

A New Doom, Part XII

A Star Wars/Invader Zim crossover by Andrew Erickson

Sachiel. Part of a group of entities of unknown origin collectively referred to as “Angels.” Their mission was to judge humanity and, if the human race was found wanting, to punish it. They were capable of withstanding nearly any attack and of regenerating any damage, with time as the only real limiting factor. Sachiel was the first to arrive on Coruscant, where it had immediately started demolishing everything in site. So far it had held off attacks by hundreds of walkers and thousands of stormtroopers. Even TIEs had been unable to halt it. It was a monster, an engine of destruction.

And it was starting to royally piss Emperor Palpatine off.

“I don’t care what it takes – I want that thing destroyed!” he hissed into his comlink.

It took a few seconds for the star destroyer captain on the other end of the comlink to work up the courage to respond. “But heavy turbolaser fire in an urban area-”

“You **dare** question your Emperor?”

“No, it’s just-”

“Then do it!” Palpatine said tersely before cutting off the connection.

He paced back and forth impatiently, occasionally glancing out the wall-length window that offered him a panoramic view of the approaching battle. The Angel was visible now – a towering creature that moved with speed and agility remarkable for its size. It seemed to specialize in close-range combat; he watched as Sachiel seized an AT-AT walker’s cockpit with a monstrous hand, ignoring the walker’s defensive fire. A talon extended from the end of the Angel’s outstretched arm, where the elbow would have been on a human. The spike glowed for a long moment, then plunged forward, skewering the Imperial walker.

Emerald turbolaser fire slashed downward through Coruscant’s sky, enveloping Sachiel in a titanic fireball that consumed all nearby structures, including the walkway the Angel had been standing on. Palpatine cackled as what remained of the Angel tumbled into the dark abyss of the undercity. But as satisfying as that display of firepower had been, something was terribly wrong.

Palpatine motioned to the holographic projector near his throne and activated it with a thought. Within seconds, a life-size image of Qwi Xux materialized before him.

“Have any experiments been conducted at the Maw recently?” he asked.

“As a matter of fact, yes,” the alien answered. “We have been working to create a stable wormhole, and a recent test was able to maintain a portal large enough for a star destroyer to pass through for two seconds.”

“Could these wormholes reach another galaxy?”

“That is our goal,” Qwi Xux said.

Palpatine sighed. It was always wormholes in these stupid crossovers. He should have known that the author wouldn't be imaginative enough to come up with some other way to combine two universes. “Put any further experiments on hold. Do not resume them until I give you my express permission.”

“Yes, my lord,” Qwi Xux said, clearly puzzled by Palpatine's order. With a slight wave of his hand, the Emperor ended the transmission. With any luck, he had been able to put an end to the experiments before the researchers opened a wormhole to the Star Trek universe. Or, for that matter, Warhammer 40,000. He had enough on his plate without idiotic space orcs and walking battle cathedrals.

Count your blessings, he thought as he settled into his throne and enjoyed the view of the smoldering crater that had just minutes ago been the site of some of Coruscant's largest law firms.

After a lengthy argument about who would get to pilot the Lamda-class shuttle, the pair of unlikely infiltrators was on their way to the rebel base on Yavin IV. However, as neither of them was an accomplished conversationalist, Stormtrooper #2 was passing the time by staring straight ahead, into the swirling vortex of hyperspace.

“Don't look at it too long, or you'll go crazy,” Stormtrooper #1 said. “Well, more crazy,” he added under his breath.

“But it's pretty.”

“Yeah, well, you know what happened to Rho-47, right?” #1 asked.

“No... What?”

Trooper #1 shrugged. “Neither do I.”

“Say, do you think the rebels will have bagels?” Trooper #2 asked.

Stormtrooper #1 thought a minute – partly because he was genuinely trying to find an answer to the question, and partly because he was curious as to what had spurred his companion to ask it in the first place. “I don't know... maybe. I sure hope so.”

The remainder of the trip was occupied by a spirited discussion of which type of cream cheese goes best with bagels.

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