

A New Doom, Part IV

Several days later:

Zim ran around frantically, waving his arms and shouting. Rebel personnel tentatively followed, trying to keep up with the Irken so that they could douse the flames that engulfed his body. Eventually, Zim tripped over one of the rubber piggies GIR loved to play with, giving the rebels a chance to extinguish the fire. No longer in immediate danger, Zim sighed.

Inexplicably, the fire flared up again, and the whole process began anew.

“What is that... *thing* you dragged into my base?” Mon Mothma asked.

“He is, ah, unique,” Leia said diplomatically. “But he was instrumental in my escape from the Death Star.”

Zim picked that moment to shout “Kill all humans!” before the fire was put out once again. Mon Mothma’s only response was to raise an eyebrow questioningly.

“It almost made sense at the time,” Leia said.

“No matter how helpful he may have been, we are still going to intern his ship. It contains some technology that may be useful. Did you know that he has a device no larger than a datapad that can unpack into a fully functional, moderately-sized base within seconds? Just think what we could do with just that, let alone the other equipment he brought with him.”

Mon Mothma felt something tugging at her robe. She turned around to see Zim’s robot assistant – which had apparently escaped from the labs for about the twentieth time – holding some bizarre confection from which a yellow liquid was oozing.

“What... what is that?”

“TACO!” GIR shouted with his usual enthusiasm. He waved it in the air for emphasis, splattering Mon Mothma with molten cheese. “Want one?”

“No.”

To her surprise, the robot started to cry, a sound that nearly drowned out Zim’s threats. “Fine, I’ll try it,” she relented. GIR’s demeanor instantly changed back to his normal cheerfulness as he handed her the taco, depositing a large glob of meat on her foot in the process.

“Thank you,” she said through gritted teeth.

A few days earlier:

Tarkin stood, rooted in place, staring at the shimmering blue blade that hovered mere inches from his face. His personal security detail had been slaughtered in mere seconds by this madman.

He bitterly recounted how his order for Vader to deal with the team of infiltrators had been ignored. Vader had shot back that he should do it himself, considering that the last time the Sith Lord attempted to apprehend boarders he had been thrown down a nigh-bottomless shaft. Surely the Death Star's security personnel could handle this one situation.

Of course, he had been wrong. Through perseverance and sheer dumb luck, a kid, an old man, a Corellian, a Wookiee, and their droids had somehow managed to survive everything Tarkin threw at them. He quietly cursed that superstitious sorcerer's name as he waited for death.

Instead, the robe-wearing man facing him turned and walked toward the ship the rebels had used to board the Death Star. Tarkin watched, dumbfounded, as the rest of the rebels boarded the ship and sped off, unhindered by turbolasers or tractor beams. Too late, he remembered that he could – and should – have ordered additional TIEs to patrol space around the Death Star. Some common rebels had actually set foot on the Empire's ultimate weapon, sabotaged several internal systems, gone toe-to-toe with its security complement, and now they were just flying away!

The Emperor's going to kill me.