

# **somethings wrong with Gir**

**By doorknob**

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*Dib orders an alien device that will hopefully destroy Zim, but he wasn't counting on Gir swallowing it, So what happens if Gir is feeling sick all of a sudden and whats up with these Side effects*

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# 1 - Mistake

Slumping back in his seat, Dibs lazily began to rearrange his binder as the teacher began to talk. Pulling out a dark grey sheet, Dibs couldn't believe what he was reading as his hands began to shake.

Glancing back down at the paper, Dibs smile widened as he read an old receipt that he had kept. Before Zim had landed on earth, Dibs had put an order on a very expensive alien device.

Glancing down at the expected due date, Dibs began to beam as he realized his newest weapon was expected to come today.

Finally getting released from his worthless hours of school, Dibs ran right past Zim and rushed towards his house.

Hurrying towards his doorstep, Dibs plopped down as he waited excitedly for his package to arrive. After an extended amount of time passed, Dibs began to get a sudden urge to use the restroom.

Being as determined as he was, Dibs refused to get up as he continued to wait for his package.

Finally giving into the pain, Dibs rushed past his sister as he shoved her out and locked the door. Pounding on the door, Gaz was about to tear the door down when she heard the familiar sound of their ignoring doorbell.

Feeling a gust of wind rush past her, Gaz opened her eyes up curiously as Dibs reached for the door and swung it open.

Are you Dibs? asked a young lady dressed in a brown package delivery uniform.

Nodding, Dibs clung to his box as he signed the needed information that was required.

Shutting the door, Dibs fell on top of his box as Gaz began to beat the living snot out of him.

After awhile, Gaz began to get bored of beating Dibs up, so she dropped him against the floor and headed towards the living room.

Watching Gaz turn the corner, Dibs pulled himself up with his still intact box and ran in the direction of Zims house.

Sitting behind a nearby bush, Dibs leaned close to the ground and ripped open his box.

Pulling the tiny blunt object to his face, Dibs laid it down as he picked up a very descriptive sheet of paper. After reading the useless piece of paper, Dibs had figured it either Destroyed aliens or just shocked them.

I bet its the destroy thing, giggled Dibs. Sneaking up towards the open window, Dibs dodged the gnomes with only a couple of shocks and threw his cherished object inside Zims house.

All he has to do is touch it and Zim will be gone, thought Dib while running as far away from the gnomes as he could.

Munching on some pizza, Gir began to notice something shiny in the corner of his eye. Pulling his attention away from his television show, Gir walked towards the object as pizza Grease began to slide off of him. Oh, what that! shrieked Gir to himself as he grabbed the object into his little grubby hands.

Examining the object in his hands, Gir Pulled his mouth open and threw it into his mouth as he began to swallow. Feeling a bit of pain rolling through him, Gir slumped back towards his resent spot and laid down to finish watching his show.

## 2 - advantage

gir, come down here! came Zims voice from underneath the floorboards.  
Rising from the floor, Gir shifted into his duty mode as he quickly flew down towards his master.

Noticing Gir, Zim held up his plastic fork and began to babble about how he just needed something else to fit with his plan of world domination.

Quieting down, Zim lowered his fork and eyed Gir suspiciously as he began to realize his tiny Sir unit was in duty mode.

Gir, why are you in duty mode? asked Zim. "Cause my lord, you called," saluted Gir.  
Continuing to eye Gir, Zim pulled his special fork behind his back and ;aid it gently into his Pak.

"So, it seems you are either having a fluke or something good had finally happened, " said Zim, "Come, lets go rain some doom on this planet, but before we Do we must find something to go with the mighty Fork!"

Listing to his masters every word, Gir changed into his doggy sit and didn't even glance at the Tv as Zim pulled on his wig and contacts.  
Smiling happily, Zim began to cheerful as Gir began to listen and obey his every wish.

Watching Zim steal some baseball cards from a small child, Gir looked around and fell down but arose back to his feet before Zim had noticed.

"Gir, take these and store them in your head," commanded Zim.

"Okie dockie," came Girs regular voice. Watching Gir take off his disguised dog head, Zim groaned as he realized his helpful Sir unit had disappeared back into the not so helpful Gir.

"can i get a hot dog?" screamed Gir as he pulled his disguise back over his head.

"No, we have Mych to do, so much!" shouted Zim.

"But u wanna hot dog," cried Gir.

"No you dont, now pay attention!" snapped ZIm.

saluting, Gir once again went into his duty mode as he ran next to his masters side.  
reaching the doorstep, Zim glanced down at Gir as he walked inside and past his toys.

Smiling for a second, Zim realized this action and quickly let it slide as he shut the door.  
"Gir, im going to need those hideous cards, " said Zim, "While im working on ym genius plan, you can watch that monkey thing.

letting his disguise roll off of him, Gir handed Zim his cards as he once again saluted him.  
Turning around, ZIm glanced once more at Gir and quickly ran towards his elevator.

Grumbling, Gir slumped back in his seat and stared in the direction of the Tv.  
Getting bored after one glance, Gir looked around when he heard something rustling outside.

knowing that he was supposed to keep individuals off of their property, Gir sped towards the door and ripped it open.

Looking around, Gir focused on a particular being as he triggered his weapons.  
Firing his laser, Gir walked closer to the being as it began to yelp in pain.

as he figured, it was the big headed kid called Dib.  
Loading his lazars and guns once again, Gir began to shoot as Dib jumped up and began to run away.

"gir, what are you doing?" shouted Zim who had came to the surface to investigate the noise.  
"My lord, the Dib was on our property and you said before not to allow anyone to come near here."

staring at Gir for a second, Zim swallowed and said, "You remembered that, you usually forget all that stuff zim says."  
Pulling his guns back into his head, Gir walked inside with a very confused and baffled ZIm behind him.

Im sorry it took so long, it wont let me submit documents for some reason and it also wouldnt let me paste so i had to type it in  
(i have chapter 3 done, just have to type it into here,)

### 3 - disaster

As a couple of days passed, Gir began to act more stranger as he continued to obey Zim. He soon began to lose his Free will and stood completely still as if in a daze until Zim barked another order to him.

