

A New Doom, Part VI

A Star Wars/Invader Zim crossover by Andrew Erickson

Tarkin glared at Vader, though the Sith didn't take notice no matter how uncomfortably close he got to him. Finally, Tarkin's patience gave out and he spoke. "You just had to send me after those rebels, didn't you?"

Vader's head turned fractionally, and Tarkin found himself staring into the polished black surface of Vader's "eyes." He could see his own reflection in the helmet's plasteel – he guessed it was plasteel, anyway – as Vader answered. "Did you know at the time you would be unable to handle the situation?"

"It's not like that at all," Tarkin said hastily. "They weren't a real threat. After all, anyone can just throw on a bathrobe and wave a glowing stick around, but sending me to chase some common scum... it was beneath my station."

"The rebels were *in* your station," Vader pointed out. "That was the problem, and yet you desired no direct involvement in their destruction. If you delegate all your responsibilities, we may as well replace you with a protocol droid – things might be more efficient that way."

"You are being disingenuous. I was more than willing to do my duty, while you-"

"You were terrified," Vader said.

"I would never be intimidated by rebels," Tarkin protested.

"And yet, upon examination of the security recordings, you seem to acquire a considerable dark stain on your pants during your 'confrontation' with Obi-Wan."

Tarkin abruptly stormed out of the room. He didn't have to suffer such indignities, especially not from an irresponsible fool like Vader. The 'dark lord' wouldn't be laughing when Tarkin demonstrated the Death Star's true power and destroyed the rebellion once and for all!

GIR bobbed up and down in a stasis field while technicians studied him intently. Fortunately, the robot was currently too enthralled with a little rubber piggy to bother them or, worse, escape again.

"So far our findings have been... odd," one of the technicians reported to Leia. "The robot – designation "GIR" – seems to be much larger on the inside than its small frame would allow."

"Is 'GIR' some kind of acronym?" Leia asked.

"We asked it that very question, but it didn't seem to know. In fact, it hasn't been helpful at all in our efforts."

“And what about Zim?”

“The alien? He’s been even less helpful. All we’ve gotten out of him is that something called the ‘Irken Armada’ is going to destroy us, at least if he doesn’t first. He also talks about ‘the Tallest’ a lot, for some reason,” the tech said, shrugging.

“Believe me, I know he’s not cooperative, but maybe he would actually help us if we didn’t intern all his possessions. We’ve practically taken apart his ship, after all.” Leia pointed to the shell of the Voot Cruiser, every detail of which was being pored over by a mob of engineers.

“We can always get him another ship, especially if we learn how to build more of this stuff. Have you seen his backpack, that thing he calls a ‘PAK’? Amazing stuff, really.”

“I still don’t think this is the best way to go about it,” Leia said.

“Well, you’re entitled to your opin- sorry, but I have to go now.” Somehow, GIR had broken out of the containment field again and tapped into the base’s computer system. Klaxons blared in the distance, causing him to briefly wonder just what the robot had done before running to assist the others in their efforts to restrain it.