

Clockwork

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This is....my new fic. It is ok...I guess. I didnt spend as much time as I should have on this...but READ IT ANYWAY! I likes feedback.

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Invader_Mira/45482/Clockwork

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1 - Join the Club

Clockwork Chapter 1-Join the Club

OMG I SHOULD HAVE POSTED THIS AGES AGO!! I've been done for like...ever. Well, this is Chapter one. Now, before I begin I would like to say a few things. 1-This is not a ZADR (Although I will write a separate ending that will be labeled as such, no like no look) 2- This story is my brain child, and making fun of it at all will result in the sploding of your house and the deleting of the comment any way. I encourage criticism, as I very well know that I suck at writing, and nothing is going to change that xD 3-IF YOU WANT TO BE IN THIS FIC TELL ME!! EVERYONE IS WELCOME!! Just tell me what you want to look like (Preferably something you've posted a pic of) and what method of attack you are going to use (for example SkoF will be trying to hurt Zim and Dib mentally by attempting to get them to kiss) so, it's whatever you want. If you have any questions then just ask me. I'm more than willing to tell you anything you need to know...well, enough of that. LET THE STORY BEGIN! xDDD

-Join the Club

"Ridiculous, absolutely ridiculous," Zim spits. "But Master, he said please!" The little robot swished his foot back and forth, grinning. "I don't care. The Dib-pig should know better than to ask me for assistance by now. Apparently he hasn't been taught the meaning of the word *enemy*. No matter, I put this subject to rest. Go...watch TV or something," Zim turns his head away from his assistant and back to his work. "But-" "No," and with that the conversation ended.

Zim reached over to grab another tool when the widescreen flooded with static, "*ZIM!* Are you there?" Tallest Red's bulging eye was nearly pressed to the screen. "No, my Tallest, I am not here." Zim glances at the screen slightly. "Oh! Ok, we'll call back later then!" Purple smiled. Red, with an agitated look on his face, hit Purple on the back of the head. "OW!" He yelped. "He's HERE you moron," Red then turns back to the screen, "GUESS WHAT ZIM?? Apparently there was to be an attack on the Armada, but with a few negotiations the attacker has agreed to attack EARTH instead!! Great HUH??" Red flails his arms in excitement.

"Dooowah? Attackers? WHY HERE?? How can I carry out my mission if I have to deal with intruders? I have enough to do as it is," Zim grumbles the last of his sentence. "Zim, zimzimzimzimzimzimzimzimZIM! It's been HOW many years since you were sent to that forsaken dirt pile? 4? 5? You've gotten nowhere very quickly. Not only that, but it isn't even a real *mission!* We sent you into deep space for you to *die* Zim. But, you ended up on an actual planet instead. We'd hoped you'd die there too. But here you are, you stupid little...GRRAAAAAGGH!!"



Red punches the wall next to him, only to yell out in pain. Purple pats him reassuringly then turns to the screen, “The ‘attackers’ are considered to be one of the few forces that even the entire Irken Fleet couldn’t handle, because they don’t use weapons.” His expression turns cold. “Eh?” Zim looks up at the screen, making an attempt to absorb all the information given. “A....a lie? Y-you...lied to me. What do you mean ‘Don’t use weapons’?”



The entirety of Zim’s attention is directed towards his leaders now. “They use some kind of mind ability. They are capable of turning what was formerly a dream into a reality, and pitting it against you. Everything you fear, everything you loathe, will be at their disposal. We’re lucky we established contact with them, or they would already be upon us by now.” Purple elaborates. “So, you sent them to me? You think that something of that nature will affect Ziiim? My Tallest you’ve lost your touch. Zim fears NOTHING. Nooothing,” Zim shakes an angry fist. The Tallest just stare at him, with a rather uninterested look on both of their faces. “...YOU’LL SEE! Nothing can defeat me; my very own leaders have failed to kill me off. I’ll brush this off just like your other attempts....” Zim squinted his magenta eyes at the monitor. “Goodbye.” He looks down as he shuts off the screen. “MASTER! HE’S-” “Yes, I know GIR.” Zim turns around slowly towards GIR, and tear slowly develops in his eye. “Master?” GIR takes a slow stride towards Zim. “Just...go answer the door GIR. Let him in...” Zim turns back to the work he was doing before the Tallest’s call. GIR walks back up to the house floor and opens the door. “CMON IN!” He flails with glee. “Oh, ok. Sure,” Dib takes a few slow steps into the doorway before letting his guard down a bit. “So where’s Zim?” He darts his head around the room. “Downstairs,” GIR looks down at the small rubber duck in his hand. “Can you take me to him?” Dib takes the duck from GIR to get his attention. “He’s crying right now. If you wait a few minutes he should be up.” GIR says casually, reaching for his toy. “Crying? Why is he crying?” Dib looks over at the trashcan, as if to see Zim through it. GIR simply shrugs and waddles off,