He had completely abandoned his faithful Monkey and pig companions as he slowly started to operate differently. Standing in a daze like sleep, Gir broke out of it as he heard his master calling his name. "Gir, it is Time that we Fulfill my awesome Zim like plan," said Zim. "Yes!" saluted Gir while skyrocketing towards Zim. "I know, it is awesome, isn't it" answered Zim as he completely ignored Gir's response.

Pulling out his fork, Zim waved it a bit then turned around to attach it to the big blob that contained Bubble gum and Glue. "Now to active it," cheered Zim. Walking towards Gir, Zim stopped as he looked at the dazed Gir that was slumping in front of him. "Umm, Gir," came Zim's voice while waving his hand in front of Gir's face. "WAKE UP, AND HELP ZIM FULFILL HIS ALMITY PLAN OF DESTRUCTION!" Shrieked Zim.

Snapping out of it and saluting, Gir snapped into his normal mode but quickly changed back into Duty mode. "You really have to decided which form your going to stay in, I suggest the duty one," said Zim while he looked over at Gir with the blob in his hands. Handing his precious blob of Gum and Glue with a Fork in the side to Gir, Zim began to instruct him about attaching his blob to the roof of their next door neighbor.

Looking down at it, Gir quickly looked back up at Zim as Smoke began to emerge from his mouth. Eyeing him as if something was wrong, Zim tried to take back his blob as Gir began to rain havoc to the base. Dropping the blob to the floor and screaming for the sake of the mission, Gir began to shoot at it and other equipment as he began to act like he was indeed insane.

Running after Gir and screaming at him to stop, Zim jumped at him as he raised his laser towards a huge bulging cord. "GIR DON'T HIT THAT CO," shrieked Zim, but before he could finish his sentence, Gir pulled the trigger and allowed the lower base to blow up in smoke and broken pieces of cord and glass. Realizing he was on the floor and covered in ash and gook, Gir looked down as he noticed he was sitting on something.

Bouncing up and down stupidly, Gir turned his ash filled blue eyes towards the thing he was sitting on. Rubbing his eyes slightly, Gir tilted his head and asked in a confused like voice, "Master?" Poking at the Limber body that lay before him, Gir looked around at the mess that was surrounding him. Not knowing what to do, Gir continued to poke at him as he tried to wake the ash covered Zim.

"Master!" cried Gir as he began to feel a bit frightened by his surroundings, Wiping the dirt from Zim's scratched up face, Gir smiled as Zim began to open his eyes. "What happened?" asked Zim while he rose himself up to a sitting position. Shrugging, Gir stood up in Zim's lap and began to jump back and forth till Zim Pulled him to a stop. "Something must be wrong, Gir We will have to examine you AFTER we clean the base and repair all the damaged equipment. Turning around to face Zim, Gir saluted once

again as he went into his now dangerous or damaged Sir mode.

## 4 - examination

Heading towards the still in contact rooms, Zim ordered the slightly damaged Computer to begin repairing and cleaning the house.

Sitting Gir down on the floor and joining in on the repairs, Zim went to work as Gir fell back against the floor.

Returning after a couple of tiresome hours, Zim nodded at the similar features of his base as he walked towards Gir.

Kicking him in the side, Zim rolled his eyes as he soon didn't get a response.

Groaning, Zim kneeled down and picked Girs limper body up and headed towards the earthly dinning table.

"Gir, wake up," snapped Zim. Pulling some tools out of his pak as Gir woke up, Zim ordered him to open his head so he could examine his insides.

Pulling out odd possessions that the old Gir would of went nuts for, Zim set them aside as he realized everything within his head looked normal.

"Lay back, and let me have a look at your body," hissed Zim. Opening up a hidden passage in Girs stomach, Zim looked around and began to give Gir a full examination when something caught his eye.

"Gir, did you swallow something?" asked a shocked Zim who was now setting his tools aside and about to reach inside of Gir.

"I can't remember," sighed the reddened Gir. Leaning over Gir, Zim reached inside the compartment and pulled out something spiral and shiny as he brought it towards his face.

Feeling a particular pain running through his forearms and reaching down to his toes, Zims eyes widened as an excruciating pain began to run through his body.

Yelping, Zim let go of the object as it tumbled back into Gir's body.

Pulling off his smoking glove, Zim began to freak out as a huge gashing hole began to spread over his hand.

Looking around the Room, Zim ran towards the living room but tripped

over the useless chairs as some of his blood began to splatter over the ground.

Whimpering at his hand, Zim ordered his computer to fetch him something to stop the blood as he ran back towards Gir.  
As he had thought, Gir decided it was a good time to go back to sleep.

Trying not to look at his hand, Zim reached for a towel that the computer gave him as it began to inform Zim about the earthly Hospital. "im Ok, its just a cut," Growled Zim while putting pressure on his wound.

Glancing at the floor, Zim groaned as he tried not to think about the gaping hole in his hand.  
Thinking about other stuff, Zim was about to inform his tallest about the incident with Gir when something struck him.

What was that anyway, why was there something harmful inside of him, and why is it interfering with both of them.

## 5 - mute

The next day, Zim clung to his hand as it seemed to get worse.

“Gir, Ccome here were going to get that thing out of you even if it destroys half the base!” Wheezed Zim while coughing up a nauseating substance.

Laying Gir once again on his back, Zim opened the compartment and pulled out some tweezers as he pulled his body back and tried to grip at the object.

“Do you feel any different?” asked Zim as he continued to search for the object.

Shaking his head, Gir glanced up as Zim dropped his tool and bean to claw at his arm.

Sitting up, Gir watched as Zim backed away from him as Zim tried to swallow the pain and resume his now important side mission.

“Gir, you think that thing could stay in you awhile longer?” pleaded Zim as he backed away from Girs open body that was exposing the rays of the object to his earlier wounds.

Nodding, Gir fixed himself up as Zim turned the corner and disappeared out of his view.

Feeling something hitting him across the head, Gir looked up as his red eyes disappeared and resumed their normal Blue.

Opening his mouth to speak, Gir struggled to talk as no noise bellowed out.

