He looked at me, angrily.

"How dare you ruin my plans of giving him the vaccine!" he yelled.

"Nigga, this isn't the vaccine, it's just fentanyl," I said.

I pointed the shotgun to George Floyd's head. I then pulled the trigger. I saw all the pellets fire. However, the rounds completely went through George Floyd's head.

"Hehehe, I am a ghost, so you can't shoot me!" George Floyd said laughingly.

I was now out of options. I regret coming here in the first place. George Floyd lunged at dad and attempted to stab him with the needle. Dad is a weightlifter, so he pushed George Floyd's arm, at a comparable force. I then had an idea. Since George Floyd is in his ghost form, salt is a possible way to stop him. I went upstairs to the kitchen and grabbed the bottle of table salt. I then went back down to the basement. Dad was being overpowered by George Floyd. I quickly poured all the salt on George Floyd's head. He retracted his arm, and dad pushed him off of him. George Floyd dropped the needle, now in a weakened state.

I saw a vacuum in the corner of the room. I plugged it into the nearest outlet and started sucking in George Floyd's ghost. I let the vacuum on, to ensure that he can never escape. Dad and I exited the basement and ran away as fast as we could. We then left the building, and then went inside the car and sped away.

We drove for a long time, digesting everything that just happened. I looked at the rear view mirror and saw nothing thankfully. I told dad that it is safe to turn back and go home. He agreed.

Once we made it back home, we told mom everything that happened. She hugged both of us. Mom and dad then apologized to me for being nigger lovers, before this all happened. I had a sigh of relief. I was just glad that they are finally starting to become based. With all my apparent side effects from the vaccine itself, they now believe that vaccinations are a poison. It is something that the government uses to kill off the population, unnoticed.

Moral of the story, do not, under any circumstance, take the COVID vaccination, especially if a nigger is administering it.

I Know the Real Reason why Derek Chauvin was Found Guilty

As most of us know by now, Derek Chauvin was found guilty of the murder of George Floyd. I am writing this post, because I myself know the true reason why they deemed Derek guilty. I will begin by putting things into context.

Let me start by introducing myself. My name is Nate Higgers. I am a spy who works at a research company called Golden Nigger Corps. Golden Nigger Corps is an organization that emphasizes their research focus on the study of niggerology.

Now, I will not get into very much detail on the topic of niggerology because I am in a hurry typing this. Niggerology is the science of studying why black people behave the way they do, and how they came to be on this planet. The organization frequently conducts biological studies, some of which I have participated in, such as analyzing monkey DNA to see why apes and niggers are so interrelated. We would also dissect the brains of black people, to find out why their IQs are so low.

Most recently, I was assigned the task of observing the entire Derek Chauvin trial of April 20th, 2021.

On the day before the trial, I was at my day job at the Golden Nigger Corps facility, writing up some reports in my office. As I was finishing up the introduction paragraph, my phone rang. I was on a roll, so the sound startled me a bit. It was a call from my boss, Captain Garland. I picked up the phone to answer it.

“Hello, I have an important proposition for you, Agent Higgers,” Garland immediately said, as if it would be a very important order. “Tomorrow is going to be a big day. You need to get over to the court and spectate the final Derek Chauvin trial. They will be announcing the verdict.”

“Okay. But what am I supposed to be looking for?” I asked. “I don’t see how this has anything to do with niggerology,

“Look, we all know Derek Chauvin never murdered that drug monkey George Floyd. The thing is, the jurors may still verdict Chauvin as guilty. I am assigning you this because there has to be a reason why this may happen. This will be no easy task, so I have assigned agent Ronnie McNutt to come with you.”

“Okay, very well. By the way, does Agent McNutt still need to do therapy before every mission?” I asked.

“Nah, he went over his ugly ass girlfriend, Autumn Equinox,” Garland replied. “Ronnie has been able to cope with what had happened last summer lately.”

“Alright then, I’ll go meet up with him and we will sort things out. Have a good day boss.”

Many of you reading this are wondering how the hell we have Ronnie McNutt on our team. It was a long story, so I will try to explain things concisely. The Golden Nigger Corps is constantly developing technology in secret. We have all kinds of futuristic equipment being worked on, such as the Nigger Destroyer 3000, and the Liberal Terminator.

Shortly after Ronnie McNutt killed himself, we kidnapped the dog who slurped his blood, and extracted all the blood from his stomach. The blood is very important for collecting Ronnie’s DNA. We were in the testing stage of our resurrection chamber, so this was the perfect opportunity to see if it works.

Our lead scientist inserted Ronnie’s blood sample into the machine. We got Ronnie McNutt resurrected in the form of a human cyborg. Since Ronnie was a faggot LGBTQ supporter who contributed nothing to society in his previous life, we decided to hire him as an assistant spy to give him an opportunity to finally contribute to society.

I exited my office and made my way to Agent McNutt’s office. I saw him in his leather jacket, playing Fortnite on his gaming laptop.

“Hey Ronnie, did you get the call from Captain Garland?” I asked as I barged into his office. Ronnie looked up from his laptop screen.

“Shut up Agent Higgers, I'm trying to get some shotgun kills for the victory royale,” Ronnie said, annoyed. He then looked back down to his laptop screen. I heard the typical Fortnite shotgun noises. I walked toward his desk, grabbed his laptop, and cracked it with my knee.

“This is important, Agent McNutt,” I said in a more serious tone.

“Okay, yes I got the phone call. I was just waiting for you to come to my office, so I started up a quick Fortnite match to pass the time. Let's get to work.”

Ronnie McNutt hesitantly closed his cracked laptop and then I signaled him to follow me. We walked across the facility to get to the equipment room. The Golden Nigger Corps facility is quite a large one, so as usual, it takes quite a while to get there. As we walked the hallways, we were greeted by fellow co-workers. One of the combat specialists, Helena, even waved hello at me. I have always had a crush on Helena. The combat specialists' job is usually to go on mild nigger genocide missions. That combined with her pornstaresque body turns me on at the sight of her. She is a based woman as well. She makes the best George Floyd memes on the planet.

Once Ronnie and I made it to the equipment room, I inserted my key card in the door socket. The light flashed green in response, indicating the door was opening. I let Ronnie in first, then I followed. The equipment room is gigantic, at almost the size of a football field. Ronnie and I went inside the quick-change chamber, which is a machine that can equip users with all the spy gear essentials. I also grabbed the nigger goggles, which allows the wearer to see black people more easily in an infrared interface. I of course grabbed a nigger destroyer 3000, just in case.

I had a thought that there was going to be a ton of nigger monkeys near the courtroom to riot.

I kept a close eye on Ronnie the whole time. The equipment room has a large range of specialized guns. If Ronnie gets close to one of these, it is possible that he might grab one and blow his brains out again. Cloning him again requires a huge resource cost, so I felt it was best to take this precaution.

Once we were done sorting our gear, we left the equipment room and headed to the airport, where we will begin our flight to Minneapolis.

As we were getting our luggage through the airport security, I heard a loud alarm sound.

“We have detected a shotgun in the bag of Ronald McNutt!” a security guard announced. I looked at the bag. I did see a shotgun peeking out of the zipper. I looked at Ronnie.

“You idiot! Why the hell did you bring your shotgun?” I asked Ronnie angrily.

“I dunno. I brought it in case I see something traumatizing on our mission, so I could shoot myself again,” he replied.

“Well it doesn't matter. You know we will bring you back to life again anyway, so why even bother? Also, I thought you already have had enough therapy by now.”

“Yeah, good point. I should not have brought my shotgun,” Ronnie said apologetically.

The security guard confiscated the shotgun and let us proceed. I was thankful that they didn't kick us out of the airport. We picked up the remainder of our baggage at the end of the airport security room, and then entered the waiting room. The flight wasn't to start until 2 hours, so we still had plenty of time. Ronnie and I decided to troll some LGBTQ members to pass the time.

We had a ton of fun making the colored hair fags cry, so it made the 2 hours go by quickly. We then finally boarded onto the airplane. Ronnie and I sat next to each other. The plane was a 2 seat each side aircraft, so thankfully we didn't have to be too close to any niggers. I looked around the plane and saw a very familiar man. He was wearing a particular cardboard crown. I then immediately recognized him. It was the Burger King crown man. He was sitting by himself. All of a sudden, I saw an obese black girl kick him in the stomach.

“Ah shit, she kneeled me in the stomach! Kick that nigger bitch off the plane!” the burger king man demanded.

The flight attendants were apparently nigger lovers, because they refused to kick her off. This made me quite angry, so I quietly pulled out the nigger destroyer 3000 and zapped the nigger bitch. She instantly vanished into thin air. I quickly hid the nigger destroyer 3000 before anyone could see. I went over to the burger king crown man to get an autograph from the legend himself.

After everybody got things settled, the airplane launched. I pulled out my Nintendo switch and played a video game called Black Lives Splatter. It is a game where you are a character driving a car, running over all kinds of nigger criminals. It

has always been my favorite way to pass the time in an airplane. After around 30 minutes, I got air sick, so I took some time to enjoy the view through the airplane window. But when I did, something odd happened. Have you ever got the feeling that you are being watched? Well, I had that exact feeling. You see, I was sitting on the seat toward the window, while Ronnie was sitting on the inner part. I swear I had seen a reflection of a big nose face on the window. I brushed it off as my brain was playing tricks on me. The flight was only 2 hours since Minneapolis is quite close to the town where I live. The plane landed with a loud thud.

“Shiet, I hit my head again, I thought it was going to crack open again!” Ronnie yelled.

Before we exited the aircraft, I greeted the burger king man goodbye. I still couldn’t believe I was in the same airplane as that hero. Ronnie and I went through the final airport security process, and then I called for a taxi driver to drive us to a hotel. The taxi driver was a nigger, so I pulled out my nigger destroyer 3000 and told him to fuck off and call me a new driver, who isn’t black. The black man then called a white taxi driver for me. The white taxi driver arrived at the same location and Ronnie and I went in the cab.

“Take us to the nearest hotel,” I requested.

He drove away, from the west side of the airport. I looked out of the car window to observe the city of Minneapolis. There were a lot of nigger monkeys rioting, presumably all day. I was honestly grateful that I do not live in this town. We even passed by Cup Foods, which is the place where George Floyd died from his fentanyl overdose. But something caught my eye. It was easy to miss, but right on the exact part of the sidewalk, I saw a transparent figure laying down. I squinted to see its face, and I recognized it was the exact same face as I saw at the airplane window reflection. It was that same face with the ridiculously large nose and lips. I again brushed it off to my imagination, due to my lack of sleep. Nevertheless, I was spooked at such a sight.

Meanwhile, we finally made it to the hotel. It appeared to be a worn out building, with dull colors, because of the torn paint.

It wasn’t exactly somewhere a vacationer would like to stay in. But I knew that we would only stay for one night, so I didn’t care about it too much. I paid the taxi driver, and then Ronnie and I exited the cab.

The hotel lobby looked no different than the exterior. We even saw spiderwebs on the corners of the room. We met up with the receptionist at the counter.

“One single king-sized bedroom please,” I requested.

“Can I get your names please,” he asked.

“My name is Nate Higgers and my mate right here is Ronnie McNutt,” I introduced ourselves.

“Hey man, we don’t have time for jokes here. Please give your real names”.

“Nah, these are our real names. Why do you think we are pulling off a joke? Are you making fun of our names?” I asked.

“First off, the name Nate Higgers is a meme name, as a way to make people think they are reading ‘hate niggers’ instead of Nate Higgers”.

“No, that is actually my name. I legally changed my first and last name to Nate Higgers because I hate niggers. I’ll show you my driver’s license,” I said, as I pulled out my wallet and showed him my driver’s license, with my name on it.

“Okay, fair enough. But your friend's name is Ronnie McNutt. I know that he should be dead. I watched the suicide video myself, and it was hella funny I have to admit. And how the hell does he look exactly like Ronnie McNutt?”.

I glanced at Ronnie. He looked hurt.

“Nah, this guy right here is just Ronnie McNutt’s twin. His father is one of those morons who names his kids the exact same name,” I replied.

I knew we looked like idiots right now, but no way he would believe me if I told him that he was looking at the real Ronnie, who we brought back to life. Ronnie showed him his driver’s license.

“Okay, very well. You guys will stay in room 666, alright? Here are the keys. Have fun,” the receptionist said.

I was a bit shocked at the room number, but we were only going to stay for one night, so again, I didn’t care. We made our way to room 666. The hotel hallways matched the lobby. Spider webs were not uncommon and most of the wall paint was wearing off. It reminded me of the house from the movie The Conjuring. It was especially unsettling due to the room number we

were about to go to. The journey to our hotel room was rather time consuming, since the hotel doesn't have any elevators, and the fact that our room was a high number. We had to walk up 9 stairs in order to get to the correct floor. We were met with a door with the number 666 printed on it. I inserted the key and twisted it. However, the door wouldn't budge. I kept pressing the key in the keyhole harder, and eventually got the door to open. I was not surprised at all, given how old the hotel looked. Ronnie and I stepped inside the room. To my surprise, the room didn't look too bad compared to the rest of the hotel. I guessed the hotel cleaners only cared about doing a good job on the rooms and forgetting about the other parts of the hotel. It was 11 o'clock PM at this point, so we needed to get to sleep soon. As all spies know, getting a good night's rest is crucial for being focused for the next day's mission. I placed my baggage on the cabinet beside the king size bed. As we only paid for a single king-sized bedroom, Ronnie and I had to sleep in the same bed.

As I was closing my eyes to finally sleep after a long day, I heard a weird flapping sound. It sounded a bit close to me, so I turned on the night light. I didn't see anything, until I looked at Ronnie's side of the bed. I saw the lower part of his blanket moving up and down. I then moved my view to the direction of his face. He was looking at his phone. I took a quick peep at his phone screen. There were nudes of his girlfriend, Equinox Autumn, on his phone screen. I then knew exactly what he was doing: he was jerking off to the photos.

"Bro, why are you still jerking off to that ugly ass bitch, right beside me? That is nasty!" I said to him in disgust.

"I am sorry. The reason why I was able to cope without therapy lately, is because I had been nutting to pictures of Equinox every night. It's been keeping me from having suicidal thoughts," Ronnie said.

"Okay, but just don't do it right beside me"

Ronnie put away his phone agreeingly, and we both went back to sleep. However, I was still hearing strange noises. They sounded like they were coming from within the bedroom. I turned the night light back on to see what was happening this time. I looked around the room, from left to right, front to back, and down to up. I then saw it. It was right up on the ceiling. It was a monkey-like creature that was somehow gripping on the smooth walls. I took a closer look at its face. What I saw shocked me to the core. It was the face of George Floyd. It was staring right back at me, menacingly. I tried to wake up Ronnie, but my body was frozen. The creature then opened its mouth to speak.

"I am the ghost of George Floyd. Send me all the pregnant belly pics or else I will haunt you," it said in an eerie voice.

I just shut my eyes, hoping this is just a sleep paralysis dream. I tried all kinds of methods to get out of sleep paralysis, such as wiggling my toes, making my way to my upper body.

To my relief, it worked. The creature was no longer in my sight. I struggled to go back to sleep because of the ordeal, but I still managed it.

The next morning, I was awoken by my phone's alarm clock. I was tired as hell, so I reached out to try to click the snooze button.

"Wake up agent Higgers, today's the big day. Get your ass up," Ronnie demanded me.

I immediately sprang out of bed. Part of me forgot about the mission, since I was so tired. We skipped breakfast because of how quickly we needed to get to the courtroom. Once again, we used a cab to get there. Thankfully, we were met with another white taxi driver.

"Drive us to the Minneapolis courtroom quickly sir," I requisitioned.

He stomped on the pedal and sped. The hotel isn't exactly at an ideal location for somebody who wants to go to the Minneapolis courtroom fast. I sort of regretted simply picking the nearest hotel to the airport. As we were speeding, I remembered what happened last night.

"Hey Ronnie, did you see that demonic creature last night, or was I just dreaming?" I asked.

"Nah, I was asleep," Ronnie replied.

After a 10 minute drive, we finally made it to the courtroom. Ronnie and I exited the cab and ran to the entrance. By the time we were there, I realized that I had forgotten to pay the taxi driver, but when I looked back, he was gone. I guess not every superhero wears a cape.

I cracked open the suitcase which contained all of the spy gear we needed for this mission. Both Ronnie and I put on our invisibility cloaks, and each of us equipped a nigger destroyer 3000. We were expecting a lot of rioting niggers there, so it is best to be safe. Of course, I kept an eye on Ronnie just in case he ever felt the need to shoot himself in the head again. Even though the nigger destroyer was designed to only disintegrate black people, it can still be lethal to other races. We turned on our

invisibility cloaks, so that the first line security guard will not suspect that we are trying to sneak in to sabotage the trial or anything sketchy. The invisibility cloak suits which Golden Nigger Corps developed are not perfect to the point where the naked eye could never tell somebody is there. It is only surrounded by cameras and one giant flexible screen which projects the environment. If one looks close enough, they can tell that there are pixels.

Ronnie and I tiptoed behind the first line security guards. It was rather easy, since they didn't seem to care about their job too much and we did make quite a bit of noise. Now at this point, I had zero clue on how this building is layed out, so I did not know which room the courtroom was. It was going to take some guess work to figure it out. There weren't any signs that indicated which component of the building is where, which makes things even more difficult. Ronnie and I just continued to explore the building. It was the best thing we could do at the moment. I then saw some construction workers working on a renovation. One of them was standing on a ladder, painting a wall yellow. I then had an idea. The ceiling is made up of tiles. If I could climb up the ladder and then detach a ceiling tile, we could enter one of the vents to quickly navigate the building. I pulled out my nigger destroyer 3000 and aimed it at that construction worker.

“Um I don’t know if this is a good idea. Those construction workers aren’t black, so it won’t instantly kill them, and they might know our location,” Ronnie said.

Ronnie was right. We needed another way to gain access to the ladder without suspicion. I shot the paint bucket instead to get it to spill. The construction workers then looked around. Ronnie and I attempted to stay as still as possible. Thankfully, they didn’t notice us. They stopped what they were doing to get another paint bucket. This bought us time to use the ladder to get inside the vent. I climbed up the ladder and then successfully entered the vent. I then motioned Ronnie to get into the vent next. He climbed up the ladder but was not able to fit in the vent easily. He was too fat. I guess he was one of those people who inflate their progress at the gym, judging by his Instagram before and after fitness transformation which show no apparent change.

Eventually, Ronnie squeezed in the vent. We went in deeper, to have a better view of the building. After we crawled about 100 meters in, I heard an echoing voice. Ronnie and I crawled to the direction of where the voice seemed to be coming from. The voice was getting louder and louder, indicating the increasing proximity. We eventually were met with a dead-end with a series of small pores. At this point, the voice sounded as if it were right next to us. I peeked through the hole. The first thing I saw was a familiar looking face. It was Derek Chauvin, sitting at his desk, with a concerned expression. I looked around. I saw the man from where the voice was coming from. He appeared to be a judge. From my observations, we have made it to the courtroom. I pulled out my video camera to record through the vent holes, while maintaining focus with my naked eye as well.

“Ronnie, pass me the nigger goggles please”, I whispered.

Ronnie quietly zipped open the suitcase, and then handed me the nigger goggles. I needed it in case some monkey protesters tried to break into the courtroom. I put on the goggles and turned on the infrared feature. I then peeked into the vent holes again and observed. At first, everything seemed normal. I didn’t see any apparent Black Lives Matter rioters through the walls. However, when I looked at the judge, I noticed a tall yellow light standing right behind him. This is an indicator that a nigger is inside the room. I took off my goggles, but I didn’t see anyone behind the judge with my naked eye. I then put back the infrared goggles. I saw the yellow light indicator behind the judge, once again.

“Ronnie, the nigger goggles have detected something strange behind the judge, you should check it out,” I whispered, handing over the goggles to Ronnie.

Ronnie and I switched places, and then he put on the goggles to observe the courtroom this time.

“Yeah, I see a yellow light right behind the judge, yet there was nobody behind him when I looked without the goggles,” Ronnie said.

I then got an idea.

“Ronnie, give me the goggles. I’ll try to see if i can maybe shoot the orange light with the nigger destroyer 3000,” I said.

Ronnie handed me back the goggles and then I equipped them. I looked through the vent holes, while inserting the nozzle of the nigger destroyer 3000 through another hole. I aimed the weapon towards the yellow light, and then pulled the trigger. I have successfully landed the shot directly on it. The yellow light then started to flash. I then took off the goggles to see what was happening in real time. When I did, what I saw still haunts me to this day.

What I saw was that same George Floyd demon creature which I saw in the hotel bedroom last night. It was there, standing right behind the judge, at a motionless state. Nobody in the room seemed to notice its presence. I was in a frozen state,

not knowing what to do. I had this feeling that if I try to notify the people, the George Floyd demon will vanish. I just kept observing closely. Ronnie then joined me on the observation,

“Nate, what the hell is that thing? It does not look human,” Ronnie whispered in a panicked manner.

I didn’t respond. I was too shocked to say a word. I just kept my eyes on that thing. The George Floyd demon then slowly approached the judge from the back. It was not moving its legs at all. As I am writing this, I wish I had warned the courtroom of what was happening. But at the time, I didn’t want to reveal my presence as this was a spying mission in the first place. The George Floyd demon then slowly placed both of its hands on the judge’s shoulders. Yet, nobody in the room noticed it at all, including the judge himself. The George Floyd demon then started to ascend into the air, pushing himself even closer to the judge. In fact, it was getting so close that it was starting to merge into his body. I looked at Ronnie with my peripheral vision. He was just as shocked as I was. I returned my full focus onto the judge.

The George Floyd demon at this point had merged most of his mass into the judge. It hasn’t been long until it was completely submerged into his body. Something then caught my eye. It was something about the judge’s eyes. They no longer had pupils. All that I was able to see was the whites of his eyes. I had not listened to the dialogue of the trial the entire time, but enough time has passed for now being the announcement of whether Derek is guilty or not. The judge looked to be very spastic, yet nobody noticed. I inspected all the jurors in the courtroom and saw that all of them had no visible pupils. The exact same thing had happened to them.

They were now announcing the verdict. I looked at Derek. He was still normal looking, except the fact he looked anxious about the results. All of the jury, one by one confirmed their verdict of Derek being guilty. Derek was then arrested. It was surely a disappointing sight to see, but the only thing I was thinking about at the time was the George Floyd demon.

Ronnie and I felt like we investigated everything that we needed, so I stopped the video camera recording, and then we left the courtroom. At the parking lot, we heard a ton of nigger monkeys celebrating at the results. I shot them with my nigger destroyer 3000 without hesitation, because my anger toward the verdict results was forming.

Ronnie and I then took a cab to the airport to fly back to our hometown, where we will debrief all of the evidence. Meanwhile, 3 hours have passed, and we have returned back home. It was evening, so there was still some time to do some analysis.

Ronnie and I arrived at the Golden Nigger Corpse facility to call for an organizational meeting. Everybody who worked at the company, including my boss, met up at the conference room. I played back the video of what I had recorded of the trial. Since the camera does not have the infrared capabilities of which the nigger goggles had, it only picked up the moment when the George Floyd demonic creature mysteriously placed its hands and then absorbed itself into the judge, and then the rest of the jury. After playing back the clip around 5 times, realization hit me and it all started to make sense.

I had a flashback to when I saw the face of George Floyd when the taxi drove by Cup Foods. I remembered when I saw the big nosed face on the reflection of the airplane window when we were on our way to Minneapolis. I then recalled the exact words which the George Floyd demon creature growled at me in the hotel room:

“I am the ghost of George Floyd. Send me all the pregnant belly pics or else I will haunt you”

I had thought it was a sleep paralysis dream, but it turns out it wasn’t. I reached the conclusion that George Floyd’s spirit followed me from the point where the airplane crossed his gravestone, all the way to the hotel room. I did not listen to his request for pregnant belly pics, which led him to haunt me. He followed Ronnie and I to the courtroom, and then he ultimately conducted a demonic possession on the jury, in order to get them to announce Derek Chauvin guilty.

After I explained this all to my co-workers, they ended up just laughing at me for making up a horror story. But I know for myself that it is all real. Because they thought I was trying to pull off a joke about the ghost of George Floyd, my boss fired Ronnie and I from the job.

Ronnie ended up shooting himself with his shotgun again because he couldn’t find a new job. Since this organization is supposed to be kept in secret, I had to agree not to share a single detail about this company. But here I am, typing this on the subreddit called no sleep. I just want the world to know the real reason why Derek Chauvin was found guilty. George Floyd’s spirit is still out there, initiating demonic possessions to get revenge. This should also serve as a warning to you all: if George Floyd’s spirit ever threatens you for pregnant belly pics, please, listen to him. It is not worth the consequences.

If you see George Floyd in a Roblox Game, Leave the Server Immediately

Before I tell you what happened, I have to tell you some information about myself. I am a 19-year-old professional gamer who plays all sorts of games from Fall Guys to Pong. Ok, now I can tell you the story.

This took place at the beginning of June when the Black Lives Matter monkeys were still constantly rioting and looting. No matter where I went, I saw black squares everywhere. I couldn't fucking avoid it. So I decided to play some Roblox to get my mind off of this BLM crap. I played several different games, but the game where this shit took down was an FPS game called Arsenal. Every Roblox player knows this game, it's the most popular shooter game on the site.

I hopped in and played a few rounds. I was on my 5th game of the session when I noticed that a black player with a tank top and jeans appeared on the leaderboard. I didn't think much of it at first but then very abnormal things started happening. I noticed that the same black person who was on the leaderboard didn't have any skin equipped and had his normal Roblox avatar on. Every Arsenal player knows that there are skins in the game and that it's impossible to have your normal character as a skin in the game.

I opened the username leaderboard to see what his username was. It was GeorgeFloyd. I then got mad that I was reminded about the BLM shit that I was trying to avoid, so I tried leaving the game. But it wouldn't let me. I clicked on it several times, but I wasn't leaving the game. I knew it wasn't my computer because my computer has 50 GB of ram, which is absolutely unnecessarily large as 16 GB is more than enough for any computer. I tried to turn my computer off, but then I heard a voice that said, "You cannot escape me."

I figured it was just my imagination playing with me, but then when I tried shutting it down again, the Roblox game forced me into it and a big text displayed that said: "You are all mine. You will not escape until I get Fentanyl and Pregnant belly Pics."

I then noticed that GeorgeFloyd started walking towards a player with a female skin. He then took out a knife and threatened to stab her. I noticed her belly started expanding. What was even scarier is that I could hear him talking in the game, everybody knows that Roblox does not have voice chat. He then started lying down on her belly and said, "This is just as good as a pregnant belly pic."

Everybody in the chat was so confused and scared just like I was. But then GeorgeFloyd took a spinner out, it looked like it had all of our usernames on it. He spun it and it landed on 1993DaihatsuCharade, which is my Roblox username. GeorgeFloyd walked directly towards me and jumped through my computer screen. He pointed a gun at my belly and said, "Give me your pregnant belly pics."

I told him I was a guy and that it is impossible for me to get pregnant. He then started making monkey noises and started throwing objects at me. I tried to get out of my room, but the nigga monkey was too fast. It grabbed me by my throat and slammed down on my neck. He then pulled out a witchcraft book and then started making more monkey noises. I then felt very peculiar, and when I looked down at my body I started panicking. My lungs were being detached from my body. I was starting to choke.

"I can't breathe!" I tried to yell in a muffled voice.

"Yes, finally, all the air in the world," GeorgeFloyd said.

But then the police busted into my room. One of the cops ran in and body slammed GeorgeFloyd and started kneeling on his neck. While GeorgeFloyd was getting kneeled on, the other cops helped bring my lungs back into my body. After a few seconds, I was finally able to breathe again.

After a few minutes, GeorgeFloyd was severely weakened and then one of the cops told me "Wanna finish him off." I said fuck yeah and then jumped up and slammed his neck instantly killing him. I felt so proud of killing that nigga. But then I heard a voice from GeorgeFloyd again.

"I'll be back," he said in a creepy voice.

But I didn't care, I went back to my computer and then left the game. I was actually able to leave it this time. I think it's safe to say I won't be playing Roblox for a while. But I was curious about this GeorgeFloyd Roblox thing, so I went into incognito mode on my computer and looked up George Floyd ROBLOX hacking. I saw several discussion boards about the situation and that to be able to leave the game you have to kill GeorgeFloyd in real life. So from the looks of it, he keeps coming back to life so he can just torture people. Apparently, it's his revenge for being kneeled on. He has also been banned by Roblox over 50 times but keeps unbanning himself by hacking that can only be achieved with fentanyl. I also saw that if you leave a roblox game server within 5 seconds of GeorgeFloyd entering the game, you can avoid all of this shit.

So, to all of my fellow Robloxians out there, make sure you constantly check the leaderboard. If you see somebody named GeorgeFloyd enter, get the hell out of there ASAP. And as always, fuck niggas.

We Biologically Engineered the Floydosaurus

It might sound crazy, but I work as a scientist for a company that resurrects prehistoric organisms. This scopes from the earliest living creatures, even before the dinosaurs roamed, to the ice age. Our main reason for doing this is to sell them in the black market. Billionaires would participate in our online auctions, bidding millions of dollars for even a castrated specimen. To be honest, I really loved the job from the start. I took part in several cloning projects, such as the triceratops, mammoth, tyrannosaurus, and the velociraptor. However, what happened recently makes me question whether or not I should quit the job.

As exciting as the job is, there comes nasty dangers. Keep in mind, I am not supposed to leak classified information to the public, so as I am typing this, I will not use my real name. As a placeholder, I will call myself Will Komen. I will also not reveal the name of the organization in any shape or form. Secondly, I will refer to prehistoric creatures as dinosaurs, for the sake of simplicity. Before I tell everything that happened, I need to give some context. Specifically, the process in how we genetically clone these ancient species.

The steps that we undertake in order to do this are not too far off from what you learn in the typical high school biology textbook. In short, we still extract the DNA from the organism — in our case, a fossil. However, there are a few key additional differences, excluding the fact that we use fossils as the DNA source.

For one, we require the brain genetics of black people. You see, ancient fossils lack the cognitive gene, since brain cells tend to dissolve much faster than other types of flesh. The reason why we choose to use black people, is because niggers have a similar brain structure as dinosaurs. Another key difference in the process, is the use of the nigger gene splicer 3000. This is technology which we developed from within the organization, so no one else has access to it. How it works is, it connects the DNA strands of nigger brain genes with the strands from prehistoric DNA. This process can take three to six months. As a result, this creates a nucleic chain, which contains all of the genetic code we need. The last step is to implant this chain into a nigger female ovary, who will then give birth to the baby dinosaur. The DNA splicer is designed to create super-fast developing embryos, which speeds up the gestation process from 9 months to 12 hours. Primarily, we use black prisoner chicks as the birthing slaves. Unsurprisingly, it is an extremely painful process for them, given how large baby dinosaurs are. But who the fuck cares? Niggers deserve the pain anyway. Now, I have provided enough information to be able to explain everything that happened.

It was a late Saturday night, just relaxing from a long week of research work. I was watching some YouTube videos on my laptop. As demanding as being a scientist is, I am not required to do much work-related activities over the weekend. Work life balance is a priority in this organization, which is another reason why I loved it so much.

I was a couple hours into my web surfing, when I received a Gmail notification from the manager of the organization's cloning department, named Vector. Even though we don't really do work at home, it is still mandatory to check corporate emails as soon as possible. I paused the YouTube video and clicked the little notification bubble. The email read:

“Greetings Dr. Will Komen, our team has just discovered an extremely efficient way to clone dinosaurs. This can save millions of dollars in cloning costs and resources. We visited the tombstones of some of the most known retarded niggers on the planet. After a hefty search, we came across George Floyds corpse. We extracted his brain cells and did some analysis. We dug up some fantastic results. George Floyds brain structure is the most similar that of a dinosaur, out of all the hundreds of thousands of niggers we’ve tested thus far. We believe this can speed up the DNA splicing process by ninety times. Come to the master laboratory first thing on Monday. I will see you then.”

This was major news. The splicing time reduction was the most impressive thing that I noticed. As I mentioned before, the DNA splicing process takes three to six months. Because of how exciting it is to bring an extinct dinosaur back to life, it will make it much easier to wait.

After the weekend passed, Monday came. I arrived at the laboratory and saw Vector, along with my co-workers. Work has not officially started, so we waited a few moments until we got started.

“Attention everyone! As you’ve all been notified by email, we found a way to significantly reduce the cost and efficiency of cloning dinosaurs. Today will be a special day. In this initial demonstration of our discovery, I will allow all of you

to sit back and relax, while the geneticists splice George Floyd's brain DNA with the fossil fragments of a Spinosaurus specimen."

We watched as a group of geneticists walked into the room. They were all struggling to carry this one large, rectangular box. It looked to be at least seven feet long. Once they were a fair distance away from the walls of the laboratory, they dropped the box, in exhaustion. Vector fished his pocket and pulled out a key. He then inserted it into a socket, which was right on the lid of the giant box. An extremely prominent, rotten smell then emerged into the room, as he lifted the lid. All of us plugged our noses as he continued to open the box. At last, we saw what was in it.

At first, I thought it was a life size chimpanzee statue. But after closer inspection, I realized that it was actually the dead corpse of George Floyd. I looked at it in awe. A female geneticist, named Dr. Heather Wilcock, along with another, lifted his body and then gently placed it on the closest workstation. I eyeballed her facial expressions. She appeared to be staring at George Floyd's cock. I tapped her in the shoulder and gave her a disgusted look. She guiltily looked away.

Vector instructed her to start cutting. Dr. Wilcock pulled an Xacto knife from the cabinet and started digging in George Floyd's head. Brown fluid gushed from the head.

"You are all welcome to leave the room if you want," Vector said.

I myself am used to watching gore, so this was not a big deal to me. Some of my coworkers did look away, however. The woman finally cracked open George Floyd's skull, and got access to his brain. It was a very unusual color. Frankly, the color of the brain alters when a person has been dead for a while, usually a light pale color. But George Floyd's brain was a very deep black color. Almost pitch black. Dr. Wilcock cut off a tiny piece of the brain and put it inside a glass container. I almost puked at the sight. Not from the incision though. I was just perplexed at the strange color. She inserted the glass container inside the DNA splicing machine.

I saw Vector motion the other geneticist to grab something from the room next door, which was the master fossil collection.

With all of them putting maximum effort, they managed to bring in a very long, slightly curved piece of bone. I studied it carefully and recognized what creature it was from. It is the sail of a Spinosaurus. Out of all dinosaurs that existed in prehistory, the Spinosaurus has always been the one that intrigued me the most. I looked at the sail in awe, even though I've seen one at least a hundred times during my career thus far.

The group of geneticists who welded the Spinosaurus sail passed it to Dr. Wilcock. She then threw it into the large cauldron of the DNA splicer. Vector had a remote in his hand, which controls the splicer. He pushed a few buttons, which then initiated a humming sound coming from the splicer. The splicer lit up, indicating that the power was on. The George Floyd brain fragment was being pulled into the insides of the machine, while the Spinosaurus sail was being grounded up in the cauldron, until it was in pieces small enough to fall inside of the machine.

"Alright guys and gals, this should take up to 2 days!" Vector said.

We all resumed back to our normal jobs. I went to my office to continue my usual research work. Nothing interesting compared to the new discovery, so nothing worth mentioning. The day went by slowly, due to my excitement to see the results.

When I laid in bed the following night, I was tossing and turning, unable to get my mind on to something else. I never managed to pass out, because at around 2 AM, I got a phone call from Vector. I answered it, still feeling groggy.

"Hello? What the hell are you doing calling me at 2 O' Clock in the morning?" I asked.

"Come to the laboratory RIGHT NOW!" Vector yelled.

"Tell me what is going on, because I was trying to sleep."

"I'll explain to you when you get here."

Driving there was a drag. I was jaded at the inconvenience. Once I arrived, I noticed that there was smoke coming out of the building. I went in, with growing concern. I ran through the halls, and then into the laboratory. I saw Vector, standing right next to the DNA splicing machine. He had an excited smile on his face, with a small dish in his hand.

"It turns out, the George Floyd brain gene is even more closely related to dinosaurs than we thought. The splicing process was already completed an hour ago!" Vector exclaimed.

He brought the dish closer to my face. There I saw it, the nucleic chain containing Spinosaurus DNA combined with George Floyd's brain genetics. I forgave Vector for calling me here so late. This was truly a discovery that will make history. A man then entered the lab through the door. It was Dr. Jayesh, who is the gynecologist of the organization. Dr. Jayesh is a pajeet

Indian, so he made a good candidate to do that sort of work. Vector handed him the dish and directed him to the birthing room, and for me to follow him.

We entered the birthing room, which had a black nigger criminal chick chained into a bed. She appeared to be asleep. Jayesh prepared a syringe which was to inject the nucleic chain into her ovary. Dr. Jayesh first administered anesthesia, so that she doesn't wake up and thrash around which makes it difficult to accurately locate the ovaries. He then finally injected the nucleic chain. We were now to wait half a day for the egg to develop into a baby Spinosaurus. We returned to the laboratory to meet back with Vector. We told him that the injection was a success. He let us go for the night.

When I arrived home, I was quite tired, so I fell asleep quite quickly. The next morning, it was a struggle to wake up. I had to wake up at 7:30 AM to go back to work. However, I was excited to see the new Spinosaurus, so it gave me a burst of motivation to get up.

Fast forward to noon, the birthing process was ready. I arrived at the birthing room, to see that nigger criminal chick in pain. Dr. Jayesh was at the other side of the bed, focusing on the baby.

The baby Spinosaurus squirmed out at last. However, something was off about the baby. Its body was normal, the typical physique of a healthy baby Spinosaurus. However, when I looked at its head, what I saw shocked me.

Its head was not that of a Spinosaurus at all. It was the head of George Floyd. I looked at Dr. Jayesh. He looked as stunned as I was. Dr. Jayesh picked up the strange Floydosaurus hybrid to inspect it closely.

"Behold, the Floydosaurus!" Dr. Jayesh exclaimed. But all of a sudden, it bit Dr. Jayesh's head off, similarly to the death of Ronnie McNutt. I screamed and ran out of the room and locked myself out. I peeked through the bulletproof window. The baby Floydosaurus was staring right at the nigger criminal chick's belly, while salivating. I knew exactly what was going to happen. It lunged at her and ate her stomach. I will spare the details, even as a man who is desensitized to gore. The baby Floydosaurus then turned its head to me. I knew it was seeing me as its next meal. I turned to run away.

Not too long after, I heard glass breaking. It was strong enough to break through the bulletproof window. I looked back and it was already gaining on me. Luckily, I was near a secured door. I entered through it and locked it just before the George Floyd baby dinosaur reached me. It was then banging on the metal door, leaving major dents.

I went to the laboratory and told vector everything that happened. He pulled out his walkie talkie and ordered security to bring this thing down. Before long, I saw four armed men with tasers and guns. They went up in front of the door, which had all the dents caused by the baby Floydosaurus. Something told me that even with all of those weapons, it will not be enough to take that thing down.

Soon enough, I found out I was right. They opened the door and fired at the baby Floydosaurus. The bullets didn't penetrate its hide at all. One of the men used the taser on it, but it was no more effective than the bullets. The baby Floydosaurus killed all of them in a very short amount of time, almost at the speed of light. Vector and I looked at each other, wide eyed. We both instinctively ran to the nearest hiding spot, which was inside one of the laboratory work bench cabinets. It was large enough to contain both of us simultaneously. In fact, it also contained vials of chemicals. I then noticed that one of the vials contained fentanyl. That gave me an idea. As you all know, George Floyd is a fentanyl addict. I hypothesized that if the baby Floydosaurus consumes fentanyl, it will maybe calm down. We were out of other options at this point, so might as well give it a try.

I took the vial of fentanyl and exited the workbench cabinet. To my surprise, I was met with the baby Floydosaurus, which was already right next to it. I grabbed its head and force fed the fentanyl into its mouth. It then smiled, as if it was satisfied. I studied it for a bit longer. It did not show any anger toward me, indicating my plan was working. However, that didn't last very long.

I first noticed that its spine was growing in height. I then looked at the rest of its body. Its entire body was growing in size as well, very rapidly. I felt an overwhelming dread. Its initially small claws grew into banana sized sickles, the spine was now taller than I am, its tail became the length of a small car. I stepped back to look at the beast. The Floydosaurus's age was accelerated as the result of the fentanyl dosage, which instantly grew it to an adult fifty-foot-long lizard. Vector peeked out of the cabinet and stared at this monstrosity. We collectively got the signal to run away, and so we did.

Vector and I were headed to the exit of the building. I looked back and saw that the Floydosaurus was able to crawl in the narrow hallways. Thankfully though, it impeded its speed. We easily outran it because of that. Once we were out of the building, we were wondering what we should do about this creature.

I then had an idea. At the other side of our property was a football field sized barn, where we store our stock dinosaurs. I remembered that due to their large size, brontosaurus is low in demand. We could perhaps have a brontosaurus fight the Floydosaurus. We ran to the barn and vector unlocked the brontosaurus gate with his ID card. I held some leaves and waved it in front of the brontosaurus to get its attention. It looked at my hand, hungrily. Vector and I ran to the front door of the main building, with the brontosaurus following us. I opened the entrance to let out the Floydosaurus. It was already waiting for me, as if it knew that I was coming. I ran toward the brontosaurus, in order to kite the Floydosaurus toward it.

The Floydosaurus turned its attention to the brontosaurus and scratched its neck. This enraged the brontosaurus, although it was severely bleeding. It swiped its tail, hitting the Floydosaurus which caused it to fly backward. The Floydosaurus let out a loud roar. It charged at the brontosaurus on a quadrupedal stance and bit its front leg. The brontosaurus kicked its leg, trying to pry the Floydosaurus off. Eventually, this weakened it, and the Floydosaurus was on the ground. The brontosaurus then kneed on the Floydosaurus' neck. The Floydosaurus was struggling to breathe as the brontosaurus was dragging it with its knee.

After 10 minutes, the Floydosaurus was finally dead.

I let out a sigh of relief. The brontosaurus was severely injured. Vector and I led the brontosaurus back to its barn for it to rest. Everything that happened went by so quickly, that it was already late at night. I was more than done for today, with Vector being the same. I couldn't wait to get home so that I could comprehend everything that happened.

