

Earth's Saviours

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This is a series of Invader ZIM songfics.

Dib has discovered that ZIM will finally take over the world, and it is much too late to stop him. Poor earth!

Now it is up to Dib and his older cousin Jez to defeat ZIM and save the world!

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1 - Behind Blue Eyes

Behind Blue Eyes

Professor Rowan Brooke

Dib trudged up his front steps. His hair was more mussed than normal and his left glasses lens had a huge crack up the right corner. He had failed. Again. He opened the door to see his cousin Jez sitting on the sofa reading Romeo and Juliet for the third time already. "Hey, Moth."

"Ey." Dib grunted. He didn't really feel like talking, but with Jez around, he knew he had to say something. He prepared himself for his cousin's probing.

"You don't sound too good, Dib." she said, closing her book and turning around to face him. "What's wrong?"

He took a breath while his cousin turned on the radio. A voice on the radio then said, "... and now let's play a request we have gotten for "Behind Blue Eyes" by Limp Bizkit." The cousins stood in silence as the song played.

*no one knows what it's like
to be the bad man
to be the sad man
behind blue eyes
and no one knows
what it's like to be hated
to be faded to telling only lies*

“Well,” Dib started, trying to figure out what to say. “I tried to sneak into ZIM's base again, and I managed to get myself inside for once. I found the elevator down to his underground labs and went there. There I saw ZIM making a transmission to his leaders.” He flashed back to that horrid conversation.

*but my dreams they aren't as empty
as my conscious seems to be*

*I have hours, only lonely
my love is vengeance
that's never free*

ZIM looked up at the large monitor at the bored faces of his Almighty Tallest. “My tallest, this planet is most definitely weak enough for the armada to conquer, and I have noticed the Massive coming closer to the planet. Does this mean?”

The purple one snapped awake, for he had been snoring the entire time, until the red one nudged him awake. The red one then said, “Yes, we are coming closer to the planet right now. The armada will be upon it in three days.”

ZIM didn't hear what the purple one muttered to the red one, but Dib did. He muttered, “Anything to shut him up.”

Fortunately, nobody heard him gasp. Unfortunately, ZIM's dog GIR saw him. “HIII BIG HEAD!!!”

ZIM looked over at where the noise was coming from. “DIB!” he screamed, “YOU HEARD THAT ENTIRE CONVERSATION?” Dib nodded. Then ZIM's look of anger changed into a malicious grin. “Yes, your FILTHY planet will be invaded soon. Be proud you were the first to hear this.” ZIM's cackle remained in his head even as he charged out of the base and tripped on the sidewalk curb, breaking his glasses.

*No one knows what it's like
to feel these feelings
like I do, and I blame you!*

*No one bites back as hard
on their anger
none of my pain woe
can show through*

Jez listened in horror to Dib's story, taking down notes. At times Dib didn't understand why she did this. She merely explained it as something she had to do on a case, and now tends to do it whenever people are talking to her. When he finished talking, she looked up. "So, what you're saying is that ZIM's race is coming to take over the planet?" He nodded. "I've been wondering when I'd have to show you this. Come with me!" Dib followed her out the door.

*But my dreams they aren't as empty
as my conscious seems to be*

*I have hours, only lonely
my love is vengeance
that's never free*

Dib and Jez leapt on the train. They sat in complete silence, both contemplating exactly what would happen in three days. Jez's radio was still on, though. It softly played "Behind Blue Eyes". They got off in the middle of the country, miles away from their neighborhood. Jez walked into a cornfield, so Dib followed her.

"Right here." Jez said, standing in the exact center of the field. There was a rock right where a stalk of corn was supposed to be. "Kick it." She told Dib. He did, and the rock opened up to reveal a hole. A metal pole rose from the hole. She slid down the pole, and Dib slid down after her, not knowing what to expect.

He landed on a dark and light grey checked linoleum floor. Looking around, he saw a base like in a 30s science fiction novel. A computer large enough to rival ZIM's sat on a wall surrounded by smaller computers. The underground base also served as an apartment for about 30 to 50 people, with bunk beds and a large kitchen and bathroom. Jez smiled at his awe. She said, "Welcome to what I like to call, 'The Hole'."

