

Sig

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Nya. Just a li'l story I'm putting togetha! It's based around Sig and the irken OC's. This story ties them all in with events that happened in the Invader Zim series.

Note that illustrations don't match tha story completely...

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/ScolexIsGod/39759/Sig>

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1 - The Beginning Of Doom

Sig stepped forward in the queue, awaiting the judgement as to what he will be for the rest of eternity. Another unfortunate irken stepped out of the doorway in front of him, escorted by two rather large figures "Foodcourtia?" said the small irken "Zim needs no vacation! Why are you taking Ziiim???" The small irken, Zim obviously, kept talking continuously until he could be heard no more. "Neeext..." came a voice over a loudspeaker.

Sig walked through and came up to the podium, with the two almighty tallest, Red and Purple, standing adjacent. "You are one of the finest examples of the Irken race we have to offer!" Exploded Red suddenly, which somehow hurt Sig's ears even though he had none, but not nearly as much as the explosion hurt. "You shall be-"

"Wait, wait, wait, wait," Intervened Purple "Is that the same speech that you wrote for the Invader's ceremony?"

"Oh yeah, it is." Red said. They both paused and there was a silence. "AH HAHAAHAAHAAHAAHAAH!", They both burst out laughing and continued to do so for along the space of 10 minutes. "Ahhh..." Red sighed "You will be a janitor."

"What?!? Sig cried " Whyyyy? Sig cannot be janitor! I have my own designer label see?" He said fluttering his cape around, "Designer clothing cannot be made duuuuurty!!"

"My head is not supposed to be that flexible..." Sig mumbled as he pryed his head off of the large metal pole that happened to be sitting outside of the judging hall. He did not remember exactly how he got there but he imagined that it cannot have been a friendly ushering out by the tallest, he remembered that it had something to do with catapults. A Sir unit suddenly came hurling out of the doorway and smacked right into Sig's stomach. After coughing up a lot of his vital organs and such, Sig looked down at the Sir unit. It stared back at him and frowned, suddenly changing shape into a black cat and hopping up onto his shoulder. "Errmm, okay..." He liked having a Sir unit but this one seemed... creepy. A large hand gripped Sig around his antennae and picked him up, he looked at who was holding him and it turned out to be one of the same figures that had taken that other Irken, Zim. After a fair amount of walking, stepping over things, flying and dancing the figure threw Sig into a cramped ship with around ten others. All the other irkens seemed to be happy with the outcome of what their judgement was, except for one. A strange Irken, with purple slits for eyes, she looked around the room glaring at every single person. When her eyes finally got to Sig, they felt like swords, he was waiting for blood and organs and small dachshunds to start flying out of his body any moment. Sig smiled in order to try and calm the situation but realised that it wasn't appropriate when his head had been hit into a fair number of walls in the ship's cargo hold.

After a few hours had passed and Sig had popped all of his dislocated joints back into place, he once again looked uneasily at the strange irken, he noticed some more things about her, she had a beauty spot above her lip and a cable running from her forehead to the back. "Stop staring at me." She snarled. Gulping down some air, Sig decided to ask "What did you get assigned?" The irken growled angrily and amazingly said "Janitorial."

"Me too." Replied Sig, "What did you really want to be?" Sig felt as though every word he said might get him killed by this emotionally problematic girl. "I wanted to be an invader, but Zim ruined it for me. ZIM WILL PAY!" She screamed the last part suddenly standing on her chair and the whole cargo bay staring at her. They realised not to do this after she managed to stuff them all into a single trashcan that

sat at the corner of the ship. There was complete silence except for the pilot who insisted on singing his music on his headphones out loud. Sitting back down the Irken said "My name's Tak."

"I see, my name's Sig." He replied while trying to deflect his eyes away from the mound of green flesh, antennae and beans sticking out of the trash can. "Well, every Invader needs to have their own Sir unit. And so obviously you need one." Sig handed over the Sir unit to Tak and with their piercing gazes combined he swore the whole ship was going to split in half. "Thanks. I'm now one step closer to my revenge on ZIM!!" She screamed standing back up on top of her chair. One small eye peeped out from the trashcan in the corner but quickly disappeared out of view again for fear of being thrown out the airlock. Deciding not to delve too deep into who Zim was, which must have been a good idea considering that she stuffed eight unlucky Irkens into a single trashcan when his name was mentioned, Sig merely sat opposite Tak for the rest of the trip.



