

Ocarina of Time: Zim Version

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*Oh boy.
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*This was actually based off a dream I had (it was a crossover between the Ocarina of Time and Invader Zim).
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*To put it simple, ts warped, its demented, and it abuses the elderly.
*

**cough*
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Enjoy.

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1. Initialization

The room was dimly lit. Nevertheless, one could make out--barely--the facial features of a man behind his glasses, peering with contempt at the whitewashed walls of a seemingly bare room, spare the camouflaged door in its middle.

"Jhonen."

It was impossible to account for who had spoken: for one, the ambience of the voice seemed to come from the room itself, and there was no one in sight, minus the man dubbed Jhonen Vasquez. There was a surreal feel to both Jhonen and the piercing walls of neutral color. It conjured abstract imagery, obviously spawned mentally and quite unrealistic for real worlds. Apparently, the scenario pointed fingers to a dream withheld and retold, a dubious fan fiction only seen in the eye of the one typing it.

"Jhonen," repeated the queer voice--or room, for all that matter. He made no inclination he noticed, but still it spoke.

"You are obviously well aware of the canceling of... Invader Zim, and how our idiot heads wished it to--"

The voice paused. "...Wait, idiot heads? That's not what I wanted to--"

"Nicktoons is garbage! Go crawl under a rock and speak verbiage to nothing!"

"...The hell?"

"Plagues! Demonic influence! Retarded in the art of--"

A screeching noise came from nothing, reverting into vicious grating acoustics and silence. Something obviously moved far away, and the contradicting voice that spoke earlier came upon the room apparently rigged with hidden speakers. It was feminine and belonged to someone young, at least in middle school, however warped it was by the sound system.

"Vasquez!"

Still he was staring off, unabated in his efforts to ignore whatever was staged in a separate confinement. Though he showed dull interest, JV obviously saw naught of looking upwards to locate where the noise was coming from, or speak.

"Vasquez, I repeat! This is obviously not real, more the antics of a crazed mind... wait, never mind that. I'm asleep and dream---anyway! Jhonen, we have request. I do, anyhow. Will you bring back Invader Zim? Whatever insane reality or dimension this is... Viacom is in oblivion. Yes! Even I am incredulous! ...Even in a dream! I swear they're afterworld conquest...but I'm rambling! Yes, very much so!"

Jhonen Vasquez raised an eyebrow in dubious nonchalance.

"I want your consent to put your characters through a vicious program I have called the OOTZV. The Ocarina of Time Zim Version. Before you ask... its called video game influence in sleep, as well as watching your cancelled show. And more before the asking, yes, it is undeniable or unavoidable they have to go through all this, because usually dreams are warped and nothing can happen normally. Whatever the halibut normal is."

"...My head hurts."

"SILENCE YOU IDIOTIC EMPLOYEE! GO ROLL INTO A QUARRY!"

The man snorted inwardly.

"Anyway... Uh, I suppose that's it. The only bad thing is you're stuck here until I wake up or some funny thing like that. Might as well accept, or you'll be bored to death in the next twelve hours."

Jhonen looked up, brow furrowed. For a long time nothing was said, the simple ambience

consisting of nothing but bated breath from where the sound was being broadcasted and infrequent groans of pain, suggesting the girl had used an object to bring the previous announcer to the floor. A minute passed, him debating whether to keep feud between Nick or be somewhat entertained for the rest of the torture he was due for.

Seeing as this was a dream and not real occurrence, Jhonen Vasquez, marred by the oftentimes-inaccurate expanse of fan fiction, agreed hesitantly, with great reproach. It was unceremonious, but still the jerk of his neck muscles indicated a nod.

"...Yes," growled Vasquez, eyes darting from corner to corner in defiance and obvious dislike towards the acceptance.

A shout of glee came from the other line, emanating joy. Several cheery roars came from the background, with the swift exhalation of air and the small gust of wind that spawned when an arm was raised quickly, skyward.

"He accepted! Run the transmission screens!"

A quite large, plasma-based screen was chucked in through the door, which opened just enough to allow it to be thrown dangerously close to Jhonen. It teetered for a minute on its ends before coming to a dismal halt, wires snaking from the ground and pinning it down while supplying fuel. A black image flickered to life, nothing on it yet.

Something came into view--a frizzy haired preteen with a band of crazed Invader Zim supporters bearing wide grins and pinning a white-suited man to the wall of an atrociously bright colored room. The girl wore glasses and brown hair and eyes, a microphone next to her.

"Initiate OOTZV!" barked the figure, pointing to a dirty blonde. She slammed a hand into a large, magenta button, making the room flare in lime and giving highlight to her brown eyes and black clothing as well as the rest of the groups'. The colors made Jhonen want to wince, though he refused to openly.

Immediately the room darkened, J's screen instead displaying the profiles of Zim, Dib, Gaz and GIR, as well as the haughty, dark-skinned and red haired man known as Ganondorf, a pasty-faced blonde wielding weaponry and a green tunic--Link, a dainty female also with the same features as Link, though in a dress withholding the emblem of 3 triangles, Zelda, a glowing blue fairy and a mysteriously dressed figure that looked like Zelda, though older and reasonably tanned, Sheik. GIR was at the far end, eyeing the fairy.

A purple and red line stretched across the screen, conjoining the profiles. The figures melded to their appointed pair, Zim with Link, Dib with Zelda, Gaz with Sheik, GIR with the fairy and Ganondorf unmatched, with simple green text beneath him that marked the man as 'threat'. A few character names appeared in scrolling paragraphs, and then it dulled to black again.

"Christ," muttered Jhonen, sinking into sitting position upon the floor. It was white, too.

2. Dawn of Insanity

"I can't wait."

"Shh, it's starting! Start downloading the data and all that junk."

The previously seen, equally dark haired and eyed, bespectacled girl waved her hand dismissively. Still the OOTZV was starting up, now displayed with images of the characters being melded into a file, as well as their counterparts.

