

Star Gazing

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Perhaps humans possessed a certain quality that allowed them to see past the emptiness of the night sky.....past the fury of the burning stars...and the loneliness of the moon. ZADF One-shot!!

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Discarded...forgotten...betrayed.

'You don't really think you're on a mission, do you?' Purple asked with a slight smirk

Zim frowned 'All of it...nothing but lies'.

'It's over' Red replied.

Zim leaned back onto the [roof](#) top, allowing his Pak to keep himself balanced, the moonlight reflecting off his large magenta eyes as he gazed up into the night sky. He folded his arms over his chest comfortably and considered the possibilities that were now ahead of him. His mind however seemed to find no point in continuing at the moment and therefore his thoughts would not [advance](#).

He sighed, half in defeat, and half in annoyance as he watched the Stars twinkle above him. Each one holding, in its own, a dream that would never come true and a desire that would never be fulfilled.

He wondered for a moment what it was about Star gazing that humans found so fascinating. Could it be they did not see the lies and empty promises it had to offer.

'lies'

How could he not see it.

'You've been a burden on us long enough.'

Zim had always done everything in his power to be his best even when all odds had been stacked up against him.

"You are hereby banished from Irk and all Irken controlled planets."

He had been loyal and respectful to his superiors and at the same time had strived for his own greatness.

"Don't bother trying to contact us again."

He had sneered in the face of criticism and disrespect and had held on to the aspiration that one day his efforts would be praised.

"And this time Zim," Red replied glaring down at him. "Don't come back."

He knew now that such a day would never come and his name would only be remembered, if at all, in terms of failure and disappointment.

'The empire has no need for defectives.'

'Defective'...'Useless'...'unfit to live'.

'Pathetic'

Zim sighed.

What was he to do now? Accept the fact that his entire life was meaningless, that everything he had believed in and everything he had done was for nothing.

He recalled spending those following weeks mindlessly going about his daily tasks as if nothing had changed, desperately clinging to a false sense of hope that maybe, just maybe, he had misunderstood the Tallest. But you can only deny the truth for so long before it finally comes crashing down on you.

Zim shook his head wanting to rid himself of those thoughts. It was in the past, it couldn't be changed and wasn't worth dwelling on. He was not so low and pathetic that he would let himself fall pray to what earthlings called...depression.

Still he looked up at those stars and couldn't help but resent them.

'Stupid stars' he angrily thought, though he realized his anger was more towards himself than anything else.

He sighed again, his shoulders tensing.

"Gee Zim...that's like the 3rd time you've sighed tonight,"

Zim's body jumped slightly at the sudden sound of the voice and he looked over. There, not too far from where he was laying, was Dib. The boy was also laying on his back, his hands resting behind his head for support and comfort as he stared up into the sky.

Zim glared over in annoyance having forgotten the boy's presence for a while, but none the less bothered by his sudden need to comment on the situation.

"Go home Dibstink" Zim bitterly replied, though his voice didn't rise to its normal magnitude.

Dib continued to look up at the sky his face strangely calm.

"What's your problem?" Dib asked plainly.

Zim clenched his hands into fists, a sudden urge to lash out at the boy rose within him. He swallowed the words that were forming in his throat before they left his lips though, knowing it was pointless.

"I hate the stars," Zim mumbled glaring up at them again.

"You could go back inside," Dib replied with a casual shrug. "No one said you had to look at them."

Zim sat up and glared over at him, perhaps the human had forgotten who he was speaking to.

"This was your stupid idea earth filth," Zim snapped, "And this is my home base not yours."

Dib frowned thoughtfully but didn't look over at the alien, though he found it slightly interesting how Zim no longer referred to himself as the third person.

"You're right Zim," Dib agreed, "How bout next time we meet at my place?"

Zim blinked over at him for a moment before leaning back onto the roof and glaring off in another direction. Maybe he had just grown use to the human, or maybe he was simply going soft, though if asked he would deny either one.

A moment of silence fell between them.

For as long as the two had known each other they had been fighting, constantly getting in the others way and trying to make each others lives miserable and yet both seemed to surrender to the truth. The game was over. There was no need to battle...nothing to gain from winning ...at least nothing that would overshadow the loss. They simply stopped...and as strange as it seemed they had become friends.

Zim scoffed at the thought, he may be a defective but he was still far better than any human. He certainly didn't have need for 'friendship'...such a Petty thing really...and for him to actually consider Dib a friend...now that would truly be pathetic.

He stared over at the human from the corner of his eyes, Dib was still staring up at the sky with a look of contentment on his face that Zim simply couldn't understand.

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"What do you see?" he asked unable to hide his curiosity.

Dib tensed, obviously having been lost in thought and for the first time since they had arrived on the roof he looked over at him.

Zim sat up, glad that he had gotten Dib's attention and determined to get an answer.

"When you look at these stars" Zim tried again hoping the look of confusion on Dib's face would vanish

"What is it that you are seeing"

Dib blinked for a moment and then shrugged prompting Zim to glare back at his lack of response.

"Tell me," Zim said again. "Why do you wish to look at them?"

"I dunno...I just do," Dib paused slightly struggling for words. "It just...makes me feel...good I guess"

One of Zim's antenna rose slightly.

Dib pulled himself up into a sitting position and tried to explain.

"Every since I was little I've always believed that there was more to life than...this," he replied gesturing around him. "I guess it's kinda stupid but even when everyone tells me I'm wrong or crazy..."

He paused and looked up, his voice became quieter.

"When I look up at the stars...it makes me think anything's possible," he continued, "And that gives me a reason to keep going."

Zim nodded hesitantly and looked up as well.

He wasn't good with emotions, even if by being a defective he possessed them, but he supposed the feeling Dib was trying to describe was Hope.

Once again Zim inwardly scoffed...what could the human possibly have left to hope for...in a world that didn't want him and with people who would never understand.

"Perhaps the view is better from your base Dib pig," Zim mused with a slight smirk. "We will have to see."

Dib smiled but his gaze remained fixed on the stars.

"Yeah...", he whispered, "Tomorrow."

Zim nodded and leaned back onto the roof top again, this time allowing a small smile to grace his lips as he surrendered to the twinkling stars above.

'Pathetic' he mused

But then again...so was he.