

Goggles of DOOM

By JustaMetalSonicFan1

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(Highskool Zim and Dib) Zim makes a new invention, and Dib takes it only to find that looks are deceiving...(ZADR in future chapters, ratings will change in future chapters.)

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1 - Hide and Not-Be-Found

Chapter 1: Hide and Not-Be-Found

A dark, crumbling building known as Highskool...that's where we start.

Two rivals, two enemies...both grew up fighting one another. One tried to take over the world, the other was always there to stop him. While they grew into their teens, their hatred towards one another was shrunk to somewhat of a neutrality...hinted with dislike and a earned respect of one another.

Their names were Zim and Dib. While Zim seemed to be treated like an average person, with only the few unkind remarks about his green skin, Dib....Dib suffered. With the dream of becoming a paranormal investigator, there came the fact everyone in the world thinks you're weird...insane....the list goes on...and with this fact and the lack of sleep he received from home, he was failing.

The thin and pale human with scythe-like hair, dressed in only larger versions of his childhood clothing, seemed to move through the deserted hallways as if disconnected from the world around him. He wasn't heading to class...oh no, he wasn't heading to class today...it seemed he was seeking the comfort of the past, and as he pushed open the door, the cold was nothing to him as he looked in the direction of Zim's house....the only student of Highskool that seemed to stay home.

While he quietly moved down the small set of stairs and walked away highskool, he dug through his backpack and pulled out a video camera. He sighed, knowing he was in for an argument with his father once again if the skool even cared where he was...chances are, they wouldn't even notice he ever went to school there.

Through a vent pointed out by the small, cute and annoying Gir, Dib found himself deep in the lair of his 'enemy', Zim.

Through the dimly lit base, Dib could make out Zim's figure working on a device upon a table...the irken grew in height, and was now a thin, agile creature with the height of an average human, give or take an inch or two. A smirk seemed to grace the green figure's lips as the lights grew brighter and revealed what his work was.

A pair of goggles, shimmering in the light. Down from a little tube came Gir, who just had to ask. "Ooooh! What is it? What is it?!" He seemed to dance around the alien, quickly wearing out what little Zim had for patience.

"Gir, knock it off." A simple kick sent the annoying little being skidding across the floor. "Whee!" The robot squealed before he slowed to a stop and turned around. "Behold, Gir...my newest plan for world domination."

"Can it make WAFFLES?!" Gir screamed, giggling insanely. "No, Gir. It is designed for the humans....it will make the human that wears this an irken...clone, doppelganger, whichever...but it will make the irkens feel all the negative emotions of their human counterpart, and thus, it'll make them insane. I can just kick back and watch the utter chaos and terror that unfolds."

"I like chaos!" Gir fell over, laughing. "Yes...I know you do." Zim gestured rolling his eyes, and placed the goggles on a little hover platform. "With that done, I can take a small break." "Come on, let's go watch T.V!" Gir squealed as he grabbed Zim's hand and dragged him towards the elevator.

After Zim's protests and yelling had ceased and the sound of the elevator moving up to the house level was heard, Dib's curiosity seemed to lead him out of his hiding spot of the loose tubed area of the vents he was in and out into the base.

The security system was deactivated...Zim wouldn't be stupid enough- Well...actually, he might be...but at any rate, the human inched closer to the goggles. "So, he's planning on using these to conquer the world? Boy, that's stupid...but, just in case...I think I may want to keep these so nothing stupid happens...if it's in Zim's hands, then Gir will probably get it."

Dib stuck them in his backpack and turned back, returning to the vents where he made his way back up to the house level, sneaking out through the open window when Zim was arguing with Gir about something. Zim glanced at the window and frowned. "Gir, I told you not to leave the windows open! You'll let somebody like bees-" Zim shuddered. "Or Dib in."

"Aw, but I like the big-head boy!"

When Dib came back home, he was ignored by his demon of a sister, Gaz, and his father was mumbling about formulas for a new project of his. While the boy attempted to retreat up to his room, his father caught him half-way up the stairs.

"Dib, we need to talk....it seems that your teachers have informed me of your failing grades." The boy froze, his eyes overshadowing. "I....I'm just...working alot with...uh..." Dib backed down a few steps and, without thinking about it, had retrieved the goggles from his backpack and placed them on to work with his lie. "Science...real science...I've been kinda...um...absorbed in my work in the science lab."

"Oh, well if that's the case....just try to get those grades pushed up a little, okay?" Prof. Membrane said cheerily. "Alright, dad." Dib then removed the goggles and darted into his room....for much needed rest. He gave a sigh of relief. "Wow...that actually worked."