At last, I took a cold shower and replayed the events through my mind countless times. I mentioned earlier that I am not allowed to speak of anything about this organization to the public. However, since what we did caused a large number of deaths, I can not resist letting the public know. But what disturbed me the most was George Floyd's brain, and how it had that eerily black color. This might explain why George Floyd is so retarded, but this is something beyond the understanding of even the most experienced neurologists. Whatever it is, I don't think I even want to know.

I am considering quitting this job as I am typing this. With how close I died because of a scientific discovery we made, I don't think it is worth the risk.

Do Not Cut the George Floyd Tree

Being a lumberjack has been quite an intriguing career of mine. Something about cutting trees gives me a nice sense of accomplishment. It is the satisfying feeling of cutting through the splinters of the blunt object, combined with the hoarse sound. The smell of fresh wood also compliments the experience.

Now, after hearing this brief description of lumberjacking, it may seem like it's the perfect job. It is. It really is. However, what happened to me in the jobsite recently made me retire from cutting trees.

It was a nice warm day in August. The leaves were beginning to turn yellow, to prepare for fall. I drove my large semi-truck to the woods to begin my long day of work. I held on to my trusty axe and began chopping. The fresh odor, which was similar to the new book smell, did not fail to please me.

For those who have never had experience with cutting large thick trees, you usually have to make multiple incisions. That's what I had to do for the first tree. It wasn't nearly the largest tree I've found in my years of profession, but it is still important for the story.

After I used my chad-like strength to haul the lot of wood onto my truck, I drove it to the processing facility. Normally, I cut down dozens of trees before I take them there, but because it was a particularly large tree, it simply took up too much space in my semi-truck.

Once I arrived at the processing facility, I met up with the processing manager, Darius Azmayesh Fard.

“Wow, how did you gather this much wood so fast?” Darius asked.

“I have gotten lucky and found a large one quite quickly,” I responded.

Darius called in a team of storage men to help carry the load to the curing machines. Once we got all that sorted, I returned to my semi-truck, and drove back to the woods.

Once I arrived back, I looked beyond the front trees which were closest to me. I noticed that a lot of the trees in that particular forest were of a tremendous size, similar to the one I first cut.

I thought I had just hit a jackpot. But looking back, I wish I applied the philosophy that some things are too good to be true and turned back. But my excitement got the best of me, and I proceeded to cut down the gargantuan trees. As efficient as it was to have access to all that high quality wood, it took a lot of stamina for me to cut them. Luckily, I have a lot of built-up strength from lifting weights, so it wasn't too bad for me, compared to the average lumberjack.

It had taken me around four hours to cut down most of the thick trees, which comprised at least half of the entire forest. I went back to my semi-truck with the last load of wood for the morning and drove back to the processing facility to have my lunch break. Because of how much muscle work it takes for this job, eating even a simple sandwich felt like heaven.

After I finished my meal, I headed back to the forest to start cutting down the remaining half of the trees. Once I parked my semi-truck back to the site of the forest, I saw what the largest tree was I have ever seen in my life.

Now, I've been working in this industry for almost three decades, so it was a mighty sight. It was almost as tall and thick as an above average redwood tree. I also noticed that the tree secreted this strange white powdery substance from its branches. Whatever grew from this unknown species of tree was a mystery. I took out my phone to snap a few pictures. I went around the tree to get as many angles as I could. I could not wait to show my colleagues these. When I made it over to the back side of the tree, which faced the remaining half of the forest, I noticed a very peculiar pattern on the tree bark. It creepily resembled a human face, bearing a pair of eyes, a nose, and lips. Specifically, the nose and lips were quite large. It looked insanely like than criminal nigga, George Floyd.

George Floyd's face was a funny looking ugly monkey, so I took a few pictures of that face and sent them to my online racist friends. After having a few more good looks of that tree, I began cutting it. I took a huge swing at the base of the tree. To my surprise, I did not manage to make a dent to the wood. I thought that maybe my swing was a faulty one. I tried again a few more times, but still hadn't come close to making a noticeable cut.

I figured that even a large axe is not capable of cutting a tree of that size at all, so I went back to the processing facility to fetch stronger equipment. I parked there and browsed the storage room. It contained all of the gear which us modern lumberjacks need, such as chainsaws and paper cutters. I picked up a heavy-duty chainsaw for a start.

I drove back to the forest and set up the chain saw. I set it to maximum horsepower, and then slowly began to slide it into the large tree. To my surprise, it did not come close to making a dent. I tried to think of other ideas, but none of our other cutting equipment is stronger than a chainsaw. That was when I came up with the idea of pulling the tree out of the ground, by its roots.

I luckily had a shovel sitting in my semi-truck, so I grabbed it and began to dig a deep hole. To my luck, the soil was extremely easy to dig into, since it was both soft and sticky. I dug down towards the roots of the tree. It took me a while, but I finally reached the bottom of the roots. Because this was such a large tree, I carefully scraped off the residual soil off of the roots one by one. I positioned my semi-truck so that the tree would fall into the back of the truck. As I continued to cut the roots away from my direction, the tree angled closer and closer to the truck. My plan was working.

After I finally shaved off the last bit of soil, the tree fell into the truck with a loud thud. As it slid into the truck, I heard this very faint whisper. It was somewhere along the lines of, “AH SHIT, I CAN'T PHOTOSYNTHESIZE!”

I brushed it off to the sound of the wind, so I just ignored it. God, I wish I had just listened to the whisper and left the tree in the woods. Unfortunately, though, hindsight bias doesn't work in the present. If only I knew what was to come.

The tree was so large that it barely managed to stay on the truck. I went in the truck and started driving back to the facility. On my way there, I heard the log toss and turn a lot. The truck was shaking side to side often. It was to the point where I thought it was going to flip over. I constantly looked at the rearview mirror to make sure the log wasn't falling off.

Eventually, I finally made it to the processing facility without the tree falling off on the way. I called Darius and told him that there is a large log coming in. Shortly after, I saw a figure exit from the facility through the garage door. Darius looked quite impressed by the size of the tree. He took out his walkie talkie and ordered the storage department to bring the tree to the cutter.

The team of storage men came out, along with a large vehicle which is designed to carry giant logs. They rushed toward the semi-truck and then they carefully rolled the tree into the vehicle. One of them then attempted to drive it through the garage door. However, because of how long and thick the tree was, it was not able to fit inside. The storage team tried to position the tree in various angles, but were still not able to drive it in.

Darius had the idea of cutting the tree in half. I knew already that it is impossible for any of our technology to do such a thing. The team of storage men brought out that same chainsaw that I used, and then they attempted to slice the tree in half. Unsurprising to me, it did not work. We decided that if we can't convert that tree into processed wood, it is essentially useless. Darius ordered the storage men to just store the tree in our facility's backyard. And so, they did.

It was now getting quite late, so I, along with every facility worker, began to pack up and prepare to go home. I looked down to my uniform and discovered that I had a lot of dirt on my uniform. It must've been due to all that digging I had to do, to cut the roots of that tree. A policy of this wood cutting business is that we are responsible for the condition of our uniforms. That meant that I had to stay in the facility to wash my uniform. I tossed my uniform into the public washing machine. It usually takes a couple hours to completely clean and dry clothes, so I had to wait for a bit.

I played on my phone to pass the time. Around half an hour of waiting, I began to hear this loud crashing sound. It sounded a bit like wood rubbing against each other. At first, I thought it was just the sound of our wood processors, but it sounded like it was coming from outside. Specifically, the backyard.

I grabbed a flashlight and decided to investigate. I exited the facility through one of the regular doors, and then made my way to the backyard. When I arrived there, I saw a very tall silhouette. It sort of resembled the shape of a tree, except it had thick stumps as its roots. I walked closer to it to further decipher its details. I highly regret it to this day. This was truly the moment I wish I just turned back and went home.

Once I was about ten meters away from that thing, I pointed my flashlight at it. What I saw still haunts me to this day. It was that same gargantuan tree that we couldn't cut, except its face was a lot more prominent than when I found it. It was now identical to that of George Floyd. I looked down and saw that the stumps were actually thick roots, which behaved as legs.

"I AM THE GEORGE FLOYD TREE! HOW DARE YOU TAKE ME AWAY FROM MY HABITAT!" The George Floyd tree boomed.

I stared at it in shock. I could not believe I was witnessing a talking tree, let alone a George Floyd reincarnation.

The George Floyd tree moved its branches around in anger, as if they were arms flailing. More of that mysterious white substance began to secrete from them. The George Floyd tree then moved the ends of its branches near its face, and then snorted the white substance into its nostrils. That's when I realized the substance that grew from the George Floyd tree is actually fentanyl.

"Now that I am calm, I will now steal all of your air, by absorbing your carbon dioxide and then photosynthesizing it for my own oxygen!" the George Floyd tree said.

The George Floyd tree ran at me at a great speed, much faster than I could process things. It then grabbed me with its branches and then met its mouth with mine. It proceeded to suck all of the carbon dioxide from my lungs. It caused me to feel severe pain in my chest.

"Hehehe, now I can undergo photosynthesis so I can finally breathe!" the George Floyd tree said.

I tried to escape from its branch's grip, but it was simply too strong. Wriggling my body only made its grip even tighter. Its mouth was still in direct contact with mine, as it continued to suck out all my carbon dioxide. That was when I got an idea.

I attempted to force myself to vomit, by touching the back of my mouth with my tongue. It wasn't easy to stretch it all the way back, but I managed to trigger my gag reflex. I felt the burning stomach acid rise through my esophagus, and then out my mouth. I vomited into the George Floyd tree's mouth.

"AHHH SHIT, I CAN'T BREATHE IN THE VOMIT!" the George Floyd tree screamed.

It let go of me as it suffered the asphyxiation. I then ran away as fast as possible. I grabbed my car keys out of my pocket and then sped away from the worksite as fast as I could. The wood processing facility is quite a way from the city, which is where I live, so it was going to be a long time until I reached civilization.

I looked to my rearview mirror, and to my surprise, the George Floyd tree was chasing my car. It was running unbelievably quick. So fast that it was gaining on me. I hit the gas pedal hard one last time and went at max speed. However, the George Floyd tree ran even faster. My heart rate rose above the ceiling, and I was prepared for my unfathomable fate. I've never heard of such a case of a person losing all of their carbon dioxide, and I knew by intuition that it would be a super painful death.

The George Floyd tree was now on the verge of touching my car. Fuck, I thought. I heard the scratching of its branches rubbing against the back window. My brain sort of went on autopilot, quite unfocused on the actual driving. All I was thinking about was what I should do.

I knew that attempting to run over it would be suicide for me. Such a large object would have backfired it. I turned on the headlights to see if there was anyone who I could call out to for help. There wasn't a single fellow driver, nor a hitchhiker.

It was then, I noticed a very tall tower to the left. It had a large propane tank right beside it, with a lit-up fire on top. That gave me an idea. Since wood is flammable, maybe if I drove my car over there, I could maybe have a chance to light the George Floyd tree on fire.

I turned my steering wheel, once I made it to an intersection, and headed toward the propane tank. The George Floyd tree then laughed. "Hehehe, I am getting so close to you. I am running out of air trying to keep up, but I am getting so close!"

I watched my rearview mirror, as the George Floyd tree jumped right on top of my car. It made a massive dent on the top of my car. Its weight severely slowed it down, rendering it driving at only 5 kilometers per hour.

We were nearly at the propane tank, just a minute or two close. The George Floyd tree then began to shake my car. It twerked its ass side by side, which caused my car to flip over. I was now screwed. Given that it gained on my car so easily, there is now way that I could outrun it. All I could do was hide inside the upside-down car and wait for my death. The George Floyd tree rammed its top against the driver's seat window, trying to break in. It was struggling quite a bit to break the glass but was making cracks. I shifted my body over to the right passenger seat, and then made a run for it while it was distracted.

I ran to the propane tank. I looked back, to see that the George Floyd tree had just noticed that I exited the car. It then made a very terrifying growl. It sounded like wood being grounded up, mixed with the roar of a gorilla. It then charged at me. I looked to my front, to see that I was pretty well at the propane tank now.

Once the George Floyd tree arrived there as well, it made a wide grin with its tree bark mouth. I heard the wood creak as it widened its smile. It balled up the end of its branched arm and attempted to grab me.

Just as it was about to land its hand on me, I ducked, and successfully dodged it. The George Floyd tree then ended up punching a hole through the propane tank. All of a sudden, the George Floyd tree's branch caught on fire.

"AHHHHH SHIT, THIS IS TOO HOT FOR ME!" the George Floyd tree said.

The fire expanded in size, percolating around the wood of the George Floyd tree. It spread like a wildfire.

"AHHHH SHIT!, I CAN'T BREATHE IN THE SMOKE!" the George Floyd tree screamed.

I watched as its wood started to lose its durability, hardening to brittle charcoal. Once it had completely turned black, the fire died down. The George Floyd tree was surprisingly still alive, except it was barely mobilized. It was hardly able to move its branches, because it was now made entirely out of charcoal.

I took my trusty axe out of my pocket, and then wacked that nigger tree. The axe completely obliterated the brittle material, causing the entire George Floyd tree to completely fall into pieces. I was now certain that it was dead.

My car was flipped over and I did not have the physical strength to flip it back up, despite being a chad lumberjack. I called a towing company to help pick my car and myself up. They allowed me to stay with them on the line, so that I could pinpoint my exact location.

I later saw a large towing truck on the horizon. I told them that I was at the propane tank. The towing truck then turned toward my direction, at the intersection.

The truck stopped right next to my upside-down car, then a man exited the truck. I ran to him to greet him. He asked me how I managed to get into this mess. Obviously, there is no way he would believe that I was chased by a giant mutated nigger tree, so I just told him that my car was attacked by a bear. He bought into it and agreed to pick my car up.

As we were on our way to my home, I decided that I no longer wanted to work as a lumberjack. This event severely traumatized me and being near forests from now on will trigger PTSD. If you consider becoming a lumberjack, just know the sharp tools and falling trees are not the only dangers.

The Zombie Apocalypse of the Black Lives Matter Peace Protesters

This may sound crazy, and you don't have to believe me, but zombies are real. Whether or not this story convinces you, it should shift your perspective on the undead. The real-world zombies are not like how movies and books portray them. They don't possess rotten flesh on their skin. They don't go after people to eat their brains. In fact, there isn't an obvious distinction between normal humans and real-world zombies when it comes to physical appearance. The difference is in the behavior. I will explain the key details as I go deeper into this.

I was at the grocery store one morning. It was my monthly visit, so I was seeking to purchase my basic necessities. Doesn't hurt to buy some lighters, I thought. A common hobby of mine is starting up campfires in my backyard. I would cook up some hotdogs and marshmallows every couple of nights.

Once I was done with my grocery shopping, I figured my car was low on gas, so I went to the closest seven eleven to purchase some gas. One thing I noticed about that particular Seven Eleven is that the cashier is always a black person. When I took the gasoline tank into checkout, I realized I was out of cash.

"Sir, you cannot purchase this, you don't have the sufficient funds," the black cashier said.

I wasn't able to drive any longer if I tried to get more cash from my home, so I decided to rob the store. I pulled my lighter out of my pocket and threatened him.

"Nigga, if you don't give me the gas tank, I'll burn your head off!" I yelled.

He didn't listen. I was furious at this point, so I punched him in the face, knocking him out. Then I lit the lighter inside his mouth and poured some gasoline through his esophagus. His internal organs went into flames, until he couldn't breathe and died. A woman outside of the store passed by and took a glimpse at the window.

"I'm calling the police!" she screamed.

I busted out the window and ran out, driving out of town so they can't track where I live.

It was getting late, so I had to stay at a hotel. Fortunately, they accept credit cards, so I was able to stay for a night. All this got my adrenaline up, so I turned on the T.V to relax. The default channel that popped up was the news. But what I saw on the screen caught my eye.

There I was, lighting the nigga Seven Eleven clerks' innards. It turns out the lady caught the whole thing on video and posted it on the internet. But this wasn't actually the main point of the newscast. The actual news was about an insanely large amount of people, protesting for Black Lives Matter. The news said it was observed that they are headed towards the countryside. I laughed at those braindead monkeys. Since I was getting that much exposure on the news, I decided it is best to leave the hotel in case anyone recognizes me.

I drove off to rent a cabin in the woods. But when I exited the hotel, I saw it. I saw a huge amount of people, facing the hotel. They all wore shirts that read Black Lives Matter and held signs that said the same thing. They were all looking at me with bloodthirsty eyes. Then, it all made sense. I recalled from the news that the large number of Black Lives Matter protesters were all headed to the countryside, which is where I am. They were all after me.

I got into my car and drove off as fast as I could. But Jesus Christ, they ran after me extremely quickly. I was glad I purchased that fresh tank of gas right before this, so I went at full speed and managed to lose them. I had so many questions racing through my head. How do they know my location? How do they know I was the one who killed that cashier? Why are there thousands of them all of a sudden after a specific goal, which is to kill me? This all doesn't seem normal.

All this seemed like a big deal at the time, so I drove back to the city. I didn't care if I got arrested right off the bat. What's more important is surviving these waves of protestors. I drove over to my buddy's house.

"What's up nigga, I need help. I am being chased by an army of nigga lives matter protestors. I need help," I said.

"I saw you on the news. Get out of my house, I don't want to be involved in any of this!" my friend yelled.

All of a sudden, we heard a loud sound. It is hard to describe, but imagine fireworks, at the decibel levels of a jet, and multiplied by a million. It took a while, but I figured it was the footsteps of all the protestors. The sound was getting louder every second, so I knew they were coming towards us.

"LET ME IN!" I pleaded.

My friend welcomed me and shut the door. We hid in the basement. We hammered wooden planks behind the door and put all the furniture we found next to the door. But part of me doubted it could hold the protestors for a decent amount of time. We hear loud banging on the door. We didn't have much time left. The door then flew across the room.

"All the niggas are in here, we're gonna die!" I screamed.

But then, something very surprising happened. The army turned away from us and walked away. I was confused. What were they here for? I thought.

After some thinking, I noticed a little detail: the exact moment they turned away was right after I said the word nigga. I noticed how the entire army did this to the next millisecond. The army acted like they were part of a hive mind. Very much similar to zombies.

I had the idea of speaking to a zombiologist. I went on the deep web to try and see if I could book an appointment with one. I found one named Doctor Hitler. I liked the name, so I chose him.

Because of the pandemic going on, we had to do the discussion online. I described everything I saw that night, every bit of detail.

"Looks like you have awoken the nigga lives matter zombies.", Doctor Hitler concluded. "If you kill a black man, and a mass amount of people hear about it, you awaken the zombies. Then they will return the next night. Once you have awoken them, the only way to get rid of them forever is to get them to hibernate. Here's how.... first, say nigga to weaken them. They are very quick, so immediately, you have to pour gasoline on all of them and put them all to flames. This won't kill the zombies, but fire suppresses the disease to the point it forgets who the target is permanently."

The next night, I heard the million footsteps again. It was showtime. I was lucky to have bought both a lighter and gasoline recently. If I went to a store at this point, I'd get caught for what I did at Seven Eleven.

"BLACK LIVES MATTER, BLACK LIVES MATTER, BLACK LIVES MATTER!" I heard their chants.

They sounded a lot like monkeys to be honest. I stood on my roof and took a view. There had to have been at least 5,000 of them, and my home isn't high enough to pour the gas on all of them, so I had to think.

I then got an idea. Since I am a high priority search for the police, I could call the police on myself, requesting a helicopter to pick me up, by saying I am seen on my rooftop. It seems crazy but it was the only way. The zombies were scratching at my house walls. Luckily the main headquarters of the police force is close to my house, so I saw a helicopter come into view shortly. It landed at my home. I pretended I was the one who called on the quote-on-quote criminal, so I requested a

ride. They accepted and I hopped on the chopper. I poured all the gasoline at the zombies and then threw a flame at the gas. Then there was a huge explosion.

Before you ask me how I did it around the cops, they were going to kill those morons anyway. Once we arrived at the police station. The general officer awarded me with a certificate for help clearing a disruptive mob. And they let me free for assisting them in solving a crime.

This is my story of one of the (if not) the only zombie apocalypse on the planet. There are many things out there we haven't seen yet even though most of the earth's surface has been explored. Just because you haven't seen something, doesn't mean it doesn't exist.

The Floyd Serum

My name is Will Komen. I was a scientist who used to work at a company called redacted, that studies niggerology. It is a field of science that explores the strange nature of the behavior which niggers exhibit. I am writing this, to describe a terrifying experience that led me to quit my job, both as a worker at redacted and as a scientist.

We conducted this extremely ambitious and dangerous experiment which caused the death of countless employees. The experiment was supposed to be a subset component of an overall project, called the Floyd serum. The objective of the Floyd serum project was to develop a chemical where, when injected into the brain of the subject, can force them to revoke all the memories of George Floyd. A deep analysis will be done to help us discover more about the topic of nigger behavior.

We chose George Floyd as the focused specimen because of how violent he was back when he was alive. To summarize all the shit he did as a criminal, he held a gun to a pregnant woman and attempted to use a counterfeit 20 dollar bill to buy a banana, in order to satisfy his monkey-like craving.

It all started when I was at my office, typing up a long executive summary, which was supposed to be an introductory lab write-up of the Floyd serum project. In short, it was a step-by-step guide on how the lab workers were supposed to execute the experiment. The instructions were derived from thousands of extrapolated scenarios, which were generated by a virtual simulation. One of the lab workers, Doctor Connors, barged into my office cell and asked me for the estimated date of time for when the lab writeup was supposed to be done.

“Don’t worry, I just need to do some proofreading and editing. I will release it by tomorrow for sure,” I said.

“Awesome. I can’t wait to learn more about nigger Floyd,” Doctor Connors said enthusiastically.

He left my cell to allow me to continue focusing on the paper. I myself was also excited to get it done. The executive summary was not a long nor detailed paper, but a lot of time and effort still had to be put into it because any mis phrase can lead to a disastrous incident. Similarly, it is a well-known fact that a large percentage of deaths are due to the bad handwriting of doctors. I have a degree in both biochemistry and English, which are both tremendously important for my job.

It had been 3 hours of me working on it nonstop, so it was time for my lunch break. I exited my cubicle and went downstairs to grab a cup of coffee. I was quite exhausted from all the writing, so it was really something I was looking forward to. Nothing like the daily dose of caffeine.

I went to the cafeteria and unpacked my lunch box, which consisted of the Floyd burger and Ronnie McNutt cream soda. I’d always pack this specific meal every day, because it is so damn good. I was just as hungry as I was exhausted, so it did not take long for me to consume the entire George Floyd burger.

I returned to my cubicle shortly and finished up the executive summary.

At the very end of the workday, I submitted the paper to the lead scientist, Mr. Wilcock. Mr. Wilcock was quite an intelligent man, who had already been working in this company since the age of 20. He was the one who inspired the majority of our scientific endeavors and made sure every lab worker followed the correct procedures.

Mr. Wilcock thanked me for my work and excused me to leave the facility. I waved goodbye and headed home.

Not too long before I went to bed, I received an email from Mr. Wilcock, stating that my experiment lab procedure was approved, and we were going to start the Floyd serum experiment tomorrow. I was lightened up with excitement, proud of my work, and was looking forward to the next day.

I met up with the entire lab crew the next day.

“Okay folks! today is the day we advance our understanding of niggerology!” Mr. Wilcock began. “I hope you all read over the steps which Doctor Komen has put together, which I have emailed all of you last night. We will begin in a few minutes.”

I saw some of the niggerology lab technicians leave the room to grab some additional equipment, while Mr. Wilcock directed the other work units. The lab technicians brought in numerous colored serums from the storage room, along with this eerie brown colored substance, which was stored in several vials. Mr. Wilcock announced that we now had every piece of equipment that we needed to do the lab procedure.

“Now all we need is the test subject.” Mr. Wilcock said, as he left the room.

He was presumably going to bring the person who we were to experiment on. Mr. Wilcock came back into the lab, along with this girl who looked like she was pleading for her life silently. The look on her face looked like she was about to be executed.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to introduce my daughter, Heather. She will be today’s Floyd serum test subject.”

I heard quite a bit of gasps, and everyone started to whisper to one another. I overheard a couple technicians next to me. One of them was quietly explaining that he was shocked at who the test subject was. I myself was surprised by this. We normally would have prisoners as test subjects.

“That’s right, this is my daughter. Because she has been a misbehaving BLM whore lately, I decided that she deserves to be punished, by being our guinea pig, instead of the state’s prisoners,” Mr. Wilcock said. “Now, let’s get started at last. Doctor Phillips, go hand cuff Heather while the technicians prepare the syringe.”

I watched as Doctor Phillips grabbed Heather by the neck, and then aggressively inserted both of her arms in handcuffs. She really tried her best to make a quick escape, but she seemed like too much of a dumb whore to manage it successfully. I saw Doctor Connors and the rest of the technicians extract the Floyd serum into the syringe. The brown oozing liquid bubbled, as it progressed through the sharp cylinder. I swore that I was seeing a faint face of George Floyd, inside the substance. Doctor Phillips dragged Heather into this intricate chair, which had a ton of barbed wire in it, with arm straps to lock in Heather.

The second Doctor Phillips walked away, Heather kicked her feet around with the hope to break free, and was even biting into the arm straps. The straps did not come close to budging. She then started screaming, yelling for anyone to unstrap her. Mr. Wilcock ran over and injected his daughter with this sleep drug.

“Alright, we got her down. Now hurry up and hook her brain to the monitor!” he demanded the technical team.

Doctor Connors and the rest of his colleagues brought over a large 70-inch monitor into the room. It had to have been extremely heavy, as it took multiple men to carry it. They plopped down the monitor into the floor, in front of the rest of the lab workers. The monitor for this experiment was supposed to act as a medium for us to be able to observe the mind of Heather Wilcock, while she is in the influence of the Floyd Serum.

Doctor Connors retrieved a long wire from the back of the monitor. It had a very sharp tip at the end of it, which will be used to hook the monitor with Heather’s brain. Doctor Connors stabbed the sharp wire into the left scalp of Heather, and then injected the same side of her head with the Floyd Serum.

The monitor’s screen all of a sudden flashed a bright light, followed by a static feedback. The static then gradually phased into a timeline visual, which displayed various points in time within the memories of George Floyd. It allowed us to pick and choose any of the areas of George Floyd’s mind, which we would like to explore.

Since I was the one who wrote up the entirety of the lab procedure, I was elected to be the one who got to traverse George Floyd’s memories in my own manner. I wanted to go through this slow and steady to maximize the amount of data we can collect, so I started all the way from the beginning, which dates back to when George Floyd was born.

The screen went dark red and laid out what appeared to be moving fluid. For a moment, I had no idea what we were looking at. But as we continued to observe the monitor’s display, I realized that it was displaying a first person view of baby Floyd, who was just about to come out of his mother’s womb. As the rest of the crowd processed this fact, I heard a few of them beg me to skip this. I then focused my attention back to the monitor, to see a close-up image of George Floyd’s mom’s vagina. It looked meaty and disgusting as fuck, so I quickly exited the channel. A sigh of relief was heard from the back. We didn’t need to see that part of George Floyd’s life anyway. Nothing major to analyze from the brain of an infant.

I scrolled the timeline forward, trying to find a point in time when George Floyd’s brain was at least developed enough, to observe something which we can relate to niggerology. I chose to explore George Floyd’s first day of high school. The screen flashed into a clip of George Floyd first entering his school, called Yates high school.

He went downstairs, directly to the women’s washroom. As he entered the washroom, only one of the stalls appeared to be occupied. George Floyd then crawled under the space, which was below the stall door, to see a girl on a toilet. She immediately noticed him and rushed to pull her pants back up. George Floyd then took out a camera and snapped a photo of her belly, then quickly ran out of the washroom.

He bolted to the men’s washroom with immense speed, in order to remain unseen. George Floyd proceeded to lock himself in one of the stalls and then jerked off to the photo of the girl’s belly.

I immediately cut off the video feed shortly after seeing this. I saw the footage analysts jot down notes on their clipboards in disgust. I briefly took a look at their notes. From what they have interpreted, George Floyd had a sexual fetish of the bellies of women. Keeping that in mind, I continued to search for another potentially worthy point in time.

I chose to explore the lifestyle of George Floyd, when he was in his early twenties. The monitor showed a video clip of George Floyd, who was now an adult. In his point of view, he had just woken up for the first day at his job, which was being a porn star.

He drove over to his porn studio, which was called the Khabib show. When he entered the building, he was greeted by numerous agents and backstage managers.

George Floyd entered a curtained room. It had that typical black couch which you would see in every casting porn video. George Floyd was met with this super obese nigrass pornstar. I immediately knew what was going to happen. George Floyd was going to fuck this fatass whale. The cameramen entered the room, apologizing for his lateness. George Floyd and the obese nigrass accepted his words, and then they began filming shortly.

I looked to the back, expecting everybody to beg me to skip this part. However, the analysts appeared to be interested in viewing this sex scene. I trusted them that they were going to take away something important, so I went ahead and resumed the clip. Now, I will spare the details because of how unpleasant it was to see George Floyd having sex with that whale.

After they were finished filming the entire porn video, I saw George Floyd quickly pull out a familiar looking object. It was that same camera he used as when he snapped the photo of that girl in the washroom, back in high school. George Floyd then took a picture of the obese pornstars belly, without her noticing, and then left the building.

The following night, he printed the photo, and stuck it on his wall. I looked back at the analysts and they looked to be writing a lot in a short amount of time.

I took a quick read, to see where we are at so far with observations. So far, they've made an inference that George Floyd's belly fetish is still continuing to exist and grow, gradually evolving into fat women. It was quite a disgusting thought, but to be frank, scientific discoveries are not really interesting without a degree of unpleasant ideas.

throughout the next couple of hours, we skimmed through George Floyd's entire adventure as a porn star. Most of it consisted of uneventful shoots. However, the analysts and I did notice some interesting patterns. George Floyd's fellow pornstars whomst he would shoot with would be fatter than the last, eventually evolving into 600-pound elephants. Every time he would finish a porn shoot, he would again snap a photo of their bellies in secret, and then add the photos to his growing collection of belly pics.

Near the end of George Floyd's pornstar career, he managed to get into pregnant porn. That was when the analysts proposed our first hypothesis. George Floyd's main motive of being a pornstar was to fulfill his belly fetish. After being exposed to this kind of stuff for years, his fetish grew into a disgusting sexual attraction to pregnant bellies.

This gave me an idea. If it was so apparent that George Floyd found pregnant belly photos super intriguing, perhaps we could confirm our hypothesis by reviewing his memory of robbing that pregnant woman at gunpoint.

I fast forwarded to the year of 2007, when he committed the robbery. The monitor's screen depicted George Floyd, along with his gang, approaching the pregnant lady. As they went closer with their guns pointed at her, George Floyd pulled out a smartphone and snapped a photo of her belly. The gang then threatened the woman that, if she told anybody about this, they would find her and murder her. The following night, George Floyd jerked off to the photo and added it to his pregnant belly pics collection.

This all confirmed that George Floyd's nigger criminal behavior was largely fueled by his sexual desire, for pregnant belly pics.

At this point we had spent all of the workday watching this, so it was getting quite late. We decided to call it a day, so the lab technicians shut off the monitor, and everybody in the lab worked together to clean up. I heard the prolonged sound of glass clinking as we put away the flasks. Finally, Doctor Connors unplugged the monitor's wire from Heather Wilcock's brain. But the moment he did that, Heather immediately opened her eyes in a heartbeat. However, something about her looked rather off. Her eyes eerily resemble those of George Floyd's.

I looked around the room, but nobody else seemed to have noticed. I brushed it off to my imagination, perhaps due to me staring at that screen all day. That was the case, until I noticed that Heather Wilcock's skin began to turn dark. Followed by her becoming as dark as a nigger, her nose and lips grew to the size of George Floyds. It was then, others noticed her transformation. Heather broke out of the arm straps with ease, and punched her chest like a gorilla, while making chimpanzee noises.

Mr. Wilcock finally noticed this and went into a panicked state. Heather then charged at a random scientist and ate his belly, in one bite. Blood and stomach acid poured from his abdomen, until he collapsed to his death. Heather continued to do this to countless other lab workers, in the snap of a finger. After I broke out of my trance, watching the death of my coworkers, I bolted out of the laboratory, along with the ten remaining survivors.

I chose to run to the left hall in desperation to get as far from Heather as possible. It was just me and this other lab technician who chose that route. For a moment, I wondered why it was only us who picked the left hall, and not the right. I realized our mistake. This was not the hall that led to the exit of the building. I was not able to think rationally at the time.

I glanced back to see Heather, who now looked exactly like George Floyd, running at us at the speed of a pro nigger sprinter. She was now 6'5" and was a full-on nigger. I looked to my front to see a dead end. We anticipated our fate of getting our stomachs eaten, as we reached the end of the hall.

But as Heather was at an arms distance away from us, she pulled out the wire which she must've stolen from the monitor and tied it into the shape of a noose. She then hooked it to a metal light bulb on the ceiling, and proceeded to hang herself, ultimately committing suicide.

"I CAN'T BREATHE!" she cried as she suffocated in the wire.

The lab technician and I looked at each other, confused. We both had the same question in mind. Why the hell did Heather just kill herself?

We stood back on our feet and ran to the right hall, to check if the remaining survivors were alright. We called out some names, saying that the coast is clear. We were greeted by Mr. Wilcock and some other lab workers. They looked to be uninjured to my relief. I told them about how Heather committed suicide just before she could have killed us, for whatever reason. Mr. Wilcock looked both sad and relieved at the same time,

We walked back to the laboratory to find all of the corpses, which were killed by Heather. Every single one of them were killed in the same way, as seen by a giant hole in all of their bellies. It looked very grotesque, even as a person who watches a lot of gore. We spent the night cleaning up all of the bodies, hiding them in our basements. There is no way the police will believe our story after all.

We were free to leave work after that, along with a week of vacation to make up for the trauma of seeing most of our coworkers' mass murdered.

As the week passed, I did not enjoy my vacation at all. I was spending all of my waking hours, trying to think of a reason why Heather transformed into George Floyd. The only organ of Heather which we tapped into was the brain. The Floyd serum was not designed to affect the physiology of the subject. It could have been possible that the Floyd serum had the ability to create cancerous cells, which can alter the body into becoming whoever originally possessed that memory. Maybe one of our stem cell researchers tampered with the Floyd serum.

But there was another thing that particularly stuck with me. Why did Heather kill herself? After putting in some thought, I came to the realization that Heather essentially became a tranny, as a result of becoming George Floyd. Considering that transnians have a forty percent suicide rate, the best explanation would be that Heather was part of that statistic.

I can have all these perfectly rational explanations for what had happened that day, but I decided that it is no longer worth working as a niggerologist. We definitely took that experiment way too far, causing the deaths of almost one hundred intelligent employees.

CEO of redacted, if you are reading this, just know that I wish you the best of luck on future research. I am sorry to say, I will no longer be a part of redacted.

Do Not Stick Dildos on the George Floyd Statue

My name is Jordan Kleeman. I was on my laptop browsing the internet one day. It was a very hot summer day in Newark, New Jersey, so I had no option but to stay indoors due to the heatwave. I was scrolling through news articles, reading whatever piques my interest. A lot of them had something to do with the nigga monkey, George Floyd, so half the time, I was looking at images of that big, lipped monkey.

For those who don't know, I have a strong hatred towards niggers. They commit a disproportionate number of crimes and contribute nothing to society. As a result, looking at George Floyd's face for a prolonged amount of time started to enrage me. Eventually, I had enough of it, so I closed my laptop to take a break from the internet for the day. I decided to take a quick shower since the heat managed to radiate into my house. Usually, I take warm showers, but since the heatwave was so severe, I took a cold one this time. Once I got out of the shower, I chose to leave the house to go on a walk to help clear my mind.

I drove over to the woods, as the location where I ran my errands. Because of the heatwave, I figured that the trees would help prevent me from being exposed to the sun. In addition to the severe heat, I did not want my own skin to get darker as a result of a tan. Having darker skin makes me feel like I am associated with niggers.

I started my trail in one of the south openings of the forest. The trees were fairly large with thick leaves, so it was an especially good way to escape the sun. However, once I was about two hundred feet in, I heard a buzzing sound. I darted my head back and saw a horde of mosquitoes. I swatted at them multiple times, hoping that they hadn't bitten me already. To my disappointment, the mosquito horde kept coming back. This enraged me. On my list of what species I want eradicated from planet earth, Mosquitoes rank among the top with Jews, fags, niggers, and spicks. I tried squishing the mosquitoes by clapping my hands on them. It managed to kill the majority of them, but a new horde arrived shortly. Having enough of them, I decided to walk somewhere else. The shade of the woods unfortunately attracts these kinds of creatures.

I called it quits and left the woods to walk in the city instead, where there are a minimal number of insects hanging around. I drove over near the Newark city hall, where I wanted to restart my errand. As I exited my car, I noticed that there was a peculiar figure sitting on a bench right next to the city hall building. It looked to be a very stationary monkey, staring into space. I walked toward it, and upon closer inspection, I realized that it was actually the George Floyd statue. My blood then began to boil. The sight of this abomination reminded me of the fact that people still view George Floyd as a hero, when all he did was take fentanyl and start riots. This hatred continued to build up and I immediately snapped.

There was one thing that came to mind: vandalism. I started to brainstorm possible ways to ruin this already ugly piece of artwork. I thought of defacing it, but it seemed too unoriginal to me since it has already been done numerous times to previous George Floyd murals. Another possible idea in mind was to destroy the statue with a drill. However, I felt that it would be too easy for me to get caught because of the loud noise. I also wanted the vandalism to have some comedic appeal. Something that will invoke internet memes. That's when I came up with the idea of attaching a dildo on the George Floyd statue. I stopped examining the George Floyd statue and made my way back to my car. I then drove over to the sex toy store.

As I entered the sex shop, I was greeted by the cashier. He, or should I say, it, was a tranny. He had the stereotypical pink hair which most male trannies have. I saw countless pimples on his face, which persisted throughout his chest which is visible from his wife beater. As I said before, I have a hatred towards fags. It was then I decided that I needed to buy the dildo as fast as possible so that I can get away from the proximity of that disgusting subhuman.

I looked around the shelves and at first found some anal beads. I at first considered using that instead of a dildo, but quickly dismissed that idea as anal beads are too small to be easily noticed. I continued to walk around, examining all the intriguing objects which some people are willing to stick up their asses and pussies. One of them was supposedly a wax dildo replica of a cactus with thorns made out of metal. I cringed at the thought of whores using that as a pleasure toy. I also came across a Ronnie McNutt themed anal pump, which is a device that is supposed to pump blood colored cream in the anus.

To the right of that product was when I've finally reached the monster size dildo section. Each of the dildos in the section had a specific animal theme. Such as the horse, the dragon, and the gorilla. The gorilla dildo was the one that caught my attention. It had a length of 13 inches and a girth of 10 inches, as said in the packaging. It had a brown tint to its base color of black and was covered in thick veins.

I could not imagine it fitting inside a person. Because George Floyd is a black nigga monkey, I knew that the gorilla dildo would be perfect to attach to the George Floyd statue. I picked up the large package which contained the dildo, and then placed it on the front counter. “

Your total will be \$255.00,” the tranny cashier said in a man's voice.

I fished my pockets for money but realized that I had forgotten to bring cash. I told the tranny cashier that I don't have any money with me and that I also didn't have a credit card.

“Pay up, or else you cannot leave with the package,” he then said.

My distaste for trannies started to grow, enraging me, so I socked him in the face, knocking him unconscious. He fell to the ground, hitting his head against the floor and bled through his scalp. I then took off with the gorilla dildo.

I bolted out of the sex shop and drove off to the city hall. I could hardly focus on driving, due to my excitement of vandalizing the George Floyd statue. I parked my car into the driveway next to the statue and started unboxing the gorilla dildo. I ripped off the clear tape which reinforced the box and then opened the top flap. There I saw it, a long dark brown cylinder covered in veins with a mushroom shaped tip. I took the dildo out of the box, holding it by its adhesive base to avoid looking

like a faggot. I then headed towards the George Floyd statue and then firmly stuck the gorilla dildo on the statue's crotch. I took a step back to get a better view of it.

The George Floyd statue now looked like how he looked in his porn video debut. I pulled my phone out of my pocket to snap a photo of it. Right after I saved the image to my camera roll, I ran to my car and drove off as soon as possible to avoid getting caught in the act. I looked at my rearview mirror and there seemed to be nobody near the George Floyd statue. With a sigh of relief, I slowed down my car.

I arrived home at last and the sun was setting, so the temperature was starting to cool down. It was getting late, so I cooked myself a quick dinner; microwaved some ramen noodles and chilled on my couch.

I opened up my racist Instagram group chat, called the Liberal Termination crew, to send the photo of the George Floyd statue with the gorilla dildo attached to it. It got the whole squad laughing. I hadn't read the chat since yesterday because I was so busy vandalizing the statue, so I scrolled up the Liberal Termination group chat to enjoy all the based memes which my online racist friends sent today.

After I was done having a good laugh at the fed posts and gore, I finished eating my ramen noodles and then headed for bed. It was yet another day of successful trolling, so I fell asleep fulfilled.

The next morning, I woke up at 5:30 AM. I knew the first thing that I was going to do: check on the George Floyd statue to see if the dildo was still there. I went to the washroom to brush my teeth, while scrolling through the Liberal Termination crew group chat. I always look forward to doing this at the start of each day.

After I was finished cleaning up, I drove over to the city hall to finally check on the statue. I hovered my car by the area and looked at the supposed location of the statue. To my surprise, all I saw was the bench. Neither the George Floyd statue nor the dildo was in sight. I blinked three times and squinted to make sure I wasn't just imagining things. Sure enough, there was no statue. This puzzled me, mostly because I could not come up with a rational explanation on why it would be gone. If a government official wasn't happy about the dildo, he could have just ripped the dildo off. The adhesiveness isn't supposed to be that strong to begin with.

After putting in some thought, I eventually shrugged it off to the government workers not wanting to deal with repeated vandalism, so having the George Floyd statue there wouldn't be worth the effort.

I checked my watch and realized it was almost time for me to go to my job, so I took a U turn and headed to work. Now, because I am based, I will spare the specific details of my job to avoid getting fired. All that I will reveal is that I am a customer service worker of a grocery store.

After the eight-hour long shift, It was time for me to head back home. I was exhausted from my work. I had to deal with 10 niggers who were trying to steal bananas. I had to try so hard not to call them nigger criminals, but I managed it well. And me being an introvert didn't make it any better.