“Squeak?” asked Minimoose who had been the one who had ran into Gir’s head.

Panicking, Gir leapt off the table and ran towards the way Zim had gone and began his search.

Locating a half dazed Zim sitting on the couch, Zim motioned for him to talk as Gir tried to explain something wasn’t allowing him to talk.

Having no idea what Gir was saying, Zim blinked awkwardly as he motioned for Mini moose to explain. Listing to Mini moose’s squeaks, Zim opened his eyes as full as he could get them and began to stand but fell dizzily to the floor.

Mouthing the words Master, Gir skidded towards Zim and poked him while

he began to notice the slightly bigger wound in his hand that was practically glowing.

Wrapping up Zim's fatal wound, Gir scooped up Zim's wig and contacts from Mini moose and began to disguise his master.

Fighting back the urge to lie down, Gir turned the corner and pulled a bright red wagon alongside him as Mini moose floated beside him. Pulling the wagon hastily beside Zim, Gir signaled for Mini moose to help him lift Zim and throw him into the wagon.

Deciding that it would be best to bring Zim to the hospital that he had heard the computer mention, Gir began to imitate Zim's earlier action as he too fell to the floor.

Rolling his eyes, Mini moose floated down towards Gir and began to poke him in an attempt to wake him up.

Jolting to a sitting position, Gir once again triggered his duty mode and saluted as Mini moose reminded him about the injured Zim.

Grabbing at the handle and tugging hastily, Gir busted through the door and headed towards this so-called hospital with the shaking half-dead Zim behind him.

Looking around, Gir tried his best to figure out where the hospital was as he took several turns and fell a couple of times, due to his own account unless you count the squirrel who seeking revenue by pushing Gir against the pavement.

Walking past Dib's house, Gir continued his journey but realized he must have left Zim behind when he was having one of his undesired blackout moments.

Running back, Gir picked up the wagon's handle and finished his walk with only a couple of trips and a bunch of confusion. Finally locating the hospital, Gir scurried through the glass door as pieces of the shattered glass landed on top of Zim.

Noticing all the people running towards him and putting their hands on the disguised Zim, Gir slumped back as the need to lie back began to kick in.

As the nurses ignored Gir and hurried the awful-looking Zim into the emergency room, none of them thought it was weird that a Green Dog had just happened to drag a kid with an oblivious skin condition in at

exactly the right time.

## 6 - hospital

Sneaking past the busy Nurses and doctors, Gir slid under the bed and hid while he dozed off from his tiresome journey. Continuing their sleep, neither Gir nor Zim had any idea who awaited them near the check out table.

Pounding his hand against the scuffled looking Wood, Dib demanded that he should be allowed to visit his so called Brother as he eyed the nurse.

“So, you haven’t noticed anything.... Particular?” sneered Dib while he tried to drop a hint on the puzzled looking lady.

“Son, you will have to wait till your brother is a bit better, he was in a pretty Bizarre Situation,” said the receptionist.

“What, oh I mean my parents didn’t tell me what happened and im worried,” Sniffed Dib as began to acted as if he was heartbroken, “do you think you could tell me?”

“Well, were not really Sure, but we think he was exposed to radiation or some wild beast, maybe,” shrugged the lady with uncertainty.

Not understanding, Dib put his hands behind his back as he began to twist his wrist in a very discomfiting Way as he focused on allowing himself to cry.

Letting tears roll down his face, Dib tried not to smile at his success as the Lady gave in.

“Aww, I guess it wouldn’t hurt to take a Quick visit,” cooed the Woman.

Leading the way to Zims room, the lady Ran back to her desk as loads of patients began to crowd around her desk.

Smiling, Dib whipped away his tears and pulled the door open.

Staring at the small body lying in the dark room, Dib gulped as he took in Zims medical appearance curiosity.

Tubes where Hooked to Zims arms and wrists, while a medium sized tube that Dib guessed was allowing him to breath was lodged inside his mouth.

Standing still, Dib continued to glare at Zim as he realized that

everybody still didn't understand and may never know that Zim was an alien unless he proved to them all that he was right about alien and Big feet existence.

"Well I guess this would be the perfect moment to strike him since he is weak," laughed Dib. Taking a step forward, Dib continued as his bravery continued to rise.

Grumbling Dib took another step forward, but stopped when something came running at his feet. Tumbling to the floor, Dib did a quick summer Sault as he rose back to his feet.

As he figured, Gir had to be everywhere Zim was and he just HAD to be in the same room looking extremely mad at him.

Grumbling, Dib plastered a smile on his face and said with a fake cheerfulness, "Hey remember me, wanna go play outside?"

Glaring at Dib through his dog suited head, Gir Jumped up and aimed at his ankles as Dib

Began to get restless in his sleep.

Unzipping at part of his suit, Gir allowed his weapons to extend as he tried to fire them.

Grumbling, Gir continued to activate his weapons as Dib ran around the room.

"NURSE!" screamed Dib while dodging and pounding on the door with an angered Gir behind him, "Somebody!!!"

Opening the door which caused Dib to slam against the door, the brunette nurse screamed as she noticed the Dog with weapons extending out of its head.

"Somebody call the Dog catcher, we have another dog that possess weapons!" Shrieked the Nurse.

Turning towards the nurse, Gir was about to Lunged when something began to tangle around him which caused his weapons to shrink back into his head.

Trying to free himself, Gir quickly zipped up the hood of his disguise while fighting to free himself at the same time.

Watching the dog catcher, who had been two doors down getting stitches, net then drop Gir to the floor due to his numb arm, Dib observed Gir as he seemed to doze off.

Shrugging it off, Dib was pulled away as the Nurse explained that they

would need him to fill some of Zims medical paper work out.

“But,” began Dib while glancing back at the sleeping Zim.

“No buts mister, Now march over there and fill these out!” ordered the Nurse why pulling out some paperwork from thin air and handing them to Dib.

Slumping back, Dib began to fill out the boring papers as Gir slept soundly within the dog catcher’s car.

## 7 - dibs 2nd vist

Throwing the Odd green looking dog into a cell and heading back to his game of solitaire, Gir fell back as the world around him began to Dib.

