

A New Doom, Part V

A Star Wars/Invader Zim crossover by Andrew Erickson

During the period of time after Part 3 but before Part 4:

The Voot Cruiser drifted lifelessly through the void between stars. Without working engines, stranded with the most-wanted fugitive in the Empire, there was virtually no chance of making it to the rebel base on Yavin IV.

“What do we do?” Leia said, shaking her head. “If we don’t figure something out soon, we’re as good as dead.”

“You could call a tow truck,” GIR offered.

“A tow truck? In space?” Zim asked incredulously. “ARE YOU CRAZY?!”

“I am,” GIR said.

“We might as well try,” Leia said.

Several hours before Part 4:

“And that’s how we managed to get here,” Leia said.

“That explains the ship that dropped you and that alien ship off here. What was the owner’s name, again?”

“He didn’t give a name – probably a smuggler anyway. At least, that’s what most Firefly-class ships seem to be used for.”

It didn’t matter anyway; they had more important things to worry about. There was no doubt that the Empire would soon be knocking on the base’s front door with the Death Star. Something had to be done.

The present:

Surprisingly, Han Solo wasn’t thinking about the trouble he’d gotten himself into. Not too long ago he’d been just another smuggler, trying to make a living without bringing the authorities down on his head like an oversized gundark. For some reason, he’d stupidly thrown away a decent living by invading the most heavily-armed location in the galaxy on the word of some dumb farmboy and a senile religious nutcase.

No, he’d already run over everything in his mind at least a dozen times already. Now he was simply focusing on getting *away*. To where didn’t matter – anywhere was better than where he was at the moment.

“Han-”

“Shut up!”

“But-”

“You’re not helping!” Han shouted.

“Where are we going?” Luke asked.

“Somewhere!” Actually, the kid had raised a good point. He had to come up with some kind of plan, or they’d probably run into a random Imperial patrol and make things even worse. After a long stretch of silence Han gave a more substantial answer. “Bespin. I know someone there. Guy’s got connections.”

That seemed to satisfy Luke. Han couldn’t wait for Chewie to wake up and take over piloting duties; the two had been working in shifts, piloting the Falcon nonstop through dangerous and/or unmarked hyperlanes in order to keep as far away from Imperial entanglements as possible.

Yeah, we’ll see how much that’ll help, he thought as his eyes swept over a bank of instruments. They’d have to stop and get some supplies before too long. He was tempted to kick Luke and Ben off his ship, though that would probably come back to bite him in the rear when someone recognized them and pointed the authorities in his direction. And if the Empire caught up, he knew he was in for a worse punishment than he could imagine.

And Han Solo could imagine quite a lot.