

The Most Horrible Day Ever

By Raz

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*A tale of vengeance, destruction, power and more vengeance. The most serious Zim story that I am aware exists at the moment, but also has funnys in it. Think JTHM+Zim-JTHM characters/(x^2+2w^5) ^=to the * power...mmmyep*

This story is finished and ready f

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1 - Contemplation

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ENTIRELY by Raz

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Chapter one: Contemplation

It was a dark and foreboding morning while Zim was working in his lab. The sun didn't seem to shine as bright as it usually did, and the sky was left with a puke-orange color. Zim never bothered to pay attention to the sky, as his intentions were set on Earth, and being its supreme ruler.

Zim: *Those miserable *humans*,* (Zim thought quietly to himself) *have been getting in my way for far too long. But this plan will work. I'm sure of it!*

Computer: Alert! Intruder detected at front door!

Zim slipped and accidentally cut himself with a laser he was working with. He let out a yelp, but quickly recovered.

Zim: ahem...HOW can anyone penetrate the almighty fortress of ZIIIIIM?! Tell meee.

Computer: Uh, ok...I guess they just walked, up, to the, door?

Zim: A logical explanation, to say the least. Bring up the gnome-cam feed on the main view screen.

A live video feed processed from one of Zim's yard gnomes. It showed the front door and who was there, recording both site and sound. The person at the door was Dib, who was continually banging on the door.

Dib: I know you're in there, Zim! I have so proof to show everyone that you're an alien! No one will disregard this evidence as bunk! NO ONE!

Zim: *Why is he telling ME this? Is he that eager for his destruction?*

The door opened before Dib, and there stood Gir in his dog costume.

Gir: HALT! No one may enter!

Dib: I wasn't planning on entering; I just want Zim to come up here to-

Something clicked in Dib's enormous head. His eyes widened and he slowly turned to the gnome-cam.

Dib: I just wanted to give him a present! A present of...surrender! Yeah! I give up! I am here to offer myself to Zim as his test subject! Could you maybe take me to him?

Gir gave him a long, blank stare, but it couldn't be seen from under his costume.

Gir: Okee-dokee! I show you to the master!

Gir walked Dib over to the elevator in the middle of the room. They both went down into the specimen holding chamber, where Dib was to be confined in horrible looking tubes filled with a viscous, green liquid.

Gir: You wait here (Gir pointed to a small bench), and I'll go and get Zim.

Dib: *Now's my chance to expose Zim! With this ingenious camera I designed, every picture I take will instantly be transferred to the Swollen Eyeballs Security Archive! I'll be a hero, and Zim's reign of terror will be at an end! I'm awesome!*

Dib got up and started taking pictures of everything. The walls, the wires, the tubes, the bench...Nothing was safe from his camera of Doom! Within mere seconds, Dib had all the info he needed to destroy Zim once and for all! Then, mere seconds later, Zim showed up with a hefty smile on his Irken face.

Zim: So, you have finally succumbed to the fearful power of me? The one whom you swore to defeat, no matter how much force you had to imply?!

Dib just nodded, hiding the camera behind his back.

Zim: I don't believe you. GNOMES!

Just then, Zim's yard gnomes appeared to clime out of the walls, and soon they were upon Dib, grabbing him and securing him down onto a blood-splattered table.

Zim came from the shadows on his spider-like legs, a menacing grin of evil on his face.

Zim: Congratulations, Dib! You will be the first human to have the honor of being an Irken test subject. Hurray...

Zim started clapping while Dib struggled trying in vein to free himself.

Dib: What are you planning on doing to me, Zim?

Zim let out a fiendish laugh, curling his hands and throwing his head back, as he does from time to time.

Zim: Why, the same thing I plan on doing to all the other humans on this planet! I am going to infect you with a masterfully designed robotic brain parasite, which upon activation will cause your mind to abandon all free thought! All humans will bow down before Zim, and serve their glorious master! ME! I AM ZIIIIIIIM!!!

Dib: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

Zim: YES! And once I have successfully tested it on you, I will spread it to...your precious father.

Dib: My dad? Why him?

Zim: (grunt) Don't realize the immense power your family has? With your "dad" under my control, I could turn everyone into my obedient slave using him wondrous technology!

Dib: Well, it'll never work! MY dad has an electro-shock chip that, in the event of ANY form of brainwashing, will FRY his BRAIN! Rendering him as useless as a breakfast sausage!

Gir over intercom: Attention! Your attention please. AHM! (Beat boxing)

Zim: grr... (Zim pulls a communicator out of his Pak) GIR! STOP THAT AT ONCE! Are you listening to me?!!!

Gir over intercom: (stops beat boxing) Okee-dokee! And by the way, DINER'S HERE!

Zim: Diner? You ordered out! You let some filthy slime beast see the interior of our impenetrable fortress!?

Dib: Hey, what about me? I penetrated your fortress first, remember?