Storming up to the desk, Dib threw the paperwork angrily into the woman's face and demanded that he get to see his Brother without any more interruptions.

"You can, BUT you must wait till I look these over," chirped the woman. Groaning, Dib stormed back to his seat as he glared intensely at the door.

Feeling someone nudging him, Dib flensed as the thought of Gaz came into his Mind.

"Hey sleepyhead," cooed the woman as she gently tapped Dib in the chest but soon began to increase her poking speed.

Realizing that he must have fallen asleep, Dib sat up and began to straighten himself up and stared at the woman in front of him curiously.

"You can see your brother now, But you better hurry cause he still in a pretty bad condition," Said the lady as she finally stopped pocking Dib.

Nodding, Dib lifted himself out of his seat and headed towards the previous room that he had visited that day.

Looking over his shoulder, Dib groaned as some of the medical workers began to follow him.

Pushing the door open, Dib Gulpd as he and the Nurses entered the room.

As Dib had figured, Zim looked about the same as he did before but with a tad bit more Tubes that had mystically appeared over him.

'Did you add more tubes?' asked Dib while glancing at Zim then at the nurses.

"Oh, yah he was having a reaction or something." Shrugged one of the nurses that seemed not to care.

Walking up to Zim, Dib looked down at his nemesis as he asked, "And this happened from an attack?"

Nodding, the previous woman babbled on about Poison reactions as she

began to mention Zims hand.

Glaring at The bandaged hand, Dib reached down when something startled him.

Jeering open his eyes, Zim blinked a couple of times and began to take in his surroundings.

Tilting his head to the left, Zim once again blinked as Dib then the nurses began to come into focus.

Trying to sit up, Zim fell back as something began to tug at his wrists and hands.

Moving his tongue around, Zim began to freak out as he began to indicate the tubes that were attached to his limbs and mouth.

Getting more paranoid, Zim began to fidget and try to free himself as the thought of being experimented on began to flood his head.

Tugging at the tubes and wiggling some more, Zim fell back as the nurse's arms and hands pushed him against the hardened mattress.

Backing slowly towards the head of Zims bed, Dib stared at the nurses with shock as one of them grabbed a nearby lamp and bonked Zim across his head.

Falling back into his less painful sleep, Zim once again quieted as the nurses turned towards Dib.

"Wwhy did you do that?" asked the shocked Dib.

"That's what's required when a patient doesn't behave or tries to run away," shrugged a short brown haired woman.

Pulling Dib out of the room and shutting the door, the women shoved Dib into the waiting room as they ran to another room to check how everything was going.

Back in the pound, Gir sleepily began to wake up as he thought he heard something talking to him.

From outside of his cage, Gir glanced up at the pigtailed girl pulling her mothers dress as she screamed, "Please Mommy can we keep her!"

## 8 - adoption

Rubbing her grimy face against the bars, the girl faced her mom and began to whine in hopes of obtaining the knocked out Gir.

Letting go of her mothers arms and quickly straightening her self up, the girl then proceeded to ask, "Mom, can I please have that dog, I Promise to take real good care of her!"

Biting her lower lip, the mother looked down at the dog and said, "Hilary sweetie, we already have enough pets."

"But I promise I'll take care of this ONE!" cried Hilary. Sighing, Hilary's mom couldn't resist her daughters face as she finally gave into her daughters wishes.

Squealing with delight, Hilary began to shake the bars in hope of gaining her new dogs attention. Watching anxiously as the dog catcher pulled his key out of his pocket and unlocked the door, Hilary quickly squeezed her hands as the man picked up her dog and handed him to her.

Squeezing the lifeless Gir in her hands, Hilary began to mutter about her new dog and all the fun they were going to have. "I'm going to call her Didi," cried Hilary with joy as she grabbed her mothers hand.

Walking out of the poorly made pound with a limp Gir in her hands, Hilary cheerfully skipped down the street with a content mother behind her.

Watching her mother walk inside, Hilary walked towards her backyard fence and unlatched it. Skipping through her gate, Hilary skidded to a stop as she began to stare at Gir. Shaking Gir, Hilary screamed happily as Gir perked up with alertness.

"awww, Didi your awake now!" sniff Hilary. Walking towards her Doll house, Hilary opened the plastic door and stuffed Gir into a plastic pink baby seat.

Blinking at the girl in front of him, Gir looked around curiously as the girl bent over him and shoved this mushy substance into his mouth.

Coughing it up, Gir tried to push himself away from the disgusting food

as the Girl also began to throw a fit.

"Eat your foot Didi or I'm going put you in a time out!" warned Hilary. Picking Gir up, Hilary marched outside as she threw Gir into a pink stroller as she mutter on about dim-witted stuff.

Getting buckled in, Gir began to throw a fit as Hilary began to toss tons of Stuffed animals into his face. Kicking the toys out of his lap, Gir opened his mouth as he once again tried to communicate with the girl.

Pushing the stroller, Hilary began to cheerfully whistle as her Didi suddenly unbuckled himself and began to run.

"DIDI, wait for me!" screamed Hilary while throwing her stroller against the pavement. Turning the corners and dodging the tree branches, Hilary finally caught up with her Didi as the local hospital came into view.

Grabbing Didi into a death hug, Hilary said stupidly, "Silly Didi, you don't need to go to the hospital you aren't sick!" Falling limp in her arms, Gir quickly began to shut down as Hilary dragged him home.

Rocking Gir in her arms, Hilary quietly began to sing as she reached her doorstep. Barging inside and walking past her previous pets, Hilary attempted not to step on her cat's tails as she jumped into her room.

Glaring down at her tiny doll bed that stood alongside her own bed, Hilary Growled as she noticed her Pet rabbit named Flopsy snuggled underneath the covers.

Kicking Flopsy out of the bed, Hilary pointed a finger angrily at the door as Flopsy sadly hopped away.

Giggling, Hilary Shoved Gir into the girly bed as she grabbed some near by ribbons and tied them onto his ears.

Pulling the covers up, Hilary glanced down gleefully as she leaned down and kissed the dead looking Gir. "Goodnight Dedi, see you later," whispered Hilary as she Stood up and skipped away.