He placed the pair of irken goggles on his desk and looked at them. "I don't think it makes a irken negative clone....I think Zim has big dreams that...let's face it, I think he just made a normal pair of goggles." Dib yawned, and shook his head. "I'll have to look at it later." He discarded his coat and glasses and soon was asleep in the warmth of his bed.

That night....

As the human slumbered still, the goggles shimmered. 'DNA collected, beginning Irken alterations.'
Flashed upon the goggle screens. 'Alterations complete, creating Negative.'

From those goggles, a creature formed, from bones to organs to muscles to skin and clothes. Soon enough the goggles flickered 'Creation Complete.' Soon they went completely red, with irken symbols in the center of them. The goggles flashed in time as the creature spoke with a cold, dark and insanity hinted voice that was dropped to a whisper. "Thank you, Dib, for creating me...but now, I must be off....I have bigger things to do then stay here." Silver claws shimmered like scalpels in the moonlight as the window was opened.

Dib shivered as the cold night air entered his room and he twisted around and blindly grabbed for his glasses. With them in their normal spot, he looked around the room.....nothing was there....just an open window. He pushed the blankets aside and rose up to his feet, looking out the window....there was nothing awake or moving...he shrugged slightly and closed the door, too tired to notice the fact the pair of goggles were missing.

As he returned to the bed, he could have sworn he heard something speak to him...but with nothing here, he assumed he was just dreaming it up.

Red goggle lenses shone in the darkness as the unknown irken from earlier stood upon the roof of Dib's house. "Time to get to business..."

(End of Chapter 1)

2 - Unfortunate Day

Chapter 2: Unfortunate Day

"Where are my goggles, you HORRIBLE EARTH SCUM?!?!"

Dib cringed. Zim was NOT a happy camper...and apparently decided to make a scene in the hallway of the Skool building. Dib sighed, lowering his head a little and glancing around at the onlookers.

"Zim, this isn't the best place to start arguing-"

"Shut up, Dib-Worm!" Zim spat, harshly poking Dib in the head with his gloved fingers. "Tell Zim where you put the goggles!"

"How do you even know if it was me?" Stupid question, really. Dib mentally smacked himself in the forehead. Zim paused a moment and backed off, thinking to himself....but as the bell rung, Zim snapped out of his train of thought.

"I shall check with Gir to see if he took them..." He tapped his fingers together and turned sharply on the heel of his boot. "Come along, Dib-stink, it's time for class." He grabbed the collar of Dib's coat and began to drag him to class.

"Zim, I can walk fine on my own!" Dib snapped, managing out of the green-skinned creature's grasp. He tugged on the sides of his trenchcoat and fixed it so it rested comfortably on him once more.

"Then move those things called 'legs' and keep up or I'll leave you to Dread and his little pack-" Dib froze for only a moment before he scrambled after Zim.

"Hold up, Zim!"

"Today class, we'll be learning about how the world will eventually be flooded due to the fact global warming will melt the planet's ice-caps...." The teacher, Ms. Woodrot, went on and on about the lesson, but nobody really seemed to listen.

Zim sat, his arm acting as a support rest for his head. He doodled uninterestedly on a sheet of paper while his purple lens-eyes trailed up to stare at the clock. '*Come on....hyuu-mans take too long for their classes...*' He frowned as he tapped the eraser of his pencil on the desk. '*I need to find those goggles....Gir is going to do something stupid with them and then they'll be some retarded irken that's going to ruin EVERYTHING!*

Zim was too lost in his concern for the goggles to notice Dib watching him....making sure he didn't do anything suspicious. He nearly jumped to his feet as Zim rose his hand. "Ms. Woodrot, may I-" Zim

stopped.

There was a sound.

It was not loud or soft, but it was a sound.

A repeated 'BEEP'.

Zim's eyes shrunk in panic. "Drop to the floor IF YOU WANT TO LIIIIIVE!" He screeched, dropping to the floor and covering his head with his arms. As the beeping start to quicken, Dib and classmates followed Zim's example.

A loud explosion roared above them, and nobody dared to look up until they were sure the explosion itself and the falling debris was done. "What the hell?!" One of the teens said as they noticed most of the ceiling and most of the walls were gone.

Ms. Woodrot glanced around uninterestedly, and her skeletal fingers grasped the phone as it wrung. "Yes?...Hmm...Yes, I shall inform them immediately." She dropped the phone and looked up at the class. "Well, class, it seems that due to lack of a classroom, you all are dismissed from school for the next few weeks while its being repaired. Now go and waste our miserable little lives playing video games and melt your brains with television and junk food."