Zim: SILENCE, big headed Dib-worm! It is time for the dumbening, TO BEGIIIIIIIN!

Zim took a pointy tool attached to a long wire extending into the ceiling with a sharp, evil tube at the end and started moving it slowly towards Dib's head...

Gir over intercom: Aww, your chicken is gonna git coold! I'm eatin` it! (click)

...to be continued

2 - Master Plan

The instrument started to fill with a silver liquid, drawing ever closer to Dib's immense forehead.

Dib: Wait! Stop! I have something to tell you! It concerns your very survival!

Zim drew back at these words. Why would Dib care for Zim?

Zim: What is this information you speak of, Dib?

Dib: I'll only tell you if you tell me something in return...

Zim became swollen with rage. His grand, master plans would be spilt all over the ground like a Grunkian Smort-beast vomiting.

Dib: Come on, Zim! I just want to know about how you're going to spread the robot parasites to the rest of humanity.

Zim turned. He couldn't believe what he would do. The Tallest would be greatly disappointed, if of course they cared.

Zim: ...My plan is quite simple, yet complex.

The straps restraining Dib loosened and he climbed off of the table to listen.

Zim: I have a massive amount of large storage units I call “Pods”, which I use to carry the “brain-zappers” from place to place without fear of self-infection. I plan to place these “Pods” under every sewage opening I can find. Every manhole and toilet will be literally crawling with my mechanical obliterators. And, tomorrow, on Cleaning Day, every toilet was to be flushed, every sewer inspected, and every mind destroyed. Now you know, so now you can go home and find a way to stop me...

The room fell dead silent. Not even breathing was heard for a while. Eventually, Dib spoke. Quite loudly, at that.

Dib: That's it? That's all I had to do to foil your plans? I'm not even sure I *want* to anymore! I'm leaving.

And with that crater in Zim's ego, Dib left without his camera. As soon as Zim was sure there was no Dib anywhere to be found, he started to laugh. It started as a giggle, but then soon escalated to that maniacal laughter we all know and love.

Zim: Foolish Earth-monkey! I would never reveal my *actual* plans to a creature as low as you! Wait, who am I talking to? Ah, who cares? Soon, very soon, my plan will come to fruition, and every last human will burn in an outrageous inferno from the HEAT OF THEIR OWN SUN!
BUAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Gir over intercom: Heeeeeeeey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!.....Hey!

Zim: What do you want, Gir?

Gir over intercom: I want a chair!

A long silence followed.

Zim: Gir! Get down here immediately! We must start the first nine useless phases of my ultimate plan.

Gir over intercom: Whoo! I'll wear my best vestments!

Zim lowered into a deep, secluded, and seemingly unused part of his base. Gir arrived through the air vent soon after with a squid on his head and clogs on his feet. Zim inhaled deeply, and let out a comforting sigh.

Zim: Gir, do you remember this old place?

Gir: Is this the magical factory of the SHOE-HORN GODESS?!

Zim: (chuckles) no. THIS is the Master Irken Satellite Control Center. Here I am able to summon a limitless amount of Irken Defensive Satellites, programmed to form all sorts of interesting things! The only thing we have ANY interest in creating is---

Gir: Potato salad? Gel Pads? Pudding Skin? A Giant Reflective Mirror?!

Zim: NOOO!! You speak in tongues, crazy rob--- wait, that last one was it. Yes Gir, we will make a giant reflective mirror to concentrate all of the Earth Sun's energy to one specific spot of the Earth's surface. With this power, we will, (grunting) burn things! Exciting, no?

Gir:... No.

Zim gave Gir an angry glare for several seconds, hoping he would answer correctly, but to no avail. Zim let out a sigh and pressed some buttons. In no time, a few responding beeps followed, and a holographic video appeared.

Message: Warning! You are attempting to access the Invader Super Market! Civilian trespass will lead to IMINANT DESTRUCTION! Please enter your Invader Protocol Number, or risk being TERMINATED!

Zim entered a few characters, and was in an online no-charged-required Irken Black Market for Invaders. Zim clicked a several icons on the screen, and a Message was patched through to the Tallest themselves.

Zim: Greetings, my Tallest! I have an exciting new plan for the elimination of the humans, but I will require the following items:

...to be continued

3 - Discussions

Purple: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold on a second, there. You want what, Zim?

Zim: I require access to .5% of the Irken Satellite Defense Web.

Red: (Stutters), we can't do that Zim. Invader Borscht is already most of the Defense Web to block-out the sun on Planet Girkstek. And we're using the rest for...well, other reasons.

Purple: We're cooking snacks with it!

Zim: But, my Tallest, I NEED the use of only 20 satellites to initiate my greatest plan to destroy the humans. Please.

Red: Zim, you always say that. And every time you try, you fail. Why don't you just stop while you're no bigger than my head!?

The transmission was immediately cut-off, leaving Zim in distraught and sadness.