## 9 - after shock

Peering open his eyes, Zim groggily looked around the darkened room as he noticed he wasn't in the familiar rooms of his Hu-man house. Struggling to sit up, Zim panicky looked down as the memories of his earlier struggle with the Humans rushed back to him.

Panicking at the glimpse of the huge buckle that was strapping him in, Zim leaned as far back to his side as he could as he triggered a mechanical leg to shoot out of his Pak. Hearing the snapping sound of the buckle tearing, Zim pulled back the Mechanical leg as he scuffed out of the bed. Getting his foot trapped underneath the heaps of blankets, Zim fell agonizingly to the floor as earsplitting Foot steps began to draw closer towards him.

Scrambling underneath the bizarre looking bed, Zim scooted into the darkest corner as light emerged with the unfamiliar taps of someone's foot. Hearing something Drop, Zim held back his curiosity as he heard somebody scream in a panicky tone of voice, "someone come quick, someone has stolen him again!"

Watching warily as the feet ran out of the room, Zim peered out cautiously as he dragged himself out. Feeling a particular pain in his head, Zim touched it gingerly as he tried to remember exactly where he was. Snapping out of his thoughts, Zim glanced down at his bare feet as he shouted, "Where in Irk is ZIM'S clothes!" Grabbing at the hideous light blue gown like thing, Zim looked at it with disgust as the footsteps once again came towards him. Dodging back underneath the bed, Zim held back his rage for the human clothes changing ritual that they had preformed on him as he tried to stay undercover from the oddly shaped feet.

Back at Hilary's house, Hilary barged into her horrible pink covered room and Picked Gir up swiftly. "Didi, Were going to go play at the park!" shrieked Hilary. Dressing Gir in an ugly purple dress with Ribbons plastered all over it, Didi ran to the kitchen table as her mom sat down her daughter's breakfast. "Hilary, what have I told you about your pets eating at the table!" asked Hilary's stern mother. "But mom!" Cried Hilary while wiggling her spoon in a back and forth motion.

"Don't but me young lady, when your," warned the mother who had suddenly tripped over a couple of Pigs and a goat that had an odd way of running under her feet for the heck of it. "MEGAN the Goat is supposed to be in the BACK yard!" screamed the furious mother. Shrugging, Hilary finished her breakfast and cruelly picked Gir up by the leg as she dragged the still Sleeping Gir outside.

Heading towards the park, Hilary began to giggle at the sights of the birds as the merry go round came into view. Squealing, Hilary Dragged Gir or Didi as she called him, rudely towards it and Throw the conscious Gir against the medal. Sitting in the middle, Hilary tugged at her brownish red hair as she yelled at gir to push her. Glaring at Gir, Hilary began to grow angry as she began to realize she wasn't getting her way. "PUSH ME DIDI OR SO HELP ME SOMETHING BAD WILL HAPPEN TO YOU!" screamed the Furious 6 year old.

Hacking a rock at Girs head, Hilary smiled as her newest pet opened his eyes. Struggling to stand, Gir

fell backwards as the lace of his dress caught underneath his feet. Blacking back out, Gir laid there stiffly as Hilary picked him up and walked over towards a tree. "Didi your no Fun, Megan the Goat was much superior compared to you until she decided to rebel!" Throwing Gir to the ground, Hilary bent down to pick her Didi up when something caught her eye. Going all goo-goo eyed, Hilary shifted to her right and picked up a perfectly cookie shaped rock. Cooing over it, Hilary began to walk away as she said, "I'm going to call you cookie" Leaving behind a dead looking green dog in a dress, Hilary disappeared with cookie the rock in her hands.

As a group of boys were walking past a tree, they all stopped as one of them caught the first sight of the green dog. "Hey another dead dog in a dress," shouted a tubby looking kid. "Let's throw it up the tree!" shouted one of the boys. Grabbing at the Limp Gir, the boys began to kick at him and throw him into the air as a couple of his robotic limbs fell to the lush ground. Not noticing the robotic features on the soil, the boys began to march away as the dead dog snagged on a perched tree branch

.Back underneath the bed, Zim was listening carefully as the beings that might be his abductors talked about somebody missing. "What happened to that green Kid," wheezed an out of breath doctor as he ran into the room. "We don't know doctor, he was sleeping here awhile ago and now he's just gone," chocked out a scared looking nurse. Resting a gigantic hand on the nurse's shoulder, the doctor proceeded to instruct them to do what they usually did when this kind of thing happened.

"Everybody, its time we use the ambulances once again!" hollered the doctor triumphantly. Yes, the horrible truth about the hospital had finally been revealed, the ambulance cars were indeed only used to look for missing kids who disappear or just wouldn't show up. If the Children were never found or the doctors just gave up, the children would be reported "dead" from some unknown operation or their newest scheme; they caught the Die instantly and disappear and don't ask question disease. So when you do SEE an ambulance, the hospital has indeed lost another kid and is in search of them in hopes of not getting another Law suit slammed into their faces.

"Doctor," interrupted a nurse, "But that green kid disappeared yesterday and we found him with his brother." "Indeed we did," said the Doctor thoughtfully, "Everybody you heard Samantha, to the green kids fathers house to, To Professor membranes house!"

## 10 - reunion

Running past the turned backs of the nurses and doctor, Zim burst through the door of the hospital as he looked around. Running towards the back of the building, Zim caught the glimpse of his nightgown as he quickly turned back in the direction of the hospital to fetch his clothes.

Slapping himself, Zim reminded himself that he was running away from the building not GOING towards it.

"I'll just have to change back in the base," sighed the jumpy Zim. Running his hand through his slightly loose looking wig, Zim straighten it as best as he could while running.

Nearing the familiar view of his green house and gnomes, Zim ran inside and threw the hideous gown to the ground as he headed down to his base to change into his familiar attire.

Sitting back in the couch, Zim leaned over as he pulled his boots on over his feet. Rising to his feet, Zim glanced around as he began to notice that something was indeed missing.

Rubbing the purplish bruise on his forehead, Zim began to walk towards the kitchen table when it stuck him, Where was Gir?

