

The revenge filled story of Mez

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What will happen when a new (revenge-crazy) girl comes to Zim's Skool? Will Dib convince her that Zim's an alien? What will happen to the kids that annoy her? And what happens when Zim has a new plan involving her? Read and find out! UPDATED-2/4/06

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1 - The Doom Arrives

(After rereading this, I have decided that the first chapters do not show Mez's real personality. Dun Dun DUN!! Sooooo... If ya wanna see Mez's originality, I suggest the you read chapters three and four. I just wanted to point that out!) Today was the day. Today she was going to start over. She had moved from town to town because of her "issues". Her name...was Mez. She looked at the rundown school, this was where she was going to start. Mez had taken anger management classes and they were finally going to pay off. She was finally going to fit in. Mez thought as she entered the school, or "skool" as it was named. Mez had long, dirty-blonde hair. She was wearing a plain white T-shirt, and blue jeans. She had wanted to wear her black shirt that said "I Hate you" in red ink, but she wanted to make a good first impression. As she entered the filthy classroom the children immediately stopped talking and watched her as she took her seat. "Don't lose control... They probably saw me in the paper or something." Mez thought. Her thoughts were interrupted however by a kid shouting "FREAK!". "That's it!" Mez said as she readied herself to pounce on the kid, as she had done so many times before. Before she could attack, she noticed that no one was looking at her any more. Mez followed their gazes to the front of the classroom. There was a huge shadow in front of the chalkboard, when Mez looked closer she realized the shadow was the teacher. A name card on the teacher's desk read "Ms. Bitters". "Class, today's lesson is about volcanoes, and how they will all eventually erupt at the same time, destroying all life." Ms. Bitters announced. Mez was glad that the teacher forgot to introduce her. She was normally shy, when not provoked. Mez had a few simple "qualities": She did not like being touched, she also would attack anyone that called her names or provoked her. This was why she moved so frequently. At the end of class she waited at a lunch table for someone to approach her, she wanted to make at least one friend. She scanned the lunchroom, occasionally kids would point at her but she didn't mind. Mez would take care of them soon enough. Besides that, no one even glanced at her. Mez decided not to eat the cafeteria food. It looked unsafe... She looked up from the food and noticed two kids from opposite ends of the room, staring at her. One "kid" had green skin and was staring at her wide eyed. The other kid had spiky, black, hair and was looking at her curiously. The spiky haired kid was the first to approach her. "Hi, my name's Dib." he introduced. Mez realized he wasn't going to leave when he sat next to her. "My name is Mez." she said shyly. Mez wasn't used to so much social interaction, usually she would attack the person talking to her. "Do you believe in aliens?" Dib asked suddenly. "Yes..." Mez replied, taken aback by the random question. "Why?" Mez asked hesitantly. "There is an alien in our class that's trying to conquer Earth!!" Dib exclaimed. "Do you mean the green kid?" Mez asked with no interest. "Yes! His name is Zim and he's Irken!" Dib excitedly replied, not noticing Mez's tone of voice. Dib chattered about Zim for the rest of the lunch period. Mez listened to most of it, but only because she had nothing better to do. When the bell finally rang, Dib kept talking to her as they walked back to class. Even though she didn't believe Dib, Mez was curious as to why Zim had green skin, no ears, and no nose. She knew that no skin condition could do that to a person. Mez was driven back to reality when the bell rang. For the last hour of class she had been deep in thought. As she made her way outside, her curiosity finally won. She decided to follow Zim home. Being the revenge-hungry person she was, she had a lot of experience. Mez skillfully, and stealthily stalked Zim to his "house". "That has got to be the freakiest house I've ever seen." Mez thought, as she gazed at the green and purple house Zim was entering. Mez hid in a tree until it was evening, "Alright, time to go to work." she muttered to herself as she jumped down. Quickly and quietly she made her way to the nearest window. Unfortunately, Zim wasn't in that room "I guess I'll have go in." Mez sighed. With agility similar to a