They would all eventually appear in an interactive videogame, much like an RPG, though they would be self governed. Why the OOTZV needed to be initiated was upon confusing term and probably would only make sense if you lived in a closet and hallucinated of magic broomsticks.

It probably had something to deal with the fact the characters now resided in whimsical realm and had to prove themselves worthy upon embarking on their mission to be aired again. However, it might have just been over-indulgence in video gaming, IZ, and Mentos. They were hardly benefactors, anyway.

In any case, the girl began to look impatient as the sullen clack of typing filled the air. There was aura of excitement, now, as the final percent of data loaded and set into ignition scenery and the warped Invader Zim characters.

"It has begun!"

Jhonen watched the screen with contempt.

It began with a tingling sensation the irken couldn't quite place. Almost as if a probe was being dislodged into his PAK system and slowly moved across his back, giving it a fleeting tickle and horrible, horrible pinprick of pain.

He had been chasing down the Dib-human... running on the sidewalk to shout at his idiotic, oversized head after the moron had pelted him with an arsenal of meat.

"I'm going to get you, you---"

Whatever Zim was about to say was drowned out by colliding head-first with powdery dirt, after he seemingly tripped in mid-air and stopped in suspended animation.

"OW! WHAT THE---"

The scenery had changed--dramatically, at that. Upon choking on a ball of dirt and spitting it on the ground roughly, the irken's gaze spread upon the new, alien territory. It was a field, stretching, impossibly vast--and in the distance the pillars of a castle rose, as well as a forest and what seemed to be a large stone hedge, faintly covering a barn.

Zim finished letting the dirt slide off his earthworm-like tongue, taking a moment to tilt his head slowly, feeling the resistance of fabric around his neck.

"Whu...?"

His antennae pricked under something--what was that? It had the consistency of the wig he oftentimes wore, though lighter and more...natural.

The irken's arm flew up to meet his head and with rising panic he felt a hood, looking downwards and seeing his uniform wasn't maroon anymore... if it was a uniform at all. What appeared to be a green tunic was draped over what would usually be his usual, dress-

looking attire and a belt was hung lopsidedly across his waist, weighed down by the volume of a heavy sword, its sheath on his side and its straps crisscrossing in both directions off his shoulders.

A shield also made its presence obvious with a clanging sound after he in turn swung around to intake more scenery, sword sheathing with the defensive armor. Looking down at his hands told they were still gloved, but not with irken ones... they were made of brown rough-hewn leather and otherwise lacked finger covering, exposing the pale, mint-green coloring of his skin. At least it hadn't turned peach or whatnot.

... Yet, the irken thought in fear, unable to understand what just happened. Where was Dib? The city? The meat?

The meat... A feral snarl appeared on his features, and, as if on cue, something swung into existence, screaming loudly and falling ten feet from what seemed to be a green portal.

"AUGH! OW! JEEZ!"

Zim's antennae perked in surprise, and his brow furrowed considerably, before intaking what lay before him.

In an attempt to be ferocious, the irken started to speak in undertone--or, tried, really, but cut off, ending it more like a question than a threat. He laughed involuntarily, mouth twitching in both a triumphant grin of mirth and sneer of hate.

"...DIB..?"

The human's head snapped up, scythe-like haircut ripping through the air. The usual flyaway chunks of it were plaited neatly and hung by his shoulders--feminine, too feminine.

Even worse was the fact he was clothed in a pink dress, frilled and obviously of high quality, rimmed with layers of white and darker pink. There was the golden emblem of an upside-down triangle within a triangle near the middle of the fair dress, puffing outwards like a mushroom.

Dib's face contorted in what seemed to be angst and then quickly faded into a constrained laugh.

"ZIM! What did you do, dress in the dark?"

To the irken's annoyance, he began to snicker and then start laughing uproariously. Zim scowled.

"You contradict ME, of all people? Look what YOU'RE wearing, earth scum!"

Dib's nose wrinkled but nevertheless, he cast a quick glance downwards underneath his glasses, and gave a suppressed scream.

"WHAT DID YOU DO, ZIM? WHAT DID YOU DO?"

"ME? ZIM DID NOTHING! HOW IS IT MY FAULT IF YOU DECIDE TO WEAR A DRESS ONE DAY?"

Dib's mouth was open in a weird gesture, one of his eyes narrowed and his nose wrinkled, the other eye twitching.

"...At least I'm not imitating an elf," said the boy after a moment of shocked silence. He pointed accusingly to two large ears sticking out from under Zim's hair and hood.

"What? What ears?" demanded the irken, hands flying upwards to meet his head and, unsurprisingly, there they were--pointed ears that flagged outwards like fins.

"YOU MOCK ZIM? Oh, you filthy little pig! What did you do?"

"What did I do? This is probably one of your crazy false realities! I don't even have the technology to do this--"

"YOU MOCK ME, DON'T YOU?"

"I SAID IT'S NOT MY FAULT!"

"DON'T YOU!?"

"I SAID I DIDN'T! JEEZ, ZIM!"

The irken shook and pounded a fist into nothing, otherwise the air. The human growled and

crossed his arms, seeing they were sleeved in the similar color choice of the dress. He let his arms fall quickly to his sides after witnessing it.

Zim, likewise, suffered the same torture of new attire, though instead of pink it consisted of a green that clashed considerably with his already mint-tinted skin. The bottom half of his new dressing was fairly normal: the usual tights, though these were peach and boots, though now they were leather and looked medieval.

Dib's legs weren't visible, though the tips of his shoes were, and miraculously, they were boots as well. A lot better looking than Zim's, yes, but boots nonetheless.

"You look like a girl," Zim pointed out unnecessarily, pointing.

Dib snarled.

"You look like you're wearing a dress yourself," retorted the human, crossing his arms again, determined not to look at its pink fluffiness.

The alien scowled considerably and was about to reply with an equally degrading comment when the portal-like passage opened once more and Dib's younger sister drifted solemnly downward, landing softly on the ground.

