Ricky 3000

By Allen Klingel

Nick was sprinting down the driveway, to his dad's beat-up Ford. Today he was getting a new Puppy! He lunged into the car. The drive was very long. TOO LONG. Nick wondered which puppy they would get, and what they would name it.

When they got to the pound, It ended up being a male German Shepherd. The pound was of bad quality, the smell of something rotten in the air, the ground was filled with all the things that you might expect to find inside your couch. It smelled like burnt poo, and the cages were rusted, bent, and filled with animal droppings. He suddenly realized everything this dog had been through. He named it Ricky. When he got home, he played with the puppy for a while. He kept chewing on Nick's arm, and boy did that hurt. Nick soon got bothered by him and wanted to get rid of him, but his sister wouldn't let him. "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO," she would exclaim, every time he brought up the idea.

One day, Nick was being a bad boy and was secretly playing Video Games during virtual class. He was 11, so he was in 6th grade. His puppy came up and started chewing on the internet cords. Nick was afraid that Ricky would die from the electrical shock, but then something extraordinary happened. Ricky sat there staring at him, while his computer showed a white screen. Then the words appeared:

“Hello. I am Ricky3000”. Nick was in awe. Then Ricky3000 mind-typed: “I have just accessed every bit of data connected to the internet. Oof for you. Go get me some treats, please.” Nick recovered from his awe.

“I'm not taking orders from a dog!” So Ricky3000 hacked Nick's paper shredder. The paper shredder opened up and threw Nick inside of it, and he got shredded alive. There was blood everywhere, it started shredding his feet, then his legs, then his body, and finally his head. He was screaming as loud as possible from the horrible pain, but nobody heard him.

Ricky3000 continued his reign over the entire world until he ruled all.

See how Ricky3000 did it through a slo-mo camera HERE.

See how Nick died in slo-mo Here.

Nick’s life 0-5 years old

Nick was born in a hospital somewhere in Kansas. He lived his first 5 years like any other kid, with some exceptions.

Nick was 1. He had no idea what was happening in the world, but all he knew was his parents weren’t feeding him. He wailed and wailed. During this, his parents were actually at a car wash for about 15 minutes. This was the first time they had gotten a car wash for so long, because, well, they were raising a second child. Little did they know, Nick was going to have a wash of his own. Nick had been starting to chew on carrots, the thickest, hardest, crunchiest carrots of all, and his jaws had grown very strong. He was getting stressed out, and boy was he hungry, so he chewed out of the radiant yellow crib with his amazing teeth, went into his mom’s closet, brought some of her clothes to the sink, and got them all soaked. Then they all fell on him, and he had almost died from suffocation under the wet clothes when his parents got back.

About a year later, Nick was 2, and he was watching gymnastics in the 2012 London Olympics. He saw someone do a huge jump with lots of twirls and flips. He immediately said, “NICKY DO DAT” and ran to his older sister’s trampoline and tried his hand. With his parents watching in horror, he did everything the olympian did with

perfect style. Then, as he was walking off the trampoline, he fell off and got knocked unconscious.

Nick promised he would do the rest of his life without getting in trouble again, and his promise lasted a while. By a while, I mean 2 years. That's still pretty good. I wouldn't have lasted that long, at least. So, 2 years later, he went into a candy store with a catapult, filled with brass balls, and started shooting the people inside until they gave him all their candy. Chocolate, gummies, taffy, he wanted it all! Then someone called the police, but Nick had eaten so much sugar that he was way too hyper to get caught. He sprinted down the street, his legs moving faster than ever before, the police firing behind him. The bullets whizzed past his head like supersonic bees, but Nick dodged all the bullets and got away.

He sprinted down a small alleyway and sniped them with his catapult. The problem was, the police couldn't locate where the balls were coming from. So the police did what any reasonable police officer would do about this situation, and called the FBI, SWAT, and the Air Force.

They all teamed up on Nick and started the search. Nick knew they were coming after him, so he hid in his dumpster, and used the one thing no one ever noticed: he had a computer on the bottom of his catapult.

Nick hacked one of the planes and made it fly into another. The explosions rained down on the FBI, and he knocked out the whole squadron of the FBI and the air force. Nick was very pleased with himself. The SWAT team was trailing him from the

sewers, but Nick had been prepared and planted landmines in the sewers. When the SWAT team sprinted over them, the entire sewer system exploded, along with the entire city, in one big very smelly explosion. Nick was now out of the dumpster, standing right where he had planned and was launched straight into his house in the neighboring city.

Nick’s life 5-10 years old

Nick was 7 when he started being naughty. One sunny blue day, he decided to make trouble. He walked along to the local jewelry store and broke through the window. There were security lasers and all that stuff you see in the movies, but he was fine. No one ever found out until now.