*discover l.i.m.p. say it (x4)
no one knows what its like
to be mistreated, to be defeated
behind blue eyes*

*no one know how to say
that they're sorry and don't worry
I'm not telling lies*

Dib was shocked. "The... The Hole?"

She nodded. "Yep. It was made by the Swollen Eyeball Net just for this type of situation. If the world was invaded by anybody, from this earth or extraterrestrial, the eyeballs and their families would be safe. Hey, there still needs to be *somebody* to save the earth."

"But... why can't save earth now?" Dib asked.

Jez's grin slowly became a frown. "The earth is lost, Dib. We can't take on an entire armada. There has to be more of us to fight it." He nodded. She was absolutely right. "Now we have to go back home and gather everybody dear to us. Then we'll come back here with them in two days. Let's go!" The two of them went back up to the surface.

*but my dreams they aren't as empty
as my conscious seems to be
I have hours, only lonely
my love is vengeance
that's never free*

In those days, nobody wanted to come with him. They all thought he was crazy, and was trying to pull them into one of his schemes. Jez didn't do any better, and only three people were on the train back to The Hole. Sitting next to Dib was a girl the same age as Jez, with short electric blue hair and brown eyes. She wore a white t-shirt and dark grey jeans. On her CD player was, once again, "Behind Blue Eyes". The girl's name was Amb, and he knew her as Agent Tuna Ghost. They got out to the cornfield. Amb, who also knew about this hideout, kicked the rock. They then went down the pole and bedded down, for it was around midnight when they arrived.

*no one knows what its like
to be the bad man, to be the sad man
behind blue eyes.*

The next day, the three of them sat and listened to the explosions and screams from above, watching the news on the computer screen as the last notes of "Behind Blue Eyes" played on the CD player. They were what were left of the free human race. They were obligated to save the rest.

2 - The General

Earth's Saviours

Chapter 2- The General

Professor Rowan Brooke

---This is four years in the future since the first chapter, and the song is "The General" by Dispatch---

The future- many wonder what it is like. It is a chaos ruled by a tiny green being from another planet. This being is known as ZIM, and he is from a planet in the midst of adding as many planets as they can to their empire. He rules over the humans with an iron fist, and any that oppose him are either sent to rot in jail or are executed immediately. For many years, he went undercover on our planet disguised as a simple earth student. Only one boy knew what he truly was.

This young boy's name was Dib, and he was the only one who foretold the fate of the world. The entire world called him crazy and shunned his theories, except for one person. Her name was Jez. The night ZIM took over the world, Dib and Jez went to a special hideout so they could build an army to fight their enemies...

*There was a decorated General with a heart of gold
That likened him to all the stories he told,
Of past battles won and lost
And legends of old
A seasoned veteran in his own time*

The Earth Liberation Army had grown sufficiently since the day ZIM took over, and they even had some members that dared to live outside their hideout. Dib had gained respect among the armies, and was accepted for his knowledge for the first time in his life. Jez stood proudly by her younger cousin's side as he told the battle plans to their most trusted officers. Then Dib turned to face her "Leave us, Jez. Go for a lunch break."

"Yes Sir!" she saluted and walked out.

*On the battlefield he gained respectful fame
With many medals of bravery and stripes to his name*

*He grew a beard as soon as he could to cover the scars on his face
And always urged his men on*

“So, what's the plan? What do we do next?” a young woman with electric blue hair inquired as soon as Jez took her first step outside the door.

“Well, Amb, I'm supposed to get some lunch. If you're asking about what's happening in *there*, I'm not telling.” Jez stated simply, heading toward the kitchen.

“Come on Jez. Please?” Amb whined to her best friend, getting in her way to the kitchen.

Jez laughed and pushed her out of the way. “When the time comes, Amb, when the time comes.”

*But on the eve of great battle with the infantry in dream
The Old General tossed in his sleep and wrestled with its meaning
He awoke from the night to tell what he had seen
And walked slowly out of his tent*

Meanwhile, Dib continued explaining his plans. He needed his older cousin out of the room so he could explain these last few parts without protest. “This is the prison complex where the rest of the Eyeballs, and my dad, are being kept. We have to break in and get them out. This is a private mission for only us and Jez. Now, here's the plan...”