Zim: NO Mater! I am an elite soldier of the Irken military! I can easily hack into the mainframe and secure some of those satellites for myself.

Zim pulled a microphone linked to Gir out of his Pak.

Zim: Gir! I am hacking into the Irken Satellite Defense Network so I can initiate the new plan. What do

you want me to order?

Gir: How about some strawberry biscuits? Oh, and a cake that says "Happy Birthday Cindy"?

Zim: Very well, strawberry biscuits and a cake for some Cindy-human for you, satellites for me.

In a flash, Zim was at the console yet again, rigorously typing away. Many small windows appeared on his viewing screen. In about a minute, thousands of satellites were on their way into position of the Earth's sun.

Zim: (cackles) Excellent! Soon, an entire fleet of satellites shall arrive in perfect position with the sun, burning the miserable Earth-creatures where they stand. Targeting primary reflection position.

An image of Earth came up, zooming in until it had reached one specific point. Dib's house. This transaction had not gone unnoticed, however. Zim had been monitored by the Tallest themselves.

Red to audience: My fellow Irkens, the betrayal of former-Invader Zim has given us an opportune moment. With this singular act of resistance, Zim has sparked a revolution that many other planets will surely follow. So, after due deliberation, we think it wise to destroy Zim, and end all future resistance against the Almighty Irken Empire!

The crowd roared at the speech. Apparently, Zim's destruction was on the minds of all the *other* Irkens as well.

Purple: Wait! HOW will we destroy him? We need this to be special, right?

Red: Hey, yeah. Maybe we could use our new Gamma-Radiation Cannon and spontaneously burn him into nothing!

Purple: What about the tests?

Red: (annoyed) What about them?

Purple: We haven't done any! The results could be more disastrous than rewarding! The ship might be destroyed!

The audience gasped with horror. The Tallest, Irks most unquestionable authority, had left the microphones on. Everyone had heard their conversation.

Red: Uhh...heh. Tha-that can't happen! The Massive is an invincible war machine! Nothing could destroy it! But if it would make you all a little less paranoid, we'll run a test.

The firing team of the Massive worked the controls ceaselessly. In no time, the Gamma-Radiation Cannon was ready and aimed at a nearby, peaceful planet.

...to be continued

4 - Supremecy

An investigation team had earlier found the wreckage of an Irken Escape pod in the woods. No Irken body was found near the site, although a broken S.I.R. unit with a large custom-built claw was found. Authorities suspect that the Irken is still out there.

Quantician police officer: Be on the lookout for any and all alien life-forms! Consider anyone who doesn't look like you to be hostile!

The Irken in that ship was in fact on the move, towards the near-by city to find a new ship.

Irken, thinking: Again I am stranded. That's TWO reasons I have for revenge...Hmm, if I am not mistaken, this planet is in with the Resisty, so if I can find a recruitment office, I can steal a ship fly back to that miserable dirt-ball and destroy him once and for all!

The Irken scoured the area and nearby city for what the Resisty would look like, but to no avail. An air-raid siren sounded and all of the citizens fled into their homes screaming, leaving the Irken out in the middle of the street. Out of distress, the Irken started to run as fast as its legs could carry it, breathing heavily until it came upon a road block. It turned around to face only another assembling roadblock. The Irken was surrounded on all sides, forcing it to flee upwards via its spider-legs. A shot was fired and the Irkens guise was destroyed.

Irken: Oh, NOW you've done it! You have incurred the already saturated wrath of soon-to-be-Invader TAK!

The police stared at her with unflinching glares and fired at her again. The air-raid siren, which had been silent for some time, blared once again, and all firing stopped. Tak stood silent and awaiting for movement. The sky began to shine with a brilliant green, until there was nothing but green. Tak activated a laser shield from her Pak just in time. Everything was surrounded in a horrible green light. The bodies of the police instantly burnt into ash, and buildings crumbled. Tak could feel herself weaken from using the shield for so long. She gave up and let the light consume her. Tak let out a scream of unimaginable pain as she was twisted and warped out of proportion. When it was over, none remained. Nothing that could prove of any previous existence on the planet was destroyed in a massive hellfire. The entire massacre was observed from the Massive.

Red: There, you happy? It works!

Transmission: Too well, it would seem...

Transmission operator: My Tallest, the transmission is coming from that planet we just blew up!

Red: WHAT!? Transfer it to the main view screen! NOW!

Tak over transmission: Your almighty cannon has morphed my being into fabulous new dimensions. For

that, my “tallest”, I thank you. BUT, these transformations are quite the opposite of joyful for you!

Purple: I’m confused. What does that mean?

Tak: Bring me aboard and you will see.

The engineers immediately started the teleportation sequence to bring Tak aboard the Massive. In seconds she was right next to the tallest themselves. At least, that’s what they would be called...

Purple: You...you’re...taller than us!

