

Zims autopsy

By doorknob

Submitted: June 18, 2007

Updated: June 19, 2007

a PixiePumkin request (lol, i forgot the E in her name XDD)

Dib finally gets his chance to catch ZIm, but what would happen if Dib actually Got Zim on the autopsy table

Would he regret it or would he participate in it

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/doorknob/46427/Zims-autopsy>

Chapter 1 - capture

2

1 - capture

crouching down against the dew covered grass; Dib impatiently shifted his weight to his left foot as he peeked over the edge of the bulging bush that he was hiding behind.

Dib who had been hiding in that exact spot, moaned from the unearthly hunger that Was building up inside of him as he tried to quiet his individual needs.

Hearing something in the distances, Dib suddenly became alert as he drew the two smaller containers closer to his side. Edging his head through the branches of the thick bush, he blinked as he noticed the familiar image of Zim's back; who was walking away from him.

Jumping up slightly and tightening his grip on the containers, he began to rush behind bushes and trees as he tried to not gain zims attention.

Sneaking up unnoticeable as Zim was preparing to turn the corner; Dib suddenly tackled him to the ground as he seized Zim's hands behind his back.

Ignoring Zim's threats and attempts to free himself, he pulled one of the bottles closer to himself as he poured the gel like substance onto his hands.

Positioning himself so that he was now sitting on Zim's Back, Dib began to rub his gel covered hands against the pores of Zim's Pak as it caused Zim to shriek louder.

Knowing that the gel would disable Zim's Pak, Dib didn't feel as threatened as he remained holding Zim down.

Reaching for the other Container, he suddenly began to jump of fof Zim as he felt the alien getting up. Regaining his balance as he grabbed the last vial, Dib smirked at Zim with confidence as he studied the panicked look on his face.

"Why is my pak not working?" zim muttered to himself as he struggled to activate his spider legs.

"That's a new feature. Nice isn't it," Dib smirked as he pulled a needle out from the current tube.

Tapping the vile that was attached to the needle, Dib began to walk towards the backing up alien as he squirted some of the purplish liquid out of the vile.

Determined not to let zim escape, Dib began to break into a gallop as Zim could be seen turning around and bolting down the street. Chasing after him with the needle in his hand, Dib grunted furiously as he followed zim, taking all the sharp turns and obstacles that he took.

Huffing as he ran, Dib began to slow down as he continued to pursue after zim; while holding on to the vile as if his life depended on it.

Watching with interest as a cop suddenly grabbed Zim and started to lecture him about not running on the grass, Dib quickly sprang into action as he jumped behind Zim and stabbed him in the arm with the needle. Watching as he did this and at Zim's reaction, the cop squinted his eyes strangely as he glared at Dib, "Son, what did you do to this boy?"

Trying to think of a lie off the tip of his tongue, Dib waved his hands beside Zim's arm as he motioned to

zim who was rubbing his sore arm.

"It's his asthma medicine, im lucky that I found him... He's allergic to the dust and err... Air particles out here and uh..." Nodding his head with what possible could have been agreement, the cop tilted his hat at the boys as he began to climb into his car and drive off. Watching as the cop left, Dib pulled his attention to Zim who was gripping his arm, swaying back and forth as if struggling to stand before he tumbled to the ground unconscious.

Smiling at his accomplishment, Dib bent down as he locked his hands under Zim's arms as he began to drag him towards some near by bushes. Pushing Zim into the bush and looking around for witnesses, Dib grinned again as he pushed some buttons on his watch which caused a screen to pop up. "Agent Moth man..." came the voice of a shadowy figure on the screen.

"Agent knuckles..." Greeted Dib, "I have finally captured Zim... You know, the alien..."

"Oh..." muttering could be heard off screen as someone was yelling something about ignoring the kid, "Well..If this is not a false lead like last time and it doesn't involve box feet, than bring it down, but if its fake-" came the agent's voice. "Don't worry he's real and-" tapping his watch screen, Dib bite his lip slightly as he figured Agent Knuckles must have lost connection or had either hung up. Rolling his eyes somewhat, Dib focused his attention to his disguised yet unconscious enemy as he blinked.

Noticing that Zim was breathing evenly as his chest slightly heaved up and down, Dib felt slightly relieved that he had done nothing too harsh to Zim before he got him against the autopsy table. Knowing that he should start bringing Zim to the swollen eyeball before he woke up, Dib leaned down as he Picked Zim up and carried him against his back.

Taking a few practice steps, he began to walk with Zim's arms hanging loosely over his shoulders as he was glad no one was around to question him. Dodging behind trees and lamp posts as adults could be seen walking; Dib tightened his grip on Zim as he quietly muttered something in his coma like sleep.

Continuing on like this, Dib finally made it to a tall complex looking building as he sighed a relief, "Finally." Feeling Zim's weight digging into him, Dib grunted something as he stood outside the tall door frame. Jumping up, so he could readjust Zim's body weight, Dib leaned in forwards as he reached for the door knob and walked in.

Straightening back up once he was inside, he blinked as he looked around in wonder. Noticing the desk to his far right, Dib waddled over toward sit as a smile crossed his face, "hey Deloris, I see you guys are done furnishing..."

The lady who had been sitting behind the desk, slowly took her eyes off the screen as she tilted her head forward, allowing her glasses to slide further down her nose.

Allowing her brows to arch up as her lip raised slightly, the woman looked disgusted as she took in the boy's appearance. "He's not sick is he?" Her voice held a firm lack of interest as she didn't seem to be joying her current company. "Oh Zim, He's okay... he's just tired from the long walk here, "Dib's voice crackled as his voice held absolutely no emotions what so ever.

The Woman just stubbornly looked away as her gaze focused on the screen intensely while her hand waved for them to take a seat, "Go in the lobby, an Investigator will be with you shortly." Spinning

around and walking towards the lobby, Dib held a firm grin against his face as he couldn't help but chuckle.

So far everything is according to plan, just wait Zim... You will see what is in store for you...