

The Past and the truth

By InvaderEztheGothic

Submitted: July 12, 2006

Updated: July 12, 2006

This is a random story of...WHY was I exiled to Earth, WHY I am petrified of Other Alien races and...I dunno...Enjoy!!!!!! Oh, and tis what I did before I landed on Earth with Zim in my other story: "Events in the life of Zim". Just so ya know wot's goin

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/InvaderEztheGothic/36791/The-Past-and-truth>

Chapter 1 - Disaster

2

1 - Disaster

Chapter 1- Disaster

It was a terrible day for all us Irkens. I still remember the cries of pain, of suffering, as hell rained upon us. I was awoken to the smell of smoke. I rubbed my eyes and peered around my room. Everything was fine in my room. It always is. I slipped out of my silken sheets and ran quickly to my wardrobe. The alarm was still going- a loud Whining sound, which scared me as a smeeet...It reminded me for all the world of Dying soldiers. I knew I would have to pack and dress quickly. Something in my Blood told me I would never return here again.

I rushed along the hallway of the main suite centre, wincing every time I heard a cry of pain or distress. It pained me to leave those who I knew would surely die soon. My Pak guided me along the never-ending hallways, until I eventually reached the emergency escape pod. I was weeping by then. All the death; all the pain and torturing.

“What is going on?” I yelled at the pod driver, who was frantically searching for all the missing passengers.

“There is no time...Just find a seat and HUSH, CHILD!!!” He screamed at me.

I was taken aback by that, so I obediently took a seat beside some of my friends. I was glad to see they made it. I peered at Akire, who was screaming in pain. I suddenly saw why...Her Pak was dangling from a seam of her torn skin; She was stained with blood, now dripping at an alarming rate from the holes in her back. I gasped...nobody had bothered to help her/? She could die! I had to help her now!

I calmed her down slightly, then rolled her onto her front. With much regret, I pulled her Pak from her back. She screamed a blood curdling cry, much to my horror. Beginning to let tears fall once again from my eyes, I slotted her Pak back into place. I set her up again. She murmured a weak thank you, and eventually fell asleep. I took this as my chance to search for the rest of my friends.

It seemed to be taking forever to leave, and I had yet to learn what was happening. I scanned the pod for Kirri and Pandora, regretting ignoring the drivers cries to sit down. I caught a glimpse of a purple eyed Irken girl, but I saw only that before my head slammed against the cold pod floor, as the driver shot with out caution away from the destroyed space station. My last thoughts before it all went black were, "What is Happening?" and, "Where are my friends?" Something else rang in my head too.
"Zim...ZIM...ZIMMMMMM"