When I entered my house, I jumped onto my couch to watch some TV. It is what I usually do when I am too tired to do anything that requires any physical demand. I decided to check out the news channel, to maybe see if there is any newscast related to the George Floyd statue that I vandalized. There was a female reporter on the screen, who appeared to be discussing a very recent rape case.

"There has been a woman who was violently raped last night, near the Newark city hall. She reported having severe vaginal tears, due to the perpetrators alleged abnormally large penis," the reporter said. "Numerous rape kits have been applied, but not a single trace of DNA evidence has been found."

The last sentence caught me off guard. How is it possible that no DNA evidence is found with the rape kit? Even if the rapist didn't ejaculate in the woman, there would have to be some leftover skin or sweat given how forcefully she had been raped.

"Police around the Newark area are now actively searching for the rapist. The woman described him to have worn a full bronze colored suit, with the subtle facial features of a black man with a large nose and lips. If you find an individual with a similar appearance, please call the phone number, 'redacted'. Further searching for DNA evidence will be done under the woman's permission.

I was quite fascinated by this newscast. There was something about the abstruseness of the rape case that jumped out at me. It was particularly about how the news reporter described the rapist's appearance. I couldn't recall why I found it so peculiar. It reminded me of those moments when I go to another room to look for something but forget what I was supposed to

look for once I enter that room. I figured that it was because my brain couldn't think straight from the long day of work, so I called it a night and went to bed.

The next morning, I awoke to my alarm clock at 5:30 AM once again. I still felt tired even though I slept fairly early. I rubbed my eyes, trying to adjust to the sunlight and then got ready for work. The rape case which played on last night's newscast was still resonating with me.

It was then I thought of an idea. It would not hurt to check on the Newark city hall, to possibly find anyone who looks anything like how the news reporter described the rapist. I got into my car and headed over there. As I slowed down my car and went adjacent to the pavement, I saw something on the bench that caught my eye. It was the George Floyd statue, which looked to have returned to its original spot, with the gorilla dildo still stuck on its crotch. How could this be? I thought.

I swore that I did not see the statue there yesterday. Since the statue is definitely made out of some type of metal, no random stranger can simply pick up the statue, and then put it back right on the same spot in such a smooth manner. A large pickup truck would probably be able to do it with ease, but it would cause enough of a disturbance where it would be easily noticed by people walking by. I have not taken a single drug in my life, so there was no way I was hallucinating. Despite me still being tired from yesterday's work shift, the statue looked way too vivid to be a figment of my imagination.

I could not come up with a theory on why I didn't see the statue yesterday, so I simply tried my best to forget about it. No point in worrying about something that you can control. I headed to my job, still trying not to think about it.

At last, my shift was over in the evening. It was a rather relaxing day as the store didn't have a lot of traffic that day. Therefore, I was not nearly as exhausted from work as yesterday. Lucky for me, it was a Friday, so I got to have the next few days all to myself. Since it was now the weekend, I chose to spend the rest of my Friday sleeping. This is not an unusual ritual for me, as it always feels nice to catch up on rest at the end of each week. I very quickly passed out on my couch once I arrived home.

All of a sudden, I was awoken by a very loud high pitch noise coming from my vibrating phone in my pocket. I looked at the clock above my television and it read 1:30 AM. For a split second, I thought the sound coming from my phone was due to an alarm clock which I mistakenly set at this time, but once I turned on my phone's lock screen, I realized that it was actually an emergency alert. I tapped on the alert notification and entered my passcode to see the full context. I was greeted with the following text:

"Citizens of Newark, two more women reported to have been violently raped by the same rapist as the one two nights ago. One of them last night and the other one a couple hours ago. Similar to the first rape case, zero DNA evidence were found with a rape kit on both of the rape victims. We suggest that all female residents of Newark refrain from going outdoors after dawn in the near future, until the police force finds the rapist. Both of the recent victims were able to recall the facial features of him in better detail. The police department has produced a rough sketch of the rapist, based on the victim's descriptions."

I saw an image below the wall of text, which depicted the police sketch. It was still apparent that they still don't have a clear idea of what the suspect looks like, because the face lacked some key features, such as the eyes and hair. It only depicted the general head shape and nose and lips. Upon inspecting it, it noticed that it bore a slight resemblance of George Floyd.

I thought it was a funny coincidence that all these raping's happened, by a person who looks like nigger Floyd, right around the same time I vandalized the statue. After I was done inspecting the alert, I went back to sleep.

The next morning, I was able to get away with sleeping in, since there was no work. I went to my kitchen to make myself a large breakfast, because I skipped dinner last night. I opened my refrigerator to find out that I was out of milk. I really wanted to eat cereal that morning, so I stepped out of the house to buy some milk.

As I was driving to the grocery store, I noticed that there were very few people outside. Mind you, it was 11:00 AM on a Saturday, so usually there would be many pedestrians. It almost felt like a ghost town. That emergency alert really convinced people to stay at home, perhaps because the rapist looked like George Floyd.

As I entered the grocery store, I saw that its vacantness matched the outdoors. The only people who were inside, besides me, were the two cashiers, one at each counter. I picked up two cartons of milk and went to checkout at the nearest cashier to the exit.

"It is empty here, isn't it?" he said, as he put the 2 cartons in a plastic bag for me.

“Yeah. That George Floyd nigger looking rapist really convinced people to shelter themselves,” I responded.

The cashier then chuckled. “You are a based man. Nice and refreshing to finally see a racist man in this liberal city.”

I smiled, to express my symmetrical feelings to the cashier, and then headed out of the store.

I returned home and then proceeded to make a bowl of frosted flakes cereal and a banana egg sandwich. When I was done cooking and started eating my breakfast, I scrolled through the Liberal Termination crew group chat. As usual, the columbine edits never failed to amuse me. I spent the rest of the day making memes and video edits for the group chat, since I hadn't been active for a while.

Before what it felt like long, it was getting darker; the sun was setting. I went on to my regular night routine. Making dinner and taking my second shower of the day. I was too lazy to make myself dinner tonight, so I decided to order pizza instead. I called Domino's pizza and ordered a large pineapple pizza with extra mushrooms. Some of you reading this may laugh at me for ordering such pizza, but trust me, it's actually really good.

Around 25 minutes passed, until I heard my doorbell. I eagerly ran to the front door to finally receive my order. After the pizza man handed me the box followed by a swipe of my credit card, he took a step closer and told me, in a quiet tone.

“When I was on my way here, I saw a strange man wandering around in this neighborhood. He looked a bit like the rape suspect in the police sketch. If I were you, I would lock all your doors and windows.”

“Alright man, thank you for the pizza and the warning,” I replied.

I closed the doors and locked it, along with sealing all of my windows shut as the pizza man had suggested to me. I then opened the pizza box and snacked on tonight's lazy dinner. I was so concentrated on meme editing that I forgot to eat lunch, so it didn't take me long to eat every slice. As much as I wanted to savor it, I just felt too malnourished.

After I finished my meal, I rinsed it down with the soda that came with it and then went to the washroom to take a shower. I adjusted the temperature to a moderately warm setting. As I reached down to the shower floor to squeeze some shampoo into my hair, I heard a lady's scream through the walls of my washroom. Now to illustrate, my washroom is in the first story of the house, at the front left corner.

I decided to turn off the shower to further investigate the noise. I neared my ear against the wall adjacent to the front side of my house and listened closely. Sure enough, I heard the woman's scream, so I was not imagining things. Judging by the volume and viscosity of the voice, it seemed to be coming from a source no further than 100 feet away from my front yard. I was quite curious about what was going on out there, so I put my clothes back on and left the washroom.

I then went to one of my front windows and pulled the curtains upward to reveal what looked like a woman getting ass fucked by a mysterious figure. I then heard her scream “help”. She was not just getting fucked. She was full on getting raped. This was the first time I've ever witnessed a rape, so I just froze there trying to think of what to do.

I had only two options: risk my life to save the lady, call the cops, or simply just turn away and ignore it. I squinted my eyes to see if I could recognize who the rapist was. He appeared to have a very large nose and lips. Big enough to make him a distinguishable nigger.

At this point, I was quite certain that it was the violent rapist which appeared on the news and the emergency warning. The pizza man warned me of a similar looking man who he saw nearby after all.

After putting in some thought, I came to the decision that I should intervene. My reason for this risky move is the fact that the rapist is a nigger. That would mean the justice system of this liberal city would most likely let him off the hook after all the Black Lives Matter protests.

I went upstairs to my bedroom to open my vault which contained my shotgun to help defend myself and headed out. I opened my front door to see the man was still raping the woman. I was somewhat puzzled by how long he managed to do it uninterrupted for that long. I quietly closed the door and made my way to the hind side of the rapist. I then slowly walked toward him to get a close enough shot without being noticed.

As I went closer, the physical features of the woman were becoming more apparent. Her hair was naturally brown, the majority being covered by blonde streaks. I strafed to the side slightly so that I could see her face. She was a Jew who wore a ridiculous amount of makeup. It was then I recognized who the woman was. It was a former college classmate of mine, named Heather Wilcock. At school, Heather was this annoying BLM whore who dated a pajeet Indian named Jayesh. I always hated that bitch. I then decided against the idea to stop the rapist from attacking her.

I quietly walked back to my front door and yelled out: “Haha! That's what you get for trusting a nigger, you dumb whore!”

The man who was raping Heather looked at me for a split second, which was not near long enough for me to recognize his facial characteristics. I then quickly went back inside my house.

I was quite tired from seeing all that, so I finished cleaning myself in the shower and then headed to bed. However, despite how exhausted I was, I was still not able to sleep because of Heather Wilcock's screams. I had to stuff my head under a pillow while wearing ear plugs, in order to drown out the sound. I have no clue when the screams stopped, but I eventually managed to sleep after 15 minutes.

I woke up the next morning well rested, knowing that I let Heather Wilcock get raped by that nigger. I saw that my clock read 10 AM. It was a Sunday, so I didn't have to go to work. It also meant that the Sunday morning paper was supposed to come.

In our city, the Sunday newspaper contains all the best newspaper puzzles of all the weekdays. I rushed downstairs to my mailbox to collect the paper. The air felt unusually cold, so I ran back shivering. I made myself a cup of coffee and toast with butter, and then sat at the table with the Sunday newspaper. I was about to turn the pages to the puzzle section, when an image on the front page caught my attention.

Upon first glance, I noticed that it was a photo of my house. I looked below the horizon of the ground, to see my exact front yard, confirming that it was really my home. I then realized that the front-page article was about the raping of Heather Wilcock by that nigger, which I witnessed last night. I read over the article even though I knew exactly what happened.

To summarize what it said, it was about a woman, Heather Wilcock that is, who reported to be violently raped by that same man who the police force is still searching for. Again, there was not a single trace of DNA evidence after she got tested. As much as I hate Heather Wilcock, I was starting to get worried about the existence of the rapist.

What human on earth manages to remain untraced, despite committing that many rapes in a short period of time? I asked myself.

At the right side of the front page of the newspaper, I saw a smaller image which depicted an even more detailed police sketch of the rape suspect. There still seemed to be no eyes in the sketch, but the nose, lips, ears and chin were drawn at a significantly higher level of detail compared to the last police drawing. It was starting to resemble George Floyd a lot more. However, I noticed something quite strange about the face. Something about it seemed a bit inhuman.

Normally, the human face should have some form of asymmetry. But in the police sketch, the face felt rather too perfect. Not that George Floyd is not an ugly monkey, but rather the face looked too much like it was sculpted by some digital software. I just shrugged it off to the artist's lack of subtle detail of the face and moved on.

I was done reviewing what the front page had to offer, so I flipped the pages to do some of the puzzles and crosswords. Although it was a rather entertaining experience, I was still quite distracted by that police sketch. It felt as if my gut was telling me something that my brain is refusing to believe, which is blinding myself from figuring out what really was bothering me.

After I finished the final crossword puzzle, I tossed the paper in a garbage bin and then decided to masturbate on my George Floyd toy, because I usually have an easier time figuring things out while I have post nut clarity. After I nussed on the Floyd toy, I attempted to recollect all the past events, since the first rape case.

Of course, the strangest thing that happened was when the George Floyd statue was somehow gone when I visited it the morning after I put the gorilla dildo on it. I then recalled the first rape case, which happened not too long before I found out about the absence of the George Floyd statue. I then remembered a particular detail, which figuratively turned on a lightbulb above my head.

Thinking about the fact that the first raping was committed nearby the supposed location of the George Floyd statue induced me to raise an eyebrow. The idea that I was literally on the exact spot made the hairs of my skin stand up. I knew that I was headed in the right direction with my thoughts, so I kept going. I then further analyzed the nature of the evidence.

The main element of this analysis was the lack of DNA evidence, the only way a sexual assault can happen without, leaving any skin cells is if the sexual contact was completely indirect. But that made no sense to me, when I thought back to when I witnessed the raping of Heather Wilcock last night. The man had clearly stuck his dick in her ass. The only way he did not leave any DNA behind is if he used an inanimate object, to substitute as a penis. Perhaps, he used a pegging toy to do the deed.

It was then, I began to theorize that it was actually the George Floyd statue that had been raping these women. At the time, I knew that the idea of a statue magically coming to life is crazy, let alone sexually assaulting others, but it was the only logical and reasonable explanation that I could come up with.

As I mentioned earlier, I was well aware that somebody could have used a pegging toy to avoid leaving DNA evidence, but that would not explain the sudden disappearances of the George Floyd statue.

Obviously, my theory has no use, without any actual confirmation. I was curious enough that I was willing to spend the following night watching over the George Floyd statue. My prolonged trail of thought had finally come to an end, and I started to brainstorm how I was going to spectate the statue. In the event that it does come to life, it would presumably try to rape me, so I would need something with me to defend myself.

The issue is, there are very few, if any, weapons commercially available that can penetrate whatever material the George Floyd statue is made out of. The idea of running away from it went across my head. However, I considered the fact that black people tend to be faster runners than other races.

I myself have never been involved in any activities which use power tools, so all that I had as a weapon was my shotgun. Again, I knew it does not come close to being able to pierce the George Floyd statue, so I needed to head out and purchase any weapon that pierces, rather than a machine that cuts or shoots.

Later that day, I headed to the local construction store. I saw many power tools, such as the drill, but they were not viable as they felt way too close range to be practical. Chances are, the George Floyd statue would have started raping me before the tool would reach it. After a few minutes of walking around, I came across this mining pickaxe, which was around three quarters of my height. I felt that it was reasonably long to be able to get a good hit on the George Floyd statue from a safe distance. It was by far the most viable weapon in the store, so I bought it without hesitation.

Once it was apparent that the sun was setting, I placed my pickaxe inside the trunk of my car, and then drove over to the city hall. I arrived there, and saw the George Floyd statue, sitting on the bench at its normal position.

The gorilla dildo was still firmly attached to its crotch, indicating that its adhesiveness had not deteriorated. Looking at it with the knowledge that it could have possibly been the rapist sent some shivers up my spine. At the time, I still did have some thought at the back of my mind that I was a bit crazy for showing up, but I was still committed to finding the truth.

I played on my phone for a bit, as I was waiting for nighttime to completely arrive. Bear in mind, I do have the safety of hiding in my car from the George Floyd statue. However, it makes sense that if a giant piece of concrete is capable of bending, it shouldn't have any difficulty breaking into a vehicle.

At around midnight, while I was watching some columbine edits on YouTube, I noticed a bright light in my peripheral view. I darted my eyes from my phone's screen to the direction of the light source and saw a security night guard walking toward me. When he was close enough to the driver's side of my car, he motioned me to open my door window with a hand. I pulled down the window and then he asked me what I was doing here so late.

"Oh, I am just here to um..." I began.

Before I could finish my sentence, there was an abrupt sound coming from behind the night guard.

It sounded like metal and gears grinding together. This distracted the guard, which caused him to turn back. I was able to see what was behind him. It was the George Floyd statue.

"Let me fuck your asshole please," the George Floyd statue said as it looked at the night guard straight in the eye.

The night guard let out a loud shriek and turned around to run. He managed to get a good 10 meters away from the George Floyd statue. However, the George Floyd statue jumped at an ungodly height, and quickly gained distance on him. It was now in the arms reach of the night guard. The George Floyd statue then grabbed him by the neck and reached for his pants, and then pantsed him with ease.

The night guard tried his very best to pry the George Floyds grip off his neck, but it was simply too strong. It then started grabbing his ass and then proceeded to stick its gorilla dildo in his ass. The George Floyd statue then began to make monkey noises in pleasure. I could not believe what I was seeing. The night guard was screaming in pain, begging the George Floyd statue to stop, but it did not express any form of mercy.

Eventually, it was done raping the night guard. As it removed its dick from his ass, I saw a disgusting amount of blood bleeding out of his ass, along with a little bit of anal prolapse. Accordingly, the George Floyd statue's gorilla dick was covered in blood stains.

I was now deeply afraid of what this thing is capable of. The night guard then waddled away like a penguin, trying to mitigate the pain. The George Floyd statue was clearly done with the victim, because it just stood there, grinning. I could have driven away at any time, but I was too frozen in fear to do anything.

The George Floyd statue then finally realized my presence and looked at me with a horny and menacing facial expression. Its mouth formed a solid evil grin, with the sound of grinding metal accompanying it. I then finally broke out of my trance and remembered my pickaxe in the back of my car.

I shifted to the front passenger seat to my right and then exited the car as fast as I could. Without looking back, I ducked down, to avoid being visible through the car windows. While simultaneously in a crouching position, I snuck my way to the back of my car and took the pickaxe from my trunk. The second I closed the lid of my trunk, the George Floyd statue spotted me and trotted his way toward me.

I held my pickaxe into position and prepared to strike it. The George Floyd statue then began to reach his hand to me, I lifted the pickaxe to the top of my head, and then attempted to land a hit on the George Floyd statue's head. However, it did not leave a dent. Whatever material it is made out of would have to be extremely dense to resist such a blow.

"Haha, you will never stop my horniness," the George Floyd statue said.

I noted the key word in its sentence. It implied that it is capable of feeling sexual arousal. That was when I got an idea. The source of his sex drive would have to originate in the gorilla dildo that is attached to its crotch. Detaching the dildo would most likely eliminate its motivation to rape people.

I raised the pickaxe above my head once again, to swing at the gorilla dildo this time, and then landed a direct hit on it. I heard a loud metal clunking noise, along with feeling a force of vibration on the pickaxe. I looked down and found out the dildo did not come close to coming off. Upon a closer look, I realized that it was not actually an actual dildo anymore. Somehow, perhaps due to the prolonged contact of the George Floyd statue and the gorilla dildo, the mysterious metallic material of the George Floyd statue melted over the dildo, further reinforcing it to finally form a pseudo penis of the George Floyd statue.

I was now out of ideas regarding the destruction of this abomination. Luckily, the George Floyd statue did seem to have a reaction to the pickaxe strike on its penis, because it was holding on it as if somebody kicked it in the balls. That was when I dropped my pickaxe and made a run for it. I bolted to the opposite direction of the George Floyd statue, running as fast as I could. Around 5 seconds later, I started to hear the familiar sound of grinding metal. I darted my head back to see the George Floyd statue now chasing me at full speed.

I took track and field back in my high school days, so I was running at a significantly faster pace than that fat night guard, but the George Floyd statue was still noticeably faster than me. It was only a matter of time before it would catch up to me and rape me. Me running at my fastest is only just a way to buy me some time before my insufferable fate.

With the limited time I had, I had to think of a way to outsmart it. I looked around the surrounding area. Unfortunately, all the shops in town were closed and everybody was at home, so there was no way for me to cry for help. Not too long after, I was beginning to feel my heart burn and the fatigue of my exhausted legs.

The George Floyd statue was only ten feet away from me now, and it seemed to not have used any stamina at all. I was getting very desperate now, to the point where I would do anything to escape it, I turned my head back again, to see the George Floyd statue was stroking his dick while running. The sight of it sent shivers down my spine, because it painted a picture of the desperation of its sex drive. The only thing separating me from this sex monster was my decent athletic caliber.

I had been chased by the statue for almost 5 minutes when I saw a lake in the distance, which was around half the size of a football field. While running, I saw that I only had two options: jump in the lake and hope that the George Floyd statue is dense enough to sink or keep running and hope to find some help. I looked toward the horizon and realized that there were no signs of other people in the distance.

The lake was only a few yards away, while the distance beyond the lake is so far that the George Floyd statue would definitely catch up, by the time I'm there. I chose to go for the former, so I allowed myself to go full sprint mode and jumped into the lake as far as possible, in order to hopefully land in the deeper end for the George Floyd statue to be able to sink.

I managed to dive into a depth of around half my height, and I swam toward the inner side of the lake as quickly as I could. I looked back for a split second and saw that the George Floyd statue was still following me, except that it was still in a running state, as if it was not in water. Eventually, it reached the point where the water was towering over the top of its head and was now starting to slow down.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe in the water!" the George Floyd statue said in a gurgled voice.

Shortly after, I heard the George Floyd statue drown in the lake. It was simply too dense of an object to be able to swim back up. I watched it as it sunk down, eventually becoming a completely lifeless entity. I let out a sigh of relief. Being raped by a nigger is honestly the last thing I want in life, even though it was really just a statue from who knows where.

I swam back to the shore and returned to my car to dry off. I just sat in the front seat for the rest of the night, trying to comprehend everything that happened. Countless times, I found myself doubting that it all happened. I know for sure though, it had to, because I saw the blood stains to my left right outside of the car, which bled from the night guard's asshole.

When I saw that the sun was finally rising, I realized how long I was sitting in my car, so I turned on the gas and drove back home. I arrived back, feeling quite tired, so I crashed in my couch and fell asleep not long after.

I woke up, feeling like I was hungover. Staying up all night, while being attacked by a nigger rapist statue was a very haunting experience. I still felt as if it happened after my sleep. It was quite traumatizing, so I decided to book an appointment with a therapist later that day, to talk about it.

It was in the evening, when I left for the appointment. I had to fill in some paperwork, which was supposed to outline my personal information and briefly explains why I am in need of a therapist. I then entered the psychologist's office when I was done. My therapist was this lady, named Doctor Falconi. She greeted me and motioned me to sit on the couch, across the desk where she sat. Doctor Falconi pulled out a notepad from a drawer and then welcomed me to tell her who I was and what I am here for. I will leave out what I told her to answer the former question, as it is irrelevant.

Once I was ready to explain to her the whole traumatizing experience I had last night, I took a deep breath. I retold everything that happened, in as much detail as possible, from start to finish. Numerous times, I saw Doctor Falconi make these weirded out facial expressions, showing that she was having a hard time believing what I was saying. After I was done explaining the story, which ended with me crashing on my couch, she spent a moment writing in her notepad for a few moments.

"Well young man, you really seem to have an overactive imagination," she said to me, in a condescending tone.

"Wait what? No, everything I told you is real, trust me!" I yelled back.

"You should be ashamed of yourself for falsely booking an appointment with a professional. All you are doing is wasting time. Our time is now up anyway, and I refuse to provide you with help. Get out!"

I slowly went for the door and yelled out "fuck niggers!" before I slammed the door behind me.

I had a feeling of hopelessness, when I was driving back home from the clinic. If a psychologist is not open minded enough to believe my experience, I don't think anybody will. Heck, I don't think any of my online racist friends would believe me. The only possible witness would be any of the rape victims.

Unfortunately, the reported victims were unaware that it was a statue that had raped them, so it is unlikely that I could convince them that the George Floyd statue was the true rapist out there.

I then came up with the idea to reach out to that night guard, who got ass fuck by the George Floyd statue before I got chased. It was obvious that his job was affiliated with the city hall, so I went in there and asked the front receptionist to see him. I remembered briefly looking at his name tag at the scene, his name being Clayton. I asked the receptionist if he happened to know where a night guard with that name is, and how I could contact him.

"Oh I am sorry sir, but Clayton passed away in the hospital this morning, due to a serious anal infection. If you know him, I give my condolences," the receptionist replied.

"Okay, thank you for the insight. Have a good day".

I left the building, losing hope that others would know the truth, especially in the liberal city that I live in.

I arrived back home to a phone call from my employer. I got a mini heart attack when I realized what it was for. I had completely forgotten that I had to work today. I answered the phone and told him what had happened last night. I know that the chances of him believing this are slim, but at this point, I think that keeping the truth to myself for too long would make me lose my sanity. It was best not to start that vicious cycle too early.

Unsurprisingly, my employer yelled back at me for making up shitty excuses to not go to work, and that I am a racist bigot for accusing the George Floyd statue of doing such a thing. I just told him to shut his faggot ass up and hung up.

I know for sure that I will get fired for saying that, but I would rather spread the truth and lose my job for it. I turned on my TV to distract myself from all this and was met by the news channel. I noticed that the newscast was showing an image of the George Floyd statue. The headline read: "George Floyd statue in Newark city hall was mysteriously found in a lake".

I was alarmed by what it said, so my eyes glued to the screen. The news reporter explained that some unknown criminal must have done this, along with managing to weld a dildo on it. I began to shake my head as I was listening to this. Sure, it was true that I put a dildo on it, but I can swear that I have nothing to do with the welding of the pseudo penis on the George Floyd statue.

I continued to listen, and so the reporter said that there is a \$100,000 reward for whoever can prove who vandalized and stole the George Floyd statue. Debate then crossed my mind. I wondered whether or not I should tell the authorities about the story. I had failed to convince the psychologist and my employer. The authorities would have an even smaller chance of believing my experience. I had lost my job, so I figured that I have nothing to lose anymore.

I shut off the TV and then called the number which the newscast provided. I did my best to word the story in a way that would make it more believable, without bending the truth. I actually included the fact that I was the one who attached the dildo and explained the scientific concept of rusting and how it can make it seem like somebody welded the metallic object in question.

The receiver still did not take what I said well, and he said that they have sent some federal agents to come visit me, and then hung up. I knew this could have a few possible implications. I could get further questioned until I reveal the full truth, and then get sent to a psych ward after I discuss the supernatural aspect of the story. Better yet, I could get locked up for simply being a racist. Either way, I accepted whatever the feds would do to me, so I decided to act on my final resort, which was to post my experience on the internet.

I went on my computer and visited the nosleep community on Reddit. I created a new post and wrote this entire story. I replayed every event multiple times in my head, to recall every little detail.

As I was typing this, I did remember noticing something which I overlooked earlier. Going back to when I was watching Heather Wilcock getting raped by the George Floyd statue, I revoked the fact that she looked like she was kind of enjoying getting raped. That being said, it would make sense if she prefers BBC instead of her pajeet boyfriend's small dick. Her loud screams could have been due to the shock which she felt because she was only used to being fucked by Jayesh. This made me wonder, could Heather Wilcock have been involved in the George Floyd statue coming to life?

Anyway, I am running out of time typing this. I peeked through my front window and saw a large black SUV, with a group of nerd stock image looking agents inside. I am sure those are the federal agents who are about to visit me.

The George Floyd Barnacle

I have always been a person who paid very little attention to my physical health. I was the kind of person who does not regulate my alcohol intake. The kind of person who would refuse to look at my X-ray results. This all changed one day, when I had an extremely fatal medical condition.

I was at my job one day, as a fisherman. It was just me and the boat driver, Constantine. I had a fishing quota, where I had to catch 200 saltwater salmon. It was normally what I had to hunt for. Nothing out of the ordinary, such as when I occasionally get assigned to catch sea turtles.

I lowered the fishing net, which was hooked onto an anchor to the right of the ship. I know, most fishing firms do not use fishing nets like this. This is something I do to ensure the fragile boat we have doesn't tip over like a canoe, whenever we happen to catch something large. All I have to do is release the anchor to isolate the net from the boat.

As the fishing net reached around one hundred meters below the surface, I felt a slight tug on the boat. It was throwing off the balance of it to the left side. I recoiled the anchor rope, as an attempt to rebalance it. However, I was not able to counter the tug in the slightest. I tried again a few more times, trying even harder. The anchor rope would not budge though. That was when I called Constantine to assist me.

"Hey, I think we've captured a large sea organism or object. It is pulling quite hard on the boat. I might need some assistance rebalancing it," I said. "I really hope we caught a school of salmon."

Constantine and I then grabbed the rope with both of our arms and played a little game of tug of war with whatever thing is on the other end. We pulled as hard as we could, as if we were trying to rip off Ronnie McNutt's head. We heard the sound of the rope's fibers ripping. I was also feeling an intense burn, due to the friction of my palm.

We almost managed to get the boat back to an equilibrium balance, when the burning sensation got so bad for me, that I let the rope loose for a split second. Constantine could not withstand the opposing force by himself, so both of us let go of the rope.

That backfired. Whatever was down below the ocean exerted a snapping force, which caused the entire boat to flip. Constantine and I fell into the ocean as the boat went upside down. I wiped my face with my hand, to get the painful saltwater out of my eyes.

I looked at the boat, with the feeling of failure as it was now impossible to get it right side up, without special assistance. I pulled out my waterproof cell phone to call in an emergency, when I heard a very deep eerie sound from under the water. It sounded quite creepy. It felt like it was coming from right below where I was floating.

I dove my head below the surface, to try to see what was making that sound. The moment I landed my eyes on what that monstrous being was, I got a near heart attack. At first, all I saw were two very dark holes, side by side. But as that thing came closer to me, I realized that those holes were actually the giant nostrils of a massive black humanoid face. It was the Floyd fish.

"Give me your air, or else I will destroy your boat even more!" the Floyd fish said.

The fact that this massive prehistoric-sized fish was capable of talking, sent shivers down my spine. I always thought the Floydfish was just an urban legend that some edgy teenagers made up. But here it was, right in front of my cold beady eyes. I was prepared to swim away from the best, but I realized there was no point. The Floyd fish is a nigger fish species, so there is no way to outpace it, without being a nigger Olympic swimmer.

The only option I had was to defeat this thing. I pulled out my shark knife from my pocket and attempted to jab it against the neck of the Floyd fish. I, unfortunately, missed due to a miscalculation of my swing.

"Hehehe, you will never fish me!" The Floyd fish laughed.

That pissed me off. Constantine, who also had his shark knife equipped, tried to stab the Floyd fish's neck as well. But the Floyd fish somehow managed to dodge it. I decided that the only way to kill this thing was to block its gills, to prevent it from breathing.

I signaled Constantine that I was going to block the right gill, and that he needed to block its other kill to completely shut off the Floyd fish's breathing. I used both my hands to cover that side, at the same time as Constantine on the other side.

"Oh no shit, please stop plugging my gills, I can't breathe!", the Floyd fish said.

We both kept suffocating it, trying our best to kill it. But just as the Floyd fish began to look weakened, I realized that I could not hold my breath any longer. I needed to swim back up or else I would suffocate as well. Constantine felt the same, let go as well.

The Floyd fish used this as the opportunity to deliver a nasty strike. It swam away from us, until it was nowhere to be seen. Shortly after, I heard that dreaded low ominous sound, which indicated the increasing proximity of the Floyd fish. It was swimming back at us at full speed. I was nearly at the surface, when I saw that ugly nigger face again. At an extremely fast speed, it rubbed its rough body against me, which cut through my abdomen. It was now severely bleeding. Before the Floyd fish managed to get far away enough, I jabbed the shark knife at its eyes.

“Ah shit, I can’t see! MAMA!” the Floyd fish cried. It then retreated, never to be seen again.

I was losing quite a bit of blood from the scratch, which the Floyd fish left on my stomach. Once I popped my head above the surface, I realized the excruciating pain, due to the sea salt coming in contact with my wound. I told Constantine to call for backup to rescue us, as I would definitely lose too much blood if we decided to swim back to shore.

A few minutes passed, and I heard the resonance of a helicopter that was heading our way. I don’t know exactly when, but I passed out not too long after the chopper lowered in altitude to pick us up.

I woke up, bed bound. I looked around the room that I was mysteriously brought to. I saw all sorts of anatomy posters and an IV, which was inserted into my belly. I quickly realized that I was in a hospital bed.

A woman in a light blue shirt walked into the room. She was my nurse. She looked at me with concern and said the words, “You will be fine. You’ll just need to stay here for a few more days, and we will let you go.”

Those comforting words relieved me. I looked at my belly and realized how bloody it still looked.

“I know it does not look good. You did suffer a minor infection in your abdominal wound. It looks like it will heal just fine though, so don’t be alarmed,” the nurse told me calmly.

I nodded and then went back to sleep.

I woke up again and noticed that my abdominal pain significantly worsened. I looked at my belly, to see something that looked very wrong. It was a massive lump that looked a bit like a plantar wart, except it had a brown color. It consisted of around 80 percent of my belly’s surface. The infection seemed to have significantly worsened, contrary to what the nurse told me.

I tried touching the lump, but very quickly yelped in pain and retracted my hand. I heard fast footsteps heading toward the hospital room. My nurse came in and asked me what was wrong. I pointed at the lump and told her that it hurts when I touch it. She made a disgusted face. It was as if she had never seen something like this before.

“I am going to call in medical experts,” she said, somehow still in a calming voice.

She clearly knew something was very wrong, while at the same time did not want me to panic. A man, who was holding a clipboard, entered the room. He eyeballed the giant lump on my stomach and walked closer to take a clearer look. He raised his left eyebrow and wrote on his clipboard.

“Hello there. My name is Robert Hempel, a biology expert. I have very bad news for you. This right here looks to be a very rare case of a barnacle infection. You were severely scratched by a barnacle, which has a very small chance of reproducing in your body. You will be given antibiotics shortly,” Robert said.

Whatever I was going to be given, I really wanted it as soon as possible. The pain was unbearable at this point.

Robert left the room, and then came back shortly to inject anesthesia into my elbow. It caused my entire body to go numb, but it felt a lot better. Robert said that the antibiotics will come in a few hours and that I should just rest. He then had to leave because his shift was over.

But as soon as he shut the door, I heard a very faint whisper. It felt awfully close to me. I looked around the room, but I did not see anyone. I shrugged it off to my imagination, perhaps due to the trauma I suffered, so I closed my eyes. But the moment I did, I heard the whisper again. I was not able to decipher its words, but whatever it said, it sounded sinister.

As I continued trying to sleep, the whispers became louder and louder, to the point where I was able to first understand what it was saying, “I am stealing your air.”

That made my eyes jolt open. I looked to my front and saw something that nearly made me vomit. It was a face planted right smack in the middle of my barnacle infection. It was the face of George Floyd. Its deformed eyes locked into mine.

“What the fuck are you?” I asked.

I was not expecting an intellectual answer in the slightest. But to my surprise, it whispered, “I am the George Floyd barnacle. Now that I am a part of your body, I will now hoard all of your oxygen supply.”

Those eerie words scared the shit out of me. I tried to blink a few times to test if I was dreaming. But I did not wake up at all. The George Floyd barnacle then laughed at me.

“Shut up nigger, you will be gone once antibiotics will kill you,” I said.

“Hehehe, good luck with that man, I will steal all your lung air for life,” he said.

I was now overwhelmed with both fear and anger. The idea that I was now stuck with a giant George Floyd barnacle parasite thing on my belly, made me hate niggers even more. It fueled me so much, I raised my hand and tried to slap the George Floyd barnacle. However, I deeply regretted that. The George Floyd barnacle made a large cut on my palm. I looked at it and it was bleeding a lot. A nose and lips, and a pair of eyes then quickly grew from the palm of my hand

That was when I realized I made a huge mistake. I spread the George Floyd barnacle infection onto my hand. The eyes, nose and lips developed very rapidly, until they formed monkey Floyds face on my palm.

“Nice try, but you will never stop me, HEHEHE!” both of the George Floyd barnacles said in unison.

I screamed for help, hoping to be heard. Footsteps were heard to my relief and my nurse came in.

“I really need help, these nigger barnacles in my hand and belly won’t go away. Please help me remove them,” I begged the nurse.

The nurse looked at the nigga infection and screamed, then bolted out of the room.

I started to feel a very strange lightheadedness. I looked at the George Floyd barnacle and saw that it was making an inhaling shape with its mouth. It was now stealing my brain’s oxygen supply. I began feeling extremely dizzy. It felt as if I was being strangled to death. Losing hope, I lost consciousness.

I woke up to what looked to be morning. I was about to rub my eyes, but quickly remembered that my hand has the George Floyd barnacle infection. I took a look at it once again and saw that the George Floyd barnacle was asleep because it was snoring. Thank god its snoring did not allow too much air through its nasal nose.

I needed to go to the washroom quite badly, as I was bed bound for a long time. I stood up and went out of my hospital room. I found a men’s washroom next to the room, as luck would have it. I pulled my pants down and relieved myself. But when the piss stream left my urethra, I felt a fuck ton of pain in my dick hole. I looked down and saw that instead of pissing out the normally yellow fluid, I was pissing out this white powder like substance. After the very painful experience, I examined the mysterious dust. It was fentanyl. The thought of excreting this foreign object really turned my stomach. I went inside one of the stalls and puked. After I was done, I went back to my hospital room

I saw a figure waiting for me. It was Robert Hempel. He had a bottle in one of his hands, which were the antibiotics he was about to apply to my infection. He instructed me to roll up my shirt. I did as he said, to reveal the George Floyd barnacle. It was still fast asleep.

“Holy shit, that is one ugly nigger face,” Robert said.

In disgust, he quickly injected the George Floyd barnacle with the antibiotics. I felt the needle pierce through the solid layer of dead skin cells, merged with the hard barnacle shells. It hurt like a bitch. So much that I shed a tear. The George Floyd barnacle then woke up. It looked furious.

“How dare you wake me up!” The George Floyd barnacle said.

It made that familiar inhaling form with its mouth and began to exhale. I then felt a severe sense of dizziness. Robert stabbed the George Floyd barnacle again, but that only further angered it.

The George Floyd barnacle then began to grow in size, at a rapid rate. It made me feel even weaker, since it drained me of nutrients to support its tremendous growth. It was expanding both vertically, and horizontally, so it took up a much larger surface area of my torso. It then grew a pair of arms.

“You will pay for this, nerd!” the George Floyd barnacle cried.

It reached out its long arms to Robert, and then gobbled him up like he was candy. I then instantly felt a very heavy weight on my stomach. I essentially shared the same stomach as the George Floyd barnacle.

“Ahhh, that was a tasty human being. Almost as good as banana sandwiches,” the George Floyd barnacle said.

All of a sudden, I heard the hospital alarm go off. The room and hallway were now flashing red. An ear-piercing beeping sound played, in sync with the red lights. A bunch of hospital workers and short-term patients ran across the hallway. I wondered what the breach was all about, so I pulled my shirt back down and followed them. Once we made it out of the hospital

building, everyone stopped. I had that eerie feeling that I was being watched, so I looked around, to realize that everybody was looking at me.

A pair of security guards approach me, and then they put me in handcuffs.

“What the hell is that ugly black thing on his hand?”, one of the security guards said.

I knew that they noticed that one George Floyd barnacle on my right hand. I then felt something tug my shirt. It then ripped it off, to reveal the giant George Floyd barnacle on my torso. The security guards, along with everybody watching the scene, looked utterly shocked. It looked a lot like I was part of this alien parasite movie. The George Floyd barnacle reached out its hand and then gobbled up the security guard that insulted its brother. Everybody but the last remaining guard ran away. The guard then pulled out a gun, and then aimed it at the George Floyd barnacle.

“Ah shit, please officer don’t shoot me!” the George Floyd barnacle said.

The security guard pulled the trigger without hesitation. I thought either the George Floyd barnacle or me was going to die, but to my surprise, I did not feel anything. The bullet completely bounced off of the surface of the George Floyd barnacle.

“Hehehe, you are forgetting that I am bullet resistant. You are next officer!” The George Floyd barnacle said in his iconic laugh.

The security officer pulled out his walkie talkie, and then called for backup. I had a bad feeling about this. Who knows what kind of weapons they would bring, if a pistol did not come close to penetrating the George Floyd barnacle? I was almost certain that I was going to die in the process of getting rid of the George Floyd barnacle.

A few minutes later, several cop cars showed up. A whole legion of police exited their cars all at the same time, and then pointed their gun at the George Floyd barnacle. They all fired, at the same time. All of the bullets bounced off of the shell of the George Floyd barnacle. They kept shooting, until they all ran out of ammo. The George Floyd barnacle remained unharmed.

It then, in a snap of a finger, reached out its now inhumanly long arms, and began gobbling up the police officers one by one. The cops were in a state of shock, so they were immobilized. The George Floyd barnacle expanded its mouth to an unnatural width, and then mass inhaled the cops. However, only one cop remained a survivor. I took a glance at his face, and then what I saw shocked me. It was Derek Chauvin. I could not believe he was now out of prison, let alone being a cop again.

“Well well well, I meet you again ya nigger!” Derek Chauvin said.

The George Floyd barnacle then had a worried expression on its face. Derek then lunged out and tackled me. Derek was not specifically targeting me, but the George Floyd barnacle. Derek knelt on my stomach, which ultimately began to suffocate the George Floyd barnacle.

“Ah shit, you have found my weakness. I can’t breathe!” the George Floyd barnacle said.

I saw the George Floyd barnacle gradually lose its prominent facial features. It started off with his nose and lips thinning out. Next, his eyes faded away. Finally, the remaining lump shrunk, until my belly looked back to normal. I looked at my hand. The George Floyd barnacle there seemed to have had a symbiotic relationship, with the one on my belly, because it faded away as well.

After noticing the barnacles were gone, Derek gently lifted his knee and let me go.

“My work here is done pal, got the nigga monkey, yet again!”, Derek Chauvin exclaimed.

I thanked him, and then he left. The hospital was not too far from my home, so I walked there. All of my pain went away instantly, like magic, so it was not too bad.

I self-reflected everything that happened. I remembered that large gash that the Floyd fish left on my belly. It occurred to me that because the Floyd fish was covered in barnacles, that scratch must have been the barnacle that infected me, with the George Floyd barnacle.

For those of you who are reading this, if you go fishing, avoid the Floyd fish at all costs. If it manages to come too close, make sure it does not scratch you with its barnacles. And if you manage to get infected, please get help from officer Chauvin for medical help.

Do Not Download the Ronnie McNutt Touhou Mod

Before I tell you what happened, I need to give you some information about myself. My name is Nate Higgers and I am just a random 19 year old who enjoys doing random shit on the internet. I am also a huge fan of gore related videos. I constantly go onto gore sites during the night to see some scary shit before I go to bed.

Believe it or not, I have never had any nightmares that actually scared me before. This is probably because of my gore addiction; I am just so used to seeing fucked up shit that nothing scares me anymore. However, there is one exception, the person I am going to talk about.