As she walked past, the girl shoved the two in the stomach--or in Zim's case, squeedly spooch, and crossed her arms, ignoring the "oomph" sounds the boys made.

"Gaz?" inquired Dib weakly, rubbing his abdomen.

She grunted a yes, eyes closed, apparently unperturbed by what just happened.

The girl was wearing a blue-and-white, armor-looking dress type, purple hair hidden with a winding white cloth, as well as one of her eyes. A red eye was stamped onto the breastplate of the armor, her face looking oddly tanned in comparison to the usual death-like coloring. There was no videogame clasp in her hand, and so said she seemed to emanate fury.

Zim felt inclined to say something derogatory or exceedingly stupid, but another portal opened, ridding him of the privilege. Something cyan dropped into existence and flew into the floor, still. Zim raised an non-existent eyebrow and thought it was dead until the glowing thing--which appeared to be a fairy--reared up and whizzed around his head, screeching gibberish in flitting tones.

Dib snickered while it blew dust over them all, making Gaz quake and grit her teeth, Zim getting the worst of it, seeing as there was now glitter-like substance in his contacts.

"WHAT THE? RAAAAAAAAAGHH! GET OFF MY HEAD YOU WORM YOU!"

The fairy made weird clunking noises and spiraled through the air like a torpedo, ricocheting off Dib and high into the sky, still spinning like a top.

"Ouch!"

"ZIM! YOU DARE THREATEN ZIM, PIXIE? I BET YOU'RE WORKING FOR THE DIB, AREN'T YOU?"

"What? I don't even know what it is! Don't accuse me---"

To Dib's misfortune, an elderly lady waddled past, shuffling like a crook hag with jerky movements. Seeing as the only weapon Zim had was a sword--which, conveniently, he didn't use--the irken dove headlong for the woman's ankles, Gaz raising an eyebrow as Zim brought the frail and hideously small old lady over his head and into Dib. The woman didn't appear to notice.

"ZIM! ARE YOU ON DRUGS?" screeched the boy, vision in a whirl as the old lady collided with his skull.

"MAYBE, DIB-STINK, MAYBE! BUT THIS IS YOUR FAULT, I KNOW IT!"

"AUGH! YOU CRAZY ALIEN! STOP--HITTING--ME!"

"NEVER!"

Dib wheeled into the floor, being viciously pounded upon with the woman, wincing as it

pummeled him once or twice in the stomach, adding to the pain Gaz had already inflicted.

"ZIM! YOU'RE INSANE!"

"SILENCE, INSOLENT FOOL!"

Much to Dib's discontent, the beating ensued until Zim panted, leaving Dib with several bruises and the scent of an old dog. The human twitched on the floor, dress muddied.

Gaz had smirked through the whole torturous scene on Dib's part, and watched the distance when Zim finished prematurely, not having the strength to continue whacking him with a grotesquely light twenty pound deadweight.

The woman appeared to be sleeping, giving loud snores.

"I think you punctured one of my organs, Zim..."

"SILENCE, HEAD OF SMELL!"

A crackling noise came from across the length of the scenery, like the startup of a microphone. Gaz looked at the floor while the two boys looked upwards, ears and antennae perked.

"Hello... welcome to OOTZV."

"What? What is that?"

"Why, the Ocarina of Time, Zim Version!"

Dib slapped his forehead harshly, adding another bruise to his assortment of them.

"Of course! How could I be so--"

"ANYWAY! You're all scheduled to defeat an enemy called Ganondorf--Ganon, for short namesake."

"How do we know who he is?" inquired Zim, pursing his bottom lip.

"Easy enough. He has the biggest zit imaginable stationed in the middle of his forehead," explained the voice carefully, sounding like the girl that had spoken to Jhonen.

Gaz wrinkled her nose and stalked away, unnoticed by the other two.

"So... you defeat him, and if you don't die, you guys live and get out of this torture!"

"Wait!" screamed Dib, looking skyward, with no real focus. "Does that mean... I have to work with... him?"

The last word was spoken in a low hiss, jabbing his finger towards Zim. Zim, likewise, growled a curse in irken.

"Yes," said the voice, with a bit of misplaced enthusiasm. Rustic giggles came from the background.

"No," breathed Dib, looking around. Zim looked highly affronted, and was looking around haughtily, like a cornered animal.

"No, I won't do it!" yelled the human, voice filled with disdain.

Zim eyed him and furrowed his brow, face radiating loathing like heat.

"Speak for yourself, head-of-smell boy!"

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The girl's voice, as well as his, died away with a sullen smack of the old woman, wielded by Zim.

3. Tasks Ahead

Dib gave a muffled groan, being dragged along the floor with great imprudence from Zim.

"Get up, would you?" growled the irken, claspng onto Dib's heel and pushing against the floor, dragging the human up a small hill in the otherwise flat field. A bead of sweat rolled off his face as he struggled to carry both a sword and shield, old woman and now a half-immobilized cross dresser.

"This wouldn't have happened if you didn't jump to conclusions so quickly! I didn't send that fairy and you know it!"

"I said get up!"

"I can hardly move! Usually people pummeled with seniors violently don't get up so easily!"

"It's not Zim's fault if your bodies are so squishy and vulnerable, pig-stink," growled the alien, slightly tinged with fatigue. He'd been dragging Dib for about a mile, now, and still the looming shape of the castle did not show itself sharply. It was mid afternoon, and, not only was the sun berating their backs with heat, but also reflecting light off the white and unpolluted clouds so looking up was just as bad as staring directly into the fiery star.

Dib wrinkled his nose, feeling his head whack against a stray rock.

"Ow! Watch it, Zim! You heard what that girl said! We all have to make it out alive after killing Ganon if we want to get out of here!"

Indeed, the strange voice had come upon them again, educating them in the ways and expectations of OOTZV. Grudgingly, the irken had committed--at least, part-time--to agreeing to haul Dib to the castle. However, he didn't make it a comfortable journey.