Jez was busy chopping up a salad for lunch with the sword-arm her uncle gave her before he was taken to prison to replace the arm she lost in a fight with an Irken soldier. His laser beam missed her throat by quite a distance. It wasn't really meant for tasks like these, but the better control she managed to get over it, the better use it would make in battle. As she carried her salad out to a table, a large, bulky man with a tiny bird on his shoulder walked toward her. “Take it with you; you are needed in the planning room.”

Jez shrugged and picked up the salad.

*All the men held tall with their chests in the air
With courage in their blood and a fire in their stare
It was a gray morning and they were all wondering how they would fare
Till the old general told them to go home*

“Your perfect sense of timing ceases to amaze me, Dib.” She sarcastically remarked. “You always manage to call me just when I start to eat.” Sitting down, she put the salad on the table.

Dib rose. “This is a serious situation, Jez. I was thinking of not telling you this part of the plan because I was sure you would protest, but I then decided it would be unfair if I didn't tell you.” He cleared his throat, and continued. “When we go to get our troops out of prison, I'm going to get my dad- your uncle-alone.”

*He said: I have seen the others
And I have discovered*

*That this fight is not worth fighting
And I have seen their mothers
And I will no other, to follow me where I'm going
So*

“Dib, that's crazy!” she protested, slamming her fist on the elongated table. “It's too dangerous to go alone. Do you know how secure his cell is? Once stepping in the general vicinity, you'll have troops all around you! I won't let you.” She then scooped up a forkful of salad and put it in her mouth.

“That is a risk I'm more than willing to take, Jez.” He paced across the room. “I wouldn't be able to stand losing any more troops, so I'd rather take the mission alone. If I don't come back alive, you have to take the army over.”

There was no arguing with her cousin. She could only accept his plans and go along with them. “Yes sir.” Dib dismissed her and she walked out of the room with a heavy heart.

*Take a shower, shine your shoes
You got no time to lose
You are young men, you must be living so
Take a shower, shine your shoes
You got no time to lose
You are young men, you must be living
Go now you are forgiven*

“So, Jez, Can you tell me the plans now?” Amb asked, standing in front of her friend.

Jez walked right past her, too upset with the current events to even talk to her best friend. After trying to get her attention several more times, Amb shrugged and walked off to be with those in livelier company. They were going to go through with the mission tonight, and she couldn't persuade her headstrong cousin out of his plans. She ate the rest of her salad and prepared for that night.

*But the men stood fast with their guns on their shoulders
Not knowing what to do with the contradicting orders
The General said he would do his own duty but he would extend it no further
The men can go as they please*

When darkness fell, those that were chosen for the mission got ready while the rest slept in their bunks. Jez was assigned with a few others to get all the Eyeballs that were in the west wing of the prison out. Other groups were assigned to other wings, and Dib was going alone to find the Professor. She still protested greatly on this choice, but she could do nothing to stop him. When he made up his mind, the decision was final.

An hour later they headed for the prison complex, shadowed in darkness with only the moon to guide them to their destination. Jez walked silently behind her cousin. When they arrived, Dib repeated the plans to the different groups and, as they dismissed, went off in another direction.

“Don't wait for me. I'm following him.” Jez whispered to her teammates. They shrugged and waved

goodbye, knowing she was just as impossible to stop as her cousin.

*Not a man moved their eyes gazed straight ahead,
Till one by one they stepped back and not a word was said
And the old general was left with his own words echoing in his head
He then prepared to fight*

Jez followed her cousin as he walked through a small, unguarded side door into a small broom closet. Stepping over buckets and mops, she stalked him into the main hallway. There were already guards coming from behind at both of them, and before he could turn around, she used her sword arm to shoot a beam of electricity to stun them.

Hearing the blast from behind, Dib turned, holding his pistol right at his cousin. He stared unbelievably at her and lowered the pistol. "Jez!" he gasped, relieved, "What are you doing here?"

"You know I couldn't leave you alone, Dib." She playfully remarked. "He's family to me just as he is to you. And don't forget- I'm just as headstrong as you are."

Dib sighed, "I almost forgot. Oh well, then. Let's go!" They continued down the hall together until they heard blasts from behind them.

*He said: I have seen the others
And I have discovered
That this fight is not worth fighting
No, and I see their mothers
and I will no other
to follow me where I'm going*

"You two FILTHY rebels have finally decided to rear your enormous head, huh?" they looked behind them to see a tiny green man being carried on a large red throne.