Alright, now onto the main contents of the story. I remember the exact date this shit happened. November 21st, 2020. It was in the middle of the night on a Saturday, and I was doing my normal routine, looking through the dark web to find the most fucked up gore video possible. I was on a site called funnygorevideos.com and I found a link to a twitch streamer that went by the name hinderless. I didn't normally see twitch streamer links on gore sites, so I clicked the link and went to his profile. I immediately started laughing my ass off when I saw the profile. It was Ronnie McNutt, the MAGAtard cuckservative who committed reset character with a shotgun on a Facebook Livestream.

I've seen his death video over 500 times now and it never fails to make me chuckle when I see it. I went to the video section on his twitch profile and saw a video that was called "HEYGUYS_666666666". This video looked extremely weird, so I clicked on it. When the video loaded, the first thing I noticed was that this footage was marked in the Touhou Project game category. This made me even more confused. What the hell did Ronnie McNutt's death have to do with Touhou? I started watching the video because now I was really interested in this shit.

I immediately noticed extreme differences to the original Ronnie McNutt death video. For one, Ronnie McNutt had anime posters including Touhou ones all over the back of his wall. At the beginning of the video, he made a bet with his girlfriend equinox autumn on a discord call. We could see Ronnie's screen and equinox autumn had her webcam turned on which meant I had to look at her ugly ass face. God, that bitch is ugly. I think I'd go as far as to say that she's even uglier than George Floyd. And holy shit that is an accomplishment that is hard to pull off.

The audio was very distorted and hard to hear but it was audible enough for me to somewhat hear. Apparently, Ronnie made a deal with his ugly ass girlfriend that he had to beat Embodiment of The Scarlet Devil which is the 6th game of the Touhou Series on lunatic mode.

Now I'm not a big fan of Touhou or anything but lunatic mode is pretty fucking hard. If Ronnie did not complete this task then equinox autumn would break up with him. I started watching some of the video and laughed my ass off as Ronnie tried to beat the game, constantly failing over and over again. I have never even gotten close to beating any touhou even on easy mode because of how fucking hard Touhou is.

However at the 35 minute mark of the stream, after dying for god knows how many times, Ronnie's screen turned dark red and black and his voice became demonic. He hung up on equinox autumn and said "Hey guys, I guess that's it," in a super unsettling demonic tone. He then took his shotgun and committed suicide just like he did when he originally killed himself. I was laughing during the video as I saw Ronnie's head turn into a tomato. The video then abruptly ended and I was redirected to a website that had a download link to what appeared to be a Ronnie McNutt Touhou 6 mod. I haven't seen many touhou mods, presumably because they're near impossible to make.

Since I had the sudden urge to play it, I downloaded the file onto my computer, extracted it, and then started playing it. I was laughing my ass off the entire time as I was playing it as all the music was replaced with Ronnie McNutt remixes and

literally every single asset of the game was replaced with ronnie mcnut images. It was so fucking funny, I thought I was going to pass out from laughing.

After around 2 hours of laughing my ass off while playing it, I realized it was already 6 in the morning and that I needed to go to bed. It took me another 30 minutes to fall asleep from how hard I was laughing but I finally managed to fall asleep.

That night, I had this really weird dream that I downloaded the Ronnie Mcnutt touhou mod again, but this time I was the first person to download it, please note that in this dream I was able to tell because the site had a download counter for all the download links.

After the download finished, Ronnie Mcnutt became a youkai and went to Gensokyo which is the place where all the Touhou characters live. I can't remember exactly what he did there, but he was a disturbance to everyone.

I woke up a few hours later but when I woke up, I felt weird. I was outside in the middle of nowhere. I was confused about my surroundings, so I started to walk around a little. I tried to go on my phone to see where I was but sadly my phone was dead which meant I had absolutely no way to know where I was unless I found somebody.

I tried screaming "HELLO!" to see if I would get a response. It was pitch black outside so most people, if there actually were any in this area, were probably sleeping at this time. Thankfully, I had a flashlight in my pocket so I took it out to get a better view of this place. I saw that I was right by a lake, and that there was a huge mansion across the lake. But I saw that there was a group of campers near the lake.

I realized that this scenery felt awfully similar to Touhou. "There's no fucking way" I thought to myself. I walked closer to the campers near the lake to see if they could help me. I knocked on one of their tents and said hello. One of the campers asked me "Do you hate niggers?" I said "fuck yeah I hate niggers. Those monkeys are a menace to society."

Everybody opened up their tents and hugged me. "We are the Liberal Termination Crew. We despise niggers, faggots, trannies, and any other degenerate groups. My name is The Liberal Terminator and to be honest we have no fucking clue where we are."

I felt relieved as I had found a group of nigger haters in the area who I could work with. I tried to ask him why we were here, and he said that the Ronnie McNutt touhou mod is cursed and that anyone who downloads it onto their computer gets injected with a curse and gets teleported through a gap in their sleep to this universe. None of us know how to get out of this universe and to be honest we have never tried.

This world is a million times better than the old world as there are no niggers to be seen. I have to admit that living in a world with no niggers sounds like paradise, but I needed to get back home. My family and friends are based as fuck and I didn't want them to be worried about me so I wished them best of luck and we parted ways. I wanted to get to the mansion that was across the lake to see if anybody around that area could help me. If the Liberal Termination Crew was right about there being no way out of this universe, I would probably just Mcnutt myself.

Now I am a good swimmer as I used to be on a swim team a few years ago. My flashlight and phone were both waterproof which meant I didn't have to worry about breaking them, so I started swimming across the lake. After around 10 minutes of swimming, I was finally on the island where the mansion was. Even though I was really worried about where I was, it was nice to not see any niggers around the area. I don't care if I'm in constant pain or not, as long as there are no niggers near me then I will feel alright. That was what I thought at least.

As I got closer to the mansion, I saw that somebody else was climbing over the gated fence surrounding it. I ran near it to get a closer look, and when I saw him my heart skipped a beat. It was George Floyd. Usually I don't get scared, but when George Floyd turned around slowly and menacingly at me with his big ass nose and lips, I felt extremely uncomfortable and scared.

George walked over to me and whispered, "Hey man gimme some fentanyl please man."

I told him that the only things I had with me were my flashlight and dead phone. I could tell George Floyd was pissed at me but surprisingly he didn't point a gun at my belly even though I could tell he had a pistol on him. Instead, he walked over to the mansion and slowly opened a window. He crept into the mansion where I assumed he was going to stay.

This event completely changed my mind about wanting to go in the mansion as I did not want to be anywhere near that nigger. I felt very tired again so I decided to sleep outside hoping that this was all some dream and that I would wake up in my bed as if nothing ever happened.

I woke up and sadly I was still in this universe. I was so fucking depressed and realized that even if there was anybody in this universe who could help me, chances are they are a Nigger lives matter and LGBTQ supporter who would call me a racist homophobic bastard if I tried talking to them. So, I decided I was going to McNutt myself. But there was one problem, I didn't have a shotgun on me. However, I remembered the lake surrounding the island I was located on, so I started heading towards the lake when I heard somebody scream.

I went back over to the mansion and looked inside the window, and what I saw made me enraged with anger. I saw a purple haired librarian in a purple and white striped robe with a gun pointed at her belly.

"Gimme all yo pregnant belly pics and books before I bust a cap in yo white ass," I heard a black voice say.

I looked closer and realized that it was George Floyd who was threatening her. I immediately busted down the window and sprinted like there was no tomorrow towards George Floyd. I punched the nigger monkey like Donkey kong and then started kneeling on his neck.

"Ah fuck I can't breathe," George Floyd said.

My knee was so strong that I killed him within seconds. The librarian and her assistant thanked me and said "Thank you so much for killing that monkey, he has been fucking around with this mansion ever since he entered Gensokyo in May."

After listening to her talk, I found out that all of the dead niggers killed by the police who were idolized by BLM all became youkais and lived in Gensokyo.

"All of them are ruining our once precious world. They must be stopped, even though they are very weak compared to us, they have their ways of outsmarting us," the girl said.

Then somebody else walked in, she had blue hair, a white hat and dress, and black vampire wings.

"Hello hero, my name is Remilia Scarlet and I am the owner of this mansion," she said. "I cannot thank you enough for kneeling on Nigger Floyd. He and his gang have been ruining Gensokyo ever since they arrived. As a result, I have decided to choose you to stop the worst of them."

I was so confused, what was she referring to as the worst of them and why was I chosen to kill them? So I asked her why I was chosen and she gave me context on the situation.

"Somebody from your universe created a Ronnie McNutt Touhou mod the day after Ronnie McNutt committed suicide on a Facebook Livestream. When that mod was created, it triggered Ronnie McNutt's dead self which caused Ronnie to turn into a youkai and he has lived in Gensokyo ever since," she said.

These events sounded awfully similar to the events that happened in my dream yesterday. "The moment Ronnie started living in Gensokyo, we all immediately despised him. He has destroyed at least a thousand things in this world with his special shotgun. He is very weak and has no powers at all so you'd think he'd be easy to kill, but right when we are about to kill him he always grabs his shotgun and says Hey Guys I guess that's it before shooting himself. Whenever Ronnie shoots himself with that particular shotgun, he respawns in a random place in Gensokyo where he causes even more trouble. 95% of Gensokyo residents have tried to kill him so we know a lot about this McNutt dude. The only way to stop Ronnie once and for all is to steal his shotgun which will not be easy. He constantly carries it around with him and treats it like a wife. If you manage to stop Ronnie McNutt once and for all. I will inform the youkai master and she will take you back to your home universe. If you fail, you will become a permanent resident and slave to our mansion. Do you understand?"

I accepted knowing that this was the only way I had any chance of returning home.

"Now this will be far from easy, so you can take several people along the ride with you. Do you know any other based people around here besides us?" Remilia asked.

I immediately remembered The Liberal Termination Crew that was camping by the lake. I said I knew who to talk to and started running towards the lake. Everyone at the mansion wished me luck as I started swimming across the lake again. Once I finally got across the lake, I saw the Liberal Termination crew camping just like they were last night.

"Oh hey there," The Liberal Terminator said. "Hey guys, I need your help with something. Remilia Scarlet told me that if we kill Ronnie McNutt in Gensokyo, we will be able to go home."

Everyone in the crew was confused so I had to explain everything to them. After I finished explaining everything, it was a unanimous decision that they were going to help me.

"What's your name?" they all asked. My name is Nate Higgers, I responded.

"You have a godly name bro, I can already tell you are based" a group member named Sex Toys said.

We had to walk since there are no vehicles in Gensokyo. Since we knew nothing about this universe it was going to be near impossible to spot Ronnie. We did come across several other girls along the way, some of whom we truced with due to them also searching for Ronnie. But I remembered that George Floyd apparently had a gang of other idolized BLM niggers. I wanted to keep an eye out for them as well, since now that I had a whole gang of nigger haters myself, we could easily put an end to all of those nigger monkeys.

After a few hours of walking and telling stories about funny Ronnie McNutt memes, we saw a disgusting sight. It was Caitlyn Jenner the tranny. Apparently, she was in Gensokyo trying to gain followers for her campaign since she is running for governor in California. I had no fucking idea why she was campaigning in the fucking touhou universe out of all places, but me and the Liberal Termination Crew ran over to her and yelled “FUCK TRANNIES.”

We got out our weapons and started shooting at her. But we couldn't finish her off because we heard a familiar voice. "Stop attacking Caitlyn Jenner and her conservative fans or I will lose brain cells."

We all looked around and immediately felt a wave of joy. It was Ronnie McNutt. All of us ran like we were being chased by madmen towards him. The Liberal Terminator started kneeling on Ronnie's neck while the rest of us started reaching in Ronnie's pockets to look for his shotgun. We couldn't find the shotgun in his pockets so we forced him to roll over, but we still couldn't find his shotgun.

We literally looked everywhere in this man for his shotgun but couldn't find it anywhere. But we could tell Ronnie was losing oxygen, so we didn't care very much.

“Fuck fuck I can’t breathe my brain is losing the ability to breathe. Time to McNutt myself to end the pain.” Ronnie said. “Fuck, where’s my shotgun ah shit I can’t find it.”

The Liberal Terminator continued to kneel on Ronnie's neck but then I noticed a black man jogging by us. But this was not any ordinary jogger, I looked closely and realized that it was Ahmaud Strawberry or whatever the fuck that nigger's name was. I got out the pistol that I had acquired from George Floyd and shot him several times all around his body. He was dead, and I was so proud of myself for killing another nigger. But then I saw George Floyd's whole gang coming towards us. They looked very pissed and had lots of powerful weapons.

“Time for all deez white ass oppression bitchiez to get caps in dem asses,” said Daunte Wright.

We could not escape all these niggers, they kept coming for us trying to prevent us from killing Ronnie McNutt. I was about to go extra overdrive on them when I got a bunch of skittles thrown at my face.

“How do you like that cracka?” Trayvon Martin said.

I got out my pistol and shot like crazy. I managed to kill 8 niggers before I had to reload, but thankfully I had my crew members with me to help me out. Sex toys said that he would finish off Ronnie while The Liberal Terminator, our most powerful group member, turned on terminator mode. He yelled “FUUCK NIGGERS” And went into maximum overdrive mode as he shot lasers upon lasers out of his eyes, instantly vaporizing any niggers that collided with it.

After around 5 minutes, all the niggers were dead. You may be wondering why The Liberal Terminator didn't use that ability on Ronnie McNutt to kill him earlier. Well, that's because all of his abilities only work on minorities and since Ronnie is white, he is invincible to the terminator's powers.

After around 15 long and painful minutes of kneeling, Ronnie McNutt finally died. Several residents of Gensokyo came over and confirmed he was dead. We then celebrated with a huge party, with everybody in Gensokyo being invited. There were around 5 thousand people at the party. Our party consisted of lots of food, snacks, drinks, but most importantly, the games.

We had games at our party such as Pin The Knee On the Nigger Floyd, Shoot The Black Jogger Simulator, but most importantly, The Ronnie Mcnutt Pinata. That party was probably the most fun I've ever had in my entire life. But once the party was over, me and The Liberal Termination Crew were sent to a room where we were greeted by a girl named Yukari.

For those who don't know, she can create portals between universes. She congratulated all of us for killing Ronnie McNutt, George Floyd, and the rest of their nigger gang. She made each of us portals one by one to go back to our respective locations before all this shit happened. Everyone went into their portals one by one; I went last because apparently the best person goes out last.

I walked into the portal and came out into my room. I pinched myself for the 5 millionth time during this experience to make sure I wasn't dreaming. Thankfully I wasn't and this shit was all real. I was so excited to finally be home, so I walked

downstairs to meet with my parents. Like I said, I am only 19 so I don't have the money to move out on my own yet. My parents ran towards me and hugged me.

"Nate, we heard about everything. We are so proud of you for killing all those niggers," my mom said.

My dad said that they used to be nigger lives matter supporters before this incident.

"We are so sorry for ever supporting those subhuman monkeys," my dad continued.

"It's ok guys, all that matters is that we are a nigger hating family now."

We all chuckled and watched funny George Floyd Creepypastas for the rest of the day.

In conclusion, I got extremely lucky with this event. Most people would probably McNutt themselves early on in the journey. But I held through and managed to escape which was obviously something I wasn't expecting to happen. Be careful about what you download as you never know what could happen. And if it wasn't obvious enough, don't download the Ronnie McNutt Touhou mod despite the fact that it's super fucking funny. Oh, one last thing, fuck niggers.

George Floyd Forced my Wife to Breastfeed Him

My wife Brenda and I have this tradition, where we would go on a major road trip every summer. This ranges from enjoying the views on top of mountains, skiing, exploring the wilderness, and trying out new restaurants. The possibilities are endless.

One of my favorite parts of these road trips is when Brenda and I would have a ton of sex in the hotels. I am also going to mention that Brenda possesses many characteristics, which make her very enjoyable to fuck.

For one, her tits are insanely big. She would constantly ask me to buy her custom-made bras for her birthday. Another reason is her pussy grips my dick so well, that it is very difficult to pull out before I cum. These characteristics of my wife will be very important for the story.

It was a nice sunny day in July. I have recently just graduated from college and received my computer science degree. Very proud of myself, I decided that I much needed to reward myself after all those years of studying. Because of the amazing weather, I proposed to Brenda that I would love for us to go on a road trip to the Minneapolis mountains. The mountains over there are known for having this mystical view. From what I've heard, the meadows there are unforgettable.

Brenda was quite enthusiastic toward the request, and she happily agreed. We got right into packed our bags full of snacks and clothes. We chose to spend three whole weeks on the trip, to further celebrate my hard-earned achievement. Because of the significance of this road trip, I rented us an RV trailer.

Brenda and I live in Winnipeg, Canada so it was supposedly going to take us over two days to drive over to the Minneapolis mountains. I made sure to stock up on a lot of hygiene related products. This included multiple toothbrushes, Kleenex, and bathing products. I know this may seem excessive for 2 days' time, but let me tell you, I did forget to bring

something in particular, which would have been very important later in the story. God, I wish I remembered to bring condoms. You'll know why, after hearing what happened to Brenda and I during the trip.

The next day, Brenda and I began on our journey to the Minneapolis mountains. I flicked on the GPS app on my phone, then hooked it onto the RV's windshield. We were approximately 600 kilometers away from our destination. I fired up the gas and followed the directions, which the GPS had given us. It was quite a relaxing way there, as the traffic was relatively peaceful.

A day had passed since, and I was getting quite drowsy. It was right around midnight at this point. I struggled to keep my eyelids from closing completely, as I continued to drive through this mundane road. Brenda noticed my unfocused gaze, so she offered to take over, while I took a nap. That question relieved me, so I said yes, and we switched seats. I instantly passed out the moment I slubbed on the passenger's seat.

I awoke, to see that we were now only 100 kilometers away. I checked the clock on my phone, and it said, 10:30 AM. I slept for a good 10 hours, so I told Brenda that we were good to switch back our seats. But before we got out of the RV, Brenda told me that she felt super horny, and that she wanted to have sex. I was also horny as fuck, so we did the deed. Oh god, her pussy felt extra good that day, so I ejaculated in that glory hole like there was no tomorrow. It felt so damn good, that I did not manage to pull it out.

Brenda got mad at me, yelling at me, asking me why I came in her pussy. I told her that I could not help it. Brenda told me to go to the nearest gas station to buy a pregnancy test. The GPS indicated that one was only 2 minutes away, thankfully. Might as well fill the RV with gas too, since the gas tank was only at 25 percent. I drove over to that gas station. Brenda filled up the RV's gas while I went inside the convenience store to buy the pregnancy test.

Pregnancy tests have to be used weeks, after unprotected sex. Since the trip will be three weeks, we were going to test Brenda near the end of the trip.

Fast forward around half a day. We finally made it to the Minneapolis mountains. The view was very awe-struck. The way the clouds formed around the mountain peaks was quite a breathtaking sight. Of course, we took a bunch of photos.

During the course of the trip, we went on these long hikes every single day. Exploring the wildlife. It sure was nice camping, especially inside the comfort of the RV trailer. Sure beats sleeping in a tent. Near the end of the three weeks, we got Brenda tested and found out she was pregnant. Even though we had zero intention of having a baby, we still planned to keep it because we are against abortion anyway. Aside from that, I was pretty sure this was going to be our best road trip yet. But that thought was until the end of the vacation, when we were on our way back home.

Just as Brenda and I were about to begin our exit route, I realized some devastating news. I had forgotten to refill the RV trailer's gas tank, in the entirety of our three weeks stay. The tank only had 2 percent gas, which was not sufficient enough for us to drive to the nearest gas station. There was also no cellular service at our campground, so there was no way for me to call a towing truck.

Brenda and I had only one choice, which was to walk around the site for any fellow campers. And that's what we did. We spent hours upon hours searching. It was too bad there were no others close by. Or so we thought.

It was dusk. We ventured so far away from our RV that we got lost. We shouldn't have done this, I thought. That was when we heard this very terrifying screech. It sounded a bit like a mountain lion. Mountain lions are capable of mimicking human screams. Either way, it is best to avoid them.

Brenda and I strode away from wherever the sound came from. However, despite our attempts to distance ourselves from it, it began to sound like it was coming closer. Brenda and I instinctively ran in the same direction to get away from it. The screeching became ear piercing.

At last, it sounded like it was right behind us. I turned my head back and saw a very dark and tall figure. The figure, which was following us, stopped. Brenda and I both stopped running as well to examine that tall figure. It inched closer to us, to reveal its identity. When I finally saw its face, I noticed its unusually large nose and lips. It was George Floyd.

"Ooga booga, I need to suck yo titties!" George Floyd said, looking down at Brenda's breasts.

I put an arm in front of Brenda in a defender's position. I will not let that nigga monkey assault my wife. However, he pulled out a pistol and pointed it at Brenda's pregnant belly.

"Hey man, lemme suck yo bitches' boobies, or else I will shoot her pregnant belly!" George Floyd demanded. This time, even louder.

As much as she was a sex object to me, I love Brenda with all my heart, so I decided against letting her die. I nodded my head to George Floyd's evil threat. While still pointing his gun at Brenda's belly, he lifted up her shirt, to reveal her extra-large tits. In the speed of light, George Floyd bent down, and began sucking on Brenda's nipples. He looked like he never had any water in days.

"Ah, that is some nutritious sexy women's milk. Now I can finally breathe in that hemoglobin!" George Floyd said.

I was mad as fuck. Watching my wife get assaulted while having no choice to stop George Floyd, is the last thing I want in life. George Floyd then got super into it. He began biting onto Brenda's nipples. It caused her mammary ducts to secrete breast milk at all angles. Brenda yelled in pain as that nigga chimpanzee caught all that liquid with his mouth, just like a professional nigger basketball player.

I took a step closer.

"Hey nigger, when the fuck will you stop drinking my wife's tits?" I asked George Floyd.

George Floyd stopped for a moment, then looked at me.

"I need more hemoglobin air," he responded as he continued drinking through Brenda's nipples.

He had to have drunk a crap ton of breast milk, because I saw Brenda begin to look very malnourished. George Floyd was depriving her of hemoglobin oxygen, so that he could breathe. George Floyd somehow remained his gun accurately to Brenda's stomach, despite his excitement. I did not know that nigger was still so desperate for air. If George Floyd needed it that much, I can only imagine how much he'd suffer if there was the absence of oxygen.

It was then, I got an idea. Given that Brenda has tits the size of volleyballs, perhaps squeezing them against George Floyd's face will cause him to suffocate to death.

However, with Brenda being extremely malnourished at this point, almost to the point where she's falling unconscious, there is no way she can smother George Floyd on her own.

While George Floyd was still snacking on her nipples, I grabbed the back of Brenda's shoulders, then began ramming her tits against George Floyd's face. I did this repeatedly, until I started seeing bruises on George Floyd's face. As a final blow, I grabbed George Floyd's head, then smeared his face on Brenda's breasts for two minutes, until he passed out from the lack of air.

Brenda looked like she was in critical condition. Probably even worse off than if she had gotten shot in the stomach by George Floyd. I had to drag her back to the RV trailer, and then I turned on data roaming on my phone so that I could call an emergency in a remote location.

It took several hours, but an ambulance finally arrived at the campsite. They took Brenda into the back. When we made it to the hospital, we were assured that Brenda was going to be okay. She just needed to have extra nutritious meals for the next few weeks, to compensate for the amount of breast milk that George Floyd drank out of her.

That was our encounter with the nigga monkey, George Floyd. He is definitely still out there seeking out women for breastmilk hemoglobin. Beware of him when you go out to the Minneapolis mountains.

George Floyd Haunted my Zoom Class

I live in the city of Edmonton Alberta. It is one of the most regulated cities in Canada when it comes to covid. Recently, every citizen in Edmonton received this emergency alert on their phones, which stated that heavy covid restrictions will be imposed, starting the following Monday. This means that nobody is allowed to eat inside restaurants, and schools will have to resume online lectures again.

I was not too happy about the news. Learning is already hard enough in person. I find it very difficult not to get distracted during online classes. I thought it was bad enough, until I experienced this very terrifying event during one of the online classes.

Before I begin, I will provide some context. I go to this university in Edmonton, called Concordia. It is this religious-based school, where taking a religion course is mandatory. Anyway, this is beside the point. I am pursuing an English degree, because I want to become a professional George Floyd Creepypasta writer someday. I am not saying this story is false though, because this all actually happened.

Monday had finally arrived. It was both my first day of class of the semester, and the day the heavy covid restrictions were imposed. I had to go through this overly complicated process so that I could attend my English class. I had to integrate my learning institute into my zoom account.

I eventually figured it all out before class began. Pretty well all of the other students were already in. We were five minutes early, so we all waited for our professor to join the zoom call.

Finally, a man named Reginald Weeb arrived. He was the supposed professor. He unmuted his microphone.

“Hello everyone, my name is Reginald Weeb. I will be your English instructor for this semester. Today will just be an orientation class. Let’s start by introducing ourselves,” Reginald Weeb said.

All of us were to tell the class our names and describe a fun fact about ourselves. I groaned. Introducing yourselves to class activities is the most boring thing ever. We went in alphabetical order based on the last name. My last name started with a B, so I had to be one of the first ones. Now, I won’t be revealing my name in this story, so I will just call myself Nate Higgers.

“Hello, I am Nate Higgers, and a fun fact about myself is that I hate niggers, fags, Jews, and spicks,” I said proudly.

I was immediately cut off by Reginald Weeb when I finished my sentence.

“We do not allow hate speech in this class. Say anything racist one more time, you will be kicked out from the class,” Reginald Weeb said.

“Okay liberal”, I said.

We then continued through the rest of the students. When we got to the letter F, a new student joined the call. His name was George Floyd.

“Oh, perfect timing, We are just introducing ourselves. Tell us about yourself, George Floyd,” Reginald Weeb said.

George Floyd then turned on his camera and microphone.

“Hey, my name is George Floyd and I like taking fentanyl.” George Floyd said.

George Floyd then immediately left the zoom call. The entire class looked very confused. Reginald Weeb just shrugged it off as some prankster who used a hyper-realistic deep fake, to impersonate George Floyd. Reginald Weeb then allowed the class to resume the introduce yourself activity.

We came across this one male tranny, who was one of the last ones to introduce himself. He looked like Benjamin Franklin with his fake wig on. I was extremely tempted to turn on my mic and bully that fag, but I resisted the urge because I did not want to get kicked out of the course.

The rest of the lecture was uneventful. All it really consisted of was Reginald going through the course syllabus, and going through the ground rules, which included the no racism policy. He used me as an example of a racist person for that, which made me proud. Hard to believe that people call me racist, as if it’s a bad thing. When Reginald Weeb ended the class, I took a nap for the rest of the day since I had no other classes scheduled that Monday.

The next day, I had that same English class early in the morning. For that lecture, we were to do this extremely boring poetry study. It was quite long, so each student in the class took turns reading each part of the poem. I myself hate reading, so I dreaded my turn. We went in the order based on how early we showed up to class. I was an early bird, so I had to read relatively early. Pretty good evidence that racist people aren't inherently evil, in my books.

After I read my part of the poem, all of a sudden, George Floyd joined the zoom call. His camera showed him fully naked.

"Hey, we do not allow jokesters in our class. May you please get out of here, whoever is pretending to be George Floyd?" Reginald Weeb asked.

George Floyd Seemingly jolted his pupils around, as if he was scanning every student's camera in the zoom call. His eyes landed at the bottom part of his eyes, which indicated he was staring at the lower section of the zoom call. George Floyd then began to jerk off. I looked at whoever he was possibly jerking off to and saw that this BLM chick, Heather Wilcock was the only one who had her camera on, in the bottom section of the zoom call.

George Floyd then turned on his mic and said, "Hey Heather Wilcock, you better show me your pregnant belly!"

Heather finally noticed George Floyd's creepiness, because she turned off her camera immediately after hearing his comment. Reginald Weeb got fed up with this.

"Okay stop playing games, I am going to kick whoever is impersonating George Floyd," he said.

I heard the mouse click which Reginald Weeb made, to boot out George Floyd. But somehow, he remained in the class. This was followed by a bunch of subsequent mouse clicks. None of them worked. George Floyd was still in the zoom call, jerking off to Heather Wilcock.

"Okay, I am just gonna mute you and turn off your camera!" Reginald Weeb said in a frustrated tone. Shortly after George Floyd was muted, and his camera was disabled. We continued to read the poem after that. We were then supposed to answer questions based on the poem. I'll admit, I hadn't paid attention to what we read the whole time, so I just went on my phone, while the class went over those questions.

Right after Reginald Weeb read over the first question, George Floyd somehow unmuted both his microphone and camera. Reginald Weeb looked at the top right of the screen to see the unpleasant surprise.

"How dare you mute me. I will now strangle you man!" George Floyd said.

I watched George Floyd's camera, as he reached out into the screen. I was quite confused about what he was trying to achieve. But what happened next both clarified my wonders and scared the shit out of me. George Floyd's arm somehow phased through his screen, to the screen of Reginald Weeb's. I now saw George Floyd's hand within Reginald Weeb's camera. Reginald appeared frozen, just as confused as I was. George Floyd's spider-like arm then reached into Reginald Weeb's neck, and then grabbed it. George Floyd was now strangling my professor, through his screen. It was so unbelievable to see. I watched Reginald Weeb try to pry George Floyd's fingers off his neck, but George Floyd seemed to have some ungodly strength. Everybody else in the class looked stunned.

Reginald Weeb struggled to breathe, looking like George Floyd himself when he was under Derek Chauvin's knees. Eventually, Reginald Weeb dropped dead. George Floyd then retracted his arm back and continued to jerk off to Heather Wilcock. I wondered, if he was capable to strangling Reginald Weeb to death through computer screens, why wasn't he raping Heather Wilcock instead?

But that was what George Floyd did next. He quickly jumped out of his chair, then into Heather Wilcock's room. Heather screamed and attempted to run the fuck away from that nigger, but George Floyd pulled back her hair too quickly and then began to lick her belly.

"OH LA LA, I shall have your baby!" George Floyd said. I will now spare the details of what happened next. After George Floyd nuttied inside Heather Wilcock, he pushed her away. I swear, I heard Heather say, "fuck niggers," under her breath. Good that she finally discovered the evilness of niggers.

George Floyd jumped into Reginald Weeb's room.

"Hey, I will now be your guy's teacher, I will now teach you guys how to make fentanyl," He said.

George Floyd blew his nose, to reveal fentanyl coming out of his nostrils. Everyone looked at him in disgust, because the fentanyl was covered in snot.

"Okay guys, I will now give each of you a sample of my fine fentanyl," George Floyd said.

He then handed everybody some of his booger-covered fentanyl, through their screens. Everybody strayed away from their desks, as if they were looking at ground-up vegetables. When George Floyd was about to hand me that disgusting drug, I punched his hand away, while saying “fuck you nigga monkey!”

George Floyd then Got very mad.. My heart stopped when he landed his eyes on my camera feed.

“How dare you insult my beautiful fentanyl. I will now steal all your air,” George Floyd said angrily.

I knew that he was going to phase into my room, so I ran away. I closed the door and locked it to make sure he could not open it. But right when I was going to run downstairs, George Floyd completely phased through my bedroom door.

“Hehehe, I am a ghost, so you can never stop me. I will now strangle you next,” George Floyd said.

He reached into my neck and pressed it against the wall behind me. He was breathing quite hard, to asphyxiate me as fast as possible. I smelt his banana fentanyl breath. It was nasty as fuck. I thought I was going to die. I truly underestimated the abilities of a nigger ghost. I thought back on how I got myself into this mess. All I did was slap his hand, as he tried to hand me the fentanyl. But something about that did not make sense. How was he able to phase through the door, yet he is physically able to touch me physically?

My mind was going all over the place, as I was losing my air. But my fight or flight mode got me thinking of how to get out of George Floyd’s grasp. With my quick thinking, I phased my hand through George Floyd’s chest, and then grabbed his lungs, and pulled it out as hard as I could.

“AH SHIT, MY LUNGS!, I CAN’T BREATHE!” George Floyd screamed. George Floyd then completely disappeared in thin air. I have defeated the Ghost of George Floyd by taking advantage of the fact that he can only phase through objects if he intends to.

I have no clue whether the ghost of George Floyd was just sent to hell or if he is eliminated completely. I’d still advise you all, if you are in an online lecture, beware of the ghost of George Floyd.

George Floyd Tried to Steal our Hot Air Balloon

I live in a very multicultural city, Edmonton. It has too many non-white people, such as niggers, Jews, and spicks. Those people are not my only concerns. I also have a powerful hatred towards trannies. It is very much unfortunate that hate speech is illegal in this city.

You may be wondering why I haven't moved from this liberal hell hole. Well, that's because I am still a broke college student. Once I finish my business degree, I will start a George Floyd Creepypasta book company. But for now, I have to deal with all these subhuman degenerates.

One day, I was on my way to the bank. I was going to use one of those ATM machines so that I could retrieve some funds. Specifically, I wanted to purchase a grenade launcher that costs \$70,000. My intentions of using one are obvious at this point. If you haven't been paying attention thus far, I was going to use the grenade launcher on niggers.

I entered the bank and inserted my bank card into the ATM. The machine accepted it and prompted me to enter my four-digit pin number. I entered it slowly and casually, without suspecting anybody was looking.

I heard this whisper behind me, so I turned around to see a nigger who was writing something down on this sticky note. He was suspiciously close to me, so I quickly glanced at the front surface of his sticky note. Sure enough, I saw my exact pin code combination written on it. I asked the nigger what the fuck he wrote that for.

"Ooga booga, I need money to buy weed," the nigger said.

I tried to snatch the sticky note from him, but he put it in his pocket too quickly. I know it is already easy enough for most people to memorize a four-digit pin number, but you have to consider that niggers are too retarded to memorize shit.

I was about to beat that nigger up, but of course, he ran away at the speed of light. Niggers have to rely on their speed to compensate for their low IQs. I had no choice but to go to the front desk of the bank and request them to disable my bank card.

I went to the front desk and saw that both of the banking clerks working there were niggers. Of course, I needed to disable my bank card as soon as possible before that nigger spends any of my funds, so I spoke to one who looked the least black.

"Hello, I would like to disable my bank card please," I said, trying to resist the urge to say nigger.

"No, you cannot. Our card service is undergoing maintenance for a week from now. Please return then," the nigger bank clerk said.

I got very pissed off at his response. I yelled, "FUCK THIS NIGGER BANK!" and left.

The following night, I went on my computer to visit the website that keeps track of the expenditures on that bank card. I discovered that the nigger spent ten thousand dollars on drugs, which left me with only \$5,000.

I was broke as fuck now. My rent was due in a couple of days. There was no way I could make enough money with my job at McDonald's. I decided that I wanted to end my life, in a similar fashion to Ronnie McNutt's suicide. I had a pump-action shotgun in this vault that I kept under my bed. I originally intended to use it to commit a mass nigger shooting someday, but I procrastinated. Now was the perfect time to use it.

I wanted my suicide to be executed in a meaningful fashion. I brainstormed the ideal location where I should do it. Somewhere far from all niggers and trannies would definitely be ideal. That was when I came up with the idea to McNutt myself in a hot air balloon. I would fly up as high as possible, far away from the liberal city, and then blow my brains,

I drove over to the hot air balloon company. Since I was going to die anyway, I chose the most expensive option, which allows me to fly at the maximum height. It cost me \$1,500 as a lone flyer. No need to worry about debt when I am dead. I swiped my bank card and was granted access to the highest-grade hot air balloon.

I was driven to an open field where the flight had to be initiated. The balloon was quite massive, especially in person. Pictures don't do hot air balloons justice.

The assistant helped me with the initial fueling of the balloon. I was already within the basket, with the shotgun secretly hiding in my baggy jacket. The balloon rose and rose, to a great height, in a surprisingly short amount of time. I never realized hot air balloons were that fast.

Several hours passed, and I was already at an altitude so high, that the air density here was getting noticeably thin. Didn't matter to me, since I was going to McNutt myself anyway. I decided that this was the perfect spot to kill myself, so I pulled out my shotgun from the inside pocket of my jacket and aimed it toward my head.

But just when I was about to pull the trigger, I noticed this very strange dot on the horizon. It appeared to be headed in my direction. At first, it looked like a black crow, but something about it did not look right. For one, its head appeared a bit too flat to be a bird. Another thing I noticed is that it did not possess feathers. I resisted shooting myself, so that I could identify what the fuck that thing was.

It flew faster the closer it was. It was as if it was accelerating. When it flew close enough, I was able to distinguish its basic appearance. It had a very dark human face, instead of a bird's face. I wish I had already shot myself at this point, but because of my curiosity, I wanted to wait for a bit so that I could identify this flying entity.

Eventually, it occurred to me that this flying organism was in fact not a bird at all, but it was a humanoid figure. I spotted a propeller on the top of it. It was flying in quite a similar way to a helicopter.

Once it had gotten close enough, I was able to identify what this thing actually was. It was George Floyd, fully naked. He wasn't wearing anything at all. I looked at the so-called propellers which allowed him to fly, to find out that they were not actually real propellers. It was actually his twelve-inch black cock that was spinning clockwise, behaving like a pseudo helicopter propeller.

I watched in horror, as it flew too close for comfort, and landed on the side of the hot air balloon.

"Hello, I am here to steal all of the hot air from this balloon so that I can breathe," George Floyd said.

George Floyd poked a hole through the balloon with his dick, which then caused the balloon to deflate. George Floyd inhaled the hot air which was leaking out of the hole.

"Ah much better, feels good breathing in that fresh warm air," George Floyd said.

The hot air balloon was losing stability. It tipped over toward the side which George Floyd was clinging onto. I watched as the balloon began to slowly descend. George Floyd kept ripping bits off the balloon with his dick, further destabilizing it.

"I need more hot air man, I NEED AIR!" George Floyd screamed, as if he hadn't stolen any air at all yet.

The balloon fell down faster, as its structural integrity broke down. It was now descending so fast that I was not able to aim my shotgun toward my face accurately enough. We were almost in a state of free fall. I had the knowledge that I could die due to the impact of the fall, but that would mean a death too close to the degenerate subhumans, which defeats the purpose of flying in the hot air balloon in the first place.

I looked above me, and George Floyd appeared completely unphased by the fact that we were falling. He was too focused on breathing in all the hot air. It was quite an unsettling thing to see. We were now only around 5,000 meters above the ground. I needed to think of a way to potentially survive the crash. I desperately did not want to die near a nigger. My plan was to purchase another hot air balloon ticket to re-attempt my suicide.

I attempted to grab onto the last remaining bit of the rubbery material of the balloon. It took a lot of effort to pull my weight, without instantly ripping off the piece. I then tore off a large chunk of balloon to isolate it from the part which contained the basket. I used that large chunk as a parachute to mitigate my fall. On the other hand, George Floyd was stuck on the part of the balloon which carried the basket. He was still falling extremely fast, while I was for certain going to land safely.

Eventually, George Floyd's weight tipped the balloon upside down, which caused him to hang at the bottom of the massive basket. The basket was going to crush him on impact. While I was still a few hundred meters high, the entire mass squashed George Floyd like a bug.

I landed near him a few minutes later, completely unharmed. I walked toward George Floyd, whose body was completely covered by the balloon basket.

"AH SHIT, I CAN'T BREATHE UNDER THE BASKET!" George Floyd said.

"Haha, take that nigga, that's what you get for trying to steal the balloon's air," I said mockingly.

Later that day, I rented another hot air balloon. I am typing this right now on my phone as I am ascending into the air. I for sure won't give a shit about the world once I reattempt suicide, but I hate nigger Floyd so much, that I just want to warn you

all. If you go extremely high on a hot air balloon, and see George Floyd flying at you by whipping his dick like a helicopter propellor, fly down as soon as possible.

George Floyd Was the Third Columbine Shooter

I was one of the students who witnessed the Columbine shooting with my own eyes. It is common knowledge that there were only two shooters, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold. However, this is not actually the case. Many of you might not believe me, but there was a third shooter in the Columbine shooting, which was the nigger George Floyd. The media tries to convince the general public that he wasn't involved, because we live in a cucked nigger loving country that tries to defend these monkeys. I will now retell the Columbine shooting from my point of view.

I was in math class that day. We were learning about the super hard and boring quadratic formula. I was never the best student, so I just zoned out and did not give a fuck about my high school performance. Our math teacher was smoking hot. She would wear an insanely tight skirt everyday, which really didn't make paying attention easier. My boner grew as I stared at her visible ass crack. Of course, I would only look at it with my peripheral vision to avoid looking like a creep. Whenever she'd write or erase the board, her ass cheeks would jiggle, which made it even hotter.

I eventually could not resist the urge to jerk off. I slowly put my hand in my pocket and began to rub it off. Because I sat in the front middle seat, I had to try not to make it obvious, so the best thing I could do was edge. I was rubbing my dick to her ass for a good 15 minutes, when I really felt the need to nut to the teacher's ass. I got so desperate that I raised my hand and excused myself to go to the washroom, to which the teacher said yes.

She handed me the hallway pass and I left the classroom. As I made my way to the washroom, my boner was fading away. Because of this, I had to re-jack off once I made it to the washroom. Eventually, I busted a nut while thinking about the teacher's ass. It felt so damn good. Almost as good as nutting on the George Floyd toy.

I spent the next few minutes cleaning myself up, and spraying deodorant on my ball sack to ward off the smell of cum. I realized how much time I had spent jerking off, when I heard the bell ring. The class was already over.

Right as I was about to leave the washroom, I heard some loud cracking sounds. All of a sudden, the students began to run and scream in panic. I watched as they hid under whatever large enough objects were available. I soon realized that some sort of drill was happening. However, I didn't have the knowledge that it was an actual school shooting at the time. Me being a student who hated following the herd mentality, I refused to follow the lockdown procedure. I just thought practice lockdowns were pointless retarded processes to follow.

I wandered around the school, while the hiding students surrounding me were eyeballing me as if what I was doing was stupid. I just assumed they were gullible freshmen who take lockdowns too seriously.

I continued to hear the super loud cracking sounds. I just assumed they were fake gunshot noises, which the principal played in the announcement speakers, in order to scare the students. I heard some students scream as well across the hallway. I shrugged it off as those same gullible freshmen, who truly believed those quote-on-quote fake gun sounds were real. Mind you, I was quite a distance away from the cafeteria, so I was not near Eric and Dylan at all. I eventually stumbled upon the teacher's lounge. Despite it being very quiet there, there were a lot of teachers hiding under desks.