Gaz had gone off in an opposite direction, but neither Dib nor Zim cared, knowing the girl was probably more capable of defeating the villain single handedly, though their pride refused to allow them to admit such a thing.

Right now the only thing they had on their mind was getting out of here, slaughtering and leaving. A man with a crowned pimple didn't seem to be that ferocious and, quite frankly, they admitted to seeing Ganon as an overweight, power-crazy little kid.

"You won't die of head trauma," snapped Zim. "That giant skull of yours is probably so thick your brain is leagues away."

"Hey! C'mon, my head is not big!"

Zim snorted and struggled again, pulling Dib's ankle harshly and shuffling backward, defying gravitational pull.

"We're not getting anywhere," Dib muttered glumly. "Zim, aren't you supposed to have superior strength to us 'feeble humans'? And what about your technology, huh? Can't you use those legs of yours to drag us to the castle?"

Zim cursed in irken and wheeled around to face the boy.

"So you can figure out the technology and steal it for your own, dirty people? Never!"

"But you tried to kill me with them last Halloween!" snapped Dib, writhing in the alien's grasp. "Nothing stopping you there, was there?"

"Your brain will never understand how mine works! Now, quiet back there, or I'll leave you to the wolves!"

The human knew it was an empty threat, seeing as both of them needed to escape alive to live normally. Zim probably cared for his own skin more than he did for Dib's, however,

and he'd probably resort to inflicting torture on Dib until he was an inch from death, slay Ganon and leave. Dib would still be in one piece, however mangled, and so he decided to keep his mouth shut, rather than retort to Zim's wolf comment.

They moved a few more inches forward before Zim collapsed in the ground, panting.

"Hey, why are you stopping? We have to get to that castle before nightfall, or the gates will close on us!"

"You--want--to--drag--me....instead, stink?" said Zim, thoroughly worn out, narrowing his eyes with his earth worm-like tongue hanging out slightly.

"You're unbearable," growled the human, twisting his ankle out of Zim's grasp and laying it on the grass. His entire body ached after that beating, his head especially. It throbbed viciously, making a small temple pulse beside his ear. The human had a black eye, now, to Zim's satisfaction.

"Be quiet, or I'll melt your face off!" snarled the alien, without even looking at the boy, much rather in the distance, eyes gleaming in lust to get out of the field.

"Suit yourself, but it'd be so much easier if you just used your PAK to carry us there."

"It'd be much easier if you didn't exist!"

"Me? I don't even know how we got here! You were chasing me and then I fell into some weird portal!"

"So it is your fault, isn't it?"

"I SAID IT WASN'T, ZIM!"

Dib smashed a fist into the grass, shaking his head slowly and painfully.

Zim seemed to consider something for a moment, before getting up and brushing dirt off his green tunic, still watching the castle. Four thin, long metallic legs emerged from his back, shining in the sunlight and making Dib's face aglow with relief.

"Finally! I thought you'd never... hey, where are you going, Zim?"

The boy stood up quickly, seeing the irken begin to walk in the opposite direction to the castle.

"Zim! Zim, you moron! It's that way!"

"Fool! If I was teleported to this... filthy land here, then maybe it can teleport me back to your filthy land over there if I walk back to where we started!"

"But the instructions were to kill Ganon, not backtrack!"

Zim laughed evilly. "Zim? Listen to instructions made by an idiotic human? Never! I'm going my own way, and making it out alive!"

"But we all have to go!"

A chill wind amended itself and spawned across the land, ruffling Zim and Dib's hair. It didn't seem natural, almost like it was conjured by a flying...

"Be quiet! You're no use to me, anyway. I'm go--"

He didn't finish. Something heavy slammed into the ground, disheveling a portion of it and making Zim tumble down the hill, skidding to a stop midway. Dib stood, shocked, knees slightly buckled and shaking. Before them was the largest man he'd ever seen, heavily armed, heavily dressed and radiating such wickedness it almost seemed he would burst from it. The threatening-looking specter was mounted on a large, jet-black steed, demonic in both height and appearance, tossing its coal-like hair in wind and making the sun's rays dull.

A large crest of jewels were embedded into the stranger's forehead, giant rubies previously unseen to being so large, flashing scarlet and maroon. With a ghastly cackle, the man jumped off his stallion and flared a tattered cape, contrasting with his dark skin and bloody-colored hair, making Zim and Dib cower involuntarily. He lowered a fierce, golden eye, watching

Dib cruelly.

Still the boy was too shocked to speak--even respond, and uncomfortably he noticed he was extremely lightheaded, heart pounding ferociously and his lungs burning. Dib in took a sharp inhalation, gasping and panting when he realized he hadn't breathed for the full time the man appeared.

Zim narrowed his eyes and gripped the old woman tightly, retracting his spider legs. Falling a few feet with a gentle thump, the irken attempted to bear a feral snarl and stare daggers, though the opposing force didn't seem to notice him at all.

"Ganon...?" inquired Dib weakly, more to himself than anyone else, his image of a fat child with blemishes being the villain fading quickly.

Ganon gave an uproarious, deep laugh, grinning ferociously. "Yes," the man replied darkly, his steed tossing its mane and rearing, head snapping in Zim's direction, though it's master was content on focusing on the human.

"And you are... my appointed... assassins, is that correct?" said the man mirthlessly, laughing again.

Zim grit his teeth, still clutching tightly the old woman.

"I heard you cannot be separated... ah... that is unfortunate!"

In a flash, a strong, tanned hand was around Dib's head and he was being swung in the air, dress fluttering pathetically.

"HEY, WHOAH!"

"LET HIM GO, PIMPLE-MAN! I NEED THAT FOR MY SURVIVAL!"

The idea Zim didn't even use Dib as a proper noun, rather, 'that' irked the boy greatly, though the human found he couldn't protest hanging over six feet in the air.