"ZIM." Dib glared at his arch rival. "After years of waiting, I'm going to fight and overthrow your empire. Oh yes, and my head isn't big." He added as an afterthought.

ZIM was amused with his little speech and waved a gloved hand at the pair. "Seize them."

The guards came toward Dib and Jez, and surrounded them. The two went right to work, blasting all that they could. In a matter of moments, though, they were tired and the soldiers kept regrouping. Dib was more tired than his cousin, and they swarmed him, locking him in a pair of cuffs.

"Jez! Get out of here!" he screamed.

"I'm not leaving you, Dib!" she stood firmly, blasting the guards with her sword- arm.

"You have to. One of us has to be around to lead the others!" he said back. Jez realized he was right. One of them had to fight the Irken in the other's absence. Taking her cousin's advice, she ran, unsure of whenever she would see her cousin again.

So

Take a shower shine your shoes

You got no time to lose

You are young men you must be living

So

Take a shower shine your shoes

You got no time to lose

You are young men you must be living

Go now you are forgiven.

When Jez delivered the news to the rest of the base, there was an air of sadness that radiated outside with the news reports going out about the capture. Jez took a deep breath. It was now up to her to save the entire earth.

3 - Renegade

Earth's Saviours

Chapter Three- Renegade

Professor Rowan Brooke

---This is at least a year after the last story, and the song it is wrote to is "Renegade" by Styx---

Jez Membrane, second-in-command of the Earth Resistance Alliance, dashed through the dark alleyways of the city. "I need backup, guys! They're breathing down my neck!" she screamed into the cloudy atmosphere. She knew nobody could hear her, though. Her colleagues were in a hideout known as The Hole, which was in the middle of what was once the country. Looking behind her, she heard sirens and saw flashing red lights in the distance. Sighing, she sat down in front of the wall that signaled a dead end. It was over. Dib was captured. She had no clue where Gaz was. The Professor was captured. The Professor... she looked down at the sword-arm her uncle had given her in place of the arm she lost. It crackled with energy that she could control and fire out the end of the sword.

"Jez Membrane, you are under arrest. Please come with us quietly." Looking up, Jez saw a group of men in police uniforms. She got up, looking down at the ground, as the men led her to a hovercraft and barred the doors once she was in.

Oh mamma I'm in fear for my life

*from the long arm of the law
Lawman has put an end to my running*

and I'm so far from my home

Once Jez got there, she was led through a large door to a very spacious room with nothing in it except for an enormous throne. Seated in that large throne was a very small body with green skin and red eyes. "ZIM." She growled.

“Yes, Jez, or should I say, Agent Greylycan?” ZIM smirked at the scowl he got from his greatest enemy's partner. “I am now the ruler of your FILTHY planet!” he screamed, balling his clawed hand into a fist. “Your planet was a great source of many resources, and your people are now stripping your planet of them for me. After that, I'll ship them to other planets. Unlike I first believed, these Humans are magnificent workers.”

Jez glared at her nemesis. “You monster!”

Zim turned away and shooed her away. “Take her down to be with her family for her last week alive.”

Oh mamma I can hear you a-crying

*You're so scared and all alone
Hangman is coming down from the gallows*

and I don't have very long

Jez was taken down a long flight of stairs where there were many men and women, most of them top leaders of the Resistance, were in barred cells. Near the end was a cell with two people in it. One was four years younger than her, and his hair was shaped into a disheveled spike. The ends of his trench coat were shredded and tattered, along with the rest of his clothing. His glasses had one large crack running up the right lens. The other man had hardly any hair left, and his white lab coat was dirty. The guards opened the door and shoved Jez inside the cell.

*The jig is up the news is out they've finally found me
The renegade who had it made retrieved for a bounty
Never more to go astray
This will be the end today of the wanted man*

“Greylycan!” the younger one shouted and grasped her shoulders. “You've finally been caught.”

“Yes, Dib, I have.” She said, looking at the ground. The capture was not as glorious as her cousin's, but it had the same effect. They were both in jail now, and there was nobody to command the Earth Liberation Army. It would soon fall into chaos, be brought to a total stop, and would be written as a footnote in Earth's history books. All the members would either die or conform to the twisted society the Irken had created. She sat down. At least she would spent some time with her family before she died.