Tak: Yes. I am the new tallest, and YOUR new leader.

Red: Wuh? Wait, how could that be? The cannon-

Tak: Is to blame for your misfortune, and my extreme delight! I am your ruler, and any disagreement will be dealt with as horrifically as possible! Now, as my first act as the one Tallest, we will destroy Zim in a terrifyingly evil way.

Red: Ya know, we were going to do that anyway.

Tak: SILENCE! (Pushes Red down)

The Massive turned around and speeded towards Earth, where the satellites had arrived just several minutes earlier.

Zim: Excellent! The mirror is in perfect alignment. In only an hour, a horrible ray of doom will scorch all that is on this miserable planet! What a glorious day to be Zim...

...The Massive was less than an hour away...

...to be continued

5 - Revenge

Kid: He's been standing there for hours.

Kid: Not hours! Just as long as we've been spying on him.

Dib thinking: I know that he was lying, so what's the truth? I'll find out, I have to! I'm earth's last hope for survival! If I can't figure out his new plan, human kind is doomed...I wonder how long those kids have been spying on me...

Down in Zim's base a series of camera feeds were being monitored to report on any unusual activity that might hinder the mission at hand. Zim had his eyes on one monitor in particular; the one monitoring Dib. He had been standing there in the middle of the street in front of Zim's house since he had left. If he didn't move the doom-ray from the sun would destroy the base.

Zim: Gah...what are you planning to do, Dib? Rush into my base as soon as the mirror activates? Not to likely...

Computer: Sir. The satellites have come into alignment. The plan should come to fruti—frunit—fru...fruition any second now.

Zim: Excellent! Prepare the Voot cruiser, for the very second Dib is disintegrated, my mission will finally be complete, and the Tallest will be pleased with me...

The Armada was just now closing in on the Earth, preparing unspeakable horrors for Zim.

Irken Engineer: My Tallest, the Gamma-Radiation cannon has been powered to terrifyingly high levels as you requested.

Tak: Perfect! AS soon as we have a lock, fire it! I will finally have my vengeance. Both trespasses against me will be forgiven in a screeching vortex of hideous pain and misery.

Tak began to cackle in her hideous, screeching way, whilst unknowing Zim attempted to contact the Massive.

Tak: Zim's calling? Well then, he has just made this much sweeter. Former Tallest! Present yourselves for your leader!

Red: Yes, our tallest? What do you require of us?

Tak: I am willing to give you plush political positions if you can do something to greaten Zim's suffering.

Purple: We would've done it anyway, your tallness.

Tak: Take this transmission. Try to lift Zim's spirits a little more before his limitless demise.

Red: Yes ma'am!

The screen turned on with Zim's smiling face ready to greet his mighty leaders.

Zim: Greetings my Tallest! I have surprising news! I stole several satellites from the defense system and my newest plan to flash-fry all humanity is about to initiate!

Red: That's, uh, good Zim. Very good! We're all very fortunate to have such an excellent soldier in our military. (Snicker)

Purple: That's right! The importance of Operation Impending Doom 2 is balanced on your...capable shoulders. (Hysterical laughter)

Zim: Yes, I know that. Watch the screen further, my Tallest, and witness utter DESTRUCTION!!!

The screen's image turned to the camera feed that was viewing Dib. A countdown starting from 10 appeared at the top-left corner of the screen. The sun was just coming into alignment with the energy-mirror in orbit. Zim was watching the monitor with infinite delight. 3. 2. 1. 0...Nothing happened.

Zim: The beam must be a little delayed. Let's just wait a few seconds more.

After a bit, Zim was getting distressed. He checked his orbital camera feed that kept watch on the mirror. The Massive was in the direct path and moving closer to Earth.

Zim: Uh...My Tallest? Would you mind scotching just a bit in any other direction? The Massive seems to be blocking my beam...

Tak's voice: I know...

Zim: Huh? Hey, you're not the tallest! What's happening!?! TELL ZIM!

Tak's image came up on the screen with a malevolent smile.

Tak: Your plan is foiled because I ordered it! Your mission is one big lie just to get you out of the way so you wouldn't ruin Operation Impending Doom 2!

Zim: That voice is so...familiar, and so is your face, but I'm not sure-

Tak: IT'S TAK! TAAAAAK! I tried to take your planet as vengeance for preventing my testing on Devastis! But you stopped me and sent me into deep space! Well I'm BACK, and I have a new plan to take my exact revenge!

Zim: What could you possibly do to me? An Irken Invader?

Tak: Zim, you obviously have no idea just how powerful I am now, do you? I AM the Tallest! I am the

ruler of the Irken civilization! My word is law, and I say that 'Zim never existed'! Fire the cannon. NOW!

The transmission cut out, leaving Zim in a state of confusion.

Zim: Who did she say she was again?