Dib was planted on the horse and in a flutter of a cloak, Ganon leapt upon it as well, the hostage on his lap.

"HOW DID YOU NOT NOTICE HIM COMING?" screamed Dib accusingly to the alien, hearing his voice echo over the field in its increased volume. The child began to panic quickly, being immobilized, weak and unable to fight for his life.

"I WAS BUSY!" snapped Zim, antennae flared underneath his hair. The nerve of that pig smelly...!

"RIDE!" roared Ganon, the loudest of all, making the rest of the echoing acoustics go quiet with his voice only. The man kicked the sides of the horse roughly and made it whinny, snorting and tossing its head majestically before galloping off, leaving Zim spluttering in debris of grass and chunks of dirt.

When they were out of sight, the irken hailed a giant, exuberant stream of curses, spit flying from the corners of his mouth as well as stray pieces of grass and dust. He continued to wail until his face grew red from lack of the intake of air and he began to pant, still screaming with blatant, rude gestures being formed several times in rapid fire.

"EEEEEEEEAAUUUGH!"

The irken collapsed again, chest heaving, whacking his arm on the ground.

"I WILL ANNIHALATE THAT MAN! GANON, THE NEXT TIME YOU SHOW YOURSELF, I WILL DISMEMBER YOU, ATOM BY ATOOO MMM!"

The cyan fairy had disappeared a long, long time ago, prior to even when the two boys had begun to walk to the castle, Dib to his doom. Zim was still on the floor, sprawled hideously on his back like a fallen cockroach, teeming with angst and absolute dislike.

At least that contraption won't bother me now, thought the irken, still unmoving, though his conscience nagged to get Dib and inflict as much damage as possible to both Ganon and the creator of OOTZV. Not to mention blow up that castle, though he found an indefinite reason

forwanting to do so. The alien snickered at the prospect of an explosion.

Throughout the day, the looming sun had been indescribably unbearable, though now that Zim was in vicious rage it seemed to engage in even hotter radiations of light and refused to give a respite with a cloaking veil of clouds. In fact, any sort of water vapor in the sky seemed to have disintegrated from the awful heat. Still lethargic, the irken crawled into a slight sitting position and dropped down again, finding his head pounded from screaming so much and ripping his body to and fro.

A discreet figure came into view, features black and marred by the blistering temperature so badly it almost seemed to be wavering and splitting apart before Zim's heat-plagued brain. Though, he recognized it... somehow...

"Dib's sister?" muttered the alien, slurred and subdued by the sun. Yes, it was... That was Gaz... The irken's head snapped up and he rubbed his eyes, feeling new strength.

"What are you doing here?" he barked, narrowing his eyes to both block out the light and seem intimidating.

Gaz's fist clenched. "I was going to beat up Ganon to get out of this horrible land, so I could get back to my house and get you out of my sight... but they said girls weren't eligible. Instead they gave me directions to his... castle, and a list of weapons a knight could use to beat the stinking pants off his butt."

One of her eyes opened, which seemed to be even more dangerous looking than if they were closed, and the green irken took a step back for his safety.

"Oh, no, I'm not doing it," said the alien, catching on faster than he would normally, frowning his brow. "Zim shall play no part in the plot! Now, go, little girl, and--"

Gaz reared and took up his neck collar, face dangerously closed. She was shaking in pure fury.

"You'll do it, Zim," hissed the girl, both of her eyes open, pupils in a manic expression, "you'll beat his socks off so I can go home and you can go back to your world domination."

The irken was about to protest, but instead the girl threw him to the floor, whipping out a scroll. World domination? The mission, that was right!

Zim was slightly agape at himself for forgetting about his purpose on Earth. If he didn't beat Ganon, the Armada would never come... he'd never prove himself and live in exile in a video game...

"Fine," said the irken grudgingly, taking up the scroll with impunity, just having narrowly avoided Gaz's punishment.

The girl crossed her arms, scrutinizing the alien, even though her eyes were shut again. "Oh, and one more thing... Don't go straight to the tower. You need those weapons. Without them you'd be blasted into horrible pieces."

In saying the last part, Zim winced at her disregard and dull tone as she turned on her heel and slowly disappeared from view.

The list was surprisingly short. Zim smirked inwardly, underestimating the task. Perhaps too much.

4. Troubles...

"HEY! STOP IT, I’M SERIOUS! THE FATE OF THE HUMAN RACE DEPENDS ON MY SURVIVAL!"

"SILENCE, YOU LARGE HEADED BUFFOON!"

Ganon stared daggers into the chained wreck that was now on the floor of his castle, pacing slowly in semi-circles before sharply averting direction. His boots made an intimidating, scuffing noise, streaking the floor with mud.

"Please, let me go," said the human, a flash of desperation mingling with the highlighted image of steely iron chains, all reflected in his rapidly panic-filling eyes.

"You don’t understand, Ganon! There’s an entire race out there... with people’s families... and... and... they’re completely helpless! They’re going to be blown to smithereens by an evil alien race! Be blown up by Zim! That green kid! He’s an alien, I swear he’s an alien!"

The boy shook his arms vigorously, held in place against the wall. Serrated edges of metal cut deeply into Dib’s ankles and wrists, rubbing them raw and allowing blood droplets to trickle down to the floor, staining the already maroon carpeting.

"The only world endangered HERE is HYRULE, and it will be ravaged by ME, not an EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL!" roared the man, flecks of spit cascading into Dib’s face, screwed up and turned away to deflect most of it.

"But you..."

"ITS MINE FOR THE TAKING! I HAVE THE ULTIMATE PORTION OF POWER IN MY HANDS--THE LEGENDARY WEAPON KNOWN AS THE TRIFORCE---AND EVEN ONE PIECE OF IT MAKES ME REIGN SUPREME! YOU WEILD ONE, AS DOES THAT GREEN CHILD, AND LURING HIM HERE FOR YOU WOULD MEAN CONNECTING THEM AGAIN!"