“Everyone off...” Said the pilot turning around at the end of the trip. He surely expected to be greeted by a bunch of unhappy Irkens but was instead greeted by a large amount of pain, courtesy of Tak. The amount of Irkens in the trashcan was now up to nine. Tak dragged the can off of the ship’s loading bay and came up close to Sig and said quietly and slowly, “Have this ship, a gift to you.” Sig blinked a few times and said “Uhhh... Okay, thankyou Tak!” Sig looked up at the rusty lunky ship again. The feeling of having his own ship finally dawned on him and a feeling of overwhelming joy came over him.

“Thankyou, thankyou, thankyou!!!” He repeated bouncing, dancing and exploding regularly with joy. Sig ran up into the ship’s cargo hold, he turned around and saw Tak still standing outside, “Come on Tak!” He yelled out to her. “No, I think I’ll stay here.” Tak said with her gaze seeming a bit less lethal, “I want to construct a proper invader style ship, there’s enough here for me to create one.” Even though a few hours before Sig was having to reconstruct his body after being bounced around the cargo bay of the ship he was now standing in, he felt somewhat upset to let Tak go. “Are you sure?” Sig asked. Tak’s stare hardened and Sig realized he could have his rather flexible head disconnected from his body at any moment. “Okay.” Sig said in mutual agreement and backed off slowly onto his newly acquired ship. When hovering higher and higher above the ground he looked down and saw Tak already constructing her ship, he tooted his Dukes of Hazzard style horn (How Sig knows of Dukes of Hazzard I really don’t know...) and flew off into the distance.

2 - Akire

The vastness of space was big enough to... Erm... Space is really big. Sig had known this since he was an infant, constantly being shown it on diagrams, charts, boards and the occasional gopher. He had never expected to be hurtling through it in his very own rusty, heavy and spluttering cargo ship. "Oookay, I definitely regret this, I definitely regret this!" He muttered to himself, possibly because no one else was there. In the process of being bored Sig somehow thought that it would be wise to press every button combination imaginable on the panel to his right. Sig was clever. So clever in fact that in the space of five minutes he managed to shut down electricity, life support, back-up life support, back-up of the back-up of life support, back-up of the back-up of the back-up of life support and all the engine components and functions. Luckily for Sig, he hadn't shut off the back-up of the back-up of the back-up of the back-up of life support so he was sustained for approximately the next hour. "Yep, I regret this entirely!" Sig once again repeated to himself. He continued to press buttons, fidget, pull his antennae and smack his head for half an hour, when a large clunk came from behind him. Spinning a perfect one-eighty degree angle and then another three-sixty by accident he ended up facing a girl trying to squeeze herself out of a vent half her size. After much struggling she managed to slide out of the hole like a water balloon and consistently bounced around the room for a while like one too. Standing up and straightening herself, she glared at Sig.



Immediately noticeable were here eyes, they were like blue diamonds, mixed with eyes, mixed with blue diamonds, yep. Wet, slimy, blue diamonds. "Come on!" She cried "I've been trapped in that thing for hours now! And you persist on not knowing how to pilot a ship??" The girl smacked herself in the head and walked over to the controls, and plastered Sig onto the floor. She stared at the controls for a few seconds and then punched it. "Owww, stop hitting me..." Came a voice over an unseen, but obviously not unheard speaker. "Just do what you're supposed to!" Yelled the girl and the ship replied after a heavy sigh (Even though it can't breathe) "Okaaay..." Within seconds of this happening everything in the ship turned back on and the girl began shining with pride. "How did you do that?!?" Sig exclaimed, for the first time being described with the word exclaimed. "You saw the whole thing, punchy punchy, worky worky. Simple." She said, "By the way, my name's Akire, what's yours?" "I'm Sig," He claimed, "But I was wondering, what were you doing cooped up in the vents of my ship?" "This isn't your ship, it's still the armada's, you just stole it." Akire said with a certain amount of what sounded like, well I think it was, I dunno, do you think it could have been grudgingly? No no no, that's not the right word erm... "But anyway, I was in that vent because I was stuck on service duty in