giggling into the air. Dib drops the toy, noting that he still had it in his hand. He opens the trashcan, reluctantly, and takes a step onto the platform. The lid closes over him with a soft whoosh and then he shoots down into the ground, in his cramped little tube. He reaches the level that Zim is on, and sees him standing there. Dib tries to stop it, but can't figure out how. "Elevator, repair room." He hears a voice from the room he just passed. Suddenly the elevator rises, slowly, to the floor he intended to stop on.

"Did GIR not tell you to wait upstairs? I was just about to leave..." Zim tries to avoid making eye contact, but the drips of fluid so gently lacing his eyes were unmistakable. "Zim...I...what happened?" Dib questions with a sincerity he wasn't accustomed to using. "A lie. My whole life has been a lie. From the day I was born I should have known. I should have suspected. Made an assumption, SOMETHING, I did nothing. You knew. I know you did. You must have. The way you smile at me. The way you laughed at me like I was some kind of idiot. You were right. I am nothing. I have never been anything." Zim cries more openly now, walking towards Dib. "You KNEW. You laughed. *I'll KILL you!*"

Zim extends his spider legs, raising himself up a few feet. "I didn't know about any of this!! Although it makes a bit more sense now...I had begun to wonder why your leaders would send someone like you here. But that's beside the point. I'm on YOUR side if anything! You are the only person I can really call a rival. 'Person' being used lightly. Do you remember a couple years ago? When I used to dream of cutting you open and storing all your organs in little separate containers?" Dib backs away, still talking as Zim approaches.

"You remember that part of me? I don't need that anymore. I haven't felt the urge to stick a scalpel in you for quite some time. It's been a game for me these past couple years. Stopping whatever you can throw at me, fighting off whatever you create. It's been a great fun, and sometimes I almost wonder what would have happened if I HAD caught you; if I would have regretted it. Don't you take some kind of enjoyment in trying to beat me? Just as I do? You can't tell me you don't. I've seen it in your grin. You love it...Don't kill me. Think of all the future games you'll miss if you destroy me now..." Dib is pressed against the wall at this point, trying to coax Zim into letting him go.

"Earth is my home now. I must get used to that fact. I have nowhere else to go anyway..." Zim sighs and lowers himself back to the ground, retracting his extra appendages. "Zim, Earth has been your home for awhile now," Dib smiles. "Well, it won't be for much longer unless we do something, eh?" Zim wipes his eyes on his sleeve and returns Dib's smile.

"Right...we have something we need to be doing...don't we..." Dib shakes himself back to reality and looks at Zim hopefully. "You should know what we're up against better than me...right?" Dib's eyes lock onto Zim. Zim looks to the side nervously. "Well...not really, no. I have no idea where to start...or when they are going to get here at that..." Zim pretends to be tinkering with whatever invention he was working on previously. "So we just...sit here?" Dib tries to look Zim in the eye while he speaks. "Yep."

2 - Pretzels

Clockwork Chapter 2 -Pretzels?

This is Chapter 2. Isn't it incredible...WOOT!!! :D Lets all do a happy dance! HAPPEH DANCE! Ok, now that that's over with, I think I'll start on the actual story. Starting next chapter I'll be hosting people in the fic. So don't expect anyone in here, because there aren't. It's just our same 2 Joe Shmoes and companions. LET THE RETARDEDNESS....BEGIN!!

Chapter 2 -Pretzels?