Dib flinched back from the purpling face and throbbing vein pulsing steadily near the embedded crown of rubies, twisting his neck to dodge the saliva globules.

"IF YOU DON’T LET ME GO, THERE WON’T BE ANYTHING TO REIGN SUPREME OVER!" hollered the child, himself growing hot with rage. "I DON’T EVEN KNOW WHAT THIS ‘TRIFORCE’ IS AND I CAN ASSURE YOU, I DON’T HAVE IT!"

Ganon wheeled and clawed at the boy’s hand, turning it palm-down. More blood ran down his wrist in a thin, fine line, making him writhe mentally. At once, a glowing, golden triangle appeared upon Dib’s hand, making him gasp, as well as on Ganon’s.

"BEHOLD, I WEILD THE TRIFORCE OF POWER! COURAGE AND WISDOM ARE THE OTHER TWO!"

"...Does that mean I’m wisdom?" said Dib, furrowing his brow, and groaning. "But courage doesn’t suit Zim at all! He’s the biggest jackass----"

A violent slap across the face eased his interrogations, leaving only a bruising, rapidly rising scarlet mark in its wake and half-crushed spirits.

"Okay... it says here... I need a Hy...err...Lee... ...Hylian shield--alright."

The irken’s eyes scanned the paper, focused on both the weaponry needed and the places they were obtainable---the place listed for the shield didn’t exactly appeal much

to the green-skinned alien, having the name of it be the "Water Temple". And, frankly, he wasn't exactly partial to the substance, seeing as it had the ability to burn off his flesh.

"Hmm, but there's sword upgrades in this forest place. Neat!" Zim grinned, slapping a gloved hand to the sheath that now carried the old woman.

"I think she qualifies as a sword... and.... I get a... fairy? So that's what that pixie minion was... 'A noble and brave companion. Note: highly flammable.' Ehh. At least I can talk to someone other than myself, I guess..."

Scratching his leg and making a "hmm" noise in silent debate of where to go first, struggling between upgrades as well as a comrade and the appointed legions to traverse to. Blinking, he stuck out his front teeth in obvious mental struggle and ceased relieving himself of an itch, instead allowing one eye to narrow and reflect orange tints as the sun overhead slowly receded into the depths of the horizon.

"Eh? It's night already? That was fast... ah well... I'll get through this.... Because I AM ZIIIIIM!"

Blatantly triumphant and driven by thoughts of superior upgrades, the alien marched in an opposite direction to the castle he was destined to arrive at, having caught sight of a forest.

"Argh, that's disappointing, it's really far away.... And that water at that castle... water goes to... Water Temples, right?" debated the extra-terrestrial out loud, apparently unaware he was talking to himself in a virtual reality, plagued by the ever-realistic threats of needed heroism and responsibility, that of which were the worst things to entrust to Zim.

Still, his obvious lack of understanding but superiorly idiotic logic led him to the hypothesis that the Water Temple was nearer than the forest, given the evidence there was a river running to the castle.

Grunting in silent decision-making of where to go first, something that happened next proved as a catalyst to quicken his thought track. Just as the sun completely disappeared in a curiously short amount of time, and at last a spectral silence wracked the land, the dull thud of a large wooden door sounded, signifying the castle was now on lockdown. Like a death bong, crunching noise sounded as if on queue from about, as well as weak groans.

The sudden absence of light as well as the new, unearthly silence and grim sound affects made Zim's antenna shoot up straight in the air on instinct, hidden underneath a cloak of blonde hair and a hood.

"Who... who silences this land of which Zim is upon....? I-I-I identify yourselves, or I'll... blow you up with.... Something..., which I have! Yeah... or my.... Bare hands... Which are not bare...? Hello? Helllloooo?"

His voice quivered dramatically just as a hiss sounded from below, then lost all vigor towards the end, muffled by the dull drone of dozens of scraping sounds: the sounds of something being unearthed.

Disgustingly, the acrid stench of rotting bodies concentrated in a circle around the alien as the scrapings got louder, accompanied by mounting groans and guttural rasps, a rattling intake of breath.

Heart pounding, Zim's hands flew to his sheath and abruptly pulled out the old woman for comfort, wearing a disheartened scowl, intended for intimidation. For a split second, there appeared to be a pause in the ghastly noise, ringing off into the dead of night. Swallowing, Zim seemed to find new strength in this and curled his bottom lip, retreating into fighting stance.

"Who goes there? Any who don't identify themselves will suffer the wrath of---"

The scrabbling picked up again as well as low snarls, a piercing roar droning across the field of Hyrule, quickly leaving Zim's attempted figure of superiority to ruin. Violent rips and holes appeared as dirt was thrown out of them, the acrid smell growing... growing...

Several mutilated bodies rose from the earth, jaws hanging agape with peat that was

crumbling nastily off their preserved teeth, giving the indication they appeared to have come from a more acidic, bog-like area or had perished in a time when the field was so: tattered cloths hang about their skeletal frames, looking dwarfed and almost child-like.

It was too much for the alien. Giving a high-pitched yell just as six of the zombie children swiped with decomposing hands, all bearing the insignia of a horrible death: they were mangled and contorted, with blood-red, 6 inch nails, all scrabbling at the Irken in an attempt to drag him down with them, Zim stepped back.

Meeting the scarlet glow of the eyes of the dead, the Irken hollered more loudly and bolted, feeling more and more mangled bodies raise from the ground, one lacking a head (which was all as well, judging by the fact they were equally determined to bite as they were to slash).

A hand tore into his midsection, making Zim give a gasp of pain and vigorously swipe at the dead body, seeing it's fingers fly off and land in the dirt, quivering. Giving no real recognition it felt anything, the Irken had no certainty it obtained collateral damage or any sort of lethal wound.

It can't be lethal, he reckoned, cold sweat breaking out of his brow just as a near-army of thirty joined the rest, all who groaned and stumbled in his direction. They're already dead.