cat, Mez climbed onto the roof. She dislodged three shingles, and squeezed into the hole, putting the shingles back as she climbed into the attic. When Mez's eyes adjusted to the darkness, she looked at her surroundings. The attic was completely empty, nothing at all was in the room, not even a door! "What?!" Mez exclaimed in frustration. "How can an attic be empty!?" she screamed in her head. Even though Mez was upset, she still kept quiet. Mez glanced up at the ceiling, it was too far up to get out the way she came in. Having no other choice, she scoured the room for any means of escape... But to no avail. In a rage Mez kicked the floor. "AM I GOING TO BE STUCK IN THIS ACURSED ATTIC UNTIL I STARVE?!?!" she screamed out. Almost magically the section of floor she was standing on started to lower down into the living room. Thankfulness soon turned into embarrassment, as Mez realized she had just blown her cover. "Crap." Mez cursed as she was placed on the living room floor. Immediately she fell into a defensive stance when she noticed someone standing in the doorway leading to the kitchen. "Well, well, well. If it isn't the new Earth-Monkey from Skool." the figure said, as though he was expecting Mez. "I have a name ya know!" Mez replied irritated. "You humans have such short tempers." the figure stated amused. Mez was about to retort when a small robot ran up to her. There was an awkward silence, until the robot started singing. 'Doom, doom, doom, do, doom, doom, DOOM!' the robot sang in a high pitched voice. "GIR! I thought I told you to stay in the lab!" the figure shouted at the robot. The robot or Gir as it was called, stopped singing and looked at the figure. "I thought so toooooooo..." Gir replied while cocking his head. Mez stifled a laugh while watching the two argue. "Gir, just wait for me in the lab!" The figure ordered. "But master, The Scary Monkey Show is gonna be on soon." Gir stated pleadingly. Mez could barely contain her laughter at this point. "Gir! I am your master! And you will obey me!" The figure commanded. Gir looked longingly at the television, "But Zim..." Gir started to object. "OBEY MEEEE!" The figure shouted. Gir glanced at the t.v. once more, before walking into the kitchen. "Wait a minute!" Mez suddenly exclaimed. She recalled what name Gir had called the figure. "Zim?!" She asked shocked. The figure marched out of the shadows to reveal himself to be Zim. He had blood red eyes, antenna, and an evil smirk on his face...

2 - An unexpected change

“You’ve come at the perfect time!” Ring!! “With your help, I can take over this planet, and not have to worry about Dib!” Ring!! “With another Irken on Earth, Dib will be distracted long enough for me to finish my newest plan!” Ring!! “Although, I don’t expect you to live through this procedure...” RING!! “WHA?” Mez woke up startled. She looked around and noticed that she was in her room. “Was that a dream?” she asked herself. RING!!! Mez realized that her alarm clock was going off. As she bent over to turn it off she glanced at the time. “Seven thirty?!” she yelled out. “I’m going to be late!!” Mez exclaimed while hurriedly getting dressed. She ran down the hallway and passed a mirror that was hanging on the wall. “Maybe I should comb my hair before leaving.” she said walking back to the mirror. She looked at her reflection and screamed. Mez didn’t have hair, instead she had long, curly, antenna! She also had green skin, and dark purple eyes. “I-it w-wasn’t a dream!!” she stuttered. Mez then fainted. “And that, class, is why you shouldn’t drink gasoline.” Ms. Bitters finished her lecture. Suddenly, the door to the classroom burst open, and the now Irken Mez entered. She didn’t bother to put a disguise on, she figured that she’d just lie. The kids gasped in shock when they saw Mez, especially Dib. “ALIEN!!! SHE’S AN ALIEN!!!” Dib shouted while pointing at Mez. Mez glared at him and calmly explained, “I am not an alien, I have contracted a similar skin condition to Zim’s. I also have a double case of pink eye. Also, because of the skin condition, all of my hair fell out except for two strands.” she said pointing at her antenna. The kids accepted the lie and went back to doing random activities. Dib, however, didn’t believe any of it. Instead, he just stared at the class and Mez wide eyed. “Take your seat, Mez!” Ms. Bitters ordered, as though nothing had happened. Mez took her seat and grinned triumphantly, she was going to have a good day.