Then Dib rose. “Jez, I have an idea.”

*Oh mamma I've been years on the lam
And had a high price on my head
Lawman said get him dead or alive
Now it's for sure he'll see me dead*

“Really? What is it?” She asked- grabbing her cousin and shaking him until his glasses fell off.

“Well,” he started, bending over to pick up his glasses, “At least five or six years ago, I helped a small group of aliens fight the Irken on the planet Meekrob. Maybe we could get them here to help us in our fight!”

“That's a marvelous idea, Dib!” Jez shouted. “How are we going to escape?”

Dib's smile became very serious. “Not we, Jez. You.”

*Dear mamma I can hear you crying
You're so scared and all alone
Hangman is coming down from the gallows
And I don't have very long*

Jez looked unbelievably at her cousin. “Me? Why just me? I have no idea where they even ARE!” she shouted, the final word echoing off the stone walls.

The Professor then spoke. "You're stronger than both of us combined, Jez. You are the one who has a better chance at outrunning the guards."

Jez nodded to her family. "You're right. I'll leave tomorrow night."

*The jig is up the news is out they've finally found me
The renegade who had it made retrieved for a bounty
Never more to go astray
Just will have revenge today I'm a wanted man*

A day of torture went and gone, and that night Jez prepared to slip out. Through her day, she learned where the shipyard was. Jez then looked at her sword-arm. She had mastered using it up to now, and now it was time to test her real skill with it. Closing her eyes, she concentrated all her energy on the tip of the sword. When her eyes snapped open, the sword beam shot out at the bars of the cell door, melting the metal and making a large enough hole for her to leap through.

Once she stepped outside, sirens wailed and guards came thundering down the hall. Soon enough, she was surrounded.

*Oh mamma I'm in fear for my life from the long arm of the law
Hangman is coming down from the gallows and I don't have very long*

Jez spun around, her sword slashing everywhere. Soon enough, she was standing in a large pool of the blood of at least six people. Not caring about this, she dashed toward the shipyard.

In the shipyard, there were hundreds of thousands of Voot cruisers. She ran around, looking for one that wasn't already registered to any being. If she hopped in the wrong one, she was as good as caught. Then she saw one- a slightly larger light grey Voot. Climbing in, she quickly downloaded her personality in it and flew off, other Voots on her tail

*The jig is up the news is out they've finally found me
The renegade who had it made retrieved for a bounty
Never more to go astray
This will be the end today of the wanted man
A waaanted man*

After a while, the voots left her. She looked back at her home planet for one last time, wondering when she would see it again...

---Alright! Chapter three is completed! Now I need YOUR help- I need a song for chapter four. Please help meee!---

4 - Trigger Happy Jack

Earth's Saviours

Chapter 4- Trigger Happy Jack

Professor Rowan Brooke

----Hello there my faithful fans! I had so much trouble thinking of a chapter four song, I moved that to chapter 5 and it is now time to introduce what has been happening to Gaz these past five years! Thank you for the insight, toxic_dreamer! The song is "Trigger Happy Jack" by Poe. Her whole album is a soundtrack to Gaz! It's kinda amazing...----

First Commander Gaz paced around her office. The world had changed in five years' time. Those years ago she knew what was going on, but she didn't really care. ZIM was an idiot. He needed her around to be his second brain. She gave into his power many years ago and ascended in the ranks. It was mostly because ZIM really liked her, but she pretended not to know. Extremely bored, she turned on the television. On every station was the same thing.

He scares easily

It makes him so... angry

At me

And his head it spins around

Just like the exorcist and I

Find it ever so

Hard to resist his cries

“Rebel ringleader Jez Membrane has escaped from prison and is heading off into space in a stolen Voot cruiser. Nobody really knows her intentions, but troops will be watching the skies for the fugitive. This is...”

Gaz turned off the television. She knew this was going to happen. She even knew where her crazy cousin was most likely headed. Her brother babbled on for days about aiding a band of aliens known as “The Resisty”, and he probably told Jez about them. Should she tell ZIM? “Nah.” She decided. The Resisty were a band of idiots attempting to overthrow an enormous empire. It would never work. She then heard a series of doors opening and slamming. It got louder and louder, until reaching hers.