"BACK! BACK! I AM ZIIIM! ZIIIM! BACK... JUST... BACK! NOOOOO!"

One surprised him greatly by gripping his ankles from belowground and dragging him downward. His feet were covered in dirt... then his ankles as well... shin and then knees...

"NOOOOO! I'M TOO IMPORTANT TO DIE! THE TALLEST! I NEED TO BLOW UP A PLANET, YOU BEAST OF STINKING NOT-MEAT AND NOT-HAIR! WHAT ARE YOU, ANYWAY?"

More screams ensued, replied to by a chorus of demonic hisses. Completely contradicting the efforts of its comrade, a siege of nearly five undead hoisted the Irken by the shoulders and attempted to drag him out of the ground into their opening mouths. Feeling like he was being torn in half with the unceasing efforts and tugs of the zombie children above and belowground, Zim felt his heart continue to hammer without respite.

"LET GO!"

Panicking, he kicked--and kicked hard---freeing his legs and watching as his boot collided with the head of the child, ripping him in Hell's direction and abruptly fly off, bursting into emerald flames the second it hit the ground. The body collapsed like an empty stack and combusted simultaneously to its cranium.

The sudden lack of force from belowground racked the Irken and the unequal lapse in force jarred him free of the grip of those pulling him up as, in surprise, they let go after Zim flew up and whacked them in the face with his body.

"Oof!"

The old lady ripped out of his hands when he collided with the flat ground, watching helplessly as she broke through the head of another zombie, untouched by the leaping emerald flames that furled about in a torrent after the skeleton's demise.

Triumph was short, however, as Zim realized dully he'd been grabbed again, this time by a mouth. Teeth were biting into his sleeve, the head of a child attached.

Screaming, the Irken punched it and watched the head crack backwards and split as well as his knuckles.

"ARRGGHHH! THAT'S IT!"

Spiderlegs tore out of the backpack-like orb on his spine, spearing four children and throwing them across a span of about fifteen feet.

Sprinting and grabbing his old lady, Zim grit his teeth, rapidly losing patience and feeling the obsessive urge to blast the nearest object to smithereens. Which, handily, was readily available

given the fact the alien was surrounded by monsters waiting to be slain.

"NO ONE BITES ZIM! NO ONE!"

Blue-black blood rapidly stained the ground and his face as well as the old woman as the Irken tore into those with skin (though sparse) still clinging to their bodies, heralding decrepit blood vessels.

His energy was depleting rapidly, weakened by dragging Dib and further eradicated by combating monsters. No matter how many times his limbs, mechanical or not, struck, no matter how much blood was spilled, more raised from the ground, dirt pouring from their joints, replacing one, two, five, ten that had fallen...

Panting heavily, arms burning, the alien parried, once more, another blow from his opponent, feeling a rigid desire to go to safety, somewhere that wasn't ridden with these foul...things. Desperate, the alien's eyes drifted in the wayward direction of the forest, which seemed to lack the ungainly congregations.

His second's viewing pleasure was quickly punished by a bite and clawing that broke the skin at his waist.

"AHH!"

Dark red blood matted Zim's tunic as well as the already tainted field, though the alien's blood velocity was different, as well as its color. It was also warm; alive. The product of a beating, sound heart. Sensing this, inexplicable numbers conjured themselves: soon there was nothing but broken earth and scrabbling limbs, groaning, hungry rattles...

Eyes widening and glazed with pain and terror, Zim felt his heart hammer again, viciously, as he grit his teeth and clamped a hand over the cut in his side.

"No... No... GET AWAY FROM ME!"

Hysterical, the Irken kicked out and decapitated a few more zombies before raising himself on blossoming spiderlegs, dodging and periodically stabbing at the seething mass of bodies below, scaling a great distance with a superior leap on the machinery. Taking greater and greater strides and feeling pressure mount on his being, shaking violently, the figure of the forest couldn't seem to get close enough.

It took him a while to realize his progress was subdued by several speared, clinging monstrosities that would not give up; even impaled through an eye socket or pelvis, they scrabbled unceasingly, clawing at the ground, attached to his spiderlegs and halting Zim's leaps for freedom...

At one point the weight of the corpses completely overwhelmed him and giving a despaired sort of sob the Irken found himself helpless as the mechanical legs buckled and intertwined defectively, jolting their user and forcing him to the ground where he was quickly possessed by snapping, biting monsters...

Is this is how Zim ends? he thought in despair, parrying over and over with rapidly numbing arms, muscles that struggled and were by far too tired to do anything more than protest at the unusual amount of strain they were put under.

There's too many... can't... kill them all...

Even being trained as one of the finest ranks of military didn't compensate for the torture being inflicted on the Irken. True, he was meant to combat great forces, have unfailing ingenuity and endurance, but this was too much. There were thousands deceased... far too great to fight alone...

A green scrap of skin tore from his elbow as the realization came that it was chewed off. Screaming and kicking harder and realizing he was starting to cry out of terror, the Irken put up his arms in pathetic self-defense, finding little other shield to protect himself with under the groaning, writhing mass of skeletons. They leered, stinking haze pouring from their mouths. Zim no longer found the strength to deflect any of them, seeing he had no strength left.

Trying meekly to upraise his arm and cut off the crumbling fingers that were seizing his clothing and dragging him forwards and backwards in turmoil as the undead fought over him, Zim gave a strangled sort of cheer as wrist bones clubbed him in the head, giving him a respite from the dozens of grips. Ironically, the hands still clung like a nightmare to his body but they were now limp.

Refusing the temptation to tear the vulgar things off, get up screaming and run, Zim straightened and tried to sit up, seized again by mouths and fingers that pulled the Irken to the right, left, ground and skyward all at once so he was like an infant being shaken... shaken...

Being given the realization there was no escape Zim gave a deep yell just as several more swarmed. He couldn't take it anymore, being under the pointed, jagged, disgusting corpses, all writhing... all disfigured... all groaning in torture... and the smell... the smell of decay...

