

Where are you, Brother?

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The story behind my OCs, Vigs and Dirche.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Drakenea/40232/Where-are-youBrother>

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1 - Smeets

Green liquid swirled around the tube like a calm stream. So many Smeets would be created out of this liquid. The pressure of the liquid soothed the young Smeet as it rested in its tube, patiently waiting for its birth. The young Smeet was curled up in a sphere shape and looked like a lifeless green blob. The atmosphere of the birthing facility was always quiet. Usually the silence is broken by the sounds of twisting and turning equipment pulling out a tube and ordering the Smeet its first task. Then, the sound. The equipment. If the unborn irks were alive, their antennae would perk with curiosity. The mechanical arm grabbed one of the tube and pulled it out of its hole. Then it opened the tube out, letting the green liquid flow out. Out of its tube, a female Smeet landed on the floor with a soft ploop. Another mechanical arm extended from the walls and placed a pak of the Smeet and zapped it out of unconsciousness.

The Smeet's eyes opened. They were a dark green like an evergreen forest.

"WELCOME TO LIFE, IRKEN CHILD." Said the machine "REPORT FOR DUTY."

The Smeet made a gesture with her hand

"Reporting for duty! Yessir!" The Smeet saluted and went down to the download chamber. But before she could move toward her first task. It saw another Smeet being brought into the world. She watched intently as the machine attached the pak on the child. The Smeet was a tad bit taller than her.

It blinked in confusion as the machine gave its orders but this Smeet received a different line from the machine.

"WELCOME, DIRCHE. REPORT FOR DUTY."

The She-Smeet couldn't believe it. She wanted one too.

"I want a Dirche!" she cried. Tears streamed down the Irk Child's face and began to cry.

"VERY WELL, THEN.... WELCOME, VIGS. NOW REPORT FOR DUTY. BOTH OF YOU."

Vigs squeaked happily and ran to Dirche, and began to tug at his arm.

"Call up duty for Vigs and Dirchey!"

She looked at Dirche with her green eye and smiled, brightly. Dirche turned his head to her, his golden eyes gleaming with worry.

Her smile turned to a frown.

"Are you okay?" she asked, blinking in confusion.

Dirche looked down at Vigs and nudged her softly

"Download chamber.." he murmured. Dirche's voice wasn't cute and childish like Vigs. It sounded like the calm voice of an elder.

Vigs nodded in agreement, knowing she had to stay on task.

Note: Kyuuuuuu. Scuze my spelling. It was 9:38 PM when I wrote the note @_@

I wasn't sure how the naming process goes with Irks, since they don't have parents to give them names.

I would like to thank this site for Irken facts: <http://www.thescarymonkeyshow.com/>

2 - Irks will be Irks

At last, Vigs was done. She marched with a smirk on her pale green skin. Her body has changed drastically since she had been born.

Her antennae had curled into a triangular shape. Her body was slim and covered with a black, Irken kilt with striped, red sleeves. She wore strap-on boots and for the fun of it wore a studded choker to intimidate the others. She stretched her arms out with laziness and yawned.

"How long have I trained on this dreaded planet?" she said. Her voice had changed as well. Not cute and cuddly but now a devious, female voice.

Her communicator opened from her PAK as she watched the other irks wait to receive their military training.

"Dirche. Vigs to Dirche. Brother!" She said to the communicator.

Dirche was inside the Massive when he heard Vigs. He worked for the Tallests as a Technician. Dirche had matured faster than Vigs. Despite he would be in his teens if he was human—he acted more like an adult. His antennae were long and came down to his back. His skin was a greenish-blue. He looked left and right and whispered into his communicator.

"Vigs! Don't you see I'm working?" he growled. "And if you may.... Don't call me 'brother'."

Vigs snorted and smirked.

"We were born on the same day."

"Along with ten other Smeets." added Dirche. "Irks can't have siblings."

"Ok. Guess what happened today." said Vigs, drawing Dirche away from the sibling convo.

"You passed the Irken Military test on Devatis..."

"Yep." Vigs smiled with pride.

"Congratulations, Vigs."

"Thankees."

"No problem." Dirche turned his head to see if the Tallests had noticed him yet. Thank fully, Tallests Purple and Red were busy eating a bag of donuts and talking to an Invader on the screen.

"I'm excited, Dirche. If I conquer a planet, I'll make it a private planet only for us. That way we can stay clear of those jerks..."

"What 'jerks'?" asked Dirche.

"Red and Purple. They ruined the meaning of Irken Society. I will always have my faith in Miyuki and Spork," huffed Vigs

"I miss them, too," sighed Dirche "But it's my duty to protect the Massive and our Tallests."

Vigs tapped her communicator and pondered on what to say next.

"Listen, Vigs. I must go soon. I'm receiving a signal from an Invader."

"Where from?" asked Vigs

"Invader Zi..."

"Jimmy's on!?" squealed a voice behind Dirche. Dirche quickly lowered his communicator back into his PAK, cutting out Vigs.

Dirche turned his head to look where the voice came from. It was Grace. Grace was a ditzy, female Irk with light green skin with blue eyes. Grace was known to be a big flirt despite the fact she was a janitor and cleaned up Red and Purple's messes. She fluttered her eyelashes at Dirche.

"Dirchey Wirchy," she sang as she petted Dirche's head like a cat. "Can you put Zimmy-Koo on the big screen."

If Dirche had pupils, he would roll his eyes at Grace.

He turned his head around to Tallests Red and Purple.

"We are receiving signals from Zim, my Tallests!"

Grace giggled insanely as she skipped away to look at the big screen.

As she gazed at Zim, she thought of all the special things that are soon to occur. She had finally ended her military tests and, soon, no more cleaning. At last! She was a step closer to being with Zim. She learned human nature from the reports from Zim. How he was in constant rant about their sickening habits. And love. Irks couldn't fall in love. But this, Grace was planning to change. She wanted to change the Irken ways to the Earthenoid customs.

"Hey Grace!"

Purple's voice woke Grace from her daydream. She narrowed her eyes as the Tallests threw a broom at her feet.

"Yes, my Tallests?" she growled.

"Make some use of your time before we kick you out of here." said Red, pushing Grace to area they wanted her to clean. It was soiled with donut crumbs. She growled softly.

"Yeah!" chided Purple, tossing an unfinished donut on the floor.

"Morons," she murmured as she swept the floor, putting all her anger into her work.

?Well. The three main Chars are introduced. Vigs, Dirche and Grace.

I shall give you the rights to hate Grace (She was supposed to be my cousin in Irk form.)

i was too dang lazy 2 check meh spelling. forgive meeeeeez.?