Foodcourtia! Pfft, like I was gonna do that! What's their motto again? Eat then explode or something..." Sig remembered back to Zim being taken away by those two large Irkens, who was Zim? And what is this story about? Why does this story have no solid plot? And why can't the writer write properly? "I couldn't believe I was stuck on Foodcourtia though! I went through seven long years of pilot school to be stuck in some, some... Food... Filled... Thing!" Akire pouted. "You can pilot?" Sig said wide eyed, "Can you actually fly this ship?" Akire glared at Sig and mentioned "What makes you think I can't? The alternative is having you fly and that prospect doesn't seem to bright. And that last sentence I said had nineteen syllables." All this information was true, especially the last sentence. He suddenly felt really stupid and felt like throwing himself the airlock or being eaten by rabid hamsters. Sig stared at the floor for a length of time (I'm not gonna specify how long though) and Akire piped up and said "I'm sorry. You were actually very good for someone who had never flown before, you were better than I was when I was at your experience... Have a cookie." She reached into her pocket and pulled out a biscuit and handed it to Sig. Sig looked up at Akire, "Awww, thankyou..." He said and immediately tackled her to the ground, or metal since they were on a ship, or rusty metal if you wanna be specific. "Ow. Umm, okay. We'd better go now." She said picking herself up and walking over to the pilot's seat. "And we're off! Squee!" The engine, or whatever powers Irken cargo ships, roared to life and the two rocketed towards an unknown destination.

"Quite large isn't it?" Sig announced, trying to make some conversation since he was such a social animal. "Wow, you can't get much more obvious than that. Space is big. Yep." Replied Akire, smiling. Neither of them knows how long they flew for, possibly because there were no clocks inside the ship but in any case, after a period of flying Akire slowed the ship down. "Look there." Akire said pointing out through the window. Sig, who'd been having fun playing with the ship's insect population looked through the glass and saw an unmoving Irken military ship. He pressed his face up against the glass, which did no good considering that it made him look ugly and dirtied up the window a fair bit. Rolling her eyes, Akire said through a microphone, "Hello?"

"Helloooo..." Came a voice back through the intercom.

"Who are you?" Akire asked. "Well," came a reply "I can tell you one thing, I sure do love my pocky!"

And at this point the writer decided to stop writing just to annoy his small but loyal audience. They got very annoyed.