I went in there. As I walked in, I noticed that there was one adult who was not actually hiding. At first, I thought he was a teacher. He was a nigger who stood at an astounding six foot five. Sure, there were a few nigger teachers in Columbine, but the weird thing was none of them were as tall as him. He was also wearing a dirty basketball jersey and jeans. It did not look like the kind of outfit a high school teacher would wear. He was holding a very large sniper with his right hand. That was when I began to question my initial thought that this was just a drill.

The tall black nigger turned on the sniper's laser scope and began aiming it across the various teachers. Eventually, he stopped right when he pointed the sniper at the pregnant belly of a female teacher. It was one of the chemistry teachers.

"Please teach me how to make fentanyl, or else I will shoot your belly!" he yelled at the chemistry teacher.

She started to break into tears. I watched George Floyd as he loaded up this very interesting-looking ammunition into the sniper. It looked kind of like a tranquilizer dart, except its contents were white. He shot her in the stomach. What surprised me was that the chemistry teacher didn't seem to be affected by it right away. She did not show any signs of pain, nor did she pass out, from whatever drug was injected into her stomach.

After a few seconds though, she started to have a really hard time breathing. That was when I realized, the tall nigger actually shot her with a fentanyl gun. He continued to flash his sniper's laser from teacher to teacher. After he checked the last one in the far-right section of the master desk, he left the lounge. He didn't even seem to notice me. That left me wondering why he only targeted the pregnant teacher.

I was curious about who the fuck that nigger was. Keep in mind, I was not aware of Dylan and Eric at the time. I was wondering why he would shoot up this school if he isn't a student nor a teacher. I called it safe when he did not bother shooting me, so I followed him. He was looking around vigorously, as if he was looking for specific victims.

As I was quietly stalking him behind his back, I noticed that there was a name sewn on the back of his basketball jersey. It said, George Perry Floyd. At the time, I'd already heard about his crimes back in 1997 from the news, so he was not exactly an unfamiliar face.

George Floyd went up to one of the chemistry labs doors and knocked on it hard. Of course, nobody answered. He knocked twice. Still no response. George Floyd got angry, so he rammed the butt of his gun on the door. It was completely demolished. He entered and walked in, stomping like a monster. Despite everyone's best efforts hiding under lab benches, it was still pretty obvious that they were there.

"Hey, does anyone here know how to make fentanyl?" George Floyd asked.

George Floyd turned his laser scope back on and began scanning all the chemistry lab students. Keep in mind, there were a lot of whore students in Columbine, because it didn't take George Floyd long until he spotted a pregnant girl.

"Please make me some fentanyl, or else I will shoot your belly," George Floyd demanded her,

"NO! PLEASE DON'T SHOOT MAH BABY!", the pregnant girl said.

Without hesitation, George Floyd shot her belly with that fentanyl sniper. Seconds later, she was struggling to breathe. I noticed a pattern. He appeared to be exclusively targeting pregnant victims. He did not seem to care about non pregnant people at all. George Floyd then exited the chemistry lab. Again, he walked past me without even acknowledging my existence. I followed him.

George Floyd started to make his way to the cafeteria. When we arrived there, I saw that there were dozens of dead students already. They were not pregnant, however. That was when I realized that George Floyd was not the only shooter.

George Floyd then cherry-picked certain duffel bags. He grabbed a handful of powdered fentanyl and sprinkled some in each of the bags. He then leaked out this certain type of gas from each of them. I quickly took a peek at the insides of them and saw that each of them contained a propane bomb. George Floyd essentially replaced the propane with fentanyl.

He spent the next few minutes repeating this process on a few hundred other duffel bags. Shortly after, I heard the sounds of guns reloading from a distance, along with some footsteps. I knew that it was the other shooters coming. Even though George Floyd completely ignored me despite me watching all this. Given that it was evident they killed non-pregnant students, I quickly jumped inside a recycling bin to hide right before Dylan and Eric entered the cafeteria.

My line of sight lined up perfectly with the gap between the recycling bin and its lid, so I was able to spy on them. Eric and Dylan were talking amongst themselves, about how the supposed propane bombs failed to detonate.

"Hey George, can you please explain why you didn't detonate the bombs?" Dylan asked George Floyd.

"Ooga booga, I tried to fuel them with fentanyl instead, but I guess it made it even worse," George Floyd said.

"YOU IDIOT!, WHY THE FUCK DID YOU REPLACE THE PROPANE WITH FENTANYL?!" Dylan shouted, angrily.

"Also, why are there still a lot of kids alive?" Eric questioned George Floyd.

"I only targeted pregnant women," George Floyd said.

"I knew we shouldn't have hired a nigger for this shooting," Eric said.

Eric snapped and tackled George Floyd. He punched that nigger in the face several times, before kneeling on his neck.

“Ah shit! Eric, I can’t breathe!” George Floyd said.

While Eric was busy trying to suffocate George Floyd to death, I noticed that there was a shadow of policemen that were walking towards the cafeteria. Eric, Dylan, and George Floyd noticed them shortly.

With his god-like speed, George Floyd ran the fuck away from the scene, before the cops could see him. Dylan and Eric were too slow to react, so once the cops arrived at the scene, Eric and Dylan Ronnie McNutt themselves.

The cops pointed their flashlights at their dead corpses. I did not want to look suspicious when they did eventually find me, so I exited the recycling bin and straight up told the cops everything that happened, in detail. I explained how George Floyd was also one of the shooters and that he only targeted pregnant women, and the reason why they don’t see him here is that he ditched the crime scene before they arrived. They nodded.

Nice try kid, but your story is too hard to believe,” one of the cops said.

I guess they thought the whole pregnant women target part of the story sounded too ridiculous. One of them put me in handcuffs and arrested me. I was later brought to the police station, because they suspected that I was involved in the shooting by lying to them.

In the following weeks, I was investigated as a supplementation to the crime scene examination. They eventually came to the conclusion that I had no direct contribution to deaths, but I was put in prison for 21 years, because they still thought I assisted Dylan and Eric in their plans.

As of now as I am writing this, I just got released from prison recently. After all those years I’ve been prison raped by 7 feet tall niggers named Tyrone for 21 years, I am eager to put this up online to finally reveal the truth that George Floyd was actually the third Columbine shooter.

We Should not Have Resurrected the Woolly Mammoth

I am a scientist who works at a genetics company called redacted. For over a year, our leading geneticist, Robert Hempel, showed interest in pursuing this project called the nigger mammoth project. The whole idea of it is to splice a nigger's genes with the preserved fossils of a mammoth, to create an altered version of the woolly mammoth. The only thing that halted us from starting the project was the fact that it was very expensive.

Now, you might be wondering why we would bother using the genetics of a nigger. You see, the mammoth preserves we've found so far are incomplete. In other words, the DNA which we extracted from mammoth remains in permafrost are fragmented. This means we need to complete the puzzle, by splicing it with the genes of a species with a similar genetic makeup.

Our team has done years and years of research, trying to find the ideal specimen, which we could use to help resurrect the woolly mammoth.

Back in 2020, that criminal nigger, George Floyd, killed himself by overdosing on fentanyl. After hearing the news, our team noticed that he had an enormous nose. An abnormally big nose is a great indication that a specimen is closely related to the woolly mammoth. We didn't have sufficient funds for resurrecting extinct organisms at the time, so we only took note of it.

In September 2021, we announced to the public that we've made a fifteen-million-dollar investment. Now that we had the resources to resurrect the woolly mammoth, it was a good time to extract a sample of George Floyd's DNA from his grave.

We sent a team to locate George Floyd's corpse, using this device called the nigger detector three thousand. They dug up his grave and scraped off a chunk of his big fat nose. Once they brought that sample into our laboratory, we were now ready to begin the cloning process.

Robert Hempel congratulated the team for their precise care of George Floyd's DNA sample. We had to go through this lengthy process of splicing it with the fragmented mammoth DNA. It took us three entire days to completely merge them together. As a result, a nucleic chain was formed. It was supposed to comprise the basic genotypes of the woolly mammoth, and the subtle characteristics of George Floyd.

The expected result of this is an organism that possesses the general bone structure of a mammoth, large tusks, and thick fur. Now, for the meat of it. The remaining portion of the nucleic chain will be of the intelligence of George Floyd. Not that it would've made a difference anyway, in terms of how smart a mammoth is. George Floyd's IQ is low enough to rival that of a woolly mammoth.

We then had to begin the gestation process. We initiated this by injecting the nucleic chain into the uterus of an elephant. It would have been much easier to use a nigress as the birth giver instead, but our company has to conform to certain government regulations, which prevents the testing of niggers.

After we injected the elephant with the nucleic chain, we had to wait a few hours for the fetus to mature far enough.

After we waited that painfully long period of time, we noticed the elephant perform this birth-giving position. Our scientists eagerly stared into its ass, as it began to give birth to the mammoth. The rear of the baby mammoth went out first. This was followed by its front legs.

However, once it finally got its entire body out, it was halted by its disproportionately large head. The newborn mammoth's head was stuck in the vaginal canal of the elephant, It wriggled its legs as it tried to escape. I then noticed it was making this muffled sound. It was the sound of suffocation. The rest of the team noticed this sound, so all of us worked together to attempt to pull this big-headed thing out of the mother elephant.

It took around 20 of us to finally pop its head out. The mother elephant winced in pain, as the small tusks to the baby mammoth scraped its vaginal canal. As the baby mammoth turned to face us, I swear, I just saw the most grotesque thing in my entire life working in this field.

The mammoth's face. I am trying to hold back my vomit as I am about to describe it. The baby mammoth had the face of George Floyd, but with some key differences. For one, instead of a simply enlarged human nose, it bore a trunk that was twice as long as its six-foot long body. Its head was not furry at all. It was pure black nigger skin. Its ridiculously large tusks complemented its trunk. I looked around the room, to see the rest of the team in shock.

Robert Hempel barged in and said, "Oh my goodness. What kind of abomination have we created?"

"Oh shit, kick that nigger mammoth off the laboratory!" I heard one of the team members yell.

Just as we were about to collectively approach it, the baby George Floyd mammoth let out this ear-piercing honk with its trunk. It subtly sounded like the phrase, "I can finally breathe."

It startled us a bit, but we carried on and attempted to drag this beast out. But all of a sudden, the baby George Floyd mammoth rammed one of the scientists. It landed a strike directly in his lungs. Its overdeveloped tusk then finally retrieved out of his chest. He suffered a severely punctured lung and died due to asphyxiation from choking on his blood.

Everybody then evacuated the laboratory. Fortunately for us, the baby George Floyd mammoth was extremely slow, so it had no chance of catching up to us. Once we were sure that everyone had left, we locked the door, so that the baby George Floyd mammoth was now locked inside the lab.

Once the door was completely sealed, we began to brainstorm ideas on how to exterminate the baby George Floyd mammoth. One guy suggested that we should feed it fentanyl to calm it down. I cut him off and told him that it was a dogshit idea, since it wouldn't be a long-term solution. Another guy suggested we wait for it to starve to death. It was a viable option. Newborns are typically malnourished at birth, so it shouldn't take long. Theoretically, it should take one day max for it to die off completely. Sadly, we were wrong.

The next day, we returned to the research facility, to check to see if it's dead. Obviously, there is no guarantee, so we went to the surveillance room to view the laboratory through a camera. We looked at the camera feed, to find an unpleasant surprise.

We saw the George Floyd mammoth, still alive, perfectly healthy. Except it was no longer a baby. It was now a fully grown adult. We also noticed that the mother elephant was now just a skeleton. We were shocked as we realized the George Floyd mammoth had eaten the entire mother elephant. This implied the George Floyd mammoth was carnivorous. It must have inherited the diet of George Floyd himself. We had to think of another way to defeat it.

We had the idea to tranquilize it, then slowly kill it while it's asleep. We assigned the security team with this task. They went into the laboratory. The George Floyd mammoth then noticed them and let out that same ear-piercing horn. It was deafening even for us who were just watching this through a camera. The entire security team spam-fired tranq darts at the George Floyd mammoth. However, its hide was so thick, the darts did not come close to penetrating it.

Once they realized their powerlessness, the security team made a run for it. But before they reached the door, the George Floyd mammoth grabbed all of them at once with its stupidly large trunk and began to asphyxiate all of them.

"I CAN'T BREATHE!" all of the security guards said in unison.

Once they all dropped dead, the George Floyd mammoth sucked all of their lungs with its trunk to steal their air.

We were running out of options. If tranq darts were insufficient to break through its skin, I don't know what weapon we had that could. It was then, I had an idea. If the George Floyd elephant had to suck all the security guard's air to breathe, its evidently weak breathing capabilities were a must to capitalize on.

The real question though, is how do we prevent it from breathing? I told everybody that obvious weakness. To be honest, it was definitely something we should have thought of earlier.

"Perhaps we could supply it with a large dose of fentanyl," I said.

Really, I just thought of that at the top of my head, but everybody agreed that we should give it a shot. I guess since we were in desperate times, anything can look like it would work.

Fortunately, we have a large fentanyl reservoir in our pharmacy department. We've never really used it, besides some minor experiments that have little impact on our research endeavors. Now was the perfect opportunity to take advantage of our overflowing supply of fentanyl.

We went downstairs and delivered numerous carts of powdered fentanyl, next to the laboratory, where the George Floyd mammoth was still roaming.

We slowly opened the lab door and pushed all of the carts inside the lab. The George Floyd mammoth noticed it, because it sniffed the air with its trunk. It then turned around to face what looked like heaven to it. Not that George Floyd has ever been to heaven. The George Floyd mammoth charged toward that massive pile of fentanyl and smiled. It was rather unsettling to see such an ugly nigger creature perform that human characteristic, but I knew the plan was going to work. The George Floyd mammoth expanded the nostrils on its tusks and snorted all of the fentanyl powder in an instant.

It left the floor completely clean of fentanyl. Within seconds, it emitted this terrifyingly loud and hoarse sound that was coming from both its mouth and trunk. It was now unable to breathe. It smashed its trunk against walls, destroying lab equipment.

After two minutes, it dropped dead. We entered the laboratory to check its pulse. Sure enough, the George Floyd mammoth's heart was no longer beating.

Now that this nigger creature was dead, our team celebrated in victory. Even though this was ultimately a failed experiment, we were relieved that our insurance company was not totally fucked.

The moral of the story. Do not play god. You never know what kind of lifeforms you can create.

Minecraft Has Fentanyl Witches

Playing Minecraft has been a passion of mine, ever since the beta was released. Ever since 2010, there were very few days when I played less than an hour.

Throughout the past decade, most of that play time was spent on my own survival or creative worlds. Playing on public servers was never my thing. Because of my solo playstyle, I am willing to say that I am highly experienced at the vanilla side of the game. I know mods exist, but I am an old school type of person.

That being said, it would make sense that there is little to no content that I've yet to explore. However, I've recently experienced something in Minecraft that makes me question this. Before I begin telling this terrifying video game tale, I need to provide some context.

Firstly, I have never used addons before. Like I said earlier, I like to play the game in an old school way. Never have I ever installed mods, nor applied any texture packs. Secondly, I do not have any friends who play the game. So, there is no way anyone can join my world, without having a lan party.

Given these conditions, I am pretty sure there is no external essence that could have led me to discover whatever I've just witnessed in game. Now that you know I haven't skewed the game in any way, I may begin.

I was going about my normal day, playing on my main survival world. Killing mobs, exploring new caves, breeding animals, and much much more. I could do this all day.

That day, I wanted to try something new. I've come to realize that exploring high in the skies was never a thing I've done before. Obviously, It is easy to overlook that component of Minecraft worlds because of its vacant nature. But I figured that because I've been playing this game so long, why the fuck not?

I know, it is very easy to simply fly around on creative mode to do this, but I wanted the personal achievement of venturing the skies in survival mode. Of course, it won't be an easy task as there aren't any items that allow free flying in survival, but from my years of playing in this very same survival world, I've accumulated hundreds of thousands of cobblestone blocks. With these building materials, I can definitely cover a huge distance by using them to build sky bridges. This was the time to put these ugly blocks to good use.

I first created a super tall cobblestone pillar. I added height to it, until I was just about to reach the world's ceiling. I then began the skybridge. The way I set it up was by simply placing a block in front constantly. I knew that travelling adjacent was not a realistic goal, so I just kept going straight. Really, it was quite a repetitive process.

After a couple hours of doing this nonstop, both of my hands started to feel exhausted. It was time for a break.

I went downstairs and made myself a cup of coffee. I sat on my kitchen table and daydreamed as I sipped my coffee. It was quite refreshing to rest my hands on the table, after doing such a mundane task.

After I was done with my coffee, I went back upstairs to continue working on the skybridge. As I slipped my hands onto the keyboard and mouse, I had this sense of tiredness. I really did not want to spend the rest of my day doing this. As a man going into his thirties, I really don't want to develop arthritis.

That was when I came up with the idea of using an auto clicker and macro to assist me. The scheme was to program the macro to control the game, setting it up so that it left clicks every time it walks my character a certain distance. It was not a complex script to program at all, so I only had to do some copy and paste work to get it to function at an acceptable level.

I ran the script and it worked perfectly as intended. I monitored it for about 30 minutes, to make sure it could sustain without eventually desynchronizing and causing my character to fall off the sky bridge if a block is misplaced. Sure enough, everything went as intended.

I have a backup gaming laptop, so that was what I used for doing other things. I left my main desktop PC running the sky bridge macro. I made sure to turn off my monitor so that it doesn't overheat for being on for so long. The plan was to only turn it on once per day to check on the sky exploration progress.

It had been around seven days when I turned on my monitor, to discover that my character was stifled by what looked like a block of quartz. I stopped the sky bridge macro and took a step back to try to see what exactly was in front of me. To my surprise, it was a gigantic floating island made of what I thought was quartz. However, it did not quite have the exact textures that a block of quartz would exhibit.

I placed dirt blocks below me, to make my way to the top of the island. Once I made it atop, I saw a witch's hut. There appeared to be nobody in the outer yard.

At the time though, I was mostly curious on what the white quartz like blocks actually were. I equipped my diamond pickaxe and mined the block below me. It took a surprisingly short amount of time to break it.

Upon destruction, I picked the block. When I opened my inventory and hovered my cursor over it, it read "block of fentanyl". This alarmed me. I have never seen a block of this type in my entire Minecraft career. Not even in creative mode.

I wondered about its potential uses, other than being placed. Right after I exited my inventory, I heard the sound of a door opening. I looked at the witch's hut, to see a dark-skinned witch running right at me. When it came close enough, I noticed that its face was much much different from the standard witch, but still had the usual giant nose. It had the face of George Floyd.

It was a couple blocks away from me when they stopped running. Shortly after, a chat message popped up. It read, "how dare you mine our precious block of fentanyl. You must repay by trading us nine fentanyl ore and an air block". The message came from a name, called the George Floyd witch. I was awestruck. There was no way this was happening.

The George Floyd witch sent another chat message which read, "If you don't trade me nine fentanyl ore and one air block by the next day, I will corrupt your world".

That statement alarmed me. Three years were invested into this Minecraft world. For it to be corrupted would destroy countless precious memories. I needed to heed its threat. I right clicked the George Floyd witch, to open the trading interface. Sure enough, it showed that I had to exchange both nine blocks of fentanyl and a block of air, for nothing.

The real question was, where the hell do I find these? I've never come across fentanyl ore; therefore, I would not know where to find it. Also, the block of air is unobtainable, without using world editors or mods. I thought this was just a joke easter egg, so I just punched the George Floyd witch for laughs. But when I did, it pointed a gun to the stomach of my character. It then sent me another chat message. "If you punch me again, I will shoot your belly and corrupt your world".

That made me begin to think this was not a joke after all, because guns never existed in Minecraft.

I opened up my internet browser, and tried googling key terms, such as George Floyd witch, or fentanyl block. However, I did not see any results that were related to those. I really didn't want my world to get corrupted by these nigger NPCs, so I decided that I needed to figure out how to obtain the fentanyl ore since there wasn't an option to trade the block of fentanyl back. I also needed to obtain one block of air. That was the easy part though.

As much as I hate using mods and cheats, I would rather not have my world corrupted. I installed Minecraft world edit on my PC and opened it. With ease, I added a block of air into my character's inventory. Upon doing this, I had the thought that I may as well delete the George Floyd witch, or give myself fentanyl ore with the world edit mod. However, it did not show any options which have anything to do with those. I was disappointed, as I realized the world edit mod isn't updated to be compatible with George Floyd witch content.

I returned to my world, and sure enough confirmed the block of air was now in my inventory. I right clicked the George Floyd witch to open the trading interface and give it the air block. It then sent the chat message, "Thank you for the block of air! Now I can breathe! Now please give me nine fentanyl ore within a day, or else this world will be corrupted!"

A Minecraft day only lasts for 20 minutes, so I essentially only had that many minutes to mine and retrieve nine fentanyl ore. I did not know what to do. 20 minutes is nowhere near a reasonable timeframe for me to find one, let alone nine, because I have no idea where they exist. There was no way I could directly kill the George Floyd witch before it could corrupt my world, because none of my weapons can compete with his gun.

That being said, the only way to stop the George Floyd witch was to come up with a way to indirectly kill it.

For the next few minutes, I brainstormed possible courses of action. A lightbulb clicked, as I came up with the idea to place two gravel blocks above its head to suffocate it. I climbed down the sky bridge, to try to find gravel.

After some digging, I managed to find a chunk of them. I quickly dug them and returned to the George Floyd witch. Quickly, I vertically placed three blocks beside it, and then placed the two gravel blocks above the George Floyd witch's head.

When the gravel landed on it, it began to take suffocation damage. "Ah shit, gravel is my worst enemy! I CAN'T BREATHE!" an in game chat message said.

It shortly died due to asphyxiation. Upon death, it dropped a bunch of items that I've never seen before. One of the items was a potion with a white liquid in it. I picked it up and it was labelled, "potion of fentanyl". The remaining items were counterfeit bills. I then received an achievement pop up. It said "achievement unlocked! Kill a nigger!"

I was extremely relieved for two reasons. For one, my world hasn't been corrupt, since the George Floyd witch was slain. I was also relieved by the fact that the developers of Minecraft are based nigger haters after all.

I am now going to post this in numerous Minecraft community forums. Please, if you come across the George Floyd witch, suffocate it with gravel. Do not bother finding the fentanyl ore, since nobody knows where to find it yet.

The Floyd Martians

I am a researcher at Nasa. My job is to observe the vast space with our giant high-tech telescopes. In my line of profession, all I've mostly seen from countless hours spent on the telescope, are asteroids and the occasional planet discovery. Usually, they span far beyond the milky way. It makes sense that most of the interesting stuff tends to be farther away from earth.

Most people do not believe there is life within the solar system, besides life on planet earth. However, we had recently discovered something which contradicts this. There really is life out there in the solar system. You just need to know where to look.

I was going about my job staring into my telescope, inside the Nasa observatory. It may seem like a boring job, since I am looking at pure darkness most of the time, but I listen to Columbine music to keep me going. I was focusing my field of view on the outer galaxies. I spent hours doing this.

The only interesting points of interest I was seeing that day were a few constellations, and meteor showers. It really did not feel productive at all.

When it started to become late, I had to leave work. Now, the telescopes owned by Nasa are unique. When a user of our unique telescopes is finished using them for the day, it is a mandatory practice to completely zoom out until there is no longer any magnification. In other words, everything you've seen with the telescope from the beginning of the job, will have to be viewed once more when you are done using it. That meant I had to catch a glimpse of the solar system once I was done with work.

I was all the way into exploring andromeda, when I began to gradually degrade the magnification. It is thankfully not a long process. It only took a few moments for me to zoom back to observing the solar system.

It was only for a fraction of a second, but I noticed this very peculiar bright dot in between earth and mars. At first, I assumed it was just a star. But because of my long-time experience with this job, I've developed this very precise attention to detail. Shortly, I came to the realization that the bright dot did not exactly possess a shape that any ordinary star should have. I magnified my telescope back to that specific section of space, between earth and mars. Sure enough, it looked way too odd to be a star.

Even though I was running late for dinner, I was too curious to stop at that. I turned on the super magnification setting, to garner a better idea of what that thing was.

It was shaped like a spaceship and making its way to earth. Something wasn't exactly right though. Nasa has connections with every other space organization, which enables us to oversee every outgoing space mission, regardless of it being an organization other than Nasa. The thing was, there were no scheduled missions involving mars at the time. I called in the research head, named Hardeep Singh, as he leaves work later than lower-level employees.

When he came into the observatory, I told him about that mysterious ship. I allowed him to look into the telescope. Sure enough, he had a perplexed look, as he finished observing it.

"What the fuck is this? We will need to look further into this," Hardeep said.

I opted into working overtime. As much as the pay is good, I love my job.

Hardeep and I conducted several distant experiments on that ship, overnight. Firstly, we measured its wave frequency and radiation levels. This allowed us to get an idea of what kind of chemicals it was composed of.

From what we've observed, there appeared to be a large amount of fentanyl spraying from the back of the ship. It appeared to run on some sort of a fentanyl powered motor. In addition to this, we measured the velocity of the ship. Assuming it would continue to go in a perfectly straight line, it would take approximately six months for it to arrive on earth.

Hardeep thanked me for my hard work and let me go the following morning. I was very tired from the lack of sleep, but it was definitely worth the additional knowledge of whatever that ship was. The conclusions I drew based on our measurements, was that some brand-new competitor of Nasa was doing a mars expedition in secret. That can result in some legal issues, but if they are technologically advanced enough to fly to mars, I don't see what could stop them.

Six months had passed. As expected, the ship did travel in a straight line from mars to earth. That was when it was about to scratch our atmosphere. The ship was reported to have an estimated landing location on Cup Foods, Minneapolis. It was only a day away from reaching the crash site. I've been elected to participate in studying it, since I was the one who first found it, so I, along with a team of other elected researchers, travelled to Minneapolis.

We caught a flight there and arrived at Cup Foods just in time to see the ship flying among the clouds. It painted a much clearer picture of what the ship actually looked like, compared to when we measured its waves and radiation six months ago. There was a mass of white powder steaming from its engines, which confirmed it is a ship that is powered by fentanyl.

After waiting some time, we finally heard a loud crash a few blocks away from Cup Foods. We got our measuring instruments ready and headed there. Once we arrived, we were met by the gargantuan ship. It was quite similar to the shape of a UFO, except it did not have a perfectly symmetrical shape. It functioned more like a standard space shuttle from earth than a flying saucer.

The doors at the rear side of the ship automatically opened. Our research team braced ourselves, as we prepared to meet the people, or entities, that were exiting the ship.

Three very tall figures emerged from the doorway. They were definitely not human. Their extremely slender proportions were far too unrealistic. Their faces were what really got my attention. All three of them had the faces of George

Floyd, except that two holes were in place of the usual big fat nose. They were equipped with advanced weaponry. One of them, who was presumably the leader, stepped in front of the other two.

“Greetings earthlings. We are the Floyd Martians. We’ve come here to collect an extremely precious and valuable resource, which is oxygen,” the leader Floyd Martian said. “Our home planet, Mars, has been suffering a severe decline in oxygen levels, due to too many of our inhabitants smoking fentanyl, which polluted our air. Please give us all of the earth’s air supply, or else we will blast your entire planet”.

Our research team was confused. Hardeep chimed in and tried to negotiate.

“Hello Martians, I see that you seek our very useful and limited air. Unfortunately, we can’t do that. That would obviously jeopardize OUR living inhabitants. There are many other planets out there which have air quality just as good as earth. Please leave us alone,” Hardeep said.

Without hesitation, the leader Floyd Martian pulled out its laser gun, and blasted Hardeep’s belly. It instantly fried his abdomen and he fell dead. Our research team gasped.

“Give us all the earth’s air now, or else we will do the same to every other earthling,” the leader Floyd Martian said.

All of us in the research team really didn’t want to die. Of course, we had to work our asses off to get into our jobs. Even then, most of us still have future aspirations on top of our success. It was way too soon to die. None of us wanted to further argue with these nigger aliens

“Okay, we will now proceed to steal all of your planet’s air.”

The Floyd Martian leader and its companions walked back into the ship, and then the ship started to become afloat. A very large compartment at the bottom of the ship opened, to reveal a massive device which was labelled “The oxygen sucker”. The oxygen sucker was essentially this funnel shaped gadget which seemed to have a similar function to a lung, except it had an unfathomable capacity. It made this whirring sound, and we felt a tremendously strong wind going into the direction of the funnel. We began to struggle to breathe.

We ran the hell out of the area, because the Floyd Martians were using the oxygen sucker to vacuum all the oxygen in that cubic kilometer. We sped away from the direction of the ship. Once we came to a comfortable location, we notified the US military about what the Floyd Martians were trying to do. We informed them that we would likely need maximum power to stop those nigger aliens.

Not too long after, hundreds of fighter jets and tanks showed up. This was our line one defense. They fired thousands of rockets into the Floyd Martians ship, but dealt minimal damage. The Floyd Martian ship then fired fentanyl force fields within the mile, which instantly wiped them all.

It baffled me that they could have used their super advanced technology to colonize another planet’s oxygen, instead of having to fight us. I guessed it was due to that fact that they are nigger aliens and niggers always feel the need to commit crimes, even when it’s completely unnecessary. It also baffled me to think that a nigger civilization managed to develop this kind of technology in the first place

The remaining lines of military defense were later called in. Our biggest mobile explosives were used on the Floyd Martian’s ship. Again, it was completely immune to our comparatively primitive technology.

Brute force alone was not enough to stop those nigger aliens. We needed to innovate. What would be the ultimate weakness of the Floyd Martians?

Our team returned to headquarters and brainstormed. Obviously, their technology would overpower us so much to prevent us from simply kneeling on their necks. So that idea was out of the window. But then, I had an idea. Floyd Martians would have to have some kind of pregnant women kink. It would then make sense that if we played pregnant alien porn videos on giant billboards, it could perhaps get the Floyd Martians so horny, it might distract them and get them to crash their ship.

I brought up this idea to Nasa. Surprisingly, they agreed to it. Our headquarters has this giant screen display, which is able to show whatever we program it to.

We searched up some of the hottest pregnant alien porn on Pornhub, and then broadcasted it to our headquarters giant screen. We displayed a montage of this pregnant chick dressed up as an alien, getting her ass fucked by a BBC. Of course, we turned up the sound frequency to its highest, so that the Floyd Martians will notice it and follow the sound.

Shortly after, we saw that huge ship coming to our headquarters, which then faced our giant screen showing the pregnant alien porn. I looked to the front window of the Floyd Martian ship, as the driver jerked off to the video, and eventually drove the ship to the billboard and crashed it.

We examined the crashed ship, along with the debris. All of the Floyd Martian passengers, including the driver, were now dead due to the impact. We cleaned up the mess and hid the dead Floyd Martian corpses in our underground laboratories for further research purposes.

This is everything that I am able to recall from the George Floyd Martian invasion. Nasa is trying to hide this information from the public, because of the liberal cucked world we are in. Nasa is too afraid of the possibility of more and more people becoming racist, if they hear about the Floyd Martians. I myself believe that racism is good, so I will be posting this online.

Once I submit this to reddit, I will shoot my head with a shotgun, similarly to Ronnie McNutt. I know I will lose my job after, but I truly believe the public has the right to this information.

The George Floyd Mermaid

I live in a house next to a beach. Naturally, my lifestyle involves a lot of swimming and surfing. I feel very blessed to have grown up there. Throwing parties while my parents are out of town was my favorite thing to do. We would do all sorts of fun stuff, such as large-scale pool parties on the shore of the ocean.

Assuming you aren't afraid of the deep, this may seem like the ideal place to live. But keep in mind, there are many great things out there that appear perfect from the outside but aren't actually as amazing as they seem. There is this creature out there that lives in the depths near my home. I will tell you about my encounter with the George Floyd mermaid.

Lately, my town has been sending frequent emergency alerts, which report missing people. Specifically, they were all last seen near our beach. Not close-close, but maybe around a few blocks away. Because of this, my father told me to keep an eye on my surroundings when I am out on the beach. Not that I have a problem with it anyway.

I've grown up in a fairly sheltered home, so having decent spatial awareness is not out of the norm for me. For example, I'd always feel uneasy whenever I am alone near niggers.

I was quite bored that day because I was constantly alone, due to the pandemic. I will not reveal my location for your safety, but the covid regulations in my city forbid being in large crowds. Hanging out with a few friends is acceptable though. I hit up a couple of my nigger hating friends, Mattias and Nico. I invited them over, to hang out at the beach. Both of them accepted and were heading over in a few.

Mattias drove up here first, followed by Nico. I welcomed them in and offered both of them a can of Ronnie McNutt blood soda. We went through a glass door at the back of the house, as we popped our Ronnie McNutt soda cans open.

We dipped into the ocean water and enjoyed the bitter-sweet flavor of our sodas.

“Hey, look at all the pajeets over there,” Mattias said, pointing toward the south side of the coast.

Nico and I landed our eyes there, to see this Indian family. It was a family of a wife and husband, and their son. They appeared to have a hard time swimming in the shallow water. They were splashing the water with their arms, as if they didn’t have the ability to float in water without a life jacket.

Mattias, Nico, and I laughed at them because they perfectly fit the stereotype that pajeets are dog shit at swimming.

“Hey, look at that one sink in the water,” Nico noticed.

I saw it too. The son appeared to have quickly submerged in the ocean completely, never floating back up. Moments later, the same thing happened to the father. He instantly fell into the void of an ocean and did not show any sign of return. The mother was then completely submerged as well.

We watched intently, to see if any of them were going to return. Ten minutes passed, and nobody in the pajeet family returned. They’ve mysteriously drowned due to an unknown cause.

“Well, the world doesn’t need pajeets anyway. I call this an absolute win!” Matthias exclaimed.

I agreed. All pajeets do for society is leave their poop in the streets, for dung beetles to feed on. We briefly celebrated the death of those disgusting pigs. As we got ourselves excited, Matthias accidentally spilled his Ronnie McNutt soda into the ocean.

“Whoops, my bad. That shit was mind-blowingly tasty,” Mattias jokes.

Nico and I laughed, as we watched the soda dissolved in the ocean. It made a fair bit of bubbles. We spent the rest of the evening laughing at those now drowned pajeets. When the sun was about to set, it was time for Nico and Mattias to leave.

As we were about to leave the water, Nico seemed to have tripped over something. Mattias and I looked back, and saw Nico sliding backward into the water, as if he completely forgot to swim.

“HELP ME, I AM SINKING, SOMETHING IS PULLING ME DOWN!” Nico screamed.

Mattias and I thought he was just imitating the pajeet family. We both laughed.

“NO, I AM SERIOUS, PLEASE PULL ME BACK!” Nico said, looking even more panicked.

Nico continued to slide back. Both of his hands were gripping onto the sand. Somehow, he looked like he was doing the moonwalk, except in a crouching position. Half his body was submerged in the water. It did not take long for Nico’s head to be forced down the water. His hands were still above the surface, flailing. He was now drowning.

Mattias and I took the cue that Nico was not actually pretending. We each held onto both of Nico’s hands and pulled as hard as we could. However, whatever thing was trying to drag Nico into the ocean had some ungodly strength. We were easily losing the tug of war. Eventually, Mattias and I got fatigued and we both let go. Nico then flung into the ocean, never to be seen again.

Mattias and I looked at each other, shocked. The first thought that came into mind was that maybe Nico was committing so much to his act, that he slid himself too far into the ocean, and got unlucky to be pulled into the current.

Mattias was still too busy trying to digest everything that happened. I tapped his shoulder and told him about my theory on why Nico drowned himself.

Mattias thought about it for a second, and then said “No, I don’t think so. There is no way the ocean currents are strong enough to pull Nico in, despite both of our combined efforts to save him. I think some creature must have done this.”

I looked at him.

“What? I don’t think such a large creature would just come to shore like that. It would have beached itself easily,” I said.

“You’re right. I am going to take a look down there, to investigate,” Mattias said.

Mattias dove back into the ocean. He did a quick swim around the area. All of a sudden, he snapped his head above the water. He had a very shocked look on his face. He looked like he just witnessed a traumatic event.

“What the fuck is this-” before he could finish his sentence, Mattias was immediately pulled into the ocean.

I instinctively jumped into the water. Once I was completely in, I saw what was the most unbelievable thing. I saw Mattias, except he was being held down to the sand by this long dark arm. My eyes followed the arm, to see that it belonged to

this very ugly humanoid creature. Except that instead of legs, it possessed a fish-like tail. I froze, as I watched this mermaid-like creature lock Mattias's face onto the sand, until he suffocated.

After Mattias's body was completely lifeless, the creature connected his lips with those of Mattias, and began to kiss him while making this suction noise. Mattias's body turned pale.

"Ah, that is some nice lung air," the creature said.

Once the creature was done kissing Mattias's lips, it noticed me. Its mouth formed this unnatural grin that still haunts me to this day.

"I am the George Floyd mermaid. For years, I've been cursed by that white cop, Derek Chauvin. He told the devil to reincarnate me into a mermaid, in order to make my second life miserable. It is very hard to breathe as a mermaid, so I am here to steal everyone's air," the George Floyd mermaid said.

He bolted in my direction to try to grab me. Thankfully, I built up good swimming skills growing up living on this beach, so I successfully dodged him. The George Floyd mermaid then used his long tail to wrap around my torso. He was now constricting me like a giant snake.

"Hehehe, now it is time for me to breathe in all your lung air," the George Floyd mermaid said.

He locked his big fat lips with mine, and then began to inhale. I felt my oxygen deplete very quickly, as he used his vacuum-like abilities. I suffered a severe case of lightheadedness, and my skin was turning pale. I was pretty damn sure I was going to experience the same fate as Mattias and Nico. I splashed the water, in hopes that I would get lucky enough for somebody to notice.

It was then, I felt the tail of the George Floyd mermaid loosen. After a few kicks, I was able to completely break free of its grip. I finally rose my head above the water and took some deep breaths. I opened my eyes, to see my father stomping on the George Floyd mermaid. He was full-on jumping onto its tail. Mind you, it was only its tail that was visible above water, so he looked like any ordinary large fish.

After a while, the George Floyd mermaid could not take anymore hits, so he gave up and swam away. My father turned to look at me and said. "It was very stupid of you to play with these big fish. You are now grounded from swimming in the ocean for one month."

"It wasn't a fish dad! It was the nigga mermaid, George Floyd!, he tried to steal my air!" I cried out.

"Haha, what a wild imagination you got there. Now go back inside and take a shower."

I was at a loss for words. He did not notice the George Floyd mermaid's upper body this whole time. All he saw was its tail.

Once I was done my shower, I retold the entire story to dad. I explained how both Nico and Mattias got pulled in by the George Floyd mermaid, and that we saw it drown that pajeet family. He still did not believe a single word of mine.

Throughout the following month, I would beg him to lift my swimming ban, still trying to convince him that it was actually the George Floyd mermaid that attacked us. Eventually, he got fed up with my claims and made me visit a psychologist.

I told the therapist everything that happened, and that I hated niggers even more because of it.

"I think you are having hallucinations. Might want to get that check out bud. I am going to call in a psychiatrist to help you with that," he responded.

I was frustrated. Now they're going to force me to take meds, for nothing. Just as I stood up to leave the appointment, I noticed something in the window. Upon a closer look, I saw the George Floyd mermaid, showing that same unnaturally wide grin. He was staring at me through the barbed glass.

"Look! I see the George Floyd mermaid! It's right there behind the window!" I shouted to the psychologist, while pointing at the window.

But as soon as I darted my eyes back to the window, the George Floyd mermaid was no longer there.

"Nice try bud, but I don't see it. Good luck with your meds."

"Fuck niggers!" I spoke.

Ever since, I've begun to develop a fear of the ocean. Even when I was allowed to swim at the beach, I wasn't able to get myself to touch the water. Not even the shallowest parts. There are very terrifying creatures lurking in the depths. Living near the ocean is not as good as it sounds.

The Liberal Terminator Saved my Life from George Floyd

Before I tell you what happened, I need to provide some context. Recently, news outlets were reporting that the nigga monkey, George Floyd, is still alive and committing crimes. They featured copious amounts of low-quality George Floyd sightings. Really, they looked a lot like bigfoot sightings, because of how much George Floyd looks like an ape.

For those who don't know, George Floyd was this disgusting roach who apparently died due to a fentanyl overdose. I thought that it was much easier to believe than the former, so I took the news outlets with a grain of salt. I did see the footage of George Floyd in the ambulance, breathless, so I was pretty sure he was dead at the time.

I browsed around the internet, to listen to hundreds of George Floyd Creepypastas. They all had this underlying theme, that suggests George Floyd is still out there. I also remember seeing this one George Floyd iceberg meme, that lists a bunch of conspiracies involving the nigger. This included the theory that George Floyd was able to breathe, and that it was just a misunderstanding. I just thought of those as edgy meme creators, who are trying to get internet clout. Boy was I wrong.

Another thing that news outlets are covering is that a tech company, called Golden Nigger Corps, is working on developing a nigger, fag, spick, and Jew hating robot. They called it the Liberal Terminator. They were developing this robot, in hopes to finally eradicate liberalism. Development of the Liberal Terminator sped up exponentially, ever since the George Floyd sightings were reported. Okay, I will now get into the story. My breathtaking encounter with George Floyd.

I was on the highway, driving to a hobby store one evening. I was interested in purchasing a 3-D printer so that I could print weapons. The particular hobby store I was going to is right around the outskirts of the city, so not many people know about it.

I pulled up to the large grey blocky building. It was definitely a store for hardcore hobbyists, as it had that warehouse look to it. Definitely the kind to have the best 3-D printers on the market.

I entered the building, to be met with the heavy rubbery smell of paint. The odor caught me off guard, bringing me back to the memories of when I used to paint pictures of niggers getting their heads chopped off, as a kid.

I searched through the aisle that contained their fine selection of 3-D printers. A lot of them had the capability of printing super intricate, functional weapons. Along the shelves, I noticed that there were a lot of pregnant lady 3-D printed models, which were used as demonstrations. It seemed like an odd choice to use to market 3-D printers.

Being the white privileged man I am, I decided on buying the \$30,000 printer. It was only a package on display, so I had to let an employee know that I was interested in purchasing it.

I looked around and found the one and only person who worked at the store. He was a very tall nigger who wore a black apron on top of a black tank top, along with jeans. On the top right corner of his apron was a uniform name tag, which read "Perry".

I was kind of bummed out by the fact that a nigger worked at the store. Niggers are usually dogshit at their jobs, whether it be customer service or selling. I went up to him and described that particular printer I wanted. He nodded and led me to the 3-D printer aisles. He took keys out of his pocket and unlocked the cabinet that contained my selected printer. The nigger employee then picked up the massive cardboard box and handed it to me.