Running into Mini moose's face, Zim backed up as he pointed a finger at the floating moose and ordered, "Mini stay here and watch the base and DON'T let Anyone besides Gir and Zim near the base,"

"Squeak?" asked mini moose while floating back towards Zims face. Shooing Mini moose away, Zim rolled his eyes and said, "YES, You can stay in or by the base, but the AMAZING Zim orders you to stand Guard!

Squeaking a goodbye to Zim, Mini watched happily as Zim barged out the door and disappeared. Sighing with relief, Mini moose floated towards the TV in a hurry and switched the TV Channel to the so your kids Gifted, what now channel.

Calling Girs name, Zim ran around the block looking for his missing robot. Slowing down a bit, Zim located a bench

as he activated his mechanical legs and hurried towards it.

Pulling his spider like legs into his Pak in mid air, Zim landed against the bench as he tried to catch his breath. Looking up at the sky, Zim began to grumble as he rose to his feet once more and continued his search. Catching something glimmering against the ground, Zim walked over to it cautiously as he bent down to pick it up.

Noting that it was a familiar screw, Zim pocketed it as more of its matches glittered up at him. Picking a couple more up and pulling them into his pocket, Zim looked up as a lime green and grey figure dangled loosely against a sturdy tree branch.

“Gir?” gasped a surprised Zim. Pulling the items he had pocketed out, Zim started to realize they were indeed parts of Gir. Sighing, Zim got to work picking up all of Girs loose ends as he crawled on his hands and knees.

Scanning the ground for any spare parts of Gir that he might have forgotten, Zim pulled his mechanical legs out as he attempted to climb the tree and retrieve his Robotic companion.

(Hey, sorry that its so short seemed alot longer when i was writing it.....)

## 11 - Near Death experiment

Struggling to pull himself up the tree, Zim Grabbed at the trunk as some of loose bark came tumbling down into his eyes.

Screeching from the pain, Zim let go of the tree as his hands immediately flew towards his now watery eyes.

Shutting his eyes, Zim fell back a bit as his mechanical legs desperately clawed at the gigantic tree trunk and branches. Clinging to the loose branch with his mechanical legs, Zim pulled himself up as it suddenly gave way due to the extra weight it had been holding. Forcing his eyes open, Zim Glanced for another branch as he began to fall towards the ground. Swaying his body towards the nearest tree branch, Zim reached his Spider like legs out towards the branch as he clung to it for dear life.

Breathing in quietly, Zim whipped his Tinder forehead as he Looked Up at the never ending branches of the tree. Jumping from branch to branch, Zim occasionally used his mechanical legs as he began to near his helpless looking Sir unit.

Sitting On a branch nearest to Gir, Zim reached out as far as he could without Aggravating the unsteady Branch that Gir had slipped on.

Accidentally knocking Gir off of the branch, Zim pulled his mechanical legs in with surprise as Gir landed on an even more unsteady branch. Grumbling, Zim Laid flat on his stomach as he struggled to reach the sickening sight of Gir. Bending down lower, Zim nearly touched the tip of Gir's dress with his fingertips as he felt his body helplessly swaying forwards. Grabbing Gir at the last second, Zim fell uncomfortably to the ground with the Injured Gir in his arms.

Walking silently Home, Zim examined the slits in Gir's suit as it's exposed his true Robotic form from underneath.

Rubbing his forefingers against Gir's now rusted Body, Zim glared deep in thought as he bumped into a nearby telephone pole unerringly. Looking up and hissing at the inanimate pole, Zim began to storm away when the Horrifying glimpse of Purple and torn ribbons caught his eye.

Stopping in his tracks, Zim Pulled at the knotted Ribbons tied tightly around Gir's Black ears, but soon gave up and

ripped the disgraceful dress off of his Sir.

Glaring nastily at the ribbons, Zim ignored it as the need to hurry home began to take its place.

Bursting inside and past a startled looking Mini moose,

Zim headed towards the trashcan as he hopped inside and felt himself being lowered down to his lower

chambers.

Plopping Gir on a Tool covered table, Zim Dung into his pockets as he quickly dumped all Girs spare parts against the counter.

Pulling the green Dog suit off of Gir, Zim began to screw Gir back together when something struck him, how was

he going to get that Tool out of Girs head. Shaking the mind babbling thought out of his head, Zim Fixed Gir up as best as he could. After some time pasted, Zim began to get impatience as he yelled for his computer to report to him. "Computer, how long have I been Fixing Gir?" asked the exhausted Zim.

"It's been 18 hour and 2 seconds," reported Zims computer. Staring blankly at the wall, Zim blinked hastily as he pulled his protective goggles back down and chipped away the last Bit of rust Off of Gir.

Slumping to the floor, Zim Pulled himself up as he Leaned over the body of Gir.

"He should have woken up by now," whispered Zim, "Better check his Life clock" Getting closer to Gir's head, Zim drew back as the memory of the thing within Gir began to overwhelm him.

Luckily before Zim could do anything else, Gir sat up as his eyes glittered their old familiar shade of Blue.

Walking to an elevator, Zim turned around as Gir looked sternly at the ground and crouched down while attempting to jump.

Rolling his eyes as Gir fell face first to the ground, Zim ordered Gir to hurry up as Gir quickly stood up and saluted.

Walking into the living room, Zim halted as Gir caught up to his side.

Staring at a teary eyed Mini moose with a damp tissue in his hand, Zim glanced at the TV as he noticed it had that STOO-PID human kissing ritual that Mini moose and Gir watched ever so often.

Walking out of the room, Zim began to think of his plans to eliminate the thing within Gir when something hit the back of his heel.

Looking down, Zim groaned as he realized Gir was following him.

"GIR, Go watch that TV with Mini moose and stop bumping into me!" shrieked Zim.

Saluting and mouthing the words Yes Sir, the blue eyed Gir ran back into the TV Den as Zim disappeared out of his view.

Jumping on the couch and sliding backwards, Gir glanced down as a box of tissues hovered over his lap.

"Squeak," asked Mini

moose who normally gave Gir a tissue Due to their nonstop crying due to the Soap opera. Nodding his head in a no gesture, Gir Shoved the box gently back towards Mini moose who was giving him odd glares.