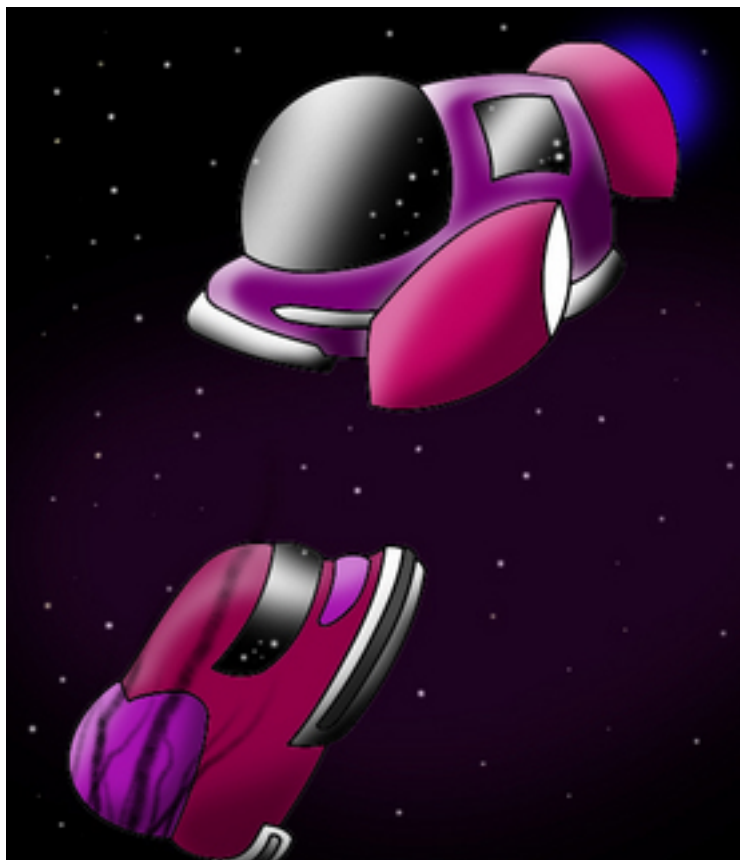
3 - Outer Space

“You didn’t answer my question...” Replied Akire into the microphone, which was smart considering that it would have been difficult to yell to her. “Oh, yeah! I’m Skof!” There was a long uncomfortable silence. “But, if the silence had cushions,” Sig thought to himself “then perhaps it wouldn’t be so uncomfortable...” This was quite a useless part in the story so the annoying author decided to keep writing.

“And I’m Kirri!” Came a voice over the speaker, “Yaaay! Pocky party!” There was then a high pitched squealing that almost bursts Sig’s eardrums into his head, out through the side of the hull, into space and somewhere else. After the squealing and munching sounds ceased, Akire asked “Umm, are you in any kind of trouble at all?”

“OH!” Came a reply, “Yes! Yes we are! Something happened, I think our power thingy broke and then something else.”

“So do you want a lift?”



“Oh, would you? That would be great!” Came Skof’s voice over the radio, possibly because there was no where else it could “Just fly down here and connect the doors to ours.” And so, with some very careful piloting and quite a few bumps, scratches and the occasional twisting metal, Akire connected the doors of the two ships. Once Skof and Kirri were on board, they walked up and introduced themselves to Akire and Sig. Skof immediately managed to catch Sig’s eye, and with a small shriek threw it back to him. “Thanks!” Sig said popping it back into its socket. “So, where are you going?” Asked Skof. “Oh, I

dunno.” Replied Sig, “I don’t think we’ve decided yet.” He turned towards Akire, who just shrugged her shoulders which translated into something like “Pfft, I dunno!”

“Well, lets go to foodcourtia! We need some more pocky!” Kirri said jumping up and down, once again squealing in delight with Skof, occasionally slipping over and fracturing a bone or two. Akire and Sig, who had grown somewhat frightened of these new arrivals decided to comply for fear of having pocky stabbed into their bodily orifices.

Their ship rocketed along, piloted by Akire, who was powered by a few cookies and the need to cease the mind numbing squealing taking place in the rear. Sig, Skof and Kirri may have, but probably didn’t have a good time being flung around like green floppy ragdolls for the entire trip which quickly ended with a large smack into the floor. “Weeeeeeee’re here!” Came a familiar voice from the front seat. Akire walked back, picked them up, cleaned up the blood and carried them out into the crowd of what was quite a large mass of people. “Wooow…” Said Sig looking around at the towering buildings, this moment of gawking was stopped by Skof who grabbed Sig around the neck, shouting “Oooh! OOOH!!!” and pointing frantically at a shop aptly named ‘Eat Sugar’. Dragging Sig and Akire along like marionettes, that happened to be manufactured well enough to be mimicking the movements and screams of someone who did not enjoy being pulled along concrete at a high rate of speed, Skof and Kirri entered the shop. The lonely shopkeep stood at the front counter, looking lonely obviously and then looking scared once the pocky-fanatical pair Skof and Kirri closed in on him. “Do you have pocky??” They said in perfect unison, right down to the last microsecond (kind of scary really). He raised a shaky finger and pointed to a wall that was stacked up in to the heights with pocky. The shopkeep then retreated into the corner once the screams of delight issued forth from the mouths of Skof and Kirri, unluckily for Sig and Akire they were blown in to the bustling crowd outside by the high pitched sound waves.

