

# Invader Lucy: Poetic Description Biography

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*This is basically Lucy's story from her POV. It's poetic. Not rhyming, but poetic.*

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**Chapter 1 - Poetic Biography**

**2**

# 1 - Poetic Biography

(the good one=zim, the hero=zam, the villain=zom)

I walked along that broken road only in my dreams. It haunts me still today that I hadn't left sooner. All the things I had come to love had faded away with one final blow. With it, it took the sun, the stars, and all my hopes. All that was left were tears. The hard times have continued, but still I remember that day like it was yesterday. Sometimes the vision is clear. I can even hear his voice...

"Lucy, let's get out of here!"

He'd said as we climbed into the pod, leaving my brothers to fight. I was scared back then. Scared something was going to happen to me that would change my life forever. Something horrible, hard, and long. Then it struck me, floating out there in space with my brother. The horrible thing I was dreading was at that very moment. My brothers battling for the planet, taking each blow hard. I was heartbroken. They used to be so caring and nice. Now the planet was in danger. I remember our Smeets days when the hero used to fight over the Splodge ball with the villain. Now, the planet was that Splodge ball, and me and the good one were stuck right in the middle of it. My three brothers aren't perfect. They have their faults. The good one tends to get obsessed over one thing at a time. The hero cares only for himself in dire situations. The villain... Well, he's bent on the destruction of our planet. See, that's the only real problem. Other than that, we're just your typical aliens. I still today wish the fighting had stopped right then and there. Yet, after all that time, when me and the good one returned to our planet, we found the villain had run away. We also discovered the hero beaten down and missing some limbs. I had felt so betrayed by the villain. He was not the same as he used to be. Ruthless, cold, and mean were the words to describe his actions, and his overall personality. No more. I could take no more. I left my two remaining good brothers to follow the path of an Invader. The whole world came crashing down on me when I was just 110. I was headed to training... And a fate worse than death. After a mishap in training I had my memory wiped. Everything but who I was what I liked, and so on was erased. I lost all memory of my brothers. In the cell they had thrown me in I had plenty of time to think. That was my only hope. After who knows how long I was called to replace an Irken who's name sprang out at me but I didn't know why. But he was dead. No second chances.