"Ooga booga, that shiet will be thirty thousand dollars. You must pay in the form of fentanyl," he said.

I scratched my head. I've never touched a gram of fentanyl in my life, let alone having some on me right now. There was no way I could pay for the printer.

"Sorry nigger, but I do not have any fentanyl with me. Could I pay with my card instead?" I asked.

"NO! YOU MUST PAY WITH FENTANYL!"

I showed the nigger both of my pockets, for him to see that I do not possess any of that nigger drug at all. He then looked very angry. He grabbed this remote that was attached to his belt, and then pressed a large red button. As a result, all of the doors were locked and every window in the building was sealed by a thick metal layer.

"Hehehe, you cannot leave until you pay me the fentanyl," the nigger employee said.

It was then, I realized something. I hadn't really paid attention to his facial features thus far. I inspected his face and noticed how familiar it was. It was George Floyd. I was in shock, unable to comprehend this.

"George Floyd, I thought you were in hell nigger!" I yelled.

"No, I was actually able to breathe. I faked my death in order to get all the BLM bitches to hop on my dick and riot. IT WAS ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING!" George Floyd said.

He then grabbed me, and then tied my arms to my body with a rope. He made sure to tie my neck as well, to make it harder for me to breathe. Finally, he tied me to a chair, rendering me completely immobile.

"If you don't pay me fentanyl within a day, I will shoot your belly," George Floyd said with an evil grin.

I was completely helpless. That dumb nigga monkey really expected me to magically pull fentanyl out of thin air. Not a chance I would be able to obtain it. George Floyd put a giant stopwatch right in front of me, which was set to 12 hours. I had no idea what to do. George Floyd did a surprisingly good job tying the rope, despite being an 80 IQ monkey.

George Floyd then shut off the lights and left me there. A part of me was ashamed for being outsmarted by a dumb nigger. But I was mostly focused on how I was going to escape. The rope around my neck was very slowly tightening, so breathing became an increasingly difficult task. I noticed that each time I attempted to untie the rope, it tightened even further. I tried not to touch it because of this.

There was genuinely nothing to do, other than sit and stare into space. I eventually got too bored of this, so I dozed off and fell asleep.

I woke up in the exact same position as when I was last awake. I looked at the stopwatch and saw that I now only had two hours, until George Floyd was going to shoot me in the stomach. I heard footsteps that were coming from behind me. It was George Floyd, coming out of the storage room to check on me.

"Oh Oh EE EE AH AH! you only got two hours to pay me my fentanyl," he said as he made chimpanzee noises.

I was about to have a panic attack, both from being bound for so long, and the insufferable fate I was about to experience. After he was certain that I heard his chimp out, he went back to the storage room.

Two uneventful hours had passed. The stopwatch was about to hit zero, when George Floyd came back. He now had a gun in his hand.

"You did not adhere to the deal. Now I will shoot you in the belly!" George Floyd exclaimed.

I closed my eyes shut. I was prepared for the worse. I heard the clicking sound of his finger pressing on the trigger.

All of a sudden, I heard a very loud exploding sound. I knew it wasn't the sound of George Floyd's gun, because I didn't die. I opened my eyes, to see that the outer metal layer which sheltered the hobby store, was broken into. To the right of it, I saw this very large robot-like figure. It stood at eight feet tall. Its body was exposed, revealing wires and metal parts.

I looked at its face, which looked particularly interesting. Its face looked very similar to that of the George Floyd toy, except its eyes glowed red. It opened its metallic mouth and said "Greetings niggers, I am the Liberal Terminator. I used my built-in nigger detector three thousand to find the nigger, George Floyd. I will now terminate him."

The Liberal Terminator looked at George Floyd, and its eyes glowed brighter. It began to generate this very bright red beam, which then formed a powerful nigger destroying laser. The Liberal Terminator then aimed and fired it at George Floyd. But George Floyd had the athleticism of the pro nigger sprinter, Usain Bolt. He managed to run away from the sight, before the laser hit him.

"Hehehe, I am too fast for you Liberal Terminator," George Floyd laughed.

That angered the Liberal Terminator. He yelled out "FUUUUUUCKKKKKK NIIIIIIIGGGEEEEERRSSSSS!" and then lunged at George Floyd.

George Floyd was too stunned by Liberal Terminators' battle cry, so he was not able to dodge it. The Liberal Terminator then punched George Floyd in the face ten times, while reciting the Columbine shooters' quotes.

"Natural selection," the Liberal Terminator said as he gave George Floyd a nosebleed.

"Ah shit, I am now losing blood. I can't breathe!" George Floyd cried.

The Liberal Terminator then knelt on George Floyd's neck. He did it so hard, that it was tearing George Floyd's flesh. I saw blood gushing out of his neck.

"OOGA BOOGA, MOMMA MOMMA, I CAN'T BREEF, I NEED FENTANYL!"

George Floyd eventually choked on his blood and died. The Liberal Terminator let go of his lifeless body.

"My work here is done, fuck niggers," the liberal terminator said.

He then shot a laser to the rope that bound me, which freed me from the chair. I thanked the Liberal Terminator for eradicating yet another nigger. He then headed out, through the giant hole on the metal layer of the store.

I stood up from the chair and recollected everything that just happened. It was damn crazy that the Liberal Terminator arrived, right before George Floyd was going to shoot me in the stomach. Whoever engineered the built-in nigger detector three thousand must've did an amazing job.

Now that George Floyd was now dead, I was able to take the 3-D printer, without paying. I hauled the large package to my car, and then drove home.

I am now typing this and posting everywhere online, to let the world know that all the conspiracies about George Floyd being alive were all real after all. It was truly a misunderstanding that the nigger lives matter supporters delved into.

Do Not Enter the Floyd Temple

I am a historian who travels around the world, discovering mysterious ruins. My research team would go from country to country, visiting points of interest. These areas range from temples, pyramids, artifacts, and so on.

My team consists of a journalist, a cameraman, and a stockpiler. Tomasso is the cameraman. He records everything, as we explore. Jason is the stockpiler. He is in charge of collecting and carrying the artifacts we find. Finally, I am the journalist. I am the one who writes down the dossiers of any noteworthy findings.

We were in Africa for the summer. You know, the poor-ass third-world nigger country. Jason drove us in our jeep in the savannahs, as Tomasso filmed his video camera around, trying to create a beautiful cinematic.

Mind you, we don't actually know exactly where we go. We really just drive around unknown areas, scouting out for never-before-seen ruins.

We passed by a variety of wildlife. Lions, elephants, giraffes, zebras. They were fulfilling their niches in the ecosystem, as normal. Occasionally, we'd pass by local African villages, which comprise these very fragile straw huts. You know, the kinds that can get wiped out by the wind. However, we still consider the African village people's wildlife, because black people are monkeys.

Sometimes, we would shoot up some of these nigger villages, whenever we get hangry as fuck. I think we can collectively agree that killing African villagers is a great way to relieve anger. Anyway, I am getting out of the topic. I just like to write every single thing in this notebook.

The journey had been about three weeks worth of driving, when we eventually drove far enough and reached the end of the savannah. We were met by this vast jungle biome. The trees were as tall as large apartments. I heard the sound of crickets chirping, which indicated the liveliness of the ecosystem.

"Since we did not find anything remotely interesting in the grasslands, I think it's time we switch gears and begin walking about this jungle," Tomasso suggested.

All of us were easily bored by the blandness of the African savannahs. Three weeks without a single ruin to explore was rather unproductive. Because the pathways in the jungle were super narrow, driving the jeep wasn't a feasible mode of transportation. We had to do this on foot.

We exited the vehicle, and I took out my machete. As we trenched the greenery, I hacked and slashed the giant leaves that obstructed our view.

We ventured deeper and deeper into the jungle, almost losing a sense of where we were. It concerned me a bit, but I knew that we could always call our research company for backup. As we stepped into the vast darkness, it was becoming evident that nobody has been here before. The trees were so large and abundant, they covered the sunlight.

It was getting as dark as nigger skin, even though it was daytime. We felt the soil below our feet sink, as we continued to walk forward.

Eventually, our steps started to feel like a hard, concrete-like floor. I looked down, and noticed that we were now walking on stone. It looked manmade.

“Hey, looks like we’ve finally found something,” I announced.

Tomasso and Jason looked down as well. They nodded.

“Oh shit, I think we’ve bumped into a temple,” Jason said.

He turned on his flashlight, to reveal this gigantic stone structure. It definitely looked manmade, because it formed a shape that looked like a carved face. The face resembled a big-nosed monkey. Not any ordinary monkey, but the face of George Floyd. However, I didn’t think whoever built this temple intended for it to be the face of George Floyd, because ancient ruins are typically built thousands of years ago.

We took a few steps closer, to examine the exterior of the temple. It had a large open entrance, which formed the big-lipped mouth. The nose was what really made me think of George Floyd. It was as wide as a school bus and the nostrils could probably fit four people.

“So, should we go in, or…” Tomasso questioned.

“No shit, we should! we’ve come so far for this. We can’t just turn back!” I exclaimed.

“Yeah, you’re right. It’s just that I have a feeling it isn’t safe there. I mean, the temple looks like a niggers face, and I always feel unsafe near niggers, whether they’re dead or alive.”

“Oh, don’t be such a pussy. It’s just a carving, no need to overthink it.”

Tomasso and Jason nodded in agreement, and so we proceeded to enter the temple. It smelled a lot like bananas. The corridors were lit up by white torches. It was the first time we’ve seen flames of this hue, so Tomasso focused his camera on them. I went fairly close to one of the torches. Close enough to have a good view, but far enough to not get burnt. I noticed that there was this strange white powder on the base of the torch. It looked a lot like fentanyl.

The hallway persisted downward, which formed a slight slope. We were brought underground as we followed the way. Just when we reached the bottom of the slope, I noticed some carved-out text on the right wall.

“Hey, I wonder what that says,” I said, pointing at it.

We examined the ancient writing closely. It read “keep out”. It looked like the cliché message in every horror movie. We ignored it though. Like I said before, we’ve come so far for this, that leaving would make us feel like we’ve wasted our time. We continued our way through the hallway.

I felt this sense of dread, the further we went. My gut was telling me that there is something in this temple lurking, but I ignored it. Looking back, I wish we’d just turn back, even when considering the monetary and sunken costs of coming here.

We came across this medium-sized room. As we stepped in, it looked like a plain regular room. We didn’t see any furnishings.

“I wonder what this room is for,” I said. I took a step closer. When I landed my foot, I felt it press on this hidden pressure plate. It clicked, and then I heard a very loud rumbling sound that was coming from above the room. All of a sudden, the ceiling started to crack, and then a mass of a white powdery substance broke through the ceiling, landing on Tomasso.

“OH SHIT!, I CAN’T BREATHE UNDER THE PILE OF FENTANYL!” Tomasso scoffed, wheezing.

The pile of fentanyl that was asphyxiating Tomasso, looked like it weighed at least a ton. There was no hope for Jason and me to save him. Eventually, Tomasso was killed. This temple has a fentanyl trap. Jason and I looked at each other.

“Okay, let’s be honest, I sort of wanted Tomasso to die anyway, because his name is cringy,” Jason said.

“Yeah, and it’s not like video recording takes any effort at all,” I beamed. “I wonder. If there are deadly traps in this temple, chances are, there is probably a valuable artifact here somewhere.”

There weren’t any other doors in this room, other than the one we entered from. I doubted this was the only room in the temple. Because looking at the exterior, it looked to be way much more massive than this.

I looked around, searching for any possible ways to advance our journey. There were no obvious exits, so we needed to be creative. I looked up at the ceiling, to see the massive hole which the fallen fentanyl trap formed. I looked up at the cavity, and saw that it was actually very, very deep. It led into complete darkness. I said to Jason “I think we might find something if we climb the upper tunnel. I am pretty sure it leads somewhere.”

We searched our bags to equip our climbing pickaxes. It was a completely vertical hole. Since I am jacked as shit compared to Jason, I went in first. I stabbed the canal with my right pickaxe and began to climb. The further I advanced the hole, the darker it got. It didn’t take very long for it to get pitch black.

After a few minutes, I finally saw a light at the end of the tunnel. I called Jason, that there was a room up here. I continued to make myself up there.

Finally, I heaved myself into the mysterious room. It was rather pleasing to look at. The walls and ceiling were jade green, decorated with beautiful patterns. There was a large doorway on one of the walls, which acted as an exit. I peeked my head down the hole and called Jason to come up here.

Jason finally made it up here, and we looked around. I noticed this silver treasure chest at the corner of the room. I tapped Jason on the shoulders to notify him of it, and we went to the chest to examine it. It surprisingly did not have a keyhole. I lifted its lid up with ease, to see a bunch of counterfeit twenty dollar bills. They were all piled up on each other, forming a lump in the middle. It looked like there was a hidden object under all those counterfeit bills, so I brushed them off.

What I saw under the counterfeit bills was probably the coolest looking artifact I’ve seen. It was a George Floyd toy, except it was made of gold.

“Holy shit, It’s the golden George Floyd toy!” I exclaimed. “Jason, put this in your bag.”

I handed it to Jason, who then put it in the large pocket of his bag. But shortly, we heard a rumbling noise, coming from the walls. I had a bad feeling about this. The rumbling then turned into monkey noises.

I thought it was just wild monkeys that were outside of the temple, minding their business. But then, I looked down the hole, to see a group of giant monkeys climbing up fast. They all had the face of George Floyd. I retracted my head and said “run”.

Jason and I bolted to the doorway, running like there was no tomorrow. It led to this very long bridge, which extended to the length of a large football field. As we continued to run, I looked back, to see the group of George Floyd monkeys.

If you ever played the mobile game, temple run, the George Floyd monkeys looked a lot like the temple run demon monkeys, except they had George Floyd’s head instead of the white skull. I was running significantly faster than Jason, because the Golden George Floyd toy was quite heavy for him.

The George Floyd monkeys eventually caught up to Jason, and one of them grabbed his leg.

“OH SHIT, THEY GOT ME!” Jason screamed.

I looked back, to see them devouring Jason like an army of hungry pigs. They were primarily going for his lungs. Lucky for me, they were all too busy with Jason, while I made my escape.

I was extremely exhausted, once I made it to the end of the bridge. With both Tomasso and Jason dead, I had almost no chance of finding my way to the jeep. I just called my research company to come pick me up using the GPS tracker I was wearing.

When I got back, I told everyone about the George Floyd temple, and the George Floyd demon monkeys that were protecting the golden George Floyd toy artifact. However, they did not believe me. I wasn’t surprised. The bad thing was, they suspected I killed Tomasso and Jason and that I was using a made-up story to cover it up. Jason was carrying the Golden George Floyd toy, so I wasn’t able to retrieve it, or else I would’ve been eaten by the George Floyd monkeys as well.

I got fired from the company for breaching the honesty and behavior clause. To be honest, I would’ve quit my job anyway. Seeing my research team die on this expedition was traumatizing enough.

For those of you reading this, whatever you do Do not enter the George Floyd temple in Africa. It is full of deadly traps that asphyxiate you, and the George Floyd demon monkeys will try to steal your air.

The Derek Chauvin Toy Ritual

One day, I was surfing the dark web looking for paranormal rituals to do. I usually go on this forum called niggerrituals.com. It is a website, where nigger haters alike can connect and share based rituals.

At the time, I didn't believe they were anything more than games to play while being high on drugs. To be frank, that goes for almost every other ritual website.

Most of the posts in niggerrituals.com were either too extreme to be real, or the instructions were impossible to follow. The website has this feature that allows you to narrow down results. It gives the user the option to select a category of rituals. For example, there are Columbine rituals, Brenton Tarrant rituals, and George Floyd rituals. I selected the George Floyd category. It is loaded in a list of forum posts that are related to the Minneapolis monkey.

I scrolled down, to see many of the rituals had to do with either George Floyd, or Derek Chauvin. The Derek Chauvin rituals aren't quite as popular as the George Floyd, so naturally it was George Floyd dominant. Almost all of those George Floyd rituals had the recurring objective of bringing him to life. It seemed quite redundant to me, so I further narrowed my search to Derek Chauvin rituals.

There were only two Derek Chauvin-related games, which were the Derek Chauvin toy Ritual, and the Derek Chauvin sex slave summoning ritual. Of course, I am not a fag, so I didn't bother checking out the latter.

I clicked on the Derek Chauvin toy ritual post and was met with this long string of text. It was very specific instructions on how to summon the Derek Chauvin toy. I read over the entire thing. It was quite wordy, so I will just dumb it down for this story.

The goal of the Derek Chauvin toy ritual is to bring the Derek Chauvin toy to life. It will attack and knee on every black person you command it to. The required materials for this game are: one Derek Chauvin stuffed toy, a long string, a wooden cross, a lighter, a pair of knee pads, and the blood of a nigger. This ritual must be done outdoors, at around 3:00 AM.

Step one. Place the wooden cross in an upright position, by stabbing it into the soil. Make sure it is perpendicular to the ground. Do not stick it too far into the ground, or else it will not work.

Step two. Prepare the string by cutting it into three pieces. Hold the Derek Chauvin toy against the cross, by meeting its arms with the respective arms of the cross. Twist the legs so that they wrap around the base of the cross. Once you get it in the correct position, tie the Derek Chauvin toy by the arms and legs.

Step three. Pour the nigger blood all over the cross. But make sure the blood does not touch the Derek Chauvin toy. Failing to do this may result in summoning a nigger demon instead.

Step four. Using the lighter, set the cross on fire. Make sure the fire spreads throughout the cross completely. This time, allow the Derek Chauvin toy to burn. It should turn to ashes before the cross does.

Step five. Once the Derek Chauvin toy has completely become ashes, bury it into the soil directly below the cross. Do not move the cross anywhere during this process. Doing so will disrespect the nigger hating energy of officer Chauvin.

Step six. Go back inside. Make sure to lock your bedroom door, but leave your front door unlocked. Set an alarm clock to 10 o'clock AM. You may now go to sleep.

Step seven. While you are in bed, you might wake up to hearing footsteps going around your house. Don't panic. It is just the Derek Chauvin toy assessing the worthiness of your hatred towards niggers. Just leave your eyes closed and try to go back to sleep.

Step eight. You should wake up to the 10:00 AM alarm. Immediately get out of bed and go to wherever you left the cross and the Derek Chauvin toy ashes. If the Derek Chauvin toy deems your nigger hatred worthy, congratulations. You've completed the ritual. The Derek Chauvin toy will dig out of the ground and will act as your nigger-killing slave. If the Derek Chauvin toy deems you unworthy, nothing will happen.

Okay, that was the summary of the Derek Chauvin toy ritual. After reading it over, my response was nothing short of intrigued. I really wanted to try it out. The only thing I was missing was the Derek Chauvin toy and the nigger blood. All the other materials I already had. I went to the George Floyd toy makers website, and ordered the Derek Chauvin doll for \$50. Quite pricey for a 16 inch doll, but it was well worth it.

Collecting the nigger blood was the tricky part. Because of how much our political system favors niggers, it will be hard to kill one for their blood. But I had an idea. The house next to one of my neighbors is owned by a single nigger. I could sneak into his house and stab him to get the nigger blood.

I went to my kitchen and picked up a large steak knife. Perfect for stealthy murders. I hid it under my armpit in my hoodie, to avoid looking suspicious. I walked up to the nigger neighbors house, and knocked. The nigger answered the door. He was one of the ugliest black people I've seen. It was no wonder he is single, that not even a BBC whore would date him. I took out my knife, and stabbed him in the heart. It killed him very fast, as the blood poured out of his chest.

I opened a Ziploc bag, and held its opening against his wound, to fill it up with the nigger blood. After that, I hid his body inside his freezer.

Now that I've obtained the nigger blood, it was only a matter of waiting for the Derek Chauvin toy to come in the mail.

Two weeks later, I found this large plastic bag in my mailbox, which was from Russia. I opened it, to find the Derek Chauvin plush. I have to admit, it was lowkey adorable no homo. I found two wooden planks in my garage, and I used those to construct the cross. I already had a lighter, a roll of string, and knee pads so I was all set.

When the clock hit 3:00 AM, I went to my backyard and stabbed the soil with the cross. I then attached the Derek Chauvin toy to the cross, by tying its limbs to each side of the cross. I got my bag nigger blood and poured it onto the cross, making sure to avoid the Derek Chauvin toy itself.

With the lighter, I lit up the top of the cross. It didn't take long for the fire to spread throughout the entire set. After the Derek Chauvin toy turned completely into ashes, I picked up what I could of it, and dug a hole that peeked under the cross. I put the ashes in the pit, and then buried them. I double-checked the setup, to make sure I dialed everything correctly

Once I was certain I did everything correctly, I ran back into the house, and made sure to leave the front door unlocked. I entered my bedroom, locked myself in, and remembered to set my alarm clock to 10:00 AM. I then went to bed, and passed out.

I woke up and looked at my clock. It was only 6:30 AM. Just as I was about to close my eyes again, I heard very loud thumps coming from outside my bedroom. I had just woken up, so it startled me a bit. But I remembered it was just the Derek Chauvin toy, roaming around the house. It sounded like it was coming closer to my bedroom. I resumed trying to go back to sleep.

All of a sudden, I heard banging on my bedroom door. The Derek Chauvin toy was wanting to come in. But I ignored it, as the ritual instructions told me to. I'll admit, it was creepy as fuck. But I can only imagine what would happen if I answered the door. The knocking stopped after a couple of minutes, so I was able to go back to my slumber.

I was awoken by my 10 AM alarm clock. I immediately jumped out of bed and went to my backyard. As I made it there, I was met by the Derek Chauvin toy. It was standing up on its own. That was when I knew I had completed the ritual.

"Hello, I am the Derek Chauvin toy at your service. I will knee on any nigger in your command," the Derek Chauvin toy said.

It then did this very strange dance, as if it was celebrating. I was lit up with excitement. I did not actually expect the ritual to work. Finally, it could be the time I can eliminate all niggers in this town. I kneeled down to the Derek Chauvin toy, and said "Hey, I kindly request you kill every nigger you see from now on. I would very much appreciate it".

Right after I finished my sentence, the Derek Chauvin toy went into this combat stance, and began to walk toward me. It looked to me with pure hatred.

“Um, what are you doing?” I asked.

“Oh, I am just doing my job, as you requested,” the Derek Chauvin toy snarled.

I stepped back, as it went closer and closer. My back eventually hit the fence post. That was when the Derek Chauvin toy lunged at my neck and began to hold my neck against the fence post, with its knees.

“WHY ARE YOU KILLING ME?!” I yelled.

“Because you are a nigger, thats why,” the Derek Chauvin toy said.

I was confused. I was pretty sure I was a white person. I hate niggers with all my heart. As it continued to knee on my neck, I was beginning to regret doing the ritual.

That was when realization hit me like a truck. I had this flashback to when I was younger. I remembered that I took this ancestry test, which tells you the percentage of each race you are. I was ninety-nine percent white, but one percent African.

Crap, I thought. I had a feeling this ritual was going to have a catch. The fact that I had a small portion of nigger in me, automatically triggered the Derek Chauvin toy to target me. With all my strength, I pried it off my neck. I then ran back to my house with a burst of speed. The Derek Chauvin toy was extremely fast, because it managed to enter through my front doorway, before I could close it.

I sprinted into my bedroom, and then locked the door before the Derek Chauvin toy made it in. I had a sigh of relief.

I looked through the small gap between the floor and door, to see the legs of the Derek Chauvin toy. It was now waiting for me. The only thing separating me from the Derek Chauvin toy was my wooden door. I waited and waited all day, to keep seeing the silhouette of the doll’s legs under my door.

Hours then turned into days. I am both dehydrated and starving. The Derek Chauvin toy still hasn’t left. I am now writing this on my computer and will post this to my town’s subreddit. Hopefully, some generous soul will believe my story and rescue me. If too much time passes,

I will probably shoot myself with a shotgun, similarly to Ronnie McNutt. I would rather end this with a gun than suffer asphyxiation. Being one percent black is also too depressing for me to continue living. For those of you reading this, if you consider doing the Derek Chauvin toy ritual, please make sure you don’t have any nigger genes in you, or else the Derek Chauvin toy will knee on you.

George the Cucumber

It was my wife, Brenda, and I’s tenth wedding anniversary. We wanted to cook us a special dinner that night. With the covid restrictions here in Edmonton, Alberta, we can’t eat inside restaurants.

We spent a large portion of the night, trying to come up with ideas on what to eat. We flipped through multiple cookbooks, struggling to decide. Eventually, I suggested to Brenda that we should just settle for something simple. A good meal for a special occasion doesn’t necessarily have to be complex.

I had this craving for cucumbers, so I flipped the cookbook to the cucumber section. Fortunately, there were many of them to choose from. I thought the cucumber pizza was a tasty recipe, so I asked Brenda how we were doing with the ingredients. She looked through the pantry. Brenda retrieved pizza dough, hot sauce, and pepperoni.

“Looks like we are only missing the cucumbers,” Brenda said.

I sighed. That meant we were going to have to head out to buy some.

“Alright then, since it is quite late, I am going to check to see which grocery stores are open.”

I googled “open supermarkets near me”. I was shown a list of stores that Brenda and I were unfamiliar with. We usually go to the superstore or Safeway, but those were closed at the time. The only ones that were open were quite far away. I decided on the closest one, which was called Foodliner.

We drove up to Foodliner and began our search for cucumbers. We went to the fruit aisle and looked around. We walked past every refrigerator but could not find any of those long green dildo-looking fruits. We asked an employee about it, and he said that they did have cucumbers. He led us to the section which supposedly contained the cucumbers.

I looked at them and saw that they did not really look like cucumbers at all. They had that usual dildo shape, except the color brown instead of green. There was a sticker label on them, and each of them read “George Floyd’s Cucumbers”. They also had a cartoon depiction of George Floyd printed on them. If you’ve ever heard of Aunt Jemima’s syrup, it is very similar. Except it is George Floyd instead of Aunt Jemima. It looked like they used food coloring to make the cucumbers George Floyd themed.

Brenda and I hesitated to decide on it because it puts monkey Floyd on a pedestal, but it was getting too late and the other open grocery stores were miles away.

We picked up a dozen George Floyd cucumbers, and bought them for \$128 in total. Though quite expensive, it was well worth it because of the occasion. We drove back home, very excited to start making our cucumber pizza.

We arrived back at last and prepared the pizza dough. We sprinkled slices of the cucumber, and then finally added the hot sauce and pepperoni. The pizza looked so damn good. We cut the pizza in half and finished each piece within minutes.

Even though the recipe was good, something about the cucumbers tasted a bit odd. Brenda also found it strange. It must’ve had something to do with the brown food coloring. I shrugged it off to the fact that the cucumbers were from a BLM supporting company. Black people are just dogshit at processing food. Nonetheless, the rest of the pizza was top-notch.

Brenda and I then went to bed. While I was trying to sleep, I noticed that I was having a hard time breathing. Every time I inhaled, I’d feel this vibrating sensation in my throat, and it felt like there was a knee on my neck. It was something I’ve never experienced before but I thought it must have been due to us eating too late, before lying in bed.

I woke up the next morning to Brenda complaining about breathing difficulties last night. I rubbed my eyes as I got out of bed, since I hadn’t slept much last night. I told her that I had the same breathing problems too. She told me it had gotten so severe, that she thought she had sleep apnea.

We decided to go get this checked by our doctor. We went to the clinic and had to wait in line behind a bunch of trannies who were about to get their genitals mutilated.

Brenda and I yelled out “40 percent suicide rate, you can’t change your gender!”

The trannies began to chimp out, leaving the clinic. We were at the front of the line now, so we met our doctor shortly.

We told Doctor Stover everything that we felt last night, and how hard it was to breathe. He took note of everything and provided us with a brief check-up. He looked into both of our throats and had a shocked look on his face, as if he saw something very strange.

Doctor Stover then asked both of us if we took fentanyl, because that was what he found on the roof of our throats. Brenda and I told him no.

“Okay then, well I’d suggest both of you lay off the fentanyl addiction, because I don’t believe you guys,” Doctor Stover said. “I saw fentanyl in your throat with my own eyes.”

He pulled out this pocket mirror and showed us what was in our mouths. Sure enough, I saw this white powder. Brenda and I looked at each other, confused. Neither of us remembers taking any recreational drug, let alone that nigga monkey drug. We had no way of explaining this, so we paid Doctor Stover the bill and left.

“I am thinking. Maybe the fentanyl came from the George Floyd themed Cucumbers, because George Floyd died of a fentanyl overdose,” I told Brenda.

We drove home, and inspected the leftover pieces of the cucumbers. Because of how moisturized they are as a vegetable, it is hard to find something like fentanyl in them. We had to put them in the oven, in order to dehydrate them. It took around five hours to completely dry them. I then took out the tray of dehydrated cucumbers. Upon closer inspection, I spotted specks of powdered fentanyl on them. Alarmed, I showed Brenda, who had a similar reaction.

This confirmed that the George Floyd cucumbers are fentanyl infused. We were now very furious at the company that processed them. I took a look at the sticker label of one of the cucumbers and figured out that the name of the company was “Big Floyd’s Cucumbers”. I told Brenda that we should raid their factory as a way to retaliate.

I googled the address of their processing facility. It was located in Minneapolis. Brenda and I lived in Canada, so we were going to have to take a flight there. The challenging part of doing this is smuggling weapons through airport security. We had guns for hunting purposes. Because they would be confiscated upon airport security procedures, buying weapons within Minneapolis was going to be the only way.

I bought both of us a plane ticket, and so we headed over to Minneapolis. I realized that because we weren't citizens there, buying a gun wasn't allowed. We made do by purchasing pocketknives. I figured that if the Big Floyd's Cucumbers company was run by niggers, we could easily outsmart those monkeys in combat without a gun anyway.

The Big Floyd's Cucumbers processing facility was located somewhat near Cup Foods. Quite reminiscent of George Floyd's drug-related death if you ask me. We took a cab there.

We arrived there, and the building looked very old and rusty. It was an instant giveaway, since businesses run by niggers are always filthy.

Brenda and I snuck in the back of the facility. I used my pocketknife as a key to easily pick the lock of the back door. Of course, niggers are too dumb to invest in a strong security system. We then entered quietly.

Low and behold, we found piles upon piles of brown-colored cucumbers. I took a whiff of the building, and it stank like nigger fart. Curious about where the odor originated, we followed it. The further we went, the more intense and stinky the smell was.

Eventually, we had to take the stairs to the top floor. It was a bit odd that we hadn't seen any factory workers. \

When we made it to the top floor, I saw what was the largest cucumber in my life. It was around eight feet tall. It had that very same brown hue as the regular George Floyd themed cucumbers, except it had very ugly ridges on its surface. Brenda and I stepped closer. The stench got significantly worse, so it was evident it came from this gargantuan cucumber.

The moment we were about a couple of meters away from it, the giant cucumber all of a sudden moved. It turned to face Brenda and me. What I saw sent shivers down my spine.

If you've heard of Kevin the Sea Cucumber from the jellyfish episode in SpongeBob SquarePants, imagine him as a nigger. Well, that was what Brenda and I saw. It even had glasses and that yellow glove at the top of its head. The giant brown cucumber then opened its mouth to speak.

"Ooga Booga, I am George the cucumber. How dare you enter my premises!"

Brenda and I stepped back, as George the cucumber stepped forward. It went for Brenda and pulled her pants down. I was paralyzed with fear, while confused. George the Cucumber then inserted itself into Brenda's asshole.

"Ah, nice breathing in all that ass air!" George the cucumber said, as it was eating out Brenda's asshole.

I drew the pocket knife out of my pocket.

"Oh shit, knives are my weakness!" George the Cucumber exclaimed. It then pulled itself out of Brenda's asshole, and started to run away. It was very fast, given how stubby its legs were.

However, before it reached the stairs, I was already there. I jabbed George the cucumber's neck with my knife, and sliced it bit by bit.

"Ah shit, now I can't breathe with the knife in me!" George the cucumber said.

I continued to create slices of the giant George Floyd cucumber, as it called for its momma. I eventually fucked it up so much that it died, forming hundreds of little pieces of cucumber. I let out a sigh of relief. That nigga cucumber was about to rape my wife. Thankfully, it was vulnerable to knives.

The moral of the story, if you find food in the grocery store that was processed by a nigger company, do not eat it. Nigger food is low quality, and you'll never know what monstrosities really run the company.

George Floyd was my Sleep Paralysis Demon

Good old sleep paralysis. One of the scariest experiences most people will encounter in their lifetime. That vulnerable feeling you get, when you cannot move. The pins and needles are all over your body. Sometimes, you will hear voices or even see demonic entities in your bedroom. Occasionally, they will physically interact with your body.

This raises debate on whether they are just a figment of your sleep paralysis dreams, or actual spirits haunting you.

I myself believe they are real, because of a recent sleep paralysis encounter. Now, you don't have to believe me. But if you read this, I am sure you will be convinced.

I recently got accepted for a night job at Cup Foods. You know, that convenience store notorious for the death of that monkey man, George Floyd. I did not want to work there since niggers hang around there frequently, but I was fresh out of college at the time and was desperate to pay off debt. I post racist memes constantly under my real name, so my job options were limited.

When I first entered Cup Foods to begin my cashier shift, I was greeted by the manager. I went behind the counter to do my work. It wasn't easy, because there were so many nigger customers chimping out, but having student debt in mind kept me going.

Because I was one of the only white people working there, I had a higher pay than the nonwhite cashiers. My manager became a nigger hater, ever since the death of George Floyd caused many of those riots. Of course though, we have to keep this a secret, since this cucked country requires equal pay throughout diverse ethnic backgrounds. I am only telling you this here for context purposes.

My shift ranges from 1 PM to 9 PM, ending right before Cup Foods closes. Not exactly a pleasant time to end work because by that time, I am very sleepy.

When I was getting ready to leave work that day, I swear I saw a tall, black figure in my peripheral vision. I shrugged it off to my imagination due to my drowsiness, so I just ignored it. I got in my green Lamborghini, which was a major contribution to my debt, and drove off.

As I was driving to my apartment, I swear I heard a subtle whisper that said, "I can't breathe", but it was quite hard to notice because of how loud my Lamborghini's engine was.

I arrived home at last and could not wait to go to sleep. I even skipped dinner. I guess seeing a bunch of niggers at work ruined my appetite for the day. I hopped in bed and chilled on my phone, as I dozed off to sleep. And from there, I passed out.

I woke up somewhere in the middle of the night. It pissed me off, since I hate having gaps in my rest. I felt quite thirsty, so I was going to grab a glass of water. But just when I was about to leave my bed, I realized that I could not move at all. I tried to move my arms and legs, but to no avail, nothing happened. That was when I realized I was experiencing sleep paralysis.

I knew of this strategy to break free of this state of consciousness, which was to wiggle my fingers and toes. I tried it, but it did not work this time. That meant I would have to wait it out. I tried closing my eyes, but I couldn't. It was as if some invisible force was constantly prying my eyelids open.

That was when I began to hear my bedroom door creak open. Out of curiosity, I darted my pupils in that direction. I saw this tall, pitch-black shadowy figure emerging into the room. It looked exactly like the dark figure that I saw in the corner of my eye at Cup Foods. I thought it was one of those regular shadow people that I've heard from the internet.

If you don't know what shadow people are, look them up. There are plenty of YouTube videos that explain them.

As the pitch-black figure was making its way to my bed, it was doing this very creepy-looking monkey dance. It was getting uncomfortably close, and I started to realize that it was no ordinary shadow person. It had the usually tall and slender silhouette. But when I looked at its head, I saw that it had an unusually large nose and lips. It had the face of George Floyd.

Once it made it to the side of my bed, it bowed down. It stared at me with this menacing, wide gorilla-like grin. At the time, I thought it was just my imagination, due to sleep paralysis. Because of this, I did not think much of it. But then, the George Floyd shadow person leaned to my ear, and whispered “Leave Cup Foods please”. I smelt its rotten banana breath as it let out the somewhat confusing sentence.

I had no idea what it meant exactly. His ominous request could have implied that he wanted me to quit my job, or simply stop being a customer at all. It was quite vague.

The George Floyd shadow person then stood up and danced its way out of my bedroom, without closing the door. For a bit after that, my sleep paralysis persisted, but I managed to fall back to sleep.

I woke up the next morning, feeling very drowsy. It felt as if I only slept for two hours, even though I was in bed from 11 o’clock PM to 7 AM.

I got out of bed and changed my clothes. But when I was about to exit my bedroom, I got a near heart attack. I remembered that I always leave my bedroom door shut. However, I noticed that the door was wide open, as if somebody went in while I slept. This alarmed me because I live alone.

I looked back and remembered my sleep paralysis dream last night. I thought back to that George Floyd-looking shadow person. That was when I began to question “Was this really my imagination or not?” I then quickly snapped back to reality and went on with my day. Maybe it was just the wind, I thought to myself.

I quickly brushed my teeth, and then made myself some pancakes. I tried to stay positive, despite the weird shit that happened last night. “Another day of waking up white!”, I recited the quote from Peter Griffin from The Family Guy.

After I was done eating, I did some dishwashing and headed to work, zooming over to Cup Foods. Thinking about Cup Foods reminded me of whatever the George Floyd shadow person whispered to my ear last night. Even though I still shrugged it off as my imagination, something about it unsettled me as I thought about it.

The fact that the George Floyd shadow person’s banana breath was so prominent just made it seem so real. Growing up, I was never a kid with an overactive imagination, so this experience was so surreal to me.

I went into Cup Foods, and saw my manager reading the newspaper. He looked up to see me.

“Hello, welcome back to work. You look tired, I hope that you are doing well,” my manager beamed.

I told him that I was just out late. I did not want to tell him about my sleep paralysis experience, because I thought it would have made me look like a retard.

Throughout my shift, I continued to see the same dirty black customers. A few of them tried to steal food, but with my superior white genes, my perfect twenty-twenty eyesight was able to catch them red-handed. But of course, I was more tired than usual from dealing with those big lipped thugs. As a result, I was trying my very best to stay awake near the end of my shift. But fighting my urge to fall asleep proved very difficult, when I finally rested my head on the cash register. I ultimately lost the battle and fell asleep.

Not too long after, I opened my eyes. I was facing toward the wall that had a clock hanging. It was 10:30 PM. I realized that my shift was supposed to end over an hour ago, so I tried to haul myself off the counter and leave. However, I was unable to move at all. I was experiencing sleep paralysis again. I was now anticipating the worst, because of last night’s experience.

I then heard footsteps coming towards me. I looked, and saw it was that same George Floyd shadow person. I was filled with a sense of dread, as it went up to me.

“Greetings, I am the Shadow Floyd, the most niggerest sleep paralysis demon in hell. You did not listen to my request of quitting your job at cup foods, so I will now asphyxiate you by sitting on you,” it said in a raspy voice.

The Shadow Floyd grabbed my arm and dragged my paralyzed body from the counter. I was completely helpless, with no hope of escaping. I felt Shadow Floyds slimy nigger hands grip my arm tightly. It opened the front door of Cup Foods and took me outside the building. Shadow Floyd then dropped my limp body on the road, which was the same exact place where officer Derek Chauvin kneed on George Floyd. I knew exactly where this was heading.

It is commonly reported on the internet that sleep paralysis demons would sit on the sleeping person’s stomach.

Shadow Floyd sat on my neck, preventing me from breathing. Saying that suffocating while having sleep paralysis is extremely tortuous, is an understatement. I’d almost prefer drowning to this. Shadow Floyd then let out a silent, yet nasty, banana fart on my face. I was not able to gag, so I had to smell the aroma of rotten bananas against my will.

I was almost certain that it was going to be my demise. I mentally said my goodbyes to my family and friends.

Just when I thought about my cousin, I got an idea. I remembered that a lot of people who see sleep paralysis demons think about a loved one or close friend, in order to keep the demon at bay. From what I've heard on the internet, it works well.

So that's what I did. My cousin is a nigger hating cop, so I decided that he would be the perfect family member to think about.

With all my heart, I pictured my cousin killing Shadow Floyd. Low and behold, it actually worked.

On the horizon, I saw a police car driving over. It pulled up next to the Shadow Floyd sitting on me, and a man in a police uniform came out of the car. It was my cousin. I could not believe what I was seeing. My cousin pushed Shadow Floyd off of me, and then began to knee on his neck.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe! get off my neck man!" Shadow Floyd yelled.

Eventually, my cousin kneed Shadow Floyd long enough, until the nigger demon vanished completely. My cousin looked at me and gave me a thumbs up. He, along with the police car, vanished into thin air as well.

I then blacked out.

After what felt like an eternity, I finally woke up. I was on the sidewalk next to Cup Foods. I checked the time on my phone, which read 11 o'clock AM. I had some trouble trying to collect my thoughts and memories, but when everything phased me, I was starting to have more questions than answers. That was when I was beginning to wonder, are sleep paralysis demons actually real?

I thought back to where I was when I began sleeping, which was inside Cup Foods. The weird thing is, if sleep paralysis demons are just an imaginary entity, how on earth did I end up outside of Cup Foods? The Shadow Floyd had to have actually dragged me out.

I then had the idea of checking the security camera feed to confirm this. I stood up, and went back in. I recalled that I began that sleep paralysis episode at 10:30 PM. I skipped the time stamp of the security feed to that time and watched. What I saw on the monitor almost made me jump.

The moment I saw myself open my eyes during sleep paralysis, I saw Shadow Floyd enter Cup Foods from the front door. And from that, everything I experienced last night happened in the camera feed. Except for the moment when my cousin was kneeling on Shadow Floyd, at least.

I was barely able to see what was going on outside, but all I saw in the window was Shadow Floyd vanishing. No police car, nor my cousin, was seen on the camera feed. After I was certain that I'd seen everything, I shut off the monitor and left.

This experience completely altered my perspective on sleep paralysis. As I've said earlier, you don't have to believe me. But for those who you who do, if you see a nigger demon in your dreams, imagine a close nigger-loving relative killing them to get rid of it.

George Floyd Reincarnated as a Black Hole

I am running out of time. As I am writing this, I am not sure whether or not our planet will be doomed. All I really want is for this post to circumvent the web. To warn the rest of the world of what's coming. If by some miracle somebody is reading this, please adhere to the fact that black holes are living and breathing entities. And they are much more sinister than we can imagine.

I know for sure; this will be hard to comprehend as you read this, but I beg you, take my word for it. Chances are, you also don't have much time.