Zim hurried outside. He didn't even bother with his disguise. He looked up. The clouds were all moving away from him. The sky was going from orange to yellow, and then to green. The sky had turned just as green as Zim. Pillars of green light came down around Zim. They were about 10 feet away at first, but then slowly converged right on top of Zim. The last thing anyone heard before the massive explosion that followed, was the death-cry of a scared little Irken. Everything Zim had known was in total ruin. The explosion was seen from the Massive in space.

Tak: Now, my vengeance is complete. Bring us to the nearest Invasion-in-progress so we may monitor an actual profit to our military.

Just as they had come, the Armada had left satellites and all. No living thing was left. Zim's entire town was in absolute ruin. Only piles of rubble shifted from falling rocks. But when one pile shifted, life returned. From that pile, a familiar entity emerged. Not human at all, the little Irken that was rejected from his own home now stood tall. Just as tall, in fact, as the one who almost destroyed him. With hell in his eyes, he looked towards the sky.

Zim: Now Tak, it is MY turn for vengeance...

...to be continued

6 - Preparations

Dib: (groans)...oh my head...Hey, wait. Where am I? Why am I floating? What's going on!?

Zim: Calm down, miserable Earth-worm. I have transplanted your brain into a new body to aid me in my battle against Tak.

Dib: ...WHAT!?

Zim: It's simple, really...After the immense explosion my molecular structure had been warped, and I found myself TALL, and thusly, stronger and smarter. Thankfully, your unbelievably large head absorbed most of the radiation, preserving your brain. I knew that I needed more help than Gir, so I built you a new, much more powerful body. You are only one inch shorter than me, so you are just as powerful.

Dib: No I'm not! I mean, height doesn't equal power to humans!

Zim: Not with just brute power, but with Irken technology, you may exceed the entire Elite Irken Military. Provided, of course, that your human brain can relay signals fast enough to escape death. You may have a better body Dib, but you are still a perfectly killable human.

Dib saw his reflection against the glass. It was true. He *was* tall! His new body was the same as his old one, aside from the height difference. There was something on his back. He could feel it, but couldn't place the feeling. It was as if there were wires running throughout his body.

Dib: WH---What did you do to me? Infect me with some evil spore!?

Zim: No, Dib, I just built you a superior cyborg body equipped with the latest technological-warfare

advances in known to existence. You will feel a slight tingle after I revive you from your suspended state, but it will almost immediately end...

Dib: Okay, that doesn't sound too bad.

Zim: ...but will soon thereafter be replaced by indescribable pain and mind-shattering agony!
Bua-hahahahahaha!

Zim pulled a lever and pressed some buttons, opening the tube Dib was in. Dib was then caught in a horrible world of limitless pain and misery. The first thing to start working was Dib's ears, and all he heard was the evil laughter of Zim, echoing through the air and into his mind! The rest of Dib started to kick in, from his face to his toes. He lay on the floor of Zim's underground smoking from the pain. He tried to get up, but could barely move his arms.

Zim: You shouldn't rush yourself. In the last five hours I have been able to create a new more capable ship to reach the Massive with. Your body was a rushed project, so there could be some minor glitches as you're getting used to it.

Dib: ...Zim...why did...you...revive me?

Zim: Tak has gained significant power, and will take some doing to defeat. If your body gets damaged you should find a place to rest while it repairs itself. That process will take a few seconds. All Pak technologies have been downloaded into your brain, so you should know how to operate it.

Dib quickly scanned his mind for anything that he knows but never heard of. He found a library of it. He let out a command and was up on spider legs.

Dib: So, you're finally willing to admit that *you* need **my** help, huh?

Zim: Did I not already say that? If I didn't need you I wouldn't have any need to create a new body.

Dib: So, you can't do it without me, huh?

Zim: I never said that. I just know with your support we will eliminate Tak sooner. Gir won't be much help, but I know he won't hurt much either. Us, anyway.

Dib: So, I am the last surviving human left. I am all that is left for the ongoing of humanity---

Zim: Incorrect. YOU are the last living human in this CITY. I'm sure there were no long-term effects anywhere else. Now then, as soon as you further adjust, we will depart for the Massive.

Dib went off to practice his new powers. He seemed to enjoy swinging from piles of rubble with his spider legs and jet packs. Zim watched him for a bit, but then turned his attention towards a panel. He used it to control a lift for the Voot cruiser. As soon as it was up and Dib was done practicing, Zim started off on a speech.

Zim: Now, Dib is the time. Now is our moment of triumph; mortal enemies, working together for the common good. We will rise up against our foe and destroy her until she can be destroyed no further. Soon the name of Zim will be feared throughout the universe as the leader of the fierce Irken Empire! And you, Dib, will be humanities greatest hero. You will come back to Earth a champion beyond the meaning of champion; a new face to lead Earth onward from this dark event.

Dib: Cool. Let's go.

Zim: We have to wait for Gir. He should be along shortly.

