

Behind the Wheel

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*When Zim notices that everyone is taking drivers ed. but him, he decides to do it to blend in more.
Experience Zim's experience by reading! ^^*

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Behind the Wheel

Zim put the key in the ignition and started the car. He was startled by the sudden noise from the engine and let out a small gasp. His instructor looked at him with a raised eye. Zim returned it with a nervous grin. He then placed his foot on the brake and slowly moved the gearshift from park to drive. Still with his foot on the brake, he gripped the steering wheel tightly and stared straight ahead.

The street he had walked on to get to Skool everyday seemed more intimidating now than it ever had before. The uneasiness he felt was overwhelming; he couldn't even remember feeling *this* apprehensive since he flew a cruiser for the first time. Come to think of it, he was only a little bit nervous then.

The instructor coughed to get his attention, causing him to shudder. Zim did not feel very willing to let off the brake just yet. He was sure that once he removed his foot and put it on the accelerator, the car would either catch fire or explode. His faith in human technology was very low.

There was another cough and Zim gulped. He knew that the woman was growing impatient. He would just have to take his chances and press the accelerator. He decided that he'd be able to survive a fire if one did indeed arise; he was Irken after all and Irkens never died from petty things such as flames.

Still, he was rather anxious as he brought his foot to the accelerator and lightly pressed it. The car inched forward and stopped. Then it moved a little more and stopped again, the second stop being jerkier than the first. This frequent stopping lasted all the way until Zim finally made it to the stop sign, which he almost ignored by the way. The instructor slammed her foot on the passenger brake and Zim thought he would've flown threw the windshield if he hadn't been wearing a seatbelt.

"What was *that* for!?" He yelled.

As a response, the woman glared at him.

"You nearly blew that light!"

"It was a sign," Zim corrected her.

"So you did see it! Why didn't you stop then??"

"I dunno'...didn't feel like it I guess," he said with a shrug.

"Well you better feel like it next time," his instructor said. "Start driving again and don't stop every few seconds either," she added.

Annoyed that he was being issued demands from a human, Zim grumbled and reluctantly began driving again. His anxiety came back to him almost immediately after. The main road wasn't much farther

either. There was another stop sign right before the aforementioned road. Zim slowed to a stop and pondered his next move. As he did so, he watched as cars whizzed by without so much as a care. They were only going 35 M.P.H, yet it seemed like they were driving at even higher speeds to Zim. He wasn't too thrilled about joining in. The instructor, on the other hand, had different ideas.

"Put your signal on Zim. You're going to go right," she sighed.

Zim cringed when the woman spoke. She didn't realize the amount of torment she was putting him through. He somehow found himself pushing the turn signal up and inching forward. The lane was finally clear, but Zim didn't do much else right away. The car behind him gave off a loud beep and Zim hit the accelerator out of fear. Fortunately for him, he already had his wheels turned to the right.

The car flew down the street with such speed that it was a miracle Zim hadn't hit anyone yet. He was in too much of a panic to actually take his foot off the accelerator and slow down however. It wouldn't be much longer before he *would* crash into something. Once more, it was up to the instructor to save the day. Grabbing the steering wheel from Zim, she turned into a random driveway just as the car came dangerously close to colliding with the one ahead.

Dib threw the door open wide when he suddenly heard a one-sided shouting match outside his house. He stood agape as he stared at the scene before him.

"What's wrong with you!? Have you completely lost it!? You almost hit that car!"

Now that Zim wasn't in the car, his past fears and anxieties had subsided.

"No need for compliments. ZIM *knows* he's AMAZING!" He said, completely unfazed.

"I wasn't complimenting you!" She hissed.

"You weren't?"

"No!"

"Oh," he said. "I'm still amazing though," he added after a moment's pause.

The woman looked at him and her eye twitched.

"Anyway...you're not gonna' be doing anymore driving today Zim. I'll take you home and come back tomorrow. Hopefully, you'll be less insane by then. Get back in the car," she sighed bitterly.

When they both were in the vehicle, the instructor backed out of Dib's driveway and took off. Said Dib continued to watch them until they turned onto another road. He blinked, realization sinking in.

"Gaz, Zim's learning how ta' drive! We're doomed..."

"Be quiet Dib!"

END

Christina Price, Age 18, 11/17/07, Saturday, 3:56 A.M.

[-A/N: This was based off the way I felt when I was in drivers ed. (Oh the madness!). I had driven before then (not very much however), but it was much more nerve-racking with an instructor as well as driving in places I hadn't been yet. And there really was a time when I was told to get out of the driver's seat, but it wasn't for anything as crazy. Basically, she said I wasn't calm enough to be driving that day.-]