

Insanity CAN Be Fun!

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A STORY THAT SUCKS!! :D it's my first Zim fic so be nice...

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Tallest Red: Tall Irken male. Tallest. Age unknown.

Tallest Purple: Tall Irken male. Tallest. Age unknown.

Cat: Medium earth girl. Hot Topic employee in training. Age 13.

Gaz: Short earth girl. Game player. Age 10.

Professor Membrane: Tall earth boy. Scientist. Age unknown.

Surr: Thorn's SIR unit.

SIRkit: Ken's SIR unit.

Mimi: Tak's SIR unit.

TraNk: Tall Irken boy. Former general. Age unknown.

DEMENT: TraNk's SIR unit.

Gir: Zim's SIR unit.

2 - Best Friends

*** We begin in the Tallest's throne room ***

..... Nothing. Complete silence. All was quiet in the throne room. Tallest Red was tapping his fingers on the arm of his chair and Tallest Purple was staring out into space.

And suddenly the door burst open and a girl ran in holding a tray that had two fast food drinks barely balancing on it.

“I'm so sorry my Tallest. I need to get my alarm fixed.” Said the girl and she held out the tray to them.

“It's really about time!” said Red as he took one of the cups.

“I'm sorry....” The girl said again and she lowered her head and bit her lip. Everything inside her wanted to lash out at the both of them, yet she just couldn't do it. She could hurt ANYTHING but the Tallest.

Purple took the other cup and slurped it. “Ya know, maybe this job just isn't SUITED for you.” His mouth twisted into an evil smile.

“I promise I will do better, my Tallest.” Ken said, her insides burning.

“Yes, well, that was it then.” Red said and he motioned for Ken to leave.

She bowed and walked out of the room, being careful not to slam the door behind her.

“OOOOH THEY MAKE ME SO MAD!!!” Ken yelled once she was safely in her room. “WHY CAN'T THEY GET THEIR OWN SODAS FOR CRYING OUT LOUD?!?” she threw a book at the wall and sat down at her computer (which she really wasn't supposed to have, mind you) and took a couple deep breaths before clicking a file.

Ken always wanted to be an invader. Seeing as she couldn't, she read about other invaders. That was the purpose of the computer: to show her journals of the invaders she so adored.

Yet, today, there was a new file. Ken was a little surprised seeing as the only new things that usually appeared were recent journal entries. She clicked it.

At least ten or twenty documents popped up. Each only a couple pages long.

“Hmm.” Ken thought. *“These can't be journals....”* She clicked the first one and a profile came up entitled ZIM.

“Zim...I've heard of him!” Ken said to herself as she read the very short file. It read,

ZIM

Status: False invader

Current Location: Earth

Reason for banishment: Annoying the Tallest and cause of failure for Operation Impending Doom.

“False invader? Banished? What?” she sat back in her seat, trying to figure out what this meant.

She clicked another file entitled TRaNk.

“Hmm.”

TRaNk

Status: Former general

Current location: Heading towards Earth

Reason for banishment: Disabled PAK

“Disabled? Huh.” She put her hand behind her back and ran it over her PAK. She didn't know it was possible to do anything other than repair your PAK.

She decided it must've been a complicated process and didn't want to look into it right then.

She spent most of the night reading these profiles over and over. Just about every one of them had ended up on this earth place.

“Reading up on more invaders I see.” Ken jumped and turned to face Thorn, who was standing in his know-it-all snobby position against the wall.

“Do you ENJOY scaring me half to death?” Ken replied as she minimized the page with the profiles on it.

“As a matter of fact, I do!” Thorn said as he sat down on the bed next to the computer.

“Well, what do you want?” Ken said as she stood up and straitened her uniform.

don't really sleep on their own. She's not really sleeping either. She's in down mode. ~*~Ken

PS. Big thank you to wL for letting me use TraNk in this!

More to come! If you want your fancharacter in this, feel free to ask. I'll squeeze anyone I can in here. ^_^

3 - Ken's Cruiser Go BOOM!

BBBBBZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT!

“IT'S NOT MY BRA I SWEAR!” Ken shouted as she was restarted. “Oh thank god. Just a bad memory. Really bad. She sat up and unplugged the wire from her PAK.

She walked over to her mirror and took a good groggy look at herself. “ARGGH! BED-HEAD!” She pulled her antennae straight and pulled her gloves on.

RRRRRRRRRRRING! An alarm went off as Ken was pulling on her right boot, making her jump and hit her head.

“OW DANGIT!” She growled under her breath as she quickly finished getting ready and hurried out the door.

She took a deep breath as she turned a corner, trying to get into a calm, content mood. She walked into someone and was knocked down.

“DANGIT! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GO-“ she broke off when she saw she had bumped into Red, who was now on the floor as well, rubbing his forehead.

Ken turned an unhealthy shade of purple and crab-walked backward until she felt the wall behind her. “My Tallest! I'm sorry, I didn't see you!”

“That hurt.” He stood up, not seeming to have heard Ken's apology. “You okay?” He reached out a hand to help Ken up.