Akire lay dazzled on the ground (or quite possibly on a small child or two). “They really do love their pocky…” Moaned Akire picking herself up and scraping Sig off of her leg. While she was doing this, a running Irken smacked right into her almost knocking her to the ground again, but instead she just rebounded off Sig’s face and let him bear the full brunt of it. Looking around Akire’s leg, Sig decided to look at who was in such a hurry, he was surprised to find that it was the Irken who he’d been hearing so much about, even though he didn’t have ears… Zim. “You dare stand in the path of Zim?” He asked standing up at his full height which just so happened to be close to three quarters of the height of Akire. “What’s your rush?” She replied angrily, answering a question with a question. “The great assigning is about to begin!! I need to get to the Armadaaaa!” Said Zim, being the first person to give a straight answer. “You’re an invader?” Asked Akire in absolute awe at how someone so unbelievably, indescribably, uncomprehendingly small could become one. “Yes! And I need to get there right now!” “Come with us then!”

“Yes! You take ZIM!!!” He said with his arms stretched into the air as though expecting to rocket off into the space at that very moment, or if he did, probably just smacking into the large sign above his head. At this point Skof and Kirri appeared, back from their sugary and violent session at the sweet store. Skof seemed especially happy, sporting a new accessory. “I got a free cat hat!! Isn’t it just adorable??” Squealed Skof ecstatically bouncing around from the happiness and the sugar rush that had just set in from the large amount of Pocky that had been consumed. Sig didn’t say it, but silently he agreed. Not getting a response from anyone, Skof asked “What? Do you think that I’m some kind of freak or something?” She had decided at one point or another to aim it all at Sig, “Erm, no! No! You look… Lovely!” Replied the scared irken. Thanks to the sugar, Skof had gained a new ability to change moods at a flick of a switch, most likely someone was playing around with this switch. “Lovely? W-”

“Okay!” Akire shouted loudly breaking away from the sugar-driven conversation taking place, “Quick introduction! This is Zim! Zim, Skof. Skof, Zim. Zim, Kirri. Kirri, Zim! Introduction’s done! Onto the ship!!” Akire continued to herd them all onto the ship like cattle with springs on their feet and a constant flow of

pocky into their mouths. Deafened once more by the squealing pair, Akire launched the ship into space. This was quickly muffled by more chocolate wafer sticks being shoved constantly into the cavernous mouths of these two girls. "So... Zim-" Sig started, "What?!? How do you know my name? How much more do you know?!? What are you hiding???" Zim yelled loudly, but not loudly enough to get the girls to notice obviously. "You said your name before..." Sig replied, startled by the crazed miniscule Irken. "You speak liiies!! No, wait.... Oh, okay." Zim said. There was a period of silence which was then fractured into a billion tiny pieces by the wailing of a siren coming from behind the ship. Akire, who had been quite happily piloting the ship, uttered a very rude word that some might find "offensive"(including teachers at my school apparently...). The rear gate of the rusting ship gaped open to reveal that they were now, in fact connected to another ship, which was lucky considering that if it wasn't then they would more than likely be sucked out into space and exploded by the vacuum, which wouldn't be pleasant. Anyway, a large authority figure stepped forward onto the ship, past all the green lumpy (and a few chocolate covered) irkens on the ground and up to Akire. "Do you know what speed you were doing back there?" Asked the irken in a deep voice, possibly because a high voice would have sounded very strange. "Does it really matter?" Replied Akire, with a question that shouldn't really be called a reply. The irken looked down at the gaping hole that should have been a speed-of-light-metre. "I'm guessing that you didn't..." He said, once again in his stupidly deep voice, "Come with me." He hooked his hands around Akire's arm and turned to what should have been his voot cruiser to find instead a closed up gate. Zim had apparently pulled a fast one and taken off with the ship to get to the great assigning. His face immediately dropped, but before anyone could pick it up for him again he collapsed onto the metal in a green lumpy heap. Skof, who had been silent for a while now, because she had nothing to add to the story, promptly stood up and walked over to his body and raised a finger pointing at his head and said the most appropriate word that had been said all day (or night, you can't really tell in space) which just so happened to be "Lol."

The writer would like to now apologise for writing such a horribly horrible part in the story, perhaps he will get his knack for writing back sometime through the next few days... :(