

Skibidi Toilet

Humanity Flushed Vol.1



By Shiro Yasha

Perfect Commando
Productions

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The day was one of tremendous trenchant. The skies over Tokyo began their nightly fade to sunset, but a blackened blight had already descended upon the metropolis' hapless residents and indeed those of the rest of the world. The skyscrapers in Shibuya Crossing interiors all razed and windows blown out with the rest of the mega city not fairing any better. Joint United States Military and Japanese Self Defense Forces now depleted and ragged continued their stand against the strange and disturbing invasion.

American M270A1MLRS armored tracked vehicles accompanied by Japanese Type 10 tanks chugged their way through the surrounding wreckage chocking the streets, as they bore down on the titanic glistening white porcelain toilet before them hovering in the sky.

These were the invaders. These strange creatures, toilets with heads atop elongated necks. Ranging in size from your average toilet to colossal titans the size of buildings. The only form of language or form of communication they have is

repeating in distorted audio the phrase skibidi dom, dom, yes, yes, earning them the moniker that they have become known as the Skibidi Toilets, but the most disturbing attribute of these creatures was, if they bite you, you transform and become one of them, or so is theorized. As Skibidi Toilets performing several human functions such as police have been documented. Some intelligence has even suggested that they have turned or overthrown the world governments and what is left of the world's armed forces are now acting on their own with no higher orders.

The M270A1 MLRSs now stopped their launchers rose up and swivel right into position aiming at the titan toilet in the center of the crossing. Russian Mil Mi-24P Hind-F helicopters circled behind. These helicopters were controlled by the toilets as the distinctive double bubble cockpit was replaced by a large toilet. Smoke and screeching erupted as a cluster of twelve rockets left each vehicle. The rockets slammed into the titan toilet consuming it in a covering of fire and smoke. The fiery flashes of secondary explosions could be seen erupting underneath the cover of the thick black smoke.

Echoing mechanical sounding groans bellowed out of the smoke as the American and Japanese forces awaited to see the outcome of their assault. Then from under the covering of smoke a spinning object. It twisted and swirled the smoke as it neared the epicarp of the smoke. Slow spinning rotor blades breached the smoke followed by the remains of the Mi-24P Hind-F fire light glowing and flickering inside lapping out the back where the aircraft's tail section once was. The hull of the aircraft spun counter to the rotor blades as it came crashing down, blasting out into a huge fire ball and skidding in front of the human vehicles.

As the smoke dissipated the titanic toilet still towered there. The remains of more toilet cockpited helicopters thrashed and burning on the ground as the others turned to face the threat. The face of the titan toilet turned to rage his large square short black hair with a touch of gray, thick eyebrows, powerful chin, and sunken aged cheeks reminiscent of former

United States president Ronald Reagan. His mouth opened and a distorted bellowing echoing “SKIBIDI, SKIBIDI!” belched out. He was the skibidi toilet leader and he was not pleased. His head swiveled and aimed. The type 10 tanks opened fire to no avail. The Skibidi Leader emanated lasers from his eyes obliterating the tanks and MLRSs that dare tried to oppose him.

Gun fire from the surviving helicopters raked the area where the remains of the American and Japanese vehicles came to lay. The helicopters then touched down disembarking their toiletry troopers.

“Skibidi, skibidi, skibidi,” they all echoed out.

The surviving and wounded humans started to try and escape some running others trying to provide covering fire as the still living but severely wounded laid there helpless to what was boring down on them as the skibidi toilets over ran their position not allowing one to escape.

*

The sun had now completely set on this once prominent location of the world stage.

File Information.

Time: 10:00:00 Zulu Time

Special Operator: Ryoko Kazumi

Age: 22

Blood Type: O

Measurements: 88/ 54/ 90 cm

Ryoko sat in position on top of a mid-tier sized skyscraper. Black leather combat boots covered her feet, black opaque stay top stockings covered her long smooth legs, large knee pads strapped tightly around her knees, a short pleated black skirt with a pink line just above the hem hung down from her waist, a black short sleeved blouse clad her chest and abdomen, a white sailor collar, or tar flap rested atop her