He also once put a worm in his non-observant friend Bob's lunch (he never noticed.)

By the time Nick was 9, he was the smartest kid in school. He was a genius. He had the highest grades in everything. He was studying AP physics, in 4th grade. He was the world’s perfect super-villain. For instance, in science class, he made a poisonous gas that he used to kill his enemy, the bully James’ cat. James often bullied Nick, he was a brute with a body the size of an adult, but he was dumb as a rock. When Nick struck his cat with the chemicals (with goggles on, of course! Safety first!) No one ever knew it was him.

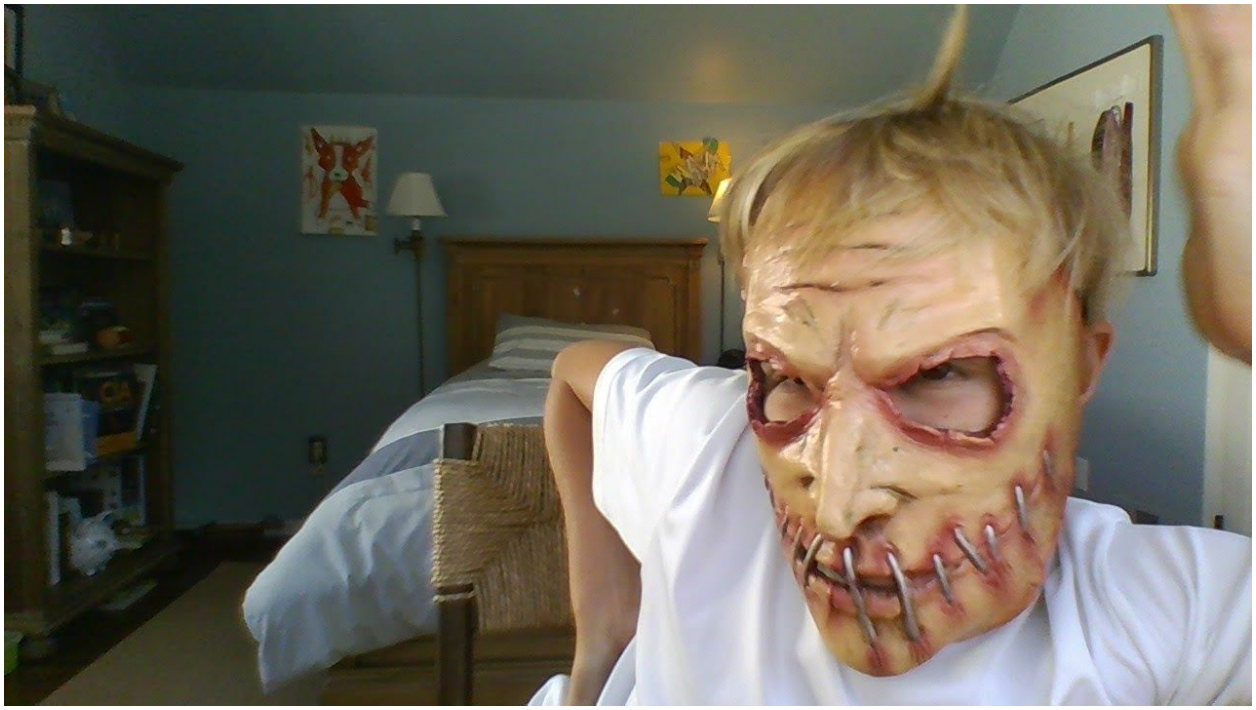
He also put a chemical in his science teacher Mr. Balloonhead’s (yes that's his real name) coffee that made him talk in an extremely high voice. THAT he got caught for. No one ever pranks Mr. Balloonhead and gets away with it.

And the biggest secret of all, when he was 10, his homework was to create whatever he wanted to create, so of course, he created a major plague that shut down the entire world. He created COVID in a lab and released it to the world. The police found that out after Nick died, and some say that he killed himself from the guilt. But if you’ve read this story, you know that’s not true. So if you think COVID is the worst thing that’s going to happen this year, think again, because Ricky3000 started his reign 11/8/2020.

To travel 2000 years into the future and avoid Ricky3000

and the end of COVID, click

HERE.



About the Author

Allen Klingel has one dog. She is about 7 months. Allen Klingel is turning 12 on November 8th. Allen Klingel has a very special son named Elmo. Elmo looks very different from all the other kids. Allen Klingel likes to be eating various things, including pie, brownies, pizza, tacos, pasta, Elmo’s fingers, candy, chocolate, and meat.