She took his hand and he pulled her to her feet. “Yeah, I'm fine.” She felt like her face was on fire.

“Well, anyway.” Red said, still holding onto Ken's hand. “Something happened to your cruiser. It seems to have...exploded.”

“WHAT?!?!” Ken screamed as she pulled her hand away from Red and ran.

Red stood there a moment more, blinked a couple times, then walked away.

WE RETURN TO KEN RUNNING AT TOP SPEED TOWARDS THE LAUNCHING BAY!

Ken's chest was heaving. She didn't really care. She barely even remembered she had just touched one of the Tallest.

She burst into the bay to find a boy on the floor, laughing,

Ken picked him up by his shirt and started shaking him. “WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY CRUISER?!?!”

“That was yours? Whoops. I didn't know it belonged to someone. It's been here a while.” He turned and stared at the smoking pile of metal that was once Ken's cruiser. “Sorry.”

“DIDN'T KNOW?!?! IT HAD MY FREAKIN BLEEDING HEART ON IT!” Ken screamed at him, despite the sorry look on his face. She let go of him and sat down on the floor, eyes closed, rubbing her temples. *He didn't know, I had to make a new one anyway, not his fault, not his fault...*she thought, trying to

defeat the urge to tear this boy's antennae off.

“Uhh. If it helps at all, I know a good mechanic that might be able to help.” The boy said after a couple minutes of Ken sitting with her eyes closed.

“Okay, but first, what's your name?” Ken asked, getting to her feet.

“Why.” He replied.

“I just want to know is all.”

“No that's my name, Why.”

“Oh.” Ken said, feeling a little silly.

“What's your name?” Why asked, brushing off a bit of Ken's cruiser scrap.

“Ken.”

“That's a boy name!” Why said as he looked over the piece of scrap he was holding.

Ken clenched her teeth. She hated when people made fun of her name. “It's also my name so I guess it's not.”

“Mmkay whatever.” Why threw the piece of scrap back in the pile and picked up a backpack from the

4 - Rox n' Ri

In the hallway

All Ken could think of while walking down the hall behind Why was how she had to forgive him and move on (When she gets upset, it can take a while before she can get her mind on something else) Still, she could feel herself glare at him.

Why, on the other hand, seemed quite content with the whole thing. Ken thought she could hear him whistling.

“What are you so happy about?” Ken finally asked.

“I dunno. What's the point in being sad when you can be happy?” Why replied casually.

“You make it sound easy.” Ken said bitterly.

“You're still mad about the cruiser thing huh?” Why replied in a guilty tone.

Ken was about to say something, but stopped when she felt the ground vibrating with the beat of some kind of music she couldn't make out.

Ken kept quiet as they moved closer to the sound. They stopped in the doorway to a room filled with bits

and pieces of metal and broken parts, the music so loud that Ken couldn't hear herself talk.

In the middle of it all was a girl, seeming to be trying to play her screwdriver as a guitar. Ken laughed, though no one could hear her.

Why walked absentmindedly over to the girl and tapped her shoulder, making the girl jump (she almost hit Why with the screwdriver she was holding). The music stopped and Ken's ears were ringing.

Why dragged the girl over to Ken, who was still laughing about the screwdriver.

"Ken, this is Rox." Why held Rox up all Keefish. "She's gonna fix your cruiser thingy!"

"What? Why, what did you do?" Rox said as she kicked and got free of Why's grip.

"He blew up my cruiser." Ken replied for Why.

Rox sighed and shook her head. "Why, don't you know BETTER by now?"

Why, having slunk away from them, was trying to fit as much gunpowder as possible in his pockets.

"WHY! PUT THAT BACK!" Rox screamed at him, her voice painfully high-pitched.

"OW OKAY! FINE!" Why screamed back as he emptied his pockets.

"MY GOD WOULD YOU TOO JUST STOP SCREAMING?!?" Ken shouted, eye twitching.

Why and Rox stared at Ken as she slowly calmed down again.

“Sorry. I guess I'm still a bit jumpy yet.” Ken said, embarrassed.

“Jumpy wasn't the word I was thinking of...” Rox said under her breath.

There was a knock on the door.

“Hello? Can I get some help?” a voice said as the door opened.

“HI RI!!!” Why shouted as the figure of a girl stepped into the crowded little room.

“Why? Why! What are you doing here? Did you break something?” Ri asked.

“Well...I kinda filled this one cruiser full of explosives...” Why said, staring at his feet.

“Oh geez.” Ri said and sighed.

“But I didn't know it belonged to anyone!” Why pleaded.

“Well, whatever. I'll see what I can do about your cruiser, Miss Ken, and what do you need fixed Miss Ri?” Rox said as Ken was looking over the wide variety of screwdrivers and wrenches. “And please don't touch anything Ken.”

5 - Earth or bust!

Ken eventually found her way to a darker room near the very bottom of the Massive. It was small, but had a window.

She settled herself between a couple boxes and stared out the window.