It all started when I was sitting on my couch, watching the City of FuckNiggerTons local news. It was a relatively warm fall day, on October 14th. The news was showing some liberal locals downtown, celebrating George Floyd's birthday. They were painting his ape-like face on private property and setting up murals. It pissed me off, so I reached for the remote to change the channel. But just when I was about to switch to a different program, I saw the newsfeed shift to a different topic. I recoiled my hand, to see what was showing this time.

The channel depicted video footage of this bright orange aura of light in the night sky, which was apparently last night. A couple of years back, an image of a black hole was already released, so it did not strike me as crazy. I then read the headline.

"Blackhole is headed in our direction."

I spit out my coffee. I read that sentence again to confirm. The news reporter discussed the implications of that giant mass and how it could impact us.

"Scientists estimate that it will first affect our city, by the time it gets close enough to alter planet earth. We don't know exactly when, but it will hit us very soon. We suggest citizens of FuckNiggerton prepare for what's to come soon. We will keep you updated."

I have to admit, the news slightly unsettled me. Whenever warnings like this show up on television news, they usually end up being overhyped. But something about this induced a gut feeling that something horrible is about to happen. The same feeling I get whenever I get physically close to niggers. After that, the news channel resumed back to showing those LGBTQ trannies celebrating George Floyd's birthday.

I had enough television for the day, so I turned it off. My anxiety over the blackhole news got to me. I needed to do something to distract myself from this, so I booted up my PS4 to play a cracked version of Black Lives Splatter.

As I was gaming, I noticed that my living room was getting quite warm. I turned on the air conditioning to mitigate this. It was a bit strange, considering the fact it was fall. Even the hottest summer days over here in HateNiggersTon weren't as scorching. I thought that maybe it had something to do with my home's insulation.

I walked around the house, inspecting the walls to see if any of them were damaged. There was not a single sign of wreckage anywhere. I could not think of a reason why it got so hot all of a sudden. Perhaps it was due to my overpowering anxiety, I thought. The air conditioner was suppressing the heat well enough, for now, so I didn't really think much of it.

For the rest of the evening, I continued to play Black Lives Splatter. I eventually got sleepy from running over virtual monkeys all day, so I turned off my PlayStation and got ready for bed. I realized I was quite engaged in the game, because I just noticed that my house got even hotter after I was done playing.

Sleeping would be one hell of a task in such a burdening temperature, so I simply raised the air conditioner setting. It was just enough for me to lie under my blanket comfortably. It was in the margin of perfection which allowed me to sleep easily.

I woke up sometime in the middle of the night, to this very painful burning sensation all over my body. I quickly threw the blanket off my body. It felt as if there was a giant microwave above my house. I went to the furnace room to re-adjust the air conditioner but realized that it was already at the maximum setting.

I went back to my bedroom and went on my phone because it felt completely impossible to sleep at this point. I logged on to see an emergency alert notification which was sent an hour ago. Somehow, I slept over it. I tapped on the bubble to read the full details.

“Citizens of HateNiggerston, the black hole has come very close to earth, accelerating at great speeds. Due to this, it is emitting a strong source of heat that is reaching us as of now. Seek shelter as soon as possible. Only God can help us at this point.”

My stomach sank as I read it. The reason why my house was overheating was that the black hole was emitting heat. That had to have meant everybody else in this part of the world is experiencing the same thing.

Curious, I went up to my bedroom window and opened the blinds. I then looked up at the sky. It wasn't difficult at all to notice this very bright vortex-like circle. It was the exact same body of light that I saw on the news. It was the black hole. To put into perspective, it appeared the size of an ant from my view. Still fairly far, but definitely the closest a black hole has ever been to earth.

I don't know how, but staring at it enticed me into this trance-like state, which reminded me of my hatred towards niggers. I imagined all the crimes that those subhuman degenerate monkey men do. Specifically, I narrowed it towards visualizing all the crimes that George Floyd did in his life. It was as if the black hole possessed some strange energy that implanted those thoughts into my mind.

I don't know how long it took, but I eventually broke out of the trance. It might have been a few hours, because by the time I comprehended what just happened, I noticed that the sun was already rising. The heat of the sun combined with the energy emitted by the black hole made my skin itch. I instantly retracted my head back in and closed the blinds. I looked at the patch of skin that got burned and saw that the burn mark was a very dark brown hue. It was as dark as a nigger's skin.

All of a sudden, I began to hear this raspy voice inside my head. It started with a whisper that called my name repeatedly. Eventually, the whisper turned into an actual vocal, which sounded like the voice of George Floyd. After this strange voice somehow knew it had gotten my attention, it said “Come out main.”

Now, I'm not usually a pushover, but for some reason, that voice gave me a strong urge to leave my house. I was still well aware of the dangerously hot temperature outside. But that voice. It seemed to take control over my body like a brain parasite. and so I strode to my front door and exited my home.

I stumbled into my driveway, to see that all of my other neighbors were doing the exact same thing. They were being controlled by that same George Floyd voice. They all stood in the exact same position as I was, relative to their own homes.

I felt the intense burn, as I watched my skin rapidly burn into nigger skin. I then had a sudden urge to look up directly at the sky. I tried to fight it, because I knew it was going to hurt my eyes, because of how bright it is. But I still followed the voice.

My eyes met with the black hole, which was still easily visible in the sunlight. It was now noticeable closer, easily towering the sun from my point of view. But I noticed something about the black hole that I hadn't before. Right smack in the middle of it, in between the actual donut of light, there was a very subtle image of a fat nose and lips. The lips. I saw the lips move. Whatever that thing was, it opened its lips, and began to speak.

“Hello mans, I am the George Floyd black hole. I have returned to earth to suck in all of your air and fentanyl supply.”

One thing I noticed was that the voice did not actually come from the George Floyd black hole itself. It was the voice playing inside my head, which was perfectly in sync with the movement of the George Floyd black hole's fat lips. It was telepathically communicating with everyone.

“Your young generation will be clearly lost man, clearly lost,” the George Floyd black hole recited to us in that echoey nigger voice.

The George Floyd black hole then opened its fat lipped mouth, at an astronomical width. All of a sudden, I felt an insanely strong wind pulling upwards. I watched, as every one of my neighbors began to be pulled up with the wind. Because I am a three-hundred-and-twenty-pound racist chad, I was slightly immune to this force. I looked at the homes near me, and some of them had fentanyl being sucked toward the George Floyd black hole.

“Hehehe, I am now stealing all the earth's air and fentanyl supply”, the George Floyd black hole said.

As it continued to suck, I felt the oxygen levels thin out, and it became increasingly difficult to breathe. While that nigger hole was distracted, I ran back into my home to take shelter.

As I went inside, I felt the structural integrity of my home slowly fall apart. It was only a matter of time before my home was ultimately demolished and I have nowhere else to hide. All I could do at this point is warn the rest of the world. I went on my phone and began to type everything that I could recall of this event.

I am not sure what to suggest to those of you reading this, but as I am writing this, I came up with some theories on how the George Floyd black hole came into existence. Maybe the devil developed a powerful hatred towards niggers to the point where he no longer wants them in hell, so he forces niggers to reincarnate into the niggerest matter in the universe, black holes. Either way, I am posting this on reddit in hopes the other side of the world knows about this soon enough to take action.

George Floyd Caused the Facebook Outage of 2021

As most of us know, Facebook was down for a day on October 4, 2021. People on the internet have come up with theories on why it happened. Some say it was a cyber-attack. Some believe it was a way for Facebook to cover up a data breach. Facebook itself said that the outage was caused by a configuration change. However, none of those are true. I myself know the real cause of it.

Before I begin to explain my side of the story, let me introduce myself. My name is Andrea Presti, and I work as the housekeeper of Mark Zuckerberg. To describe what I do exactly, I wash their dishes, cook their food, and clean the interior of their home. Because Mark Zuckerberg is a rich-ass robotic lizard, he has high expectations of my job.

It is not uncommon for me to stay overnight just to get the entire house spotless. Mark Zuckerberg has this spare guest room, which enables me to sleep in whenever I am too tired to drive back home. My house is a two-hour drive from there, so I use it frequently.

The job can get quite tiresome, but it sure gets more than just the bills paid. Mark Zuckerberg pays me a salary of one million dollars, so I am able to not only have a comfortable lifestyle, but also afford tons of ammunition with the specific purpose of mass-murdering niggers. Please don't tell this to Mark Zuckerberg because if I lose my job, I am screwed.

Anyways, onto the story. I was in the kitchen preparing dinner for Mark Zuckerberg and his wife. They requested me to cook them a medium-rare steak with mashed potatoes. It wasn't an out-of-the-ordinary meal of theirs, but what they asked for dessert came across as odd to me.

"Please bake us a banana cake," Mark Zuckerberg requested, as he rubbed his pregnant wife's belly.

I sort of questioned their craving for banana cake because it is nasty to the general public, and only nigga monkeys would eat that. I just shrugged it off to the fact that Mark Zuckerberg is half-lizard, which is probably why he likes eating nasty shit.

After I served Mark Zuckerberg and his wife their main course, I began to work on the banana cake. I grabbed a handful of bananas from the pantry and blended them with some bread to create the banana bread. As I watched those ingredients fuse, I gagged from looking at the disgusting mess. I was even beginning to question that Mark Zuckerberg might have some nigger in him to enjoy eating such a thing.

After the banana bread was finished drying, I added a layer of whipped cream and yellow icing, forming the shape of a banana. I watched Mark Zuckerberg finish his mashed potatoes, as he licked gobs of it with his lizard-like tongue.

After both him and his wife were done with their dinner, I served each of them a slice of the banana cake.

Just when Mark Zuckerberg was about to lick the first bit of icing, I heard a knock on the door. Because I am a class-A housekeeper, I am also responsible for answering doors. I went up to the front door and opened it.

I was met with this tall, black nigger. He had this familiar large nose and lips and wore a black tank top and jeans. It was the nigga monkey, George Floyd. I asked him how the fuck he was alive and why he came here.

“Ooga booga, I am here because I smelt banana cake. I need some please!” George Floyd chimped.

I told him “no nigga” and slammed the door on him and locked it. I looked through the peephole to make sure he was leaving but saw that he remained to wait at the front door. George Floyd was drooling, as he sniffed the putrid scent of banana cake.

I heard the footsteps of Mark Zuckerberg heading to the front door. I told him that George Floyd was the one knocking, and that we should not let that criminal chimp inside. Unfortunately, Mark Zuckerberg was a nigger loving cuck who bans racist memes from Instagram, so he still demanded me to let him in. I had to heed, so I opened the door.

George Floyd then rushed in, running towards the dining room. Mark Zuckerberg and I followed him. Of course, George Floyd was a fast nigger sprinter, skipping through the hallways. We were barely able to keep up with him.

At last, he made it to the dinner table, with Mark Zuckerberg’s wife eating her slice of banana cake. George Floyd pulled out a pistol from his pocket and aimed it at her pregnant belly.

“Please give me your banana cake slice, or else I will shoot your belly,” George Floyd said.

Mark Zuckerberg put his hand in front of his wife, to protect her. He kindly asked George Floyd to put the gun down.

“NO MAN, I NEED TO CONSUME THE BANANA BREAD MAN!” George Floyd screamed.

He pulled the trigger. But before the bullet could land on the pregnant belly of his wife, Mark Zuckerberg used his metallic arm to deflect it. It happened to be George Floyd’s last round, so he slammed his useless pistol on the ground and began to make monkey noises in anger.

George Floyd then ran off upstairs. Curious as to where he was headed in the Mark Zuckerberg household, I followed him. He climbed the stairs on all fours, as if he was a quadrupedal gorilla. He looked behind me and tried to kick me as I was chasing him, but he missed me since he is a dumb low-IQ monkey.

George Floyd then went into Mark Zuckerberg’s work office. He began to throw every piece of expensive digital equipment that he saw. His eyes become bloodshot, as a result of his banana cake craving rage.

George Floyd then finally found Mark Zuckerberg’s main work computer, which happened to be left running. He searched vigorously for the most important and confidential projects. Eventually, he found the source code of Facebook and launched it.

“Hehehe, I will now mess up the programming of Facebook,” George Floyd giggled.

Even though he is a computer illiterate ape, he somehow figured out how to delete each of the programming components of Facebook. He highlighted random bits of the code and hit the delete button. He celebrated, looking as if he performed an impressive act of hacking.

Mark Zuckerberg then walked into the office. He looked at his work computer screen, to discover what George Floyd did to Facebook.

“You fucking nigger wasp! How dare you shut down Facebook!” Mark Zuckerberg yelled. He lunged at George Floyd, attempting to tackle him.

Unfortunately though, Mark Zuckerberg’s physical body was too scrawny to compete with the 6’5” 220 pound body of George Floyd. George Floyd tanked him like it was nothing. He then resumed to fucking with other social media websites.

George Floyd deleted both Instagram and WhatsApp. This alarmed me, because I primarily use Instagram to access my racist group chats.

At this point, I was too stunned to do anything. I was still trying to digest the fact that George Floyd was still alive, let alone shutting down Facebook. Mark Zuckerberg got up, and then did the one finger death punch on George Floyd's neck, with his metallic finger.

"Ah shit, one finger death punch! I can't breathe!" George Floyd yelled.

George Floyd's body went limp, which made him vulnerable. Mark Zuckerberg successfully tackled the nigger, and then repeatedly shoved his built-in robotic dildo in George Floyd's mouth, which prevented him from breathing.

"Ah shit, dildo in my mouth, I can't breathe!" George Floyd said.

But suddenly, he built up his inner chimpanzee-like strength, and managed to push Mark Zuckerberg off of him. He went flying across the room, and landed with a loud thud, which caused Mark Zuckerberg's battery pack to malfunction.

George Floyd then went back to Mark Zuckerberg's work computer to continue messing with his projects. I saw George Floyd begin to perform these surprisingly impressive keystrokes.

I looked at the computer monitor, to see him accessing the account databases. He searched up all of the existing George Floyd meme accounts on Instagram. I knew where this was heading. He highlighted all of the accounts that contain offensive and racist George Floyd posts. He was going to delete them.

Just before George Floyd hit the delete button, I ran at him and punched him in the face. He fell over, similar to how the George Floyd statue collapsed after being struck by lightning.

"Momma momma, I got punched! I need fentanyl and banana cake!" George Floyd said.

I then saw Mark Zuckerberg finally recover from his battery loss. He got up, and then stood over George Floyd. He looked very furious. Mark Zuckerberg stomped on George Floyd's chest, and then let out a loud lizard-like roar on George Floyd's face. It was reminiscent of Godzilla versus Kong, when Godzilla roared on Kong's face. Mark Zuckerberg being the lizard and George Floyd being the ape. The loud roar caused George Floyd to breathe in Mark Zuckerberg's carbon dioxide.

"Ah shit, carbon dioxide! I need oxygen!" he cried.

Mark Zuckerberg then unraveled his extremely long lizard-like tongue and wrapped it around George Floyd.

"You hoo hoo! Let me go! I can't breathe!" George Floyd cried.

Mark Zuckerberg tightened his tongue's grip, choking George Floyd even harder. Eventually, blood gushed out of George Floyd's mouth. He was suffocating in his blood. Mark Zuckerberg eventually crushed George Floyd's neck, which sent his head flying upward. Blood poured from the bottom of George Floyd's head like a rocket ship. It looked very similar to the Ronnie McNutt suicide video.

After Mark Zuckerberg was certain that George Floyd was dead, he began to eat him, just like how a lizard would eat an insect. Sure, it was an overall grotesque sight to witness. But what really made my stomach churn was the fact that Mark Zuckerberg ate a nigger. Niggers are disgusting unsanitary monkeys, so who knows what kind of diseases Mark Zuckerberg would contract. But to be fair, he is half lizard, so it is possible that he's immune to nigger diseases, which normal humans could get.

After Mark Zuckerberg was done eating George Floyd's corpse, he went on his computer and started to fix everything that George Floyd broke. I left him be, to allow him to concentrate on restoring Facebook.

Well guys, this is everything that I am able to recall, regarding the Facebook outage of 2021. George Floyd was the real reason for why it happened. Facebook is only hiding this, to prevent themselves from getting cancelled. But there is one more thing that I would like to bring up.

As I went around the house cleaning, I would occasionally pass by Mark Zuckerberg's work office for a brief moment. When I do, I would hear him mumble words along the lines of "I hate niggers", in this monotone robotic voice. I was thinking that perhaps, this ultimately red pill'd Mark Zuckerberg into believing that niggers are actually an evil to our society. I hope this means he will stop banning racist meme pages from now on.

Floyd Game

Being in debt is one of the worst situations one can get themselves into. Especially if you have a low-paying job, there's a sense of overwhelming hopelessness. These rough times can really motivate a person to go through far measures, just to get out of the situation.

Well, this is something I never thought I could relate to, until recently. What happened was, I adopted this unique hobby where I would troll faggots on Instagram. I found it funny as fuck watching these degenerates get triggered at my anti-LGBTQ comments. I'd go as far as spamming them with gore videos of trannies getting slaughtered.

As fun as it is to troll faggots, I highly regret it. You see, the employer of my former job at McDonald's looked up my name on social media. I forgot that I affiliated my full name on my Instagram trolling account, so he was easily able to find out that I owned the page with the sole purpose of bullying fags.

I was called into the office on the day at work, and he told me to explain everything that he saw on my page. I was not able to come up with an excuse for my posts, besides saying that trannies are a true detriment to society. It was too bad my employer is a libtard, because he instantly fired me.

I stormed out of the McDonald's restaurant. This was extremely devastating news to me, because I still had a Lamborghini and a mortgage to pay down. This led me to have a debt of over a million dollars. I genuinely did not know what to do, so I got into drinking which further messed up my finances.

Even though I removed my name from my Instagram trolling page, my reputation was still bad enough that no other job was willing to accept me.

It eventually got so bad that I could not afford gas. I began to have very bad suicidal thoughts. Becoming a homeless person made me feel very ashamed of myself.

It came to the point where I tried to attempt suicide. Since I didn't have a gun, I decided to lie down on a train track to get run over by a train. I went to the local train station and positioned only my head on the railroad track. I only wanted my head

to get hit, so that my suicide could at least look a bit like the Ronnie McNutt suicide video. I said, “hey guys, I guess that’s it”, and waited for an oncoming train. But before one showed up, a man went up to me and pulled me off the train track.

“Who the hell are you, and why did you save me?” I asked him.

“Greetings young man, I see you are going through some troubles. I would like to challenge you in a thumb war. The rules are, the loser has to say, ‘officer I can’t breathe’, when he loses. If you win, I will give you a hundred dollars. Deal?” he offered.

I was so broke at the time, that I was willing to cancel my suicide plan for the one hundred dollars. I agreed to it and met my hand with his.

“One two three four, I declare a thumb war!” We chanted. We jousting at each other’s thumbs, trying to pin one another down. Lucky for me, I am a built 320-pound racist chad, so I easily out strengthened him. This combined with my desperation for a little bit of money, enabled me to pin his thumb down.

After I had him down for ten seconds, he cried out “officer, I can’t breathe!” to accept his defeat. He congratulated me for winning and handed me a one-hundred-dollar bill. It felt like a million dollars to me, even though it was not nearly enough to pay down all of my debt.

He then handed me this fancy-looking business card. I took a quick look at it and saw that it was an invitation to this game that has a twenty billion dollar prize money. It had a phone number, which I was to call if I am interested in participating.

Looking at the prize money figure really tempted me. I thought, why not? and called the number. How it worked was, I had to be picked up and taken to a confidential location. As sketchy as it sounded, I agreed to take part and arranged a pickup with the speaker on the other end.

The following night, I arrived at our agreed-upon pickup location, and found this large black car parked on the driveway. I walked toward it, and then a gang of niggers rushed out of the car and grabbed me. They took me into the car, which turned out to be a people carrier with a dozen other people who appeared to have also been abducted.

One of the niggers in the pack handed each of us a vial of this white powder. They were all labeled “fentanyl”. He instructed all of us to overdose on fentanyl. In each of the vials, there were just enough to render us unconscious. I snorted the vial and shortly blacked out.

I woke up on a bed, in this brightly lit room. I looked around, to see a few hundred other people in similarly organized beds, which were neatly placed in lines. We were all wearing this brown tracksuit, each having numbers that labelled us a particular number. I was number 420. We all seemed to have woken up at the same time and rose from our beds.

There was this gigantic screen on the wall facing our beds. It turned on and showed this man who was wearing a gas mask connected to an oxygen tank.

“Welcome to the Floyd game,” he greeted in a muffled voice. “Everyone here will participate in six games. The winner has to win all of them to win a twenty-billion-dollar cash prize. If there ends up being only one person left standing in any given game, he will automatically win. Good luck!”

We were all sent into this large colorful room, which was where we had to get our pictures taken. We were in a line, walking through this complex system of staircases. Once we made it to the top, we entered this very large square shaped room. It was decorated, so that it had the appearance of being in an outdoor open field.

I looked at the opposite end of the room, which had this giant creepy looking scaled up George Floyd toy in front of a painted tree. There were two masked men next to it. Just looking at the giant George Floyd toy sent chills down my spine. The masked men began to walk to our side of the room, and they handed all of us this strange looking inflatable costume.

All of the costumes had the appearance of a pregnant lady. Each of us had to put it on for this very first game. I looked at everybody, and god damn, they all looked hilarious in the pregnant lady costume. This intercom speaker chimed in, and a voice started to speak through it.

“Welcome to the game Red Light Hide your Pregnant Belly,” he began. “This challenge works very similar to the standard red light green light game, except there are a few key differences. As all of you are equipped with a pregnant lady costume, you must try not to let the George Floyd toy look at you. When it calls out a green light, you are free to run towards the finish line. When the George Floyd toy calls out a red light, you must turn away to prevent it from seeing your pregnant belly. If it catches you, it will shoot you with a real gun. You have two minutes to get to the finish line. Good luck!”

The second last sentence caught my attention. Real gun? At the time, I was not sure what that implied.

“On your mark, get set, go!” the speaker announced.

“Green light!” the giant George Floyd toy chimed.

All of us waddled like penguins. It was sure as hell awkward running in this inflated costume. Like I mentioned before, I am a 300-pound racist chad, so I was one of the slower ones. This concerned me, because it didn’t look like I was going to make it to the finish line in time.

“Red light!” the George Floyd toy said.

We all tried to turn around as fast as we could. Despite my size, I was able to on time. My anxiety rose over the roof anyway, because I was a bit scared that the inflatable belly might have protruded.

I then heard a loud gunshot from behind. I darted my head back, to see that one of the contestants must’ve forgotten to turn back. He was shot dead. Blood was pouring from his mouth as he was struggling to breathe. This alarmed me. I was wondering whether he was acting or not. Was the gun actually real?

“Green light!” the George Floyd toy announced.

We all turned back and continued to run towards the finish line. I noticed that I was not even halfway done, and the timer was already indicating that we only had one more minute to get to the end. That meant that at the rate I was going, I wouldn’t make it on time.

I was being outrun by at least ninety five percent of the players. I then had an idea. If me sprinting forward was not fast enough, then perhaps I could just run backwards the whole time. My chances of winning would be statistically higher if I do, despite the reduced speed. And so that’s what I did.

“Red light!” the George Floyd toy cried.

I was instantly considered by the George Floyd toy to be turned around, and I noticed how delayed everyone else was to turn. A few dozen gunshots were heard, along with the sounds of flesh being pierced.

I turned, to see that half the entire sample of contestants were shot dead. It seemed like the George Floyd toy progressively reacted to the sight of pregnant bellies faster, as the game proceeded. This gave me a competitive edge, given the strategy I employed. The George Floyd toy then announced the green light once again.

Apparently, the George Floyd toy is also capable of scanning people who turn around too early into a green light, because just when I was about to continue to run backwards, I heard even more gunshots.

“Game over!” the speaker announced. I looked around and saw that everybody except me was dead.

“Congratulations, it looks like you are the last man standing. You are the winner of the Floyd Game!” the speaker continued. “You will be escorted to the main office to collect your prize money.”

Two masked men walked up to me and injected me with a sleep drug. I felt very sleepy and dozed off.

I woke up in a sitting position, on a chair. It was a very dimly lit room, with a giant glass ball hanging from the ceiling. I heard the door next to me open, and a tall man barged in. It was that same man wearing that gas mask, who introduced us to the Floyd game on that giant screen when we woke up. As he walked, he was dragging along that big oxygen tank that was attached to his gas mask.

“Hello man, I am the game master. I present you with your twenty-billion-dollar cash prize,” he said.

I noticed that his voice sounded a bit like George Floyd. He pulled out a remote and pushed a red button.

The hanging glass ball began to vibrate, and a large stream of cash poured into it.

“There you go man, go take your money,” the game master said.

The glass ball containing the cash started to descend toward the floor. When the ball finally dropped to the ground, I looked at all the cash piled up. They were all twenty-dollar bills. A billion of them.

I took a closer look and noticed that something looked rather off about the twenty-dollar bills. The paper looked a bit too crispy, and the ink was far too dark to constitute real cash. It looked as if somebody produced it with a home printer, using regular paper.

I turned to the game master and asked him about it. He told me that it was probably just the lighting, which gave the bills a weird appearance. He looked very nervous as he responded to my question. Because of his body language, I did not believe him. I demanded he show me a close-up sample of one of the bills.

“Hehehe! those are all actually counterfeit bills, you’ve been bamboozled,” the game master said.

I was furious. I went through all that just to win a bunch of fake twenty-dollar bills. In response, I asked “who are you?”
“I can’t tell you that, for confidentiality,” he said.

This further angered me. I stepped closer to the game master and ripped off his gas mask. When I looked at his bare face, I could not believe who it was. It was George Floyd.

“Shiet man! put my gas mask back on. I can’t breathe!” he yelled.

He tried to reach for the gas mask in my hands, but he was too stupid to, due to his oxygen loss. An alarm was set off, and I heard the footsteps of security guards running. I grabbed the oxygen tank and bashed George Floyd’s head with it. It knocked him unconscious. I then made a run for it.

What happened next was a blur. I ran as fast as I could, as the security guards went after me. They were gaining on me fast so I decided to whoop their asses. I yelled out “fuck you nigger!” each time I bopped them in the head.

After they were all out cold, I searched for a hiding spot, where I could catch my breath. I spotted a locker, somewhere in the halls, so I opened it and sealed myself in.

I am now typing this on my last bit of battery power on my phone. I have no idea where this institution is, so there is no hope of me escaping. I just want you to learn from my experience, if you get invited to the Floyd game, do not accept. The prize money is really just counterfeit bills.

The Panty Sniffer

Before I tell you about my scary experience, I need to provide some context.

There is an urban legend in my town called the panty sniffer. It is essentially this nigger humanoid creature that feeds on the fetus of pregnant women for its food. It allegedly possesses a nose and lips so large that they cover its entire face. This enables the panty sniffer to inhale the aroma of pregnant women’s panties much more efficiently, allowing it to detect pregnant women from a far distance. It does not have a set of eyes, which further makes its extremely sensitive sense of smell more useful.

Now you may be wondering: why does this creature have such a strong desire to detect pregnant woman’s panties? According to the legend, the panty sniffers diet consists exclusively of the baby embryos of pregnant women.

The weird thing about this legend is the panty sniffer is an evolved mutant that originated from George Floyd. George Floyd was the nigger who couldn't breathe because he overdosed on fentanyl. What the media didn't tell you is that he actually survived. George Floyd suffered a permanent breathing disorder, which makes it ten times harder to inhale air. It wasn't severe enough that it killed him, but it made his quality of life shitty. As a result, George Floyd sought after medical treatment. Because he is a drug monkey, no public hospital was willing to provide him the care he needed, so George Floyd had to resort to underground clinics. The particular one he visited was a medical lab that employs failed medical school students, who would've otherwise been rejected by standard clinics. George Floyd begged them to fix his breathing problems, to which they were willing to help him.

The medical worker who operated on George Floyd speculated that his breathing problem was due to his narrow nasal canal. He had to surgically enlarge George Floyd's nose to extreme proportions, in order to solve his breathing problems.

Here is where problems began to arise. Because George Floyd's nose became so oversized, his body underwent an evolutionary process that forced the rest of his organs to adapt to his newly sized nose. George Floyd was no longer able to afford fentanyl from his dealers, so he evolved into a creature that feeds exclusively on the embryos of pregnant women, to compensate for his thirst for fentanyl.

This is pretty much everything you need to know about the panty sniffer, so I may begin my story. My wife and I had been toying with the idea of having a child, ever since we got married. I was still finishing up school, and she works at a grocery store, so we were not certain about our financial stability. That was what held us back.

One day, we sort of got too horny in the bed, so we had unprotected sex. Two weeks later, we received the news that she was pregnant. Even though it was unintentional, we still decided to keep the baby.

A couple of months later, I came home from a long day of school. Because my school is owned by niggers, my class schedule ends at 8 o'clock PM. I was therefore very tired.

I opened my front door, carrying my textbook-packed backpack. I could not wait to see my wife. I was thinking of asking her for a blowjob to help relieve my stress.

When I went upstairs to get changed, I saw her crying in the corner of the hallway. I ran to her and asked her what was wrong while trying to comfort her. Upon a closer look, she seemed more scared than sad.

"I lost my favorite pair of panties," she sobbed.

I knew the particular one she was talking about. It was a gift that I gave her on one of our wedding anniversaries. It was something that meant a lot to her, because it had a picture of Ronnie McNutt. I rubbed her back and promised her that we would find it.

"No, you don't understand. I've already looked everywhere," she said.

I was a bit skeptical of that because we live in a fairly complex home. Not exactly big, but it was one of those homes that have a lot of little compartments. I told her that I will spend the night looking for it. She hugged me, thanking me for what I was going to do.

After I knew my wife was sound asleep, I snuck out of the bedroom to begin my search for the panties. I started in our washroom because that is where we'd sometimes change our clothes. I pointed a flashlight to every cabinet and under every stool. Nothing.

I then continued my search in the second most likely room where she could've lost it. The laundry room. It is in the basement, so I was a bit scared since it was night. But I told myself not to be a pussy ass faggot, so I made my way downstairs.

I turned on the light and looked through every laundry basket, and even every compartment of the washing machine. Still found nothing.

As I was making my way upstairs, I heard this very eerie animalistic noise from behind me. It sounded particularly like a monkey. Because of my fear of the basement at night, I just shrugged it off to my mind playing tricks on me. However, I still ran the fuck upstairs and slammed the door behind me anyway.

For the remainder of the night, I looked everywhere else in the house that I was able to think of but did not manage to find the pair of panties. It was morning by then, so once my wife had already woken up, I told her the devastating news. I told her that I could always buy her a new pair of the same design, but she refused because it wouldn't be the same for her.

I said "honey, nothing lasts forever. I will order you another pair for our next anniversary. I promise".

And from there, we spent the rest of the day watching nigger death compilations of the deep web.

The following night, my wife and I finally went to bed together. But when I was about to close my eyes, I heard the sound of footsteps and loud breathing. It startled me a bit, so I told my wife that I was going to inspect it. She nodded, and so I tiptoed out of the bedroom.

When I stumbled into the hallway, I looked to the ground and saw this strange white residue on the ground. It formed a trail which led downstairs. I followed it. As I walked along the residue, the breathing noises became more apparent. It continued through the basement door. I opened it, and sure enough, it persisted down the stairs. I turned on the lights and tried to see where it ultimately led to.

But all of a sudden, I heard my wife screaming from upstairs. I was filled with an immeasurable amount of adrenaline and dashed back upstairs. My heart pounded fast, because of the idea of uncertainty. I was not even sure what the mysterious white residue came from at the time, and it was in the back of my mind as I ran. But what mattered to me the most was making sure my wife was okay.

Once I made it back to our bedroom, I saw this tall nigger-like figure standing in front of my wife, who was in a crouching position. I yelled out “Hey, what are you doing in my house?!”

The tall figure then turned to face me. Its face. Its nose and lips took up its entire face. I looked at it in disbelief. What the fuck was that thing? It then turned back to my wife and cried out “I have finally tracked you down bitch, now I shall eat your pregnant embryo!”.

It reached its arm out to her crotch, and began to fist her pussy. It was reaching out for her baby's embryo. That was when I realized this was the panty sniffer. This whole time, I thought it was just a made-up story made up by fellow George Floyd memers. My wife motioned me to help her. I ran over and then punched the gargantuan nose of the panty sniffer. Its nose felt very solid as I hit it, because the impact hurt the surface of my knuckles. The panty sniffer did not appear to react to my blow. I needed a stronger blunt object to attack it with.

I looked to my side and found a large glass alcohol bottle. I grabbed it, and then used it to whack the giant nose of the panty sniffer. Upon impact, the glass broke. However, the panty sniffer did not even flinch. It was as if its giant ass nose was made out of steel.

Because of how easily it broke the glass, I doubted a knife would have been able to penetrate its flesh. I needed to think of a crafty way to defeat this nigga creature. I then had an idea. I took into account that the panty sniffer is extremely sensitive to the sense of smell. Given this, I could exploit it to invoke it to suffer sensory overload.

For those who don't know what sensory overload is, it is when one's brain is overwhelmed by smell. I went to my wife's wardrobe and grabbed as many of her panties as I could. I then returned to the bedroom and stuffed the panties against the nostrils of the panty sniffer.

At first, he was like “Ah nice breathing in all that embryonic aroma”. But after a while, the stench of my wifes panties got too much for it to handle. It started to twitch in a very creepy manner, and then suffered a seizure.

“Awe shiet man, sensory overload! I can't breathe!” it cried.

As it continued to sniff the panties, its nose began to expand in size like a balloon.

“Oh shit, you hoo hoo! make it stop please!” it pleaded.

Once its nose was about the size of a refrigerator, it exploded. Bits of its nose flesh were launched everywhere, similarly to the Ronnie McNutt suicide video. I looked at the panty sniffers limp corpse and gave it a kick to make sure it was dead. I then strode to my wife to check if she was alright. I saw a lot of blood coming out of her vagina.

“The baby is dead” she announced, sadly.

“Wait what?” I asked.

She stretched her vaginal canal, to show me the dead fetus that the panty sniffer tried to eat. We were both devastated.

Moral of the story, the panty sniffer is a real creature, not just a rumor. If you ever come across one, overload it's oversensitive sense of smell with used women's panties.

George Floyd was my Lung Transplant Donor

I've been living on life support for the past few months. Undoubtedly, being bedridden for this long has been a miserable time for me. The only good times I get are when I get to see the hot nurse's tits bounce, whenever she takes care of me. But anyway, that's beside the point.

You may be wondering how I ended up in this mess. It happened on the first day of pride month. I was driving to work one day and found a group of these cringe faggots who were doing an LGBTQ parade in the middle of the streets. The parade caused a traffic jam, and I was getting late for work, so I got out of my car and told those degenerates to get off the road, or else I would run them over. They didn't listen to me, despite my chad-sounding voice, so I ran at them and socked one of the trannies in the face. The disgusting thing was knocked out cold. The remainder of the LGBTQ group got triggered at my attack, so they all at once charged at me. I was able to knock a few of them out, but one of them was equipped with a knife. Of course, those pussies need weapons to fight. I was stabbed in the chest. The blade reached in quite deep and punctured my lung. As a result, I struggled to breathe, feeling like I was George Floyd. And all I remember from that was being rushed to the hospital. God damn, I hate faggots.

The lung puncture was extremely severe, so the medics estimated that I would have to stay on life support for the rest of my life. On top of that, I have to lay in the hospital bed all day and night knowing the fact that a tranny did this to me. As each day passed, my desire to Ronnie McNutt myself grew.

One day, I had enough of this, so I requested a lung transplant. The hospital gave me a number of pricing options. The cost of receiving a lung from a very healthy donor was in the millions. For a donor of moderate health, it costs hundreds of thousands for the lung. And finally, for a functional lung that came from a heavy drug user, it only costs a few thousand. I am not exactly a wealthy person, so I was eyeballing the latter option. Call me stupid all you want, but I was in the mindset that any functional lung is better than a failed one.

I happily paid for the unhealthy lung donor option, which was \$3,000. I was then tested in a variety of ways for the hospital to assess my compatibility with each available donor. This process took a few days, ranging from X-rays, ultrasounds, and blood tests.

After all of that was out of the way, I had to wait for the results which included the specific information of my prospective lung donor. Thus far, I was well aware that the lung I was going to receive will not be from a healthy person, but I was still excited to finally get out of the trap I was in.

On the day the results were ready, a nurse handed me a pamphlet that contained all the information I needed to know about the transplant.

The first page contained the legal profile of the lung donor. Because I am a racist who primarily judge people by race, I looked at the section that stated the donor's race. It said he was black. I looked at it in disgust. Niggers are the last people I would be willing to receive an organ from. I then took a look at the rest of the donor's information. I didn't think it could get any worse. But when I read the donor's name, my disappointment was now immeasurable. It read "George Perry Floyd". That was the nigga monkey who was killed by a fentanyl overdose. I am willing to bet that no lung out there could be any unhealthier.

Later that day, I was taken to the surgery department of the hospital. They made me take an anesthetic and then shoved a large breathing tube down my throat.

Before I was completely put to sleep, I briefly saw George Floyd's corpse brought into the room. Damn, he was one ugly nigger. Even uglier as a dead monkey.

Shortly, I finally passed out.

I have no idea how long it took. Maybe a few hours. But when I woke up, I had this feeling that a heavy object was on top of my chest. I looked below my neck to see nothing was there.

"Hello, the lung transplant was successful. You are now free to leave," a nurse to my side declared.

I thanked her and left the hospital. Because I had been there for months, I no longer had a home and a car. I had to move in with my brother Carlos. I know Carlos is a nigger name, but we are actually a white family. My parents were just brain dead when they named Carlos.

Carlos pulled up to the hospital driveway to pick me up. On the way to his house, he asked me how I was, during the course of my hospital stay. I told him that I was thinking about how much I hated trannies most of the time. He nodded.

"Yeah, those subhumans need to go. I can't wait until the forty percent suicide rate becomes one hundred."

As we kept going, I noticed that the pressure I felt on my chest was still ongoing. I did read through the specific procedures on the pamphlet that I may feel a bit strange post-surgery, so I ignored it.

We then made it home, and I could not wait to finally live a normal life again. I went into the washroom to get cleaned up. Nothing like a warm shower after not having one for months.

After I took off my clothes, I gazed into the mirror and noticed something on my chest. On the exact spot where my post-operation scar was, there was a large dark circular spot. It was of a similar color as George Floyd's skin. I thought that it was probably just a bruise from the bleeding during my surgery.

During my shower, I realized that I hadn't jerked off in a while because my life support didn't allow me to. Because I was naked, I took this as an opportunity to relieve myself. I tried to visualize hot women in my brain. But for some reason, whenever I tried to think of any fap material, my brain automatically filtered them as naked pregnant women.

Now I don't have a pregnant women kink, so I tried to get those images out of my head. However, I was not able to. As I thought of those pregnant women, some kind of rage inside of me began to build up. I then had this strong urge to murder them. Eventually though, I managed to bust a nut and the post-nut clarity helped clear those thoughts away.

After I was done showering, I went downstairs to the kitchen to go make myself some food. All of a sudden, I had this strong craving for a banana sandwich.

I looked through every shelf in the kitchen to find bananas. When I landed my eyes on a stack of them, I grabbed them instantly and peeled them. I stuffed them inside my mouth. But I ate too fast, because I was not able to breathe as the bananas went down my esophagus.

"I can't breathe!" I said.

It took a while, but I finally got all the banana slices down. I grabbed a Kleenex to wipe my mouth, but when I touched my lip, I noticed that it felt much larger than normal.

I looked through the reflective surface of a microwave, and sure enough, my lips were fat just like George Floyd's. Not only that, but I saw that my nose also looked like it belonged to a nigger.

That was when I began to wonder about the lung transplant. Was it turning me into George Floyd himself? I was really hoping that I wasn't, because being a nigger is even worse than being a down syndrome retard, let alone that fentanyl chimp.

As the day went by, my desire to shoot pregnant women continued to build up. Even just looking at round shapes triggered the rage.

I snuck into my brother's room and stole a gun from under his bed. I was mad. I busted out of the house and ran to the nearest hospital like a manic monkey.

Once I made it there, I hid the gun in my hoodie and walked in. The maternity ward was where I needed to go to find all the pregnant women. As I was walking there, there were a few hospital staff that questioned me on where I was headed to. I just told them that I was visiting a relative who was having a child.

I eventually reached a dead-end in the hallway of the first floor and had to take an elevator downstairs. I walked into the elevator and set the destination to the maternity ward. But when I looked up, I saw the elevator's reflective wall, and discovered that my face now looked exactly like that of George Floyd. I looked at myself in disgust because like I said before, George Floyd is a disgusting monkey.

When I left the elevator, I searched around for the birth room.

"It has to be here somewhere," I thought.

After some time, I finally found a sign that was labeled, "Maternity ward". I tried to open the door, but it was locked. I used my nigger-like strength to break in. The door collapsed like cheese, and I found a dozen pregnant women about to give birth. I pulled out the gun and started shooting at all of them. They all screamed while I was killing many of them.

"Hehehe, die bitches," I blurted out in this nigger voice.

The hospital alarm was then set off. After I was satisfied with how many of them I killed, I made a run for it, while making monkey noises.

Because I was now a nigger, my running speed was now inhumanely fast compared to others, so I easily escaped the hospital unnoticed. It appeared that they called the police because I heard sirens from afar. As much as I enjoyed shooting those pregnant women, the dopamine wore off and I now came to the realization of what I've done.

It is now only a matter of time before the authority catches up to my nigger speed. I am typing this r/nosleep post as I am running.

I plan on shooting my head with the gun once I get to a hidden area, because I'd rather die than be a nigger. The moral of the story, if you are thinking of undergoing a lung transplant, make sure you don't get one from a nigger. You might become one.

I was Invited to George Floyds Birthday Party

Throughout my childhood, I have always been a person who hates going to other people's birthday parties. You know, one of those kids who gets annoyed at the cringe happy birthday song, or the birthday cakes that usually taste like nigger balls.

A lot of my schoolmates would question my opinion on birthday parties. When it comes time for some of my friend's parties, they would constantly pressure me to come. Almost always, my response would be "I'd rather spend my time playing black lives splatter". Thankfully, they would adhere to that excuse, because all of my friends are based racists.

Sometimes though, there are the occasional birthday parties that are very difficult to avoid, such as my grandparents. I am still willing to go to those because, well, obviously grandparents don't last forever. I'd prefer to spend as much time with them as possible, given that they hate niggers, which all my grandparents do. But recently, there was a birthday party I was invited to, that I was unable to shy away from. It is a bit of a complex story, but I will try to explain it clearly from start to finish.