But there's nothing more sadistic than an infant

Waving his pistol in my face

He wants me right down on my knees

Crumbling in disgrace

But he underestimates my mind

I know he's messing with my head

My only weakness is

I can't believe the guy could be entirely dead

ZIM stormed into the office. “FILTHY rebel human!” he screamed. “She escaped from MY prison complex!”

“Calm down. It's just one rebel.” Gaz groaned. “She can't do anything to take on the entire Irken army. Anyways, I'm going to talk to my brother. Ask him what he told her, if anything.” She started herself a pot of coffee.

ZIM sighed and sat down. “You're right, Gaz. I should really stop worrying. It's only one girl.” He repeated to himself as he walked out of the office. Gaz got ready to travel to the prison complex.

You can't talk to a psycho like a normal human being

You can't talk to a psycho like a normal human being

Trigger Happy Jack you're gonna blow

But I'm gonna get off before you go

My Trigger Happy Jack is just a drive by

A Go-Go

Go-Go

Gaz rode down to the prison in a government hovercraft. She was escorted by five smaller hovercrafts, and the guards in them leapt out and headed toward the complex. It's been five years since she had seen her older brother, and wondered how his resistance movement went. Escorted by the guards, she strode calmly into the prison.

The blood was still being cleaned off the floor when she got to the wing where her family was being kept. She stared, her mouth hanging open, at the enormous hole her cousin created. "That was a beautiful piece of workmanship." a deep voice behind her responded.

And after a while he calms down

And he looks at me like a prince

But I know I better bite the bullet

'Cause it's just another one of his Jedi mind tricks

Well this ain't no head trip honey

This is a collision on the road

And you've got me feeling oh just like a roadkill

But you know deep down I know

Gaz whipped around to see a man that was almost bald, wearing a pair of dirty sunglasses and a tattered lab coat. "I made that sword-arm for her. One of my best cybernetic attachments ever." He scratched his chin. "You look familiar. Have I seen you somewhere before?"

Gaz gasped and almost screamed out, "I'm your daughter!", but she stopped when she remembered she did look a lot different. She died her violet hair black and put it in a tight bun, and she was wearing a military uniform. She cleared her throat. "I need to talk to the one known as Dib."

"Oh yes, he is here." The professor said back to her. "Dib, someone from the military wants to speak with you."

The figure that walked out of the shadows frightened her for a bit. Her brother looked so disheveled, so broken down, but with a fire still glowing in his eyes. "Come with me." Gaz commanded, "I wish to talk to you in private."

You can't talk to a psycho like a normal human being

Can't talk to a psycho like a normal human being

Trigger Happy Jack you're gonna blow

But I'm gonna get off before you go

My Trigger Happy Jack is just a drive by

A Go-Go

Gaz led Dib into a room that was entirely white. The only furniture in it was a metal table and two chairs. Gaz sat down and motioned to her brother to sit in the other chair. "You told our cousin about the Resisty, didn't you?"

"Our cousin?" Dib looked at this military woman with new eyes. "Gaz? Is that you?" Gaz had

disappeared at least four years ago, and nobody had heard where she went. Why had his sister become the enemy?

“Yes, Dib, you are speaking to first commander Gaz, right hand to ZIM, ruler of this world.” She smirked. It's been a while since she saw her brother suffer, and she was enjoying every moment of his babbling and faces. “You told Jez about the Resisty, didn't you?”

Why do you make me feel like this?

Why do you gotta be such a dick?

Go-Go

“Yes, I did. She has to save us, Gaz. We were meant to rule ourselves, not have a MONSTER from another planet control our daily lives!” Dib stated the last sentence like a politician, punctuating the things that sounded good, but would never come true in a million years.

“Thank you, Dib. I found out what I need to know, and that you most likely sent our older cousin on a wild goose chase that will end up with body bags!” she screamed. Gaz quite liked Jez, and didn't want to see her cousin die. “You are dismissed.” She mumbled, and the guards took her brother away.

And I hate myself just enough to want him

And I hate him just enough to get off

But I understand him

Maybe I'm just crazy enough to love him

Why not?

Gaz walked out of the prison, feeling heavier than she did coming out. She would have to answer ZIM's questions when she got back to the main building, and she wasn't looking forward to that.

You can't talk to a psycho like a normal human being

You can't talk to a psycho like a normal human being

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