As the time began to tick away, Zim made his way back into the TV den to check up on things when a worried Mini and unconscious Gir laid on the couch.

Not taking any notice of Girs sudden lack of life, Zim walked past Mini as he began to squeak terrified comments and commands. Thinking that Gir was just having a black out, Zim was about to head outside when an odd feeling began to tighten within his Squeedly Spooch.

Nearing Gir, Zim leaped over towards him as he began to get angry, "Gir, stop playing and Get up, Zim orders you to get up" Not getting a response Zim lowered his shouts as he curiously pulled Gir up towards his face.

Forgetting about the blunt object within Gir, Zim opened Girs head as he pulled a digital watch out as it read 0. Freaking out, Zim began to shake the clock as he scurried down to the base Gir and all within his arms.

"There must be a watch here that could replace Girs life clock temporarily until I Fix it," gasped Zim while pulling an old looking clock out of the Earthly junk he had collected. Swamping the high techs watch with the older wind up watch, Zim licked his lips nervously as he screwed in the last wire into the replacement clock.

Sighing, Zim let his breath out as the clock began to tick which proved Gir was still alive. Glancing down at the Irken made Clock; Zim began to examine it when he noticed it was missing a couple of digit slots.

"I better inform the Tallest about this, no Sir units life clock should be left with 6 digits missing!" Zim said to himself without really realizing it.

Stuffing the clock inside his pocket and glancing at mini moose, Zim began to listen to Mini moose's observations as Mini mentioned an antique worker down the street

Picking Gir up and dressing him in his awful Child outfit, Zim began to walk towards the antique store while he occasionally had to stop and wind up Girs Life clock every time it decided to discontinue.

## 12 - hello, i would like to order

Leaning over, Zim pulled Gir's disguised head slightly off as he wound Gir's life clock for the 7th time.

Finishing, Zim fixed Gir's disguise as he activated his mechanical legs and hurried to his destination.

Nearing the entrance, Zim pulled his mechanical legs in and scuffled inside the tiny looking shop. Hearing a tiny bell go off, Zim hissed as a man came into his view.

"And how may I help you?" asked the clerk as he bent down and rested his hands against his knees. "My err Son need this certain clock to live, because err he has this Disease, yes disease," stuttered Zim.

"Aren't you a bit young to have kids?" asked the suspense clerk.

"Err, I meant Bbrother," corrected the nervous Zim.

"Aye, well lets head this way and see what your brother has in mind," replied the clerk.

Shuffling Gir's body in his arms, Zim positioned him in a loving arrangement as he said, "I just Llove my Bother," to every adult or thing he passed.

"Son, what kind of Clock are you looking for?" asked the Man as he turned to face Zim.

"Oh the usual, just needs to have 10 digits, be able to hold a couple of useful data, stuff along those lines," replied Zim while he pretended to be interested in a couple of the objects surrounding him.

"Umm, I don't think we carry modern watches here," said the dazed clerk. Throwing Gir to the ground, Zim jumped up at the man as he pulled the guy's shirt collar close

to his face and yelled, "Listen to me, ZIM doesn't care what you pathetic stink beast humans carry, all Zim needs is a watch that is similar to This!"

Throwing Zim off of him, the man began to examine the watch that Zim had hastily shoved in his face during his little fit.

"We might have something similar to this, but if you want something even similar I suggest you try the watch department down the street," suggested the clerk while returning the watch back to Zim.

Grumbling, Zim picked Gir up and began to walk away when the clerk's voice rang out, "Maybe you should bring your brother to the hospital, he practically looks dead!"

Hissing at the mention of the word hospital, Zim hurried back down the street as the clock store came into his sight. Entering, Zim barged up to the desk and ordered the man behind the counter to give him an earthly looking watch.

"Pardon me, but do you have to be so DEMANDING!" shouted the worker while grumbling under his breath. Giving the man a nasty look, Zim looked to his side as he handed Gir's clock to the man.

"What's this for?" asked the man while examining it.

Turning the watch to the back side, the clerk looked confused as an irken military symbol practically jumped right off of it.

"My so err I mean brother need a watch that it Similar to that," Zim said while pointing to the watch.

"We carry something that is similar to this, but it will cost you dearly," said the clerk in a deepened voice.

"Yah, yah now give ZIM the watch," ordered Zim. Receiving Gir's clock and Gir's new watch, Zim stuffed them in his pocket as he ran towards the doors. "Hey, you have to pay first!" screamed the startled man who was clawing at the counter of his desk.

"oh yah,"

pulling out a ten and tons of ones, Zim threw them into the air as they drifted up towards the ceiling fan and shredded before the man could collect them.

Hurrying out of the store before the man could argue with him, Zim turned the corner as he ripped open Gir's Head and winded the Annoying clock. "Mm, we'll need some more cords," thought Zim while recollecting Gir in his hands.

Entering his house and heading down towards his computer, Zim set Gir on the ground as he made an order to planet Mirkon and ordered a set of power Cords and replacements.

"Now all we have to do is wait," said Zim as he once again picked up Gir and headed upstairs towards the TV. Slumping back in the earthly Chair, Zim positioned Gir in his lap as he drummed his fingers impatiently.

As the time began to tick away, Zim finally heard something hit the side of the door, hearing this Zim hurried outside as he realized the sky had suddenly turned a lot darker.

Picking up the package, Zim hurried back towards the couch as he ripped open the package and threw all the peanuts against the ground.

Pulling the cords out, Zim was about to replace Girs watch when something struck him, why couldn't a Human just take the object out instead of him, what harm would that do.

Breaking out of his thoughts, Zim set the Mirkon made Cords against the cushions of the couch as he picked Gir up and headed out the door to his newest destination.

## 13 - relief

Running into a near by building, Zim pushed his way hastily in as the crowd of people in front of him tumbled over.

“Pitiful Humans, Zim needs your not so inferior secret on RELEASHING agonizing objects.

Glaring at the shouting kid holding a toddler in his hands, the older looking lady leaned over the counter and said, “Son, there’s no yelling in a library”

“And To answer your question, I think your thinking of tweezers,” began the old lady while glaring angrily at Zim “Nonsense, Zim can yell if he Wishes!” Yelled Zim while shaking a fist in a victorious gesture.

