

A New Doom, Part VII

A Star Wars/Invader Zim crossover by Andrew Erickson

Had the humans really thought it would be so easy to contain him? Defeating their security measures had been pitifully easy, and now he would be able to set his plan in motion. It would be more difficult without the equipment the Tallest had given him, but he would manage. His first order of business was to find a ship and get as far away from that ball of filth called Yavin IV as possible. Once he had an established base of operations, he could return and deal with the so-called Rebel Alliance at his leisure.

“Hey, you! I need your fastest ship!”

The rebel guard stared at Zim, who was barely resisting the urge to go on into the hangar and take the first ship he saw. “And you are...”

“Your master!” Zim cried. “Obey me!”

“I was, um, asking for your name,” the guard said, taking a step back.

“Oh! Oh, right. My name is... is... Hugh Mann! Yes, that’s it.”

The guard said nothing for a moment, trying to decide whether this was a prank. “Are you a human, or is the name just a coincidence?”

“Of course I’m human! Now give me your fastest ship! I need it for stuff!” Zim commanded.

“But... but you have green skin, purple eyes, and no ears. And are those antennae?”

That was a good point. Zim put his formidable mind to the task of creating the perfect excuse for his unambiguously non-human appearance.

“It’s a skin condition.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry. Go right ahead, and might I recommend an X-wing?” the guard said, stepping aside.

Zim laughed as he climbed into one of the fighter craft – no small feat for an Irken of such short stature – and took off. Take his equipment, would they? They took his Voot Cruiser, his unpackable base – His beautiful base! – and even his robot assistant, GIR. The only reason they hadn’t removed his PAK was because it was attached to his back. Well, he’d show them!

Tarkin looked over the list of planets that were known to sympathize with the rebellion. Now, which one should he blow up next?

“I told you – the ability to destroy a planet is insignificant-”

“Silence,” Tarkin interrupted. “If the Force is so powerful, why don’t you defeat the rebels on your own?”

Vader stepped forward, bringing his face (or, rather, his helmet) to within a few centimeters of Tarkin’s. “Are you calling me weak?”

“Put up or shut u-” Tarkin was cut off when Vader’s fist slammed into his stomach. He had been expecting that parlor trick the Sith had used to make Motti pass out, which made the simple yet effective attack all the more galling. As he doubled over in pain, he heard something resembling laughter coming out of Vader’s vocoder.

“I hate you so much.”

Vader continued laughing as he left the room, grabbing the last cup of caf on the way.

Enjoy it while you can, Tarkin thought bitterly. Once I prove how mistaken you are, the Emperor will make me his right-hand man, and you’ll be my lucky – at best! We’ll see who’s laughing then! Me, that’s who!