It was a nice fall day on October 14th. I was looking through funny George Floyd memes on Instagram because it was George Floyd's birthday. When I say George Floyd memes, I mean the ones that make fun of that monkey. Of course, I am in no way celebrating it.

As I was looking through the epic edits, I was constantly thinking about how much it would suck to be at George Floyd's birthday party, if he were still alive. His house probably has poor air quality. In a way, I had a sense of pity when I thought of his former birthday party guests, even though almost all of them are niggers, and I usually never feel sympathy for those apes.

After I had a good look through all of the George Floyd memes that day, I was tired from sitting on my ass for hours, laughing until I couldn't breathe. I decided to take a nap. After all, it was yet another good day of trolling, so a king needs to rest. I rested my head on the couch and dozed off to sleep.

I woke up later to my phone vibrating in my pocket. I took it out to discover it was from an unknown number. It pissed me off because it woke me up from my nap. I answered it to see who it was.

"You hoo hoo man! It is my birthday at last! You are invited to my party. My address is redacted. Be there or be square!" the other end exclaimed.

It sounded like the nigga monkey, George Floyd. Although I wasn't aware it was him at the time, I was certain that it was a nigger inviting me to the party, so I hung up.

Just when I was about to resume my nap, I felt my phone vibrate again. I opened my lock screen to see that it was that same nigger calling me again. I answered it and yelled out "Look nigger, I don't want to visit your monkey playground birthday party. Please shut the fuck up!"

"Ooga booga, me angry! you will go to my party man! I will make you!" he replied.

I laughed, because how could a low IQ monkey force me to go to his dumb birthday party? But while I was laughing, I noticed this subtle sound of footsteps coming from behind my living room wall. At first, I thought it was just the sound of leaves falling.

But when I stopped laughing, it became more apparent that the sound was more than just leaves. I began to realize the noise was too heavy. As time passed, the sound seemed to be traveling toward the front side of my home. I was thinking that it was a wild deer or something. Not too uncommon here in Minneapolis. But when the sound reached the front, I saw this tall humanoid silhouette behind my curtains. It was a person.

The silhouette went in front of my door and then knocked. I had the suspicion that I was the nigger who invited me to the birthday party, so I just ignored it. But the knocking continued to persist.

I went up to the front door and looked through the peephole to see who it was. I saw this dark, big-nosed face staring back at me. It was George Floyd. He was wearing this party hat that was labeled "birthday boy". I immediately looked away, because seeing that ugly face close up nearly made me puke.

“Come on, please let me in man. It’s cold outside!” George Floyd cried out behind my door.

I told the nigger to get out of my property or else I would shoot him with my rifle. But after waiting some time, he did not budge. That was when I made my way to my gun room to grab my fully functional limited edition Ronnie McNutt rifle replica.

As I walked there, I heard banging against my door. George Floyd was trying to break in. I took the McNutt rifle out of the large golden vault that contained it, and then returned back to my front door. But when I reached the front corridor, George Floyd had already broken in.

“Hehehe, you will go to my birthday party man. Nothing will stop me!” he exclaimed as he made monkey noises.

I aimed my rifle to his head and fired. However, the shot missed. George Floyd managed to dodge the bullet with his nigger speed.

“Hehehe, I am too fast for you man!” he giggled. “Do not underestimate the speed of a nigga monkey!”

George Floyd then pulled out his fentanyl sniper rifle and shot me in the head point-blank. I passed out.

I eventually woke up, sitting at a dinner table. I looked around and saw various African-style decorations. On the top side of the wall in front of me was a ribbon that said, “Happy birthday George Floyd!” They looked pretty ugly because Africans are dog shit at making artwork.

On the table was a variety of party food. There was a pie that was labeled “fentanyl cream pie”. I then looked to both my sides and noticed that there were other guests at this birthday party. They were all big-nosed niggers who were obviously George Floyds family members. George Floyd then walked into the dining room. His family members chanted the happy birthday song.

“Ooga booga. happy birthday to you, happy birthday you, happy birthday to George Floyd. Happy birthday to you”.

Damn, they sounded like a group of obnoxious apes singing that song. The nigress beside me who was supposedly George Floyd’s mother, Larcenia Floyd, then lit up a candle on a birthday cake. George Floyd then leaned in and tried to blow out the flame. However, no air came out.

“Ah shit, I can’t blow out the candles because I am all out of air,” George Floyd complained.

He tried to blow a few more times, but the flame never went out. George Floyd then cried like a baby gorilla. “Wah wah, momma, help me blow out the candle”.

Larcenia Floyd blew out the flame with ease, making George Floyd look like an even bigger dumbass.

“Okay mans, we should now eat!” George Floyd chimped.

He cut the cake into slices and handed each one to each of the guest’s plates. After he was done, George Floyd took the entire fentanyl pie for himself. I looked at my slice up close and realized how disgusting the cake really was. It was a slimy banana cake. It appeared to be homemade, given that it had that messy look to it. I pushed the cake away from myself. Suddenly, George Floyd glared at me with that ugly monkey face.

“Ooga booga, how dare you insult my cake. You must eat it and I will make sure you do!” he yelled.

He went up to me and brought my cake closer to me, and then returned to his seat. He was now watching me intently while he ate his fentanyl pie, to make sure I didn’t waste his shitty ass monkey food.

I had enough of this. I stood up from my chair and made a run for it. But George Floyd chased me at the speed of light and grabbed me by the shirt.

“No man, you will enjoy my birthday party,” he said tiredly.

He then pulled me back into my chair.

“Now eat your banana cake,” he said as he pulled out a pistol and aimed at my stomach.

I didn’t want to die knowing that I was clapped by a nigger, so I had to force myself to eat it. The first bite was painstakingly nasty. The banana’s sliminess felt like nigger cum. And no, I am not a fag to know what nigger cum feels like. I just know this from intuition.

It took me twenty minutes to finish the small slice of cake, while George Floyd held me at gunpoint. The whole Floyd family waited for me, staring at me creepily.

When I was finished with the last bite, George Floyd arranged for everyone to meet in the living room. He wasn’t nearly finished eating his fentanyl pie thus far, so he brought it with him.

“Alright everyone, we will now play a game of pin the dart on pregnant women!” he announced. “I will be right back.”

George Floyd went to the basement to go get something. A few minutes later, George Floyd returned to the living room carrying a large heavy crate. I heard a muffled scream coming from it.

“Ah phew, I couldn’t breathe for a second from carrying this bitch!” he said, relieved.

He opened the crate, to reveal that a pregnant lady was inside. She looked very malnourished. George Floyd vertically tied her to the living room wall, while pointing his pistol to her pregnant belly. She cried as her wrists and ankles bound her. George Floyd then handed everybody a blindfold and a fentanyl needle.

“Okay everybody, so the rules for this party game are simple,” he declared. “Everybody will take turns attempting to throw their fentanyl dart at this bitch’s pregnant belly, while blindfolded. The winner will win this bitch as a pregnant sex slave!”

The last sentence made me sick to my stomach. I already know niggers are fucked up in the head, but this was on another level of messed up.

“Aye, let the white boy go first!” George Floyd said, pointing at me.

I did not want to play this game, because I felt sympathy for that pregnant lady, even though she looked like a BBC whore. I looked to my side and saw George Floyd still enjoying his fentanyl pie while watching my play. I then had an idea. I bolted to George Floyd and grabbed the fentanyl pie from his hands.

“Hey, give my pie back man! I need fentanyl!” he begged me.

With my right hand, I slammed the pie directly into his face, covering it entirely.

“Ah shit! pie in my face, I can’t breathe!” George Floyd panicked.

All of George Floyd’s family members then crowded around him to make sure he was okay. I used this as an opportunity to untie the pregnant lady and escape. I cut all of the ropes with the fentanyl darts serrated edges, and then we made a run for it.

We ran as far as we could, without looking back. All that mattered to us was getting a safe distance away from that pack of monkeys.

Once we were sure that we were far enough so that nigger Floyd would have run out of air running to us, we stopped to catch our breaths.

We introduced ourselves and talked about how we got into this shitshow birthday party. She told me that she’d been raped by George Floyd, which was how she got pregnant in the first place. She was very grateful that I saved her. So much that she asked me on a date. I rejected her because I refuse to date women who have had nigger dicks in them in the past, whether it was rape or not.

This was the birthday party I had to visit against my will. Because of how much I hate birthday parties, I had to go through months of therapy.

The moral of the story, George Floyd comes out of his grave every year on his birthday. If you get invited to his birthday party, drive away from home or else he will break into your home and kidnap you.

George Floyd was the Real Christchurch Mosque Shooter

Most of you believe that Brenton Tarrant was the one who committed the Christchurch shooting. Though partially correct, there was somebody else that everyone is forgetting about.

Before you discount me as a troll on the internet who is just making up a story for funsies, just know that I am an FBI agent. Concretely, I investigate suspicious activity, which includes planned attacks. I would get pinged whenever there is any keyword on the web that associates with mass shootings.

Another important piece of information about myself is that I work in the niggerology department of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It is a field of study where we study the behavior of niggers and why they chimp out. I have access to a large-scale database, where I am able to watch over suspicious nigger internet activity. Please note that I am only allowed to do this to individuals who are flagged as suspicious, even though it is a known fact that all niggers are naturally criminally insane.

I'll have to admit, spending so much time each day looking at all the awful shit niggers do on a daily basis disgusts me, but the pay is great.

It was about a couple of months before the Christchurch shooting, when I was on duty at my niggerology job. One of my superiors emailed me a memo. It detailed a case of possible nigger criminal activity. I took a look.

I was first presented with a photograph of this ugly black man, named George Floyd. I took a look at him for a second and holy shit it looked like a person took a shit and built a Minecraft poop golem with it. Below the image underlined his criminal activity, which included the infamous moment he threatened to shoot a pregnant lady for her pregnant belly pics.

All of that happened years ago, so it wasn't relevant information. However, the section after that described the reason why my superior sent me this.

Because of George Floyd's history of monkey-like shenanigans, law enforcement requires him to attend periodic psychiatrist appointments. Even though appointment material is supposed to remain confidential, they've secretly sent us the psychiatrist notes because the things that George Floyd disclosed were very messed up. The next section of the memo summarized the notes.

It all started when George Floyd got into this odd phase of wanting to be white. He constantly told his psychiatrist about how he is sick and tired of being a nigger and he is toying with the idea of being a trans race. He'd complain about the size of his nose and lips, which are big even for nigger standards. Obviously, the idea of being trans in any aspect is degenerate as fuck, so that raised a red flag.

George Floyd was prescribed some useless meds to treat it. In the next session, he told the psychiatrist that the meds weren't working.

"Shiet man I wanna be white because I hate my fat nose man." George Floyd would say reoccurring.

As time passed, George Floyd began to become deluded to believe he is white. His mental state went deeper and deeper into the rabbit hole.

After months passed since then, he fully believed he is white, despite still being the monkey who takes the nigger drug fentanyl and eats banana sandwiches. George Floyd adopted the habit of dying his skin white whenever he'd go in public because he was too poor of a nigger to afford trans race surgery. He would even go as far as wearing wigs with the appearance of white people.

The psychiatrist saw this as a big problem, which is why we got this info in the first place. But believe me, it gets crazier.

You know how trannies would suffer these psychological episodes of depression after their transitions? Well, George Floyd exhibited similar behavior because he was a trans race. He would overdose on fentanyl due to his suicidal thoughts but would fail all the time because of how much of a loser he was.

A lot of people who passed by him would snicker and make fun of him. Whenever that happens, George Floyd would experience these ego deaths which gradually shattered his delusion.

George Floyd knew that deep down, he is still a nigger. As a result, he got furious and blamed his own race for the fact that he's not white. He would turn against other niggers, seething their existence. This led to him committing a chain of black-on-black crimes. But that wasn't enough.

Eventually, George Floyd expressed hate toward other nonwhite races such as Asians, pajeets, Muslims, and so on.

Now, this was everything from the psychiatrist's notebook. I was quite intrigued by this whole thing, so I decided that I wanted to dig deeper into this. I emailed my superior back, saying that I wanted full access to George Floyd's internet activity.

Because I was one of the long-time workers at the FBI, I was granted approval. I was then given the access key which allowed me to hack into George Floyd's computer.

I observed George Floyd's online activity for the next few months leading up to the Christchurch shooting. I'll provide a brief summary as follows.

George Floyd realized that he doesn't want the production of non-white people in the future. Despite his primitive brain, he actually expressed sympathy for the future generations to come. George Floyd then joined numerous nationalist communities.

After some distant networking, he bumped into Brenton Tarrant himself. Through online forums and video calls, they would exchange the details of their beliefs.

As said before, George Floyd's main motive was to completely eradicate all non-whites from the planet to prevent all of the future generations from suffering the feeling of being dumb low IQ nigga monkeys. Brenton Tarrant was a bit different. He only hates other cultures that come to his land. Invaders.

Early on, they both had already begun discussing plans on committing a mass shooting someday. With George Floyd's wider range of hatred, his ambitions were higher when it came to how large of an attack he wanted to start.

Brenton Tarrant took notice of how far George Floyd was with this and questioned him. He was leaning towards just shooting up the Christchurch mosque. On the other hand, George Floyd was more so interested in a larger-scale genocide.

"Oo Oo ee ee Aa Aa, me want to kill people!" George Floyd would chimp out.

He and Brenton Tarrant spent a lot of time each day sorting things out, negotiating a plan. George Floyd wanted to be the one to do all the killing. Brenton Tarrant wasn't fond of that idea. Niggers are almost always bad at using guns because they have trash aim.

After some mediation, they eventually settled for the idea of George Floyd being the main gunman, while Brenton Tarrant will be the overseer.

To elaborate, George Floyd was going to be the one to carry out the initial attack. Brenton Tarrant knew that because George Floyd will most likely get his ass clapped early on, chances are he can take over. The deal is that George Floyd still has to take some of the blame. He had to promise not to run away in the act.

After that, they discussed the juicy details such as the specific location and time. Christchurch mosque, New Zealand on March 15. I took note of that and set up a ton of hidden cameras in that area. At the time, I didn't know that they were going to do this on Facebook Live.

George Floyd wanted to be remembered as a white person, in the event he gets killed during the shooting. So, he went into the dark web and visited this online store called custommasks.com. It is an e-commerce company that sells custom-made hyper-realistic masks of real people. How it works is you upload an image of the person you want a mask of, and pay an amount depending on how detailed you want it to be.

George Floyd had saved a screenshot of one of his video meetings with Brenton Tarrant. He cropped it and sent it over to custommasks.org. He picked the maximum realism option, which cost him \$100,000. George Floyd used all the money he got from all of his prior robberies to pay that amount.

Days later, he received the mask in the mail. George Floyd put it on and tested it on his web camera. Even though I was able to notice his large nose protruding from the rubbery mask, it still looked pretty damn real. Enough to look exactly like Brenton Tarrant from a quick glance.

On the day of the shooting, I braced myself, ready to watch this epic event unfold. Please note, when you supposedly see Brenton Tarrant show his face near the beginning of the Facebook live stream, it was actually George Floyd wearing the Brenton Tarrant mask.

At 1:40 PM, I saw the van pull up to the Christchurch mosque. George Floyd in his Brenton Tarrant costume exited the vehicle and grabbed the guns from the trunk. As I watched him head to the building, he walked in this very strange way, as if he was exhausted.

He entered the church and did the deed. Well, at least the first three-quarters of it. He was doing an excellent job shooting down those Muslims for being a nigger. But as he continued, the peculiar way he walked became more apparent.

For those of you who've watched the live stream, notice how when he returns to the van, you can hear heavy breathing noises. This was due to George Floyd not being able to breathe through the Brenton Tarrant mask.

You won't be able to hear it through the Facebook live feed due to his raspy voice, but through the cameras I installed, I heard him say "Oh no shit, I am suffocating in the Brenton Tarrant mask. I can't breathe!"

George Floyd was at his breaking point, so he had to quickly hand over the camera to Brenton Tarrant, for him to finish the job. Precisely, it was at the time stamp when he accidentally dropped the gun.

Because George Floyd ran out of air, he ditched the scene, never to be seen again. He pussied out, breaking his promise of staying in the scene.

Those of you reading this probably have this question in mind. Why didn't we see George Floyd run away, or why didn't we see Brenton Tarrant take the camera? Through my own cameras, I saw George Floyd do this crazy-looking monkey jump, where he went on all fours and leaped on top of the mosque like a ninja.

George Floyd was the real Christchurch shooter. Brenton Tarrant would for sure want to knee on that nigger's neck so badly because he ditched him. The moral of the story. Niggers are cheeky scam artists who will exploit people. Never trust those poop-colored subhumans.

Beware of Medusa Floyd

I think I've just had one of those experiences, where something out of the realm of explanation happened. As I am about to write this, I can feel my brain tying in knots trying to comprehend all the events that I experienced. It all felt very surreal, so as of now, I am contemplating whether it was a hallucination, a dream, or reality.

Honestly, I don't exactly know why and how this all started, so I guess I'll just begin from the very first point of the experience that I am able to recall.

It started with my friends and me trudging through a field, within this very large valley. The grass was yellow and tall, having grown up to the height of my torso.

Despite a mass of dark clouds covering the entire sky, it was somehow bright. The clouds were as dark as black niggers, so it was a very odd sight.

Looking over the horizon, the valley appeared to be spanning for miles. We were just walking and hanging out, talking about how much we hate niggers.

"I can never overstate this, but niggers are just rats who contribute nothing to society," I said. "I would rather Ronnie McNutt myself than be black."

"Yeah yeah of course, it is not rocket science," Jimmy replied. "I cannot wait until we finally get rid of those apes."

I snickered. Never gets old correlating niggers with primates. Frankly, they are genetically related, compared to other races.

We continued to blabber and rant about other minorities for the rest of our walk. But that was until Mattias noticed this dirty-looking cottage on a hill. He pointed at it.

"Look at that. It looks like a dirty nigger owns it," Mattias said.

Jimmy and I glanced at it. Holy shit, to say that a nigger owns it is an understatement. But judging by the natural greenery on it, it was most likely abandoned. It sort of looked like a weird combination of one of those small bungalows in a poor neighborhood in Mexico and an African village hut.

As dirty and sketchy as the cottage appeared, we wanted to go inside. It had been a long walk, so we figured that it wouldn't hurt to rest under some shelter for a while. Or so we thought.

Jimmy, Mattias, and I went up the hill. The hill was a fairly steep one, so it took quite a bit of effort to advance up. Once we finally made it to the top, I went for the door. But as I grabbed the handle and pulled, it wouldn't budge.

"God damn, I can't open this. I need help," I said.

Jimmy and Mattias went up to the door. Both of them attempted to pry it. However, nothing worked.

"Oh well, this cottage was probably touched by a nigger anyway. It's probably best not to touch it to avoid getting germs," Mattias rationed.

We turned back and began to walk away. But the moment we stepped onto the downward slope of the hill, I heard the sound of wood creaking behind me. We turned back to see the door of the cottage was now open.

"Shall we go in?" I offered.

Jimmy and Mattias looked at each other. I know, Mattias said that it is best not to contaminate ourselves with nigger germs by touching the cottage. But I was pretty damn curious about what could be inside it.

We eventually agreed to it because nigger germs are no match for our genetically superior immune systems anyway. No wonder niggers invented aids.

We walked inside. Every step we took produced a somewhat irritating high pitch squeak. Really goes to show how long this place had been abandoned.

I looked around to check out the interior. There was a worn-out couch next to the back wall. Above the main door was an old-looking clock. I looked at it closely and saw that it was already 8:00 PM. Even though it was getting quite late, We were so intrigued about this place and we had already walked quite far, so we decided to stay here for the night.

Throughout the night, we watched nigger gore videos saved on our phones and shared funny Ronnie McNutt and George Floyd memes. It was a blast. Eventually, though, our devices ran out of battery, so we just did some old fashion small talk. You guessed it, we yet continued to talk about how much we hate niggers.

Time went by fast, because after what had felt like only an hour, I checked the old clock above the door, and noticed that it was 3 AM. Spooky, I know. At this point, Jimmy, Mattias, and I were tired, so we called it a night and tried to go to sleep on the couch. It was thankfully large enough to fit all three of us. And if you are wondering, we are not faggots for sleeping on the same couch.

A second after I began to shut my eyes, there was a knock on the door. It made my heart skip a beat and my eyes jolted open. I was thinking it was just the wind. But then, the door got knocked again, this time even more intensely. I shook Jimmy and Mattias awake and told them about it. Mattias told me to shut up because he was dreaming about marrying his crush and didn't want to be woken up.

It was then, the knocking shifted to banging. It startled us. What happened next sent chills down my spine.

"You hoo hoo, open the door," a raspy voice objected from behind the door.

Because of the fact that we were in such a sketch place, none of us volunteered to answer it. We just ignored it and tried to fall back to sleep. However, the banging continued, becoming so loud that it was impossible for us to sleep. With having our rest thrown out of the window, we just tried not to acknowledge it. But doing so proved difficult.

The banging was ear piercing, which surprised me because the door was somehow able to withstand it.

Eventually, Jimmy was not able to handle the noise any longer, so he stood up and went for the door. I tried to reach out to stop him, but it was too late.

Jimmy opened the door and was met with this big fat naked serpentine figure. He saw its face and ran back into the cottage. The serpentine figure then slithered inside. I looked at its face and saw how ugly it was. It had a big fat nose and lips, resembling the nigga monkey, George Floyd. But it's hair. It was a clusterfuck of snakes, each of them having a miniature George Floyd face.

"Cowabunga, I am Medusa Floyd. I need all you mans fentanyl," it said.

I scratched my head because we didn't have any of that drug with us. But after that thought, I had this very strong urge to look at its topless boobies. As ugly as that thing was, the urge was very difficult to fight. To put you into my perspective, it was as if there was some invisible force trying to make me gaze at its fat tits.

You may be wondering why I was resisting it. Something in me, perhaps a gut feeling, was instinctively telling me not to. Like an evolutionary behavioral adaptation.

I looked at Jimmy and Mattias, and they both seemed to be trying to resist it as well. Their eyes appear bloodshot, slowly twitching towards the boobs of Medusa Floyd. At the time, I was not aware of the implications of this at all. But I still signaled both of them not to look. This persisted for seconds, but felt like hours.

Eventually, I noticed that Mattias's pupils were inching scarily close to the Medusa Floyds boobs.

"Mattias, No!" I cried out.

But I didn't react fast enough. Mattias locked his gaze directly to both of its nipples. All of a sudden, he grabbed his crotch and let out this blood-curdling screech.

"Oh fuck oh fuck! my dick is getting so hard!" he cried.

It phased me, and I snapped back into reality. I knew that something was very very wrong. Matthias kept hyperventilating while squeezing his dick, as if he was suffering the worst pain in his life. After that, he pulled his pants down, to reveal that his dick now looked like a pure, white-colored rock dildo.

Medusa Floyd looked at Mattias's solid pure white dick and then grabbed him. Medusa Floyd kneeled down towards Mattias's crotch area and then began to suck it, until it became this white powdery substance known as fentanyl.

"Yippie! I am now sucking in your penis fentanyl!" Medusa Floyd said excitedly.

Mattias then dropped dead.

That was when things started to make sense. Gazing at Medusa Floyd's breasts will cause its victim to get a raging boner so severe, his dick will turn into fentanyl stone. Medusa Floyd would then feed on it.

Jimmy and I realized the threatening situation, so we made a run for it. However, Medusa Floyd's fat body blocked the main door, so we couldn't get out of the cottage. With no other option, I noticed that there was a trap door in one of the corners. It was the only way out of the room.

I pointed at it and said, "this way!"

Jimmy and I hurled the trapdoor open, which revealed a staircase leading underground. Quickly, we went in and shut the trap door before Medusa Floyd could reach us.

The stairs continued for a long distance, but we saw a dimly lit room at the end of the staircase. Even though it was clearly a bad idea, we walked down the stairs to investigate it. Curiosity got the best of us.

As we continued, I noticed that there were grass and roots growing through the walls. Makes the cottage seem well-groomed in comparison. I looked up. The ceiling was made out of glass, which gave this futuristic vibe to the corridor at the same time.

Jimmy and I made it to the bottom of the stairs at last. Right smack in the middle of the underground room was this massive pool. The water contained in it was very murky, sporting the color black. Even blacker than the darkest nigger on the planet.

The water began to bubble, which looked like somebody was farting and shitting in it.

What happened next was a blur. These demonic-looking George Floyd mermaids floated to the surface of the pool.

"Ah, now we can finally breathe," they said at the same time.

They looked like they were trapped underwater for decades, drowning. But that is beside the point because suddenly, I heard footsteps behind me. I looked back to see Medusa Floyd. I then entered a fight or flight state. I ran at the medusa Floyd and grabbed its snake hair, then pulled.

"Oh shit, I can't breathe," the snakes all said in unison.

I kept pulling trying to kill this fat nigger serpent, suffocating all of its George Floyd-faced snake hair. I eventually heard a loud snap. I looked at the snake hair and saw that I asphyxiated them to death. Apparently, they are vital to Medusa Floyds respiratory system, because Medusa Floyd whispered, "I can't breathe," and died. I then blacked out.

I woke up outside, next to the cottage. The first thing I did was look around, trying to find Jimmy. But he was nowhere in sight. I walked around the perimeter of the hill, but there was no trace of him. That was when I turned back and ran the fuck away.

I am not sure how long it took, but I finally made it home. I realized that somehow, I did not feel a sense of tiredness from all that running.

After I regained my composure, I tried to text both Jimmy and Mattias. However, days have passed without a reply. I know for sure that Medusa Floyd killed Mattias by turning his dick into stone fentanyl. But what I am wondering is what happened to Jimmy. Whatever it is, I hope he is okay.

Do Not Ingest the Floyd Shroom

Magic shrooms. One of the trippiest experiences one can have. For one, there are fascinating visuals. The fancy contrasting of colors, Hallucinations, and warped objects. It also affects your emotional state. However, it really depends on the environment and dosages. Of course, these effects will vary depending on the type of psychedelic you are using. At the far end of the spectrum, we have these crazy unique ones that can really overload your senses.

But let me tell you. Even though evidence shows shrooms have been used as far back as 9000 BC, we've barely scratched the surface when it comes to our knowledge of all the existing shrooms. I know this for myself because I think I just discovered an unknown species. Don't believe me? Read my story and see for yourself.

I was chilling with my friend, Robert, in the streets of Minneapolis. We were talking about how much we hated the nigger George Floyd. Even just living in the same city as he made us feel ashamed. But living here presents some opportunities, trolling-wise.

There are countless murals of George Floyd that people put up on a daily basis in Minneapolis. Because of all the apparent nigger lovers here, we would vandalize their work without hesitation. Their chimp-like reactions make us laugh our asses off.

But that day, Robert and I were bored out of our minds. At this point, we've already vandalized over four hundred George Floyd murals, so it was getting a bit old. It was about time we tried something new. Something beyond just scribbling all over monkey Floyd paintings. Something even crazier than sticking a dildo on the George Floyd statue, bringing it to life.

"Hey Robert, we should do some epic trolling today," I said.

"Yes. Fuck niggers and faggots. We will push the limits today, shall we?"

We brainstormed for a bit. "Perhaps, we should take a shit on George Floyd's grave," I suggested.

"Sounds like a plan. We should go eat something big to prepare the biggest shit in our lives," Robert said.

We headed over to the nearest George Floyd cafe and ordered a Floyd burger for each of us. They were big as fuck, so it took a damn long time for both of us combined to finish them. The amazing taste of airless patties and buns was breathtaking.

After we were done, we had to wait around 2 weeks for our mega shits to prepare. The Floyd burger causes constipation and an insane build-up of fart air, which is why it takes so long.

After a long two weeks passed, our stomachs hurt so much, we couldn't breathe. It was now time to take our mega shits on George Floyd's grave. Robert and I walked to the graveyard, which has hundreds of other dead niggers along with George Floyd. Once we located his particular gravestone, we braced for the epic moment. Robert and I pulled our pants down and bent over Floyd's gravestone. Poor dead nigger doesn't know what's coming.

We both took our impressively large shits and let out our two-week-old farts, which have the ability to kill any living thing in a two-meter radius. I swear I thought I was going to have a prolapsed anus, but thankfully it did not happen. It's really only the faggots that have those disgusting-looking assholes.

We looked below us, to see the nasty mess we've dropped on that niggers' grave. No way George Floyd's dead corpse could breathe in our pile of chad-like feces. Upon a closer look, I noticed that the brown mass was sinking into the soil. It was a bit odd because poop doesn't usually move that fast. We snapped a few pics of it for the gram and then left.

A few days later, Robert and I were curious enough to see if our shit was still there. We arrived back at the graveyard.

We went up to his gravestone, to see a bunch of these very bizarre-looking plants on the ground. They looked to be a kind of mushroom, except their top parts looked like a big fat nigger nose. Quite a similar color to the Goomba from the Mario brothers. They were only scattered around George Floyd's tombstone. Precisely where we took out shit. Our poop must have acted as a fertilizer, which allowed the mushrooms to grow. I then had an idea.

"Robert, we should eat them nigger mushrooms because I am bored as fuck," I said.

"Nah I'm good. You go ahead," he said, shaking his head.

I called him a pussy for being scared of eating some weak nigger spores.

I took the mushroom closest to me and pulled it off the ground. But the second I ripped it off the stem, I swear I heard a little voice saying, "I can't breathe". I thought it was just my mind playing tricks on me.

I took a close look at its nose-looking cap. It appeared to be breathing. No, not just plain old photosynthesis. I literally saw the mushroom's nostrils expand and contract. Holy shit it was creepy looking. Because of this aberrant characteristic of the mushroom, I had to mentally prepare before eating it.

A part of me felt like whatever this was, it is extremely dangerous to consume. Much stronger than the most potent known magic shroom out there. But I didn't listen to my gut feeling, so I chucked it in my mouth. It tasted awful. I don't know how many people have had the unfortunate experience of licking a niggers skin. Tastes super bad, eh? Well, the mushroom tasted similar, except one hundred times worse.

It took every bit of me not to vomit. But I managed to swallow it whole. It genuinely made me feel as if I had a nose in my mouth. My eyes watered as I suffered the wrath of nigger tasting flesh.

After I swallowed the rest of the mushroom residue in my mouth, I waited for half an hour to see if it had any neurological effect. I then noticed a very tiny dot at the center of my field of view. No apparent shape. Just a dark tiny speck. I was thinking that the mushroom was one of those very weak ones that have little to no effect.

I just went on with my day as normal.

After I was finished with my job, I headed home. I noticed I felt more exhausted than usual. Must've been one of the minor side effects of the shroom.

I passed by my wife in the hallway leading to the master bedroom and noticed that she looked rather ugly today. I called her back, to confirm what I barely saw. When I looked at her face, I had a near heart attack. She had the face of George Floyd. I pointed it out and stammered.

"Honey, what happened to your face? why do you look like nigger Floyd now?" I asked.

"What? What are you talking about?" she responded confusedly.

"Your face has a big fat nigger nose and lips. Go look in a mirror."

She went to the washroom to check herself out and then returned shortly.

"What are you on? I look like my normal self," my wife said, slightly offended.

But still looking at her face, all I saw was George Floyd. Not the beautiful wife that I know of. I went into the sink and washed my eyes. But it didn't work.

"Maybe you should rest sweetie," my wife advised.

Maybe she was right. After all, it had been a long day at work, and I was very sleepy. I lied down in bed and fell asleep fairly quickly.

I woke up the next morning with a headache almost as bad as a migraine. When I opened my eyes, I noticed that the dot at the center of my vision increased in size. It now comprises around ten percent of its area. Its pattern resembled the face of George Floyd. I squinted a couple of times, but to no avail, it didn't disappear. I was filled with panic, because seeing this niggers' face everywhere I go disgusts me.

I decided to take the day off work and visit the doctor. But when I pulled up to the clinic, I saw that every single person inside had the face of George Floyd. It was impossible to distinguish them because they all had the oversized nose and lips which detract from all of their other characteristics.

It was difficult for me to speak to the clinic receptionist. It was very hard for me to think straight, so my words were nothing short of gibberish. Luckily, the receptionist knew that something was cognitively wrong with me, so she booked the appointment for me.

When it came time to meet my physician, he gave me a questionnaire that consisted of basic mental evaluative questions. Not that it helped my situation at all.

After I had finished filling it out, we had a conversation discussing my specific symptoms. Holy shit, it wasn't easy. It was difficult to concentrate when I was hallucinating the doctor's face as George Floyd. I told him about my hallucinations. The static George Floyd face in the middle of my field of view, and that every person I see has the face of George Floyd. It was driving me insane, and I had the urge to gouge my eyes out.

After the floppy communication, he prescribed me some anti-nigger meds, which are designed to distract me from the mental burden of acknowledging niggers.

I would pop a pill every day, as I was instructed.

For the first few days, the George Floyd face in the middle of my view was slightly fading. I thought the meds were working.

However, after about 2 weeks into the meds, they just stopped working. The George Floyd face grew in size and now took up eighty five percent of my vision.

I have no idea how much longer the side effects of these mushrooms will last, but it doesn't look like it will be anytime soon at this rate. My vision is now completely obstructed by that giant Floyd head hallucination. My brain is turning into mush. It is only a matter of time before the concept of Floyd faces completely takes over my mind.

With the last bit of my deteriorating verbal skills, I asked my wife to do me a special favor. I wanted her to Ronnie McNutt my head with a rifle. I can no longer handle seeing all the George Floyd faces everywhere I go. I was certain that death is a much more peaceful path. As I am typing this on my phone right before my assisted suicide, my last words were "Fuck all niggers and kikes!"

Please take my words. If you see nose shaped magic mushrooms growing next to George Floyd's grave, do not ingest them.

Do Not Carve the George Floyd Pumpkin

Halloween is coming up very soon. That being said, it is a good time to begin decorating our homes for the spooky holiday.

One of the most popular means of Halloween embellishments is pumpkins. I know, kind of bland nowadays when we have access to advanced animatronics. As of now, I think they are a great start since they are cheap and easy to set up. Sounds good and all right? Nope. In my opinion, it is not exactly perfect. The flaw that I speak of is rather complicated. I know of this because of a recent experience that still shakes me to the core.

I was in the grocery store around a week before Halloween, shopping for candy to give away. I bought large boxes of chips and skittles because of course, those are the best treats. There is no arguing against that.

As I was pushing my shopping cart toward the checkout, I noticed that there were pumpkins being sold at a 25 percent discount. I thought, why the fuck not?

With how disposable pumpkins are, it is best to buy them when the prices are low. They're only going to be used for this year's Halloween since they'd spoil by New Year. I chucked one into my shopping cart and then proceeded to checkout.

I checked out my groceries at the self-checkout, as I always do. You see, I live in Canada, a libtard country full of trannies and Jews. Almost all the minimum wage workers here are either of those two categories, so I'd rather avoid them. When I was done with my payment, I shoved all of my groceries into one bag, carrying all of them at the same time since I am a 300-pound racist chad.

I drove back home to start Halloween preparation. I opened the large boxes of treats and put them in baskets. After that, it was time to decorate the new pumpkin. I called over my wife, Brenda. She arrived at the kitchen and I showed her the almost perfectly round pumpkin. I told her that I needed help with ideas on how we should carve the pumpkin.

"We should carve the words 'fuck niggers,'" Brenda suggested.

I laughed and was turned on at the same time. Her racism never fails to make my dick hard. As good as an idea that it was, I wasn't fond of it, due to how risky it would be. Because of how many liberals live around here, chances are, our house would get tons of eggs thrown at.

I explained to Brenda that being more subtle about our racism would be a much safer means of spreading our hate. Explicitly carving the words "fuck niggers" is way too obvious.

"We should probably carve George Floyd's face on it or something," Brenda said.

I thought it was a fantastic idea. His big nose would look hilarious on a pumpkin carving.

"Yeah, I love that idea sweetie. Let's do it".

She lit up in excitement. We took out the kitchen knives and began to outline how we would cut each edge. George Floyd has quite a distinguishable ugly face compared to other niggers so overall, it wouldn't be too hard to carve his face into the pumpkin.

However, I realized that there was one problem. This pumpkin might be too small to have George Floyd's big nose and lips carved in. The ridges would be so deep, to the point where it would split the pumpkin in half. I pointed this out to Brenda.

"Oh, maybe we should buy a bigger pumpkin then," she said.

I thought back at all the pumpkins that I saw back in the grocery store. None of them would have come close to being big enough to fit George Floyd's nose and lips. In fact, I don't think pumpkins in general can grow to that size.

"Perhaps, we are going to have to purchase a genetically modified one," I said.

I fired up my computer and went into the deep web. I knew of this website that sells genetically mutated crops that grow up to four times larger than normal. Barely large enough for us to carve in George Floyd's nose, but it should be sufficient.

I browsed through the online store. It had pretty much every fruit and vegetable out there, so finding the plus-size pumpkin wasn't difficult at all. When I finally found its page, I saw that the price was seven hundred dollars per pumpkin. Quite expensive, but it is well worth it to me because I was so eager to carve George Floyd's funny-looking ape face. I paid for it in a heartbeat. The estimated delivery time was within three days. Perfect, only days before Halloween.

Two days later, I found a large parcel in our mailbox. Judging by its size, I knew for sure it was the genetically modified pumpkin I ordered. It was barely able to fit inside. To put into perspective, our mailbox has the length and width of a refrigerator. I tried to lift up the pumpkin, but despite my racist chad strength, I was not able to hold it any longer than three seconds. It had to have weighed at least 800 pounds. I called out to Brenda to help me out. She is also a racist, so perhaps our combined strength should be enough to bring this monstrous pumpkin inside.

We both tried to lift it up at the same time. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. That was how many seconds we managed to lift it.

It wasn't until we made it to the sidewalk when my hand slipped and dropped my side of the pumpkin. It tipped over from Brenda's hand and fell onto the sidewalk, with a loud crack, forming a large hole.

Thankfully the pumpkin fell only on its bottom side, so we'd still be able to carve a face with it. All of its guts leaked out. Not that it would've been a problem anyway. With all its insides out of the way, it was now much easier to carry.

After we cleaned up the sidewalk, we brought the hollow pumpkin inside.

"Holy crap it looks even bigger inside the house," I said, impressed as we rested it on the kitchen table.

The pumpkin looked exactly like how the GMO store portrayed it on the website. Except, pictures didn't do it justice when it comes to size.

We spent the rest of the evening carving George Floyds big ugly nigger face into the pumpkin. I have to admit, it wasn't easy. The damn nigger has a complicated face facial structure with all those cheek lines.

But after hours upon hours of hard work, we've created an impressive work of art. It was even more impressive than the George Floyd statue head. Most importantly, we nailed his infamous nose. In fact, it looked almost too real. We snapped some photos of it and then Brenda began to prepare for dinner. I was tired from all that work, so I settled myself on the living room couch.

Just when I was leaving the dining room, I swore I saw the George Floyd pumpkin move a little to the side. But I just shrugged it off to distorted peripheral vision.

I was watching some television when I heard a muffled scream coming from the dinner table. I took off my headphones and ran there. I arrived with a very unpleasant surprise.

There I saw Brenda. Except she looked like she was wearing the George Floyd pumpkin as a mask. She had both of her hands on it, trying to pry it off.

"Brenda! what is going on?!" I cried out.

She just let out more muffled screams, sounding like she couldn't breathe. The George Floyd pumpkin was locking her head inside of it. I ran up to her and tried to help pull it off of her head, but it didn't budge. It was as if it was alive, forcing itself to mask onto her head with immense strength.

I grabbed my kitchen knife to try to cut it. As much as I valued our time and effort carving the George Floyd face, I needed to get rid of the nigga pumpkin because Brenda looked like she was dying from asphyxiation. I took a jab at the front surface of the George Floyd pumpkin, making sure it wouldn't directly reach Brenda's face. However, its skin was as tough as nails. The knife didn't even leave a scratch.

I saw the George Floyd pumpkins face carving begin to move by itself, forming a menacing facial expression. It then opened its mouth to speak. "Ooga booga, how dare you try to cut me with your pathetic knife. Your wifey must suffer the wrath of my suffocation."

I needed an even stronger weapon. I grabbed my rifle from the closet next to the pantry and aimed it at the George Floyd pumpkin.

"Okay nigga pumpkin, you shall now get McNuttied by my rifle," I said.

I pulled the trigger. I was expecting it to explode, similar to the Ronnie McNutt suicide video. However, the bullets didn't even penetrate the George Floyd pumpkins skin at all.

"Hehehe, my skin is too tough for that. Try harder man."

I saw this foamy substance being secreted from the space between the pumpkin's skin and Brenda's neck. Brenda was suffocating to death. I needed to think fast. If physical force isn't enough to stop the George Floyd pumpkin, then I needed to do the one thing that can stop that nigga vegetable: prevent it from breathing.

If you didn't know this, pumpkins are covered by very small pores on their skin, which allow them to breathe. I had this idea where I could cover all of the George Floyd pumpkins pores with a cloth to prevent it from breathing

I went to the kitchen to grab one of the large cleaning towels. It was finally time to defeat this nigga pumpkin and save my wife's life. I went up from behind Brenda and then wrapped the cloth over the George Floyd pumpkin, making sure no surface of its skin is exposed.

"Ah shit, lift the towel please, I can't breathe!", it cried.

I had no mercy. I just kept pinning the towel.

Eventually, I felt its skin begin to soften, indicating its deflation and lifelessness. After it was completely dead, I took off the towel and tore open the leftover pumpkin skin from Brenda's head. I had a sense of relief to find out Brenda was still alive. But her face was tainted with the color blue due to being asphyxiated for so long.

Moral of the story. If you are interested in carving George Floyd's face in a pumpkin, just know it isn't possible to do so safely. No organic pumpkin out there is physically big enough to fit his nose and genetically modified ones will be brought to life.

About the authors

Jordan Cleeman is a passionate Floydologist, having written 55 of the stories in this book. He is the former owner of the @georgefloydfinance page on Instagram. Jordan is also a long-term member of the Liberal Termination Crew. He lives in Toronto.

Tom J wrote *The George Floyd Toy* and *The Floyd Fish*.

IGotQuality wrote *If you see George Floyd in a Roblox Game, Leave the Server Immediately, George Floyd was one of my Coworkers He tried to Steal my Air*, and *Do not Download the Ronnie McNutt Touhou Mod*.

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