Gir arrived several seconds later, eyes glowing red and weapons in his hands. Gir had lost everything he loved in the explosion, leaving him in a state of psychopathic delusion. Normally Gir's mind would be

filled with insanity and madness, but now the only thing lingering in his head was revenge. He had agreed to stay in his defensive mode and eliminate all who were not Zim, Dib or himself.

Gir (sadistically): Let's go. We have work to do.

...to be continued

7 - War

Tak: Welcome, my soldiers, to Planet Gorged; the planet made purely of obese Gorthians. It is here that we shall test our newest warfare device; The Black Hole Generator!

The army of soldiers let out an enormous roar for their new leader. An explosion was heard as the makeshift black hole bulleted towards the planet and created a massive explosion when it hit.

Tak: I, guess that was the wrong cannon, but wasn't it still pretty cool?

The army roared again in agreement. Minutes away, Zim and crew approached the Massive at undetectable speeds. Dib was pressing numerous buttons and pulling many levers.

Dib: What's this do? What's this do? What's *that* do? What's *this* do?

Zim thinking: *Well, at least I locked the controls after we left...*

The new ship was spacious enough to accommodate everyone, although much of that space was not being used. Zim had squished himself against the controls, Dib was right next to him, and Gir was sitting in the corner.

Zim: We are approaching the outer ships. Make silence and move none, Dib, so that we may slip by their radar undetected.

Dib: Aw, but I *like* to move...

They breached the outer defenses without flaw. In minutes the team was on the ship's outer docking bay, and fighting quite well. Dib was just walking around on his spider-legs stabbing all the Irkens he could and kicking those able to get under him. Zim had built himself a laser sword and was hacking away at everything that came his way. Gir had run in a different direction once his guns wore out. Just as the battle further intensified, the Irken troops dispersed, and Tak came forth with several body guards.

Tak: Zim. I thought you would come here, if you survived of course.

Zim: Which, evidently, I did.

Tak: Take him to the main hall. Oh, and uh, put the human in a jar or, something...

Tak's bodyguards, the former tallest, walked alongside Zim while Red dragged Dib by his hair spike into the ship. They passed many places, such as a jail, an execution room, and a vending machine which Zim scowled at. Dib had turned all feeling in his head off so the dragging wouldn't be as annoying otherwise. Gir was still not there, and Zim started to wonder.

Zim thinking: Hmm, Gir has been gone for quite a bit. In fact, if I recall correctly, he just up and left. Perhaps he was scared. Or perhaps he went crazy again and went off in a fit of MADNESS! Who knows? He could have already been captured by Tak's foot soldiers. What will I do then? Surely I might panic, but then again with my astounding-ness I might be able to---

Tak: ZIM! I ASKED YOU A QUESTION!!!

Zim: Eh?

Tak: Do you agree or not!?

Zim: Agree to what?

Tak: My Proposal!!!

Zim: I'm not marrying you. I am Almighty ZIM!!! I feel affection for no thing.

Tak: ...I'm going to assume you weren't listening and instead of kill you, I'll simply repeat myself. I offer you, Zim, a seat on the throne. A seat of power beyond what little power you've experienced in your miserable life.

Zim: You're not still mad about all that stuff I did?

Tak: Yes, Zim, I am. BUT I have decided to set aside my rage for this decision. Join me Zim. Together, as the Tallest, we can rule the universe with iron fists! The two most powerful beings in the universe, the rulers of the great and powerful Irken Empire! So, what do you say?

Zim gave her a long, hard stare. Finally, he responded.

Zim: Sorry...(pulls out sword)...But I'd rather rule alone than with you...

Zim swung his sword and the battle was on. Tak had two sabers of her own hidden away. She unsheathed them and charged. The final battle was upon the two Irkens. Tallest versus Tallest; the outcome of this battle would determine the existence of the Irken Empire.

...to be continued

8 - Transformation

The swords of the two mighty Irkens clashed again and a gain as they fought. Zim bobbed and weaved his way around Tak's thrusts and swings. Dib was in a tube, so he just cheered. Gir, well, was still gone. Zim and Tak locked sabers, struggling to free each from the others swords.

Zim: This is hopeless, Tak. You should have given up when you realized your adversary who prevented your testing was ZIM!

With that he let out an explosion of swordplay, swinging and swiping in ways so Tak could not concentrate. Just then, a horrible pain in Tak's head. She let out a shriek and dropped one of her swords. She could not see out of her right eye for a few seconds, but then discovered the problem.

Tak: YOU CUT OFF MY ANNTENEA! I'LL KILL YOUUUUUUU....

Zim had two swords now, and drew out both of them and pointed a Tak. He was on the aggressive now, but he had to STAY on it if he wanted to win.

Tak: I feel sorry for you Zim. You may have another sword, but I am the only one skilled enough to use it correctly.

Zim: By not using it?

Tak: SHUT UP! I still have an advantage in skill over you! So long as I am the tallest I have the backing of an entire army, and I'm not afraid to use it.