Everyone ran out of the ruins of the classroom in joy, screaming and celebrating as they left. As Zim walked home, Dib hurriedly caught up with him. "Zim, Zim...what was that? Some kind of bomb to kill me and the rest of the class? Huh, huh, HUUUH?!" The human stepped in front of the irken and poked him in time with each 'huh'.

"Dib-worm, think for a moment....why would I plant a bomb in the same classroom I was in, and then warn everyone about it if I was planning to exterminate them...hmm?" The alien replied.

"Uh...." Dib paused. "Well, you were raising your hand to be excused!" He retorted.

"Good point...but I was going to go home...to go find the goggles...which I STILL THINK YOOUUUU STOLE!" Zim pointed at him angrily.

"Oh come on, the goggle thing again?! They looked like a normal pair of goggles, Zim!"

"Ha, how did you know what they look like?!" Zim smirked.

'Damn.' Dib sighed. "You're right, I took them."

"**Ha, I don't believe you-** Wait...what did you say?" The green-skinned humanoid said, a bit surprised at the answer he received.

The pale human looked at him, a slight glare at his inability to hear. "I said, you're right. I took them. They're at my house." He pointed in the direction of his home.

"Ha, the filthy monkey-boy says Zim is right! ZIM IS ALL-KNOWING!" Zim gloated happily, and stopped as Dib rolled his eyes behind his big circular glasses.

"I'm just sick of arguing."

"I see....anyways, take me to MY GOGGLES!" Zim pointed dramatically.

The pale teen smacked himself in the forehead. "Zim, quit doing that, we're out in the open where everyone can see you acting stupid."

"ZIM is not STUUU-PID. You are!"

Dib groaned and grabbed one of Zim's hands that the irken waved in the air as he continued to rant.

"Come on, Zim...I'll give you your damn goggles if you just shut up!"

"Let go of Zim, pathetic human stink-meat!"

Dib led the irken into his home, and started to ascend the stairs. Gaz looked up through her maroon locks and growled. "Dad told me I'm in charge. So shut that crazy green boyfriend of yours up before I plunge him into a place more agonizing, and more terrifying than hell itself."

"He's not my boyfriend-"

"Boyfriend to Dib-stink! NEVER! You horrible girl!" Zim yelled, before Dib slapped a hand on his mouth to muffle him.

"Just...follow me, Zim." Dib murmured, dragging him away to his room. He pushed open the door. "Now, the goggles should be right on the desk-"

Dib stopped. "Where did the goggles go?"

3 - Unwelcome Surprises

Chapter 3: Unwelcome Surprises

"What do you mean, 'the goggles are lost'?!" Zim snapped as he looked through the desk drawers. "How could you misplace Zim's all-powerful goggles?!"

"They were right on the desk, Zim, they couldn't have gotten far." Dib said as he looked through a pile of clothes near the desk. "They might've just fallen off or something..."

"In your disgusting room, I wouldn't be surprised if they left. Don't you ever CLEAN THIS PLACE?" Zim said as he poked some mystery goo in the corner with a ruler, watching as it bubbled and groaned. "I don't have time to clean, I'm too busy with my paranormal researching-"

"And losing Zim's things!"

"Oh shut up and keep looking! They couldn't have up and walked away." Dib rolled his eyes.

"Unless they were worn by a filthy human." Zim corrected. "Did you or anyone else wear them?"

Dib paused. "Uh, no, no, n-not that I can recall." He said, turning around quickly and looking through another pile.

"Oh, tallests, you put them on! Dammit, Dib, you're supposed to be one of the smarter meat-stinks!" Zim yelled, purple lens-eyes narrowing in anger. He was soon only a few inches from Dib, pinning him to the wall with one hand. "Do you realize what you've done?!"

"They're a normal pair of goggles, they didn't create this almighty Irken guy after I took them off." The pale teen said, trying to remove Zim's painful grasp on his shoulder.

"They activate when the person they collect DNA from goes to sleep, idiot!" Zim growled, his teeth gritted. "There's your answer to the bomb at skool today....it's your irken counterpart." He released the human and turned. He slipped a device out from his PAK...a strange irken pair of hand-held binoculars.

"Hmm..." Zim said, going over to the table. "I was correct, Dib-stink...have a look for yourself. Try not to get any of your horrible human germs on my mighty irken equipment." He handed the device over to the earthling, who cautiously put it up to the lenses of his glasses and peered through them.

It showed the events of the other night, from the time he placed the goggles down to the time the strange irken left.

"Wow....so this thing is like a Negative version of me?" Dib asked as he lowered the binocular like device from his glasses.

