

ZIM-On Farming

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*Okay, here it is!! To me, this is **ROTFLMAOLOL**. Its what happens when Zim gets tricked into buying farm animals and decides to be a farmer. Personally, the best part is when he explains to Dib how to milk them.*

It's epic.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/CaffeinatedSoul/59551/ZIM-On-Farming>

Chapter 1 - Zim the Farmer

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1 - Zim the Farmer

One glorious, beautiful, and smelly morning, Dib found himself waiting. Waiting on Zim.

Dib had been at his house last night, minding his own business when suddenly he found himself in desperate need of koolade. And since he was out of his own sugar, he went to Zim's place to borrough some.

Any other day he would have gone to anyone else for sugar, but Gaz had sent out petition to the whole school to shun him after he tripped over her new puppy.

It wasn't the puppy tripping that angered Gazes twisted soul of pure evil, it was the fact that after Dib had tripped on the puppy he landed on Gazes new video game, BrainslayingevilviciousmaleviolantevildinosaurlghosthobokillermutantzombieJANATORSSSSSSS!!!!(of [you know]doom of some kind)

Perhaps a wee tad bigish for a title maybe.

So, due to the mass-shunning, Dib had been forced to grovel up to his sworn enemy who luckily didn't know what shunning was.

When Dib arrived Zim's super creepy house-thing, he saw that the alien wasn't home. Gir and Minimoose were there, but no Zim. Gir and Minimoose, at the time, had been deep in one of the Scary Monkey Show episodes. The emotional one. With the crying. And the monkey.

Unable to get a response from them, Dib left Gir and Minimoose to their insanity and went to explore the house. On the kitchen table he saw three bowls of pourage. First he tasted the large one but it was too hot. Then he tasted the small one and it was too cold. Then he tasted the medium one and realized that he should never eat food that was made by Zim and passed out from all the drugged pourage.

So now, he was sitting on the kitchen table which was damp with his own blood and sweat. That didn't make much sense. He would have gladly preferred a chair, but for some reason all the chairs were being used as firewood.

That didn't make much sense either because it was July.

He was waiting on Zim's return. Usually he would've gotten the heck out of there, but even the drugs hadn't shaken his koolade desire.

A couple hours later Dib became certain of two things: 1-His butt was permanently glued to that table, and 2-He heard the doorbell ringing.

He flung himself to the door. He shoved the robo-parents into the fireplace. He clawed at the carpet, dragging his carcass to the holy gateway of an ultimate glorious future of koolade and an absence of Zim's house.

Zim opened the door.

"What are you doing in my house, Diblet"

Dib picked himself off the floor and gazed at Zim's unusual attire, "Zim, why are you wearing plaid"

Zim looked down at his ensemble of plaid, overalls, and cowboy boots.

"It's my new look."

"Your new-"

"YES!!" Zim interrupted. He saw Dib's confused face. He continued, " You see, Dib a la mode, I was out raiding the Coop for some plastic farm animals to fuel my mind-reading device- "

"It's pronounced Co-op."

"SILENCE!!NO INTERRUPTIONS!!! After I left the store, I met a man I could only describe as husky. He told me he had some things that I need. He explained that they were in his trailer. I wasn't sure what he

was talking about, but I became unbelievably convinced that I needed some. So, it was one sweaty handshake, and he unhooked the trailer and drove off in a black hearse into the dark, misty night with all the earth currency I've ever owned."

Dib stared at Zim he was feeling an odd mixture of pity and culinary stooper. That tends to happen to one who stares into the eyes of pure stupidity too long.

"Well, what's in the trailer?" Dib said, trying to shake himself from the idiocy and his everlasting hankering for koolade.

"Being an irken, I wasn't sure. But inside the trailer there was a book helping me identify the creatures..."

"Creatures?"

"YES!! The book said that they were COWS!!"

"Cows'.....Look Zim, this explains why you weren't home yesterday, but what about today? You were gone all night."

"YES,YES!! I'm getting there! Look, when I looked in the book I not only found the animals identification, BUT I found out what to do with them!!"

"..."

"MILK THEM!!!!!!!!!!!!!! So I milked them with love all night long."

"..." was all Dib could say in his floundering position of disgruntledness.

Zim continued, "If ever you get your own cow-monsters I suggest a few things...FIRST!!! Yoo gotta grabbum bye their back leggys an' bite 'um bye th' tail (I learned this myself you see..) Then you gotta kick um in the back..."

Zim rambled on as Dib watched him act out his description.

"...after that they run around a bit-just to drag ya' through th' mud a little, rocks, pokey sticks, poison oak, a dead skunk.. THEIR JUST PLAYN' WITH YA'! cute little thingies they is... AFTER their wear themselves out they roll over on their backs an' crush you completely. I heard my organs go: ~smush~ IT WAS FUN!!! After they's calm(an' yoo can climb out from underneath them an still breathe [one I call Ole Bessy collapsed m' lung{ I had to blow it back into position with a pipe bomb and a spork})THEN yoo just MILK them! An' I did that with all 28 of 'um."

Zim walked away toward the kitchen, whistling.

Gir walked over to Dib.

"They not cows," He said, "They look like this."<div style="text-align: center;">And with that Gir held up his rubber **PIGGY**.

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