3 - Sweet Revenge

Mez was not having a good day. The kids immediately accepted her lie, but Dib had been bothering her all day. Lunch was no exception. "JUST LOOK AT HER!! SHE IS AN ALIEN!!" Dib screamed, pointing at Mez. He was standing on the cafeteria table in front of her, practically foaming at the mouth. Everyone had stopped paying attention to him over three hours ago, yet he still persisted in yelling the truth. Mez's right eye was twitching madly and her teeth had been clenched since the beginning of Dib's rant. It was a miracle that she hadn't strangled him yet! "Note... to self... Add Dib to hate list..." she murmured. "A hate list?" Dib inquired, "is that some sort of alien kill list?" That was the last straw. In an instant she was upon him, her fingers grasped around his neck. "LEAVE ME ALONE!!! DO YOU THINK THAT I WANTED TO BE AN ALIEN?? HUH? HUH??" she screeched. She had Dib pinned to the floor, in other words, he was most likely doomed. Amazingly, no one noticed this. Well, excluding a smirking Zim. "EVERY BEING THAT I HAVE EVER MET HAS CAUSED ME GRIEF! AND GUESS WHAT? THEY'RE ALL EITHER DEAD, TRAUMATIZED, OR IN AN ASLYM!" Mez continued screaming, to a now purple Dib. "Then... How.... Did you... turn into... an Irken?" He managed to gasp. Mez stopped screaming and stared at him. "Zim did that to me." she answered. Dib, clinging to consciousness, waited for her reaction. She released her grasp on him and slowly turned around to face Zim, who was still sitting at a table. "You..." she hissed. It was a normal, sunny afternoon outside of the Skool. Birds were singing, the flowers were blooming, everything and everyone was at peace. Until....

"ARRRGHHHHHHHGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!" a dreadful scream came from the small learning establishment. It was accompanied by another, "I'M GOING TO RIP OUT ALL OF YOUR NON VITAL ORGANS!!" This was shortly followed by someone's laughter, "HAHAHA!!! LOOKS LIKE YOUR PLAN HAS BACKFIRED, ZIM!! I'M RECORDING ALL OF THIS, SO SOON BOTH OF YOUR ALIEN GUTS WILL BE EXPOSED!" Silence... Then the same voice came again only frightened, "Mez? I didn't mean it! I was talking to Z-" It was cut off by a large explosion. "WHERE IN THE NAME OF IRK DID YOU GET GRENADES?!" This pattern of screaming, laughter and explosions continued for ten, long minutes. Soon, the smoke that had surrounded the skool cleared, revealing a demolished lunch room. Zim, Dib, and Mez were lying on the ground. Zim, surprisingly, still had his disguise on. They were all charred black. Mez had many bleeding scratches covering her body. Dib had a black eye, and it seemed as though his ankle was broken. Zim's wig had a small flame on it, his PAK was sparking for it was missing three spider legs which Mez and Dib had ripped out, and his left arm was bleeding. "My plan would have gone...perfectly...if you hadn't...messed it up, Dib...human." Zim said in between pants for breath. Dib smiled weakly, "At least I stopped you! And now...that I have...Mez on my side, there's...no way you can...win." he replied. Mez sneered, "I still have one grenade left, don't add me to either of your sides, or I'll use it." she informed them, threateningly. She held up a grenade for dramatic effect, only to have Ms. Bitters snatch it away. "You all have detention! NOW GET BACK TO CLASS OR I'LL SEND YOU TO THE UNDERGROUND CLASSROOMS!!" She commanded, before slithering away. All three of them blinked, shocked that the teacher ignored their injuries. An awkward silence took place.....Then, "Hey! She took my grenade!"