“I better be getting back to Rox...My cruiser MUST be done by now!” She said to herself. It had only been a couple hours, but Ken wasn't really one for waiting.

She jumped to her feet and walked out the door, humming a low, almost depressing tune.

Ken popped her head into Rox's room, not taking the time to knock. “Rox? I'm here for my cruiser! Is it done yet?” she yelled into the spacious room before her.

Huh. Without all the people, it's really quite roomy in here... Ken thought to herself as she walked in.

“BE RIGHT WITH YA! ONE SECOND!” A voice yelled back at her.

A very greasy Rox appeared before Ken, wrench in hand. “You're cruiser's on the table there. I did the best I could. Put a new coat of pain on it and it'll look good as new! Now if you excuse me, I have to finish working on...nevermind.”

Rox disappeared behind a curtain before Ken could say another word.

Ken shrugged and grabbed the tiny cruiser as she walked by the table towards the door.

“Now,” she told herself, “getting back to bigger and better things...” she walked down the hall towards the launch bay.

She strolled down the hall, humming as she went. She was mere feet away from the launching bay when Thorn stepped behind the corner, blocking her.

“OOF!” Ken slammed into him, causing Thorn to lose his balance temporarily. “WHAT THE HECK THORN?!”

“Why'd you want to get to the launching bay?” he asked, avoiding the question.

“It's really none of your business is it?” Ken said, shoving past him.

“If you were planning on leaving, would you please at least tell me good bye?” he called after her.

She paused for a minute, looked over her shoulder, and let out a quiet, almost silent “Good bye.”

She walked faster, leaving Thorn alone with his shock.

Once Ken was near the point of opening in the wall (and was sure Thorn had left) she let her tiny cruiser fall to the ground and expand. The voice in her head seemed to be yelling at her as she jumped into the

“Nice choice of words there.” Ken replied sarcastically.

“Whatever. I fixed this.” The Irken said as he tossed what seemed to be Ken's PAK at her.

“HEY CAREFUL WITH THAT!!” Ken cried as she struggled to grab it. “And what do you mean by “fixed”?”

“Rewired some stuff, tweaked a few bolts, that's about it.” He shrugged and pushed a button, releasing Ken from the chains.

“Do you know how close I am to beating the living snot outta you, punk?!” Ken yelled as she hugged her PAK protectively.

“Uhh. You're welcome?” he answered as Ken strained to insert her PAK back into the slots on her back.

“Just shut up and help me with this!” Ken yelled as she gave up on the PAK.

The other Irken sighed and placed Ken PAK into position, where it clicked into place.

“Now if you don't mind, I'd like to leave Mister...”

“My name is TRaNk.” He replied as he clicked some lights on.

“Okaaaay. I'd like to leave, TRaNk.” Ken said, annoyed.

“Well, your ship is floating somewhere in space...waaaay over that way.” TRaNk said as he pointed out the front window of what Ken guessed was his ship.

7 - Butterflys n such

“Bleh...” Ken woke up and looked around. Where was she? How did she get there? Why did her head hurt so much?

She stood up and rubbed a sore spot on her backside. “I’m...on...grass...OH MY GOD! GRASS!” She bent down and started running her fingers through it. She had never seen grass so...so...green. Most of the grass she’d seen was dead and brownish.

“Wait a minute...oh...oh crap...” She wasn’t on a ship anymore...she wasn’t on Irk anymore...

“THAT A-HOLE DUMPED ME ON A ROCK!!” She yelled and kicked a tree. “Brilliant...just brilliant...” She slumped down onto a tree stump and sighed.

She sat there for a second, wondering where she was. And what was that buzzing?

She looked up to see a small orange bug with beautiful patterns all over its’ wings hovering ever so close to where her nose would be if she had one.

“Oh!” Ken said as she fell backwards in surprise. The butterfly flitted away as Ken remained on the ground in a somewhat awkward position.

Ken blinked a few times and struggled to get to a sitting position, but found one of her antenna had gotten caught, somehow, in the bush she had fallen onto.

“Oh dear...this is...not good...” Ken pondered whether she should call for help or not.

Gaz just growled as she typed away at the buttons on her Game Slave Advance.

“...Okay. Well, g'night!” Dib replied cheerfully as he dragged a rather large sack down the stairs leading to the laboratory that was their basement.

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“Honestly Red, I don't think we really needed that Ken servant girl anyway. Why should we make such a big deal out of her leaving?” Purple asked as he watched his coworker prepare a list of forms. “I mean, we can always hire a replacement.”

“No, she's important. We have to find her and get her back here as soon as possible.” Red replied as he scribbled away at the papers in front of him.

“...But WHY is she so important?” Purple asked with a tone that could've been mistaken for that of a child's.

Red paused for a second, then continued scribbling over the papers.

“Well? I'm waiting.” Purple said. Red could tell Purple had a smug look on his face just by listening to him.

“...” Red ignored him.

“Well, I think she's a little young for you...” Pur said, giggling a little to himself.