Zim: So, your skill is sending waves of troops at me?

Tak: Yes. Wait, no, ARG! Stop confusing me! I WILL DESTROY YOU!

Tak let out a battle-cry and charged Zim, stopping right in his face and almost cutting him in two. Zim back-flipped onto a hovering stage, rushed to the controls, and slammed it into Tak. He jumped onto some railing on the wall, then to the second story of computers, and once more so he was as high up as he could get.

Tak: **ENOUGH!** Activate the radioactive-amplification ray!

Several Irken technicians went to work on their computers until a green light dimly shone around Tak.

Tak: (groan) MORE! GIVE ME MORE POWER!

They did as she told and ignored Zim killing them off one-by-one; that is until he tried to undo their computations. Tak blasted him with a ball of energy she instantaneously emitted from her being.

Zim: OW! That hurt, but it was neat.

The beam was almost opaque now and almost blinded Zim. He worked to free Dib, mostly by hitting the glass and cursing at him for getting caught. A hideous explosion followed, and for a split second Zim saw Tak through the light, and she looked more evil than anyone else Zim had ever encountered.

Dib: Oh, way to go *Zim*. Now we're ALL doomed! You just had to share your doomy fate with the universe, didn't you?

Zim: In this case the needs of the many don't matter, Dib...

Zim broke the glass with just a slight tap.

Zim: At the moment all that matters is stopping Tak from making life miserable for all things and assuring that I get that position. Here's a weapon.

Zim handed Tak's sword off to Dib and proceeded to see what had happened to Tak. She was no longer an Irken. Her upper body remained intact, but her lower body was a horrible, twisted mesh of pulsing veins and bulbs, tentacles and bladed appendages. Above her head was a large eye that let out a green beam when open.

Zim: Well, I guess that concludes the easy part of the battle.

Tak: Now you see the full Irken potential! Now you see the perfection of our species! I am unstoppable now! No lowly little mite can defeat me now Zim; and in case you had drifted off again, that's you! You were always finding a way around your own helplessness. You became an Invader only to try and prove that smaller Irkens had a purpose just as noble as the Tallest, but now all of your work is for naught! I hope you're happy Zim, because the fact that you're not is contentment enough for me.

Zim lowered his head in sadness and fury. She was right, and he knew it. He uttered a curse under his breath and jumped on Tak, hacking away at her hide, screaming all the while.

Zim: YOU DON'T KNOW ME! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M FOR! YOU WILL DIE! DIIIIIIIIIIIIIE!!!!!!

Zim started to cry.

...to be continued

9 - Battle

Zim jumped all over and around Tak's hideous form, slashing and slicing, letting out streams of Irken blood. Dib climbed Tak using his spider legs, piercing her thick skin and sending blood gushing forth. Tak only crossed her arms and smiled happily.

Tak: Are you still going at it Zim? I could barely notice!

Zim stared at her for a second. All he could think of is that she had to die. He made a mad rush for her face with his sword ready to cut. Tak couldn't feel through her tough hide, and thusly suffered a debilitating blow through the stomach. She let out a terrifying screech and grabbed Zim with one of her massive tentacles.

Tak: Give up now, Zim. You are up against that which you cannot comprehend. You're just as small to me now as you always have been. You are a gnat, just as you were then.

Zim was silent, his head lowered in sadness.

Zim: That may be how you view me...but it's not how I see myself!

He sliced out of her grip and climbed onto her upper-back where the large eye was.

Zim: I've been able to exist on mental image. I may be small in stature, but in my mind I am a planet among the stars!

Holding his sword high, he stabbed the beastly eye before the beam t shot could hurt him. Bloody ooze flowed forth like a fountain, staining the ceiling. Tak let out a horrible shriek, and once again seized Zim

in her tentacle arm, and squeezed him tightly.

Tak: It was a mistake to toy with me Zim! I am invincible now! I possess the greatest mind ever to exist with the body of a god! Nothing can evade my senses, NOTHING! Especially not you!

A missile crashed into Tak's giant eye, exposing her disgusting innards. Tak screamed yet again, but quickly recovered to observe an Irken battle robot at the room's entrance, piloted by Gir. Zim was free and jumped away to land on a nearby floating platform.

Zim: Gir! So that's where you've been. I'm surprised you were able to find the armory that fast.

Gir: I hear and obey! Tak must die!

Gir was on fire with the passion of vengeance. He was determined to avenge the destruction of his piggy friends, or die trying. His eyes shone blood red, and the battle robot was fully armed with internal and external armaments. Guns and turrets were mounted all over and plugged into the external pack on the robot's back. He bombarded Tak with missiles, bullets, and beams until the guns were empty and cannons overheated. He detached the guns from the armor and rushed towards Tak.

Tak: Foolish little robot! You think I didn't plan for YOU! MIMI! ATTAAAAACK!