"In a way, yes." Zim snatched the device back. "So, I suggest we go back to the Highskool building and see if we can find anything else....perhaps a loose strand of altered DNA or a piece of metal...I can run it through the computer in the base so we can figure out what this 'thing' is."

"Why are you so concerned about it, Zim?" Dib inquired curiously.

"Because it is my creation, Dib-worm. It is running amok and I must find it and get it under control so the conquering of the planet can be put back on track!" Zim replied, grinning toothily.

"Fine...we'll walk back." The white teen said quietly, and headed out the door. Zim hurriedly trailed behind him till they hit the bottom of the stairs, in which he led the way once more.

"Gaz, we're heading out to find a psycho and get him, be back in a few hours."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever." Gaz muttered as the door closed. "I hope he gets chopped up into bite sized pieces."

After they searched the classroom of the skool and found a small piece of metal with greenish liquid on it, Zim promptly dragged Dib back to his base, where Gir was eagerly waiting.

"HI!HI HI HI!" Gir giggled through the window in his cute doggy suit as he waved. When they entered, Gir somehow managed himself onto Dib's head. "Hi big-head boy! Can I goes for a ride on your head?"

"Gir, stay off of his head." Zim grunted as he opened a way down to the labs deep below the house.

"Aww..." Gir whined, and fell to the floor head-first. He managed up and out of his costume and soon did a cannonball down the tube leading downwards. Dib looked down it from the edge.

"Go ahead, Dib-stink." Zim said, a tad impatiently. He simply pushed Dib and watched him fall into the seemingly bottomless tube.

Dib landed with a harsh 'thump' onto the pinkish-purple floor of the labs below. "Ow..." He said, achingly picking himself off the ground and dusting off his coat. "Aww, these are new glasses..." He whined as he noticed the crack in the lens. He looked up and saw Zim slip out easily with the spider-legs from his PAK. "You suck." Dib told him, frowning unhappily.

"Silence, human." The Irken waved his hand uninterestedly as he peeled off his disguise and threw it on a table. "Now to figure out what exactly my creation looks like so I can find him quickly."

Dib managed to stumble over to Zim, the darkness of the lab making it near impossible to see anything.

"Be careful, clumsy big headed earth-filth. If you break one thing in ZIM's almighty base, I shall personally eliminate you." Zim threatened, and only gave an irritated growl as Dib rolled his eyes and

came to his side.

"Computer, extract the DNA and reassemble an accurate appearance of its owner."

"Yes sir..." The computer yawned. a robotic hand stretched out from the wall and grabbed the metal piece, and a scanner soon began the process.

"Extracting...."

The screen started going to static.

"Computer, computer, what are you doing?" Zim said quickly, rushing over to the set of controls. They short-circuited and caused Zim to back away to avoid being electrocuted.

The screen went to pure black, until a pair of crimson lenses appeared with a glow.

"Greetings, Creator....Host...." The Irken symbols on the screens moved as they looked at Zim and Dib.

"My goggles!" Zim said, pointing quickly.

"Correction. **MY** goggles. They are no longer within your control, Zim." The creature laughed, the lens color changing from deep red to yellow. "What fun would it be if I just stayed and kept telling you two things? None, really...now games, games are fun...." He was slightly distracted as he went on a rather insane conversation with himself.

But he stopped himself. "Ah, here I am, rambling...Zim, I'm killing your DNA extractor. You want to see me? Come and find me for yourself."

"Cut the transmission." The figure ordered, and instantly the screen shut off.

"Computer, pinpoint the exact location of that transmission!" Zim demanded.

"Can't, sir...it's been scrambled."

Zim slammed his fist on the non-sparking control panel. "Irk..." He glanced over at Dib. "Dib, go call your sister. Tell her your staying here for the next few days. That thing doesn't know where the base is....my scrambler allows me to get transmissions but without releasing my location...."

"But why do I have to stay away from home?"

"Because something is wrong, and I don't like it....he's going to try to frame you for his future actions, and I'd prefer to have someone alive enough to help me capture and deactivate him." Zim answered and watched as Gir finally ran in.

"I gots a phone!" The little robot giggled.

"Gir, can I use that?" Dib asked as he crouched down.

"Suuuure! Here ya go!" Gir handed over the phone. "I'mma gonna go play with piggy!" He laughed insanely as he ran off.

Dib chuckled and dialed his phone number. "Hey, Gaz? Listen, I'm going to be spending the week at Zim's...make sure you tell dad so he doesn't start sending out search parties or anything....okay, bye..."

He hung up and looked over at Zim. "So, have any 'brilliant' ideas on how to capture this guy?"