"So you say that they can tap into your DREAMS?" Dib scratches his head in confusion. "Yes, that's right. Everything you dream, fear, or even vaguely think about. They can take your most horrid delusions and made them reality," Zim tries to add to the eerie idea by wiggling in fingers in a spooky manner. Dib raises an eyebrow, "Yeeaaah...well...I doubt its anything we can't handle. I mean, if we can hardly beat each other then that must mean that we are really strong together, right?"

"Either that or we're both the biggest pussies in the world..." Zim smirks sarcastically. Dib sighs, "Who taught you that word?" He puts his hands on his hips in a motherly fashion. "Oh the power of the INTERNET my dear Dib. It has taught me many words that can come in handy on this planet. One I seem to recall was used to tell someone to go away...I think it was 'something...off'...started with an 'F' I think..." Zim turns towards the screen behind him to look it up. "URBAN DICTIONARY? YOU DON'T NEED THAT!" Dib shuts off the screen violently. "You're going to be corrupted just like every other child on this planet..." (Authors note- !!!! *raises hand*)

"I am no human child, DIB. I am...err...WAS an Irken Invader for Operation Impending Doom 2." Zim stops a foot forward proudly and raises a pointing finger into the air. "No you weren't," Dib chuckles. Zim's arm goes limp as he slinks over to the nearest seat. "At least I thought I was..." Zim gives off a long sigh. "I'm sorry; I have no idea how hard that must be on you. WELL, look at me! My entire race hates me for saving them multiple times and trying to keep the planet intact. At least you're hated for something reasonable!" Dib throws his arms in the air to further emphasize his sentence. "As pitiful as that is, you are absolutely right. I don't feel so bad any-" A crash from the house level interrupts Zim, "more?"

He looks up the elevator shaft to see smoke and pieces of the house falling onto his face, making tiny nicks and cuts. "OW!" Zim shakes his head to get the splinters off. "Oh...shoot..." Dib looks up at the ceiling to see that it is...well...NOT THERE. Instead there is a huge red light coming from the hole in the ground above them. "What? What do you s- HOLY COW!!!" Zim turns around to also note the GIANT GAPING HOLE in his roof.

Slowly the large object lowered itself into the repair room, blinding our poor victims. "MY EYES!!!! I'M BLIND!!!!" Zim runs around in circles screaming words of pain and some things that just aren't words. "SILENCE SLABS OF FILTH!! You are going to go through the most EXCRUTIATING, HORRIBLE, UNBEARABLE, and downright itchy experience of your LIVES." A booming voice comes from the light. "Itchy?" Dib raises an eyebrow at the thing above him. "Yes, Itchy, NOW TO MY POINT!! We are going to twist you every which way until you can taste your asses in each others mouths." The machine

wiggles with scariness as Zim and Dib just stare at it. "Like Pretzels??" Zim grins up at it.



Dib gives Zim the 'man, you're an idiot' glare. The voice pauses, "Eh? Oh whatever. YES I WILL TURN YOU INTO PRETZELS!!" It echoes. "What kind of pretzels?" Zim smiles again. "Umm...Uhhh...CHEESE...I DUNNO..." The voice grunts randomly afterwards. "YOU'RE RUINING MY MOMENT!! I'M BEING EVIL AND YOU'RE SPOILING IT!!!" The voice whines like a child. Zim just smiles some more and Dib begins tapping his foot on the ground impatiently. "If you're going to torture us then get on with it already!!" Dib waves his hands around in the usual fashion. "Fine, fine. Ok, so would you prefer to be tortured TOGETHER or INDIVIDUALLY?" The light dims. "TIONGDEITVHIEDRUALLY!!" Zim yells individually and Dib yells together. "Together" Dib clarifies. "What's wrong with you? Do you really want to be out there on your own??" Dib glares over at Zim. "DIB!! Do you see what you've done?? When captors ask that question it's because they want to know if you-" Shackles are slapped onto their wrists, tying them together. "Want to be chained or not..." Zim finishes. Dib looks down in shame at his misunderstanding. "It's alright, you didn't know..." Zim pats his shoulder. "ON WITH THE HORRORS!!!" The voice cackles and the red light envelopes them as they float slowly into the large obnoxious ship above them.

AND I END HERE!!! BECAUSE IM TIRED OF WRITING!!