4 - On the run

"This is where the alien lives!" Mez blinked awake, slowly taking in her surroundings. She was in her room, and, upon closer inspection, realized that it was three in the morning. Sighing, she remained laying on her bed, wondering if that voice was just her imagination. She was about to drift back into unconsciousness when she heard a different, deeper voice. "You'd better be right about this, Agent Mothman." Mez moaned, did the FBI find her again? "Don't worry, I'm positive! The alien, Mez, should be in... That room." came the voice which had originally disturbed her slumber. Mez's eyes snapped open, she recognized the speaker! Jumping off of the bed, she silently crept over to the bedroom window. Four figures stood near the front door of her house. The smallest one she identified as Dib, while the others were strangers. "This better not be another one of your waffle pranks!" exclaimed one of the strangers. Mez raised an eyebrow, not really understanding the statement. "It's not, Agent Nessie. Now, do you have the electro-net and stun-gun?" asked Dib. Mez glared at the figures, realizing their intent. "Yes." came his reply. Mez opened the window and leaned out. "HEY! GET OFF MY LAWN!" she yelled, throwing a small piece of the roof at them. Her action was met in response with a shot of the stun-gun which came whizzing past her head. Obviously, Mez stuck her head out of the window again and yelled. "YOU JERK! WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?!" again she was immediately shot at, this time the shot missed her completely, blowing a hole through the bedroom wall. "Wait! Don't kill it!! We need to be able to dissect the creature!" came a female voice. Mez stared at the large hole, her eyes wide. "Calm down, Tunaghost! That was just a warning shot." Nessie explained. Mez backed away from the wall, trying to hold back, not tears, but laughter. "TUNAGHOST!!! Hahahaha!! WHAT KIND OF NAME IS THAT??!" she screamed out. She didn't know at the time, but all of the agents looked up, annoyed, at the sound of her voice. "Hi! I'm the ghost of a piece of tuna!! WOOOO!!" she continued to taunt, her laughter uncontrollable. "I'm so, HAH, scary, HAHA!!" she continued giggling, as she made her way down the hall. She walked downstairs and started feeling around for a light switch, with no success. Scowling, Mez left the living room, walking to the back door. "Hehe...Tuna." she chuckled, grabbing the door knob. A hand suddenly clamped over her mouth and she was pulled away from the exit. Before she could struggle free, the stun-gun was pressed against the side of her face. "Alright alien, if you cooperate then I won't be forced to shoot you. So just come with me to the door and-" the man was cut off as Mez bit down on his hand, drawing blood. He yelped in pain, dropping the gun and clutching his wounded hand. Mez smiled, it sometimes paid off to have a fang. "Agent Nessie! Are you okay??" Mez could make out Dib's figure running over to the bleeding agent. "Forget about me and get the alien!!!" Nessie snapped back, pointing at Mez. She stepped back a few feet, her antenna perked up in alarm. "Now Dib, we don't want to get rash here..." she stated, her purple eyes searching for an escape or a weapon. Too late, Dib picked up the stun-gun and aimed it at Mez. She noticed that he was shaking slightly. Remembering the cafeteria battle perhaps? "Or maybe we do have to get rash... Y'know, I still have a few grenades." she lied, patting her pocket. "You're lying... Ms. Bitters took your last one." His shaking became more visible, along with something else. "Is that a cast on your ankle?? Wow, I didn't think your ankle was really broken!" she exclaimed, a plan forming in her mind. Dib looked down at the small cast that covered his foot, recalling how Mez had smashed a brick against his ankle. He looked up just in time to see her run up and kick the cast, a loud crunch emitting from it. He yowled in pain, falling to the ground. Mez pulled the gun out of his hand and casually walked out of the house, shooting the remaining agents. "Looks like I'm gonna need a new house." she realized, striding down the street... Don't worry! The agents are okay! They're just stunned. Though I can't say the same

for Dib...

5 - Unconscious Again

Mez looked up at the glowing green house, shaking her head. “I can’t believe I’m asking HIM for help...” she murmured, before walking up to the door. Her antenna detected movement and she looked behind her, raising a nonexistent eyebrow when she saw a few of the garden gnomes moving towards her. Without thinking, she raised the stun-gun she had stolen from the Swollen Eyeballs and shot them. Turning back to the door, she noticed that it was opened slightly, the sound of running coming within the house. Mez sighed, “Great, they know I’m here. Now I’ll have to hunt them down...” She swung the door open and strolled inside, not being in the mood for a chase. Glancing around the small living room, she noted that it was empty. Her sensitive antenna couldn’t pick up any sign of life in the kitchen either. “Wait...” she said confused, “I heard running before, where the heck did the runner go?” Mez didn’t have to wait for an answer, for a small robot suddenly popped its head out of the toilet in the kitchen. It spotted Mez and began screaming, “MASTER, THE GIRLY, KILLY HUMAN IS HERE!!! LET’S DANCE!” Before she could react, the robot had grabbed her hands and started twirling her around in an incredibly fast and insane dance. “CHICKEN-MONKEY, LET’S HAVE TEA!” it screeched, letting go of her suddenly. Spinning out of control, Mez crashed head-first into the side of the toilet. Before blacking out, Mez wondered “Why do I keep falling unconscious in this house?”