Another battle robot came out with the head of Tak's robot, Mimi. It was mostly identical to Gir's robot, but with a custom paint job and a huge right arm. Gir and Mimi fought each other while the other battle continued on with fiery rage. Tak swung at Zim with the tentacles she still had while Zim chopped them off. Tak only became more and more annoyed with Zim's continuous existence.

Tak: STAND STILL YOU INSOLENT MITE!

Zim: Why? So you can hit me? I think NOT! ZIM is not so easy to---

Tak grabbed Zim and raised him to her eye level.

Tak: Face it! I'm better than you are! I'm better than everything is; and I'll PROVE IT by destroying everything but me! Galaxies will fall before the power of the new Irken Empire!

Zim: Perhaps, but whom will you rule over?

Tak: I...uh...well, no one, I suppose...I guess I never planned this out enti---AAAHHHHHH!!!

Zim had wriggled his way out of Tak's grip during her little muse and slashed away at her exposed eye-guts. Tak swiped and swung at Zim with bladed tentacles, hitting only her back. Just as Zim dodged another blow, he was snagged on tiny, sprouting tentacles. He saw the tip of a blade hanging high over him, dreading the terror about to be shoved through his head. But Tak never moved it. She was in shock at the conclusion to the other battle. Gir stood over Mimi's destroyed battle robot with Mimi in his hand. He crushed her. Tak's disbelief turned to significant glee.

Tak: Ha! You think I'll miss that old pile of rubbish? Stupid robot, you are just as disposable as the stars. No matter how many are destroyed, there are billions more that are just the same.

Gir wasn't listening. He was too busy draining the expelled energy from his enemy into his own battle robot. When he was sure he was done, Gir fired the boosters and flew up to Tak's upper body, punching like lightning with twice the force. His robot climbed up as Zim jumped down. Zim secured a position on the highest control deck and picked up an energy cannon from Gir's battle robot. He prepped it for use and fired directly at Tak's main body. An explosion followed the blast from the cannon, but when the smoked cleared it revealed the horror. Tak blocked the beam! With Gir's battle robot!

Zim: GIR! ARE YOU OKAY?

Gir: Yes! Tak, however, won't be for long.

Gir was on the “peak” of Tak, where a small, chimney-like orifice spewed smoke. It was Tak's main energy output area, preventing her body from overloading with power. Gir removed the top of his head and plugged himself onto the energy nub and started to glow. He was stopping the energy from escaping! Tak burped.

Tak: Woah...I feel sick...and fat...hey. I know what's happening! GET OFF MY BACK YOU FILTHY MUD CREATURE! Hurph!

Tak began to gag and vomit. Her body inflated slowly, tearing at some spots. Some tentacles fell off and some burst.

Zim: Gir! Stop! You'll explode!

Gir: I know, but it's the only way to get revenge on my fallen brothers! G'bye master. I'll always remember our fun times together...as soon as we have them.

Lights flew out from Gir in all directions, brightening the room to blinding levels. After, the light retracted, and Gir was gone...as well as most of Tak. She still clung to the ceiling with her internal tentacle-esque tubule organs. She was barely alive, and to Zim, barely worth fighting.

Zim: ...Gir...why...

Dib: To help you.

Dib stood over Zim with Gir's head under his arm.

Dib: He's not gone, Zim. Just out of order. I'll leave this up to you.

With that, Dib left with Gir's head and Zim on the floor. Zim was angrier than he could ever remember being. He took no precautions or pauses to make an over-dramatic speech. He simply flew, literally flew, up to Tak's tentacles and cut them all apart dropping her to the floor. As Tak struggled to get in an upright position, Zim halted her. He stood over her with a sword pointed at her head, and eyes black with rage.

Zim: Now...we're even.

Zim lifted the sword high and swung it low. It ran out of batteries before it could really kill Tak, leaving her in paralyzing pain. Zim stared over his adversary into the black void of space. He whispered to himself, quiet enough for only him to hear:

Zim: I am Zim. Only Zim.

10 - Ending

Zim sat upon his throne a triumphant king. His victory was epic. He kept Tak alive for torture as an example to all whom dare defy the great Irken Empire. Earth had become an ally after Dib repaired Gir. All was well, and Operation Impending Doom II was called off. New strings of Irken Elite soldiers were being trained and new technologies were being developed. The Irken Empire was reaching the peak of its existence, and all was Zims doing.

Elsewhere, however, some are more questionable of his rein.

The former Tallest were mopping the hallway while Irken Elite's walked by throwing trash at them.

Red: This has been the most horrible day EVER!

Purple: You think he'd be nicer to us. I mean, we could've had him shot way back then.

Red: ...AGH! NOW you think of that you IDIOT!

Purple: Well, at least we have each other, right?

Red: ...I hate you.

Red hovered down the hall away from Purple.

Purple: Well mop, at least we have each other...

The mop broke and exploded.

Purple: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!