"I CAN'T TAKE IT, J-J-JUST STOP! STOP, FOR THE LOVE OF IRK, GET YOUR STINKING HANDS OFF MY SHOULDER! OFF MY SHOULDER OF ZIM! S-S-STOP!"

In his panic and absolute terror, Zim lost the motivation to speak fluently in 3rd person and put in his usual idiotic tone. This was too much. He had to get out... had to get out...

Several appendages flew through the air and landed heavily like rain, spurting ink-colored blood and leaving thrashing bodies behind. Having retracted his spiderlegs so they were free of the siege of the dying, the Irken, sobbing and seeing in relief there were trees nearby, stumbled in the direction of one, blindly dodging the groaning dead after wrenching free of the swarm he was caught in.

Blossoming outward, the mechanical legs caught a high tree branch and furled around it in seconds, pulling their user up along with them. Panting and aching, dripping blood and heart still hammering wildly, the Irken looked down, praying they couldn't climb.

His hands and body were trembling so much it was a near-miracle the alien could hold on. Zim's pale green skin was dotted with blue and red blood, sweat, and dirt and embroidered with scratches and bruises.

Feeling like his heart was about to fly out of his chest or mouth, the Irken swallowed nervously, reckoning that if it did, it'd only be something preliminary for all the nausea he felt currently.

Also feeling it was a mounting caution to open his mouth to suck in a proper amount of air, he listened to his own ragged breathing and pounding head and heart, watching, shaken, as the zombie children lolled and maneuvered blindly across terrain.

"That was close," he whimpered after a few minutes, feeling the ill stage pass quite abruptly. One of the zombie's heads shot up and glared at the tree with unseeing, burning red eyes, making Zim scoot back considerably to be out of eyeshot, if the thing wasn't blind. Maybe it just needed to detect a live, heated body or sense it...

Shuddering, the Irken felt nauseous again and clamped his jaw shut, thinning his lips and precariously wiping off a bit of gore from his forehead. Exhilarating as all that mass-destruction was, he couldn't afford that happening again... He had to seek shelter somewhere at night, but where?

I don't need sleep, Zim thought proudly, regaining his bigheaded air now that he was in safety. But that Earth-boy does. So maybe it's a good thing he's gone. He won't slow me down... But, still, I have to do this quickly and hope that Ganon didn't maul him yet. That's my job.

Frowning, the Irken further retreated into the hiding properties of a cluster of leaves stationed near the trunk. The dark green foliage rustled ominously, making Zim's antenna prick to their wavelike maneuver on pale branches.

It'll be over soon, he consoled himself, leaning back and screwing his eyes shut. Then

I can go back to scheming and alert the Tallest I hate the Legend of Zimbob or whatever this horrible stinking game is. Hehe, then I'll get to destroy the Earth. But first... how to get past those zombie-things? They weren't there in the daytime... but the day's kind of... short and the sun disappears fast. Stupid warped reality times.

His frown regressing into a surly scowl, the Irken's eyes opened slowly as the alien caught hints of dawn manifesting itself. Rosy light stretched across an inch of horizon, and then extended farther and farther... Horrible screams and cries of the damned floated around the tree as well as disintegrating, scrabbling noises as well.

Interest dominating logic, the Irken scrambled off the tree branch hastily, landing in a bad position to take a look. His ankle twisted slightly, though promptly ignored at the sight of what was below. His jaw fell open.

Nothing was left of the skeletons where daylight shone: those unlucky enough to have stayed in its range, anyway. Nearly all of the remaining was making a frenzied effort to burrow under the dirt. While only several succeeded, the mass majority quickly succumbed to the light and crumbled to ash that soon receded into flares of emerald.

Screeching cries met the Irken's antenna (rustically imitating nails upon a chalkboard) and made the alien flinch violently, though in rapture of the creature's horrible, horrible fates. A grin stretched across his face, flagging zipper-like teeth.

"HA, HA, HA! PERISH, YOU MONSTERS! I TOLD YOU YOU'D SUFFER THE WRATH OF ZIM!"

Putting his hands on his hips and throwing back his head to laugh proved foolhardy indeed as, with a resounding, wet "THWAK", mud was pelted into his open mouth.

Making a disgusted noise and spitting it out angrily while looking about for the culprit, he found none, assuming it was the misdoings of a skeleton child as it threw up dirt to recede into the earth.

Cheery sunlight now stretched across the field, and, mysteriously, the afflicted holes and torn up, loamy soil was healed and patched over in seconds. Trees rustled in response to the oncoming, soothing rays and any sort of tension that the land seemed to accumulate during night's onslaught was vanquished.

Antenna flattened suspiciously under his torn clothing and hair, Zim let out a loud sort of whistle and sighed, looking around.

Newly inflicted wounds on his shoulders, midsection, arms, legs and face dribbled blood. Half-expecting the sun to heal him as well, the Irken gave another scowl at seeing that, indeed, his bruises and cuts still ached tremendously. Figuring it was an odd videogame sort of thing, he settled with sulking momentarily before giving a dopey grin when turning.

Somewhere off in the distance the faint thud of a dropping, heavy wooden door signified the castle was once again accessible, though Zim could care less, more focused on the vast array of plant life and a sort of hollow, almost tunnel-like entrance to a forest.

The thought of upgrades and plasma cannon, mecha firing arms attached to his old woman made the alien shake in absolute ecstasy, without even giving a contemptuous glance to the wayward field.

Finding a slight limp had developed in his left leg, the Irken gave an annoyed grunt in the discovery after taking a step forward and experiencing a tremor up past his knee. Injuries weren't a problem so long as they were minor, given Irkens healed extremely quickly--in less than two hours most of the cuts would be completely gone.

Assuming he landed in an awkward position after leaping off the tree branch, the alien gave another grin and strode into the tunnel, musing on how wonderful it'd be to be able to fire super-heated gas out of the old woman's nostrils.