Feeling something lifting him off the ground, Zim glanced over his shoulders as two muscular men grabbed him from behind.

Grasping Gir tightly in his arms, Zim began to kick widely as he screamed his opinion and thoughts about the guards and building.

Throwing Zim and Gir Outside the building, the well-built men high fived each other as they walked back into the hostile library.

Pulling himself up and leaving Gir alone on the sidewalk, Zim ran up to the glass window as he banged on it demanding that they hand over their technology of removing hazardous objects.

Running up to the locked doors, Zim Peeled off the golden sign that hung loosely against the doorframe saying,

No trespassing!

From the research he had learned, Zim still knew little about Li-brays, but he did know that they were suppose to welcome EVERYBODY.

Throwing the sign against the window looking door, Zim grew pale as shatters of glass tumbled to the ground as an Ear pitching alarm rung out.

Not knowing what to Do, Zim scabbled over to the partly awake Gir and Ran as far away from the scene as he could get.

Ducking behind a tree, Zim swiftly ducked down as the siren of an unwanted police car turned in his direction. Blinking up at Zim, Gir followed Zims commands to stay low as Zim began to inform Gir about what had happened. Crawling on his belly, Zim pushed his way into another store with a fully awake Gir clinging to his back.

Straitening himself up, Zim Dodged into some unknown aisle as he pretended to be interested in some hair products that he had happened to jump in front of.

Getting odd stares, Zim hurried off into another aisle as the label clearly read Poop candy half price! Covering his mouth in disgust, Zim continued his walk down the aisle when a sudden bright red package caught his eye. Releasing his mouth, Zim gently picked up the package as he read out loud, Twizzlers.

Grinning, Zim grabbed Gir's hand in a hurry as he dashed up to the checkout desk. "Zim Demands that you Filthy human, Ring this up immediately!" Roared the demanding Zim as he threw the candy into the Woman's face.

Pulling it off of her face, the Young teenager looked down at it and said, "So your in the mood to eat twizzlers, huh?" "Nonsense, Zim has no desire to eat it!" said Zim while placing his gloved hands against the desk.

"Then what do you want with it if your not going to eat it," snorted the Teen. "You indeed are a stupid race aren't you, Can't you tell Zim is going to those Twi-zzers to remove stuff!" "Don't you mean Tweezers?" asked the Confused Girl, "Twizzlers you eat and Tweezers you Pull stuff out with, like splinters"

Staring blankly at the girl, Zim began to open his mouth when the Girl quickly pointed across the store and said, "You'll find tweezers over in the pharmacy section over there."

Growling, Zim headed towards the recommended direction as he barked at the girl, "Zim need no help" Pulling himself and Gir on top of the desk, Zim Stamped his foot as he demanded their Full attention.

"Where is the earthly Twe-ezers?" Asked Zim rudely. Picking some random tweezers up, a man dressed in a white coat handed them to zim as he asked him kindly, "do you need any help."

"Zim needs no help!" Whispered Zim while struggling to grip the tweezers in his hands. Getting ready to walk away, Zim turned around when something grabbed his shoulder. "Sir, you can't leave with those, they are the Stores property!" said the man.

Grumbling, Zim jumped off of the desk as he Picked Gir up and headed towards the Seats near the Pharmacy desk. Cutting a whole in Gir's toddler disguised head so only the tip of his head was showing, Zim glanced up as he looked around for any wondering eyes.

Sticking his tongue out in concentration, Zim set the tweezers aside while he wound Gir's clock up and

began to plan on  
what

he was going to do with the object once it was out.

Grasping the tweezers again, Zim began to struggle to hold them  
as they began to slip out of his hands.

Grumbling, Zim had to keep bending down to pick up the ignoring device when  
the previous man from before yelled, "Do you  
need any help now?"

Shouting No, Zim tried a couple of more times until  
he finally gave in and straggled towards the desk.

Plopping Gir upon the desk, Zim threw the Tweezers into the mans chest as he yelled, "Recover the  
splinter from  
inside my  
brothers head now"

Not thinking that Zim's request was odd, the man quickly gripped the tweezers properly  
as he dung inside the Childs head.

"Wow, your brother really needs to clean its head!" gasped the man who was  
beginning to sound really dim-witted.

"What do you want me to remove, how about that clock to the side or maybe those paperclips or..."

"SILENCE!" Yelled Zim, "Remove only the odd spiral looking thing that burns when you touch it"  
"Well I can't find anything that burns, but I found something spiral!" Yelled the Man excitedly as he  
grasped the Object

and began to pull it out.

Falling back at the awful sight of the object, Zim shielded himself from the invisible toxic glow reflecting  
off of the object in front of him.

Turning around with the object still in contact with the tweezers, the man yelled something about a  
doggy bag as he  
disappeared behind rows of medicine.

Recovering from the poisonous vapors of the object, Zim pulled himself up and hopped towards Gir as  
he quickly fixed Girs head.

Turning around, Zim glanced back as the man ran up to him gasping, "Here's your doggy bag, and we  
hope to see you soon"

Grabbing the bag curiously, Zim peeked in but shut it tightly as the ray of the object seeped through the  
cracks of the sack.

Walking outside with Gir casually walking and occasionally skipping when his normal mode kicked in,  
Zim headed  
to his base  
as thoughts raced threw his head.

Not noticing the skipping Gir underneath his feet, Zim tumbled over as the bag from his fell out of hands causing the spiral object to crash out of the bag.

Scooting as far away as he could in such a hurry, Zim stopped as he squinted his fake eye lenses at the object. Where have I Seen that, Zim thought as he began to recall his previous day.

Slapping himself in the side of the head, Zim blinked angrily when he realized that Dib had been drawling something that resembled something of that structure in the Horrible Art room.

Lowering his eyes in hatred, Zim began to think his previous thoughts over as be begun to realize Dib had indeed done harm to them. "Can we get a Suck monkey!" squealed the normal sounding Gir as he jumped over the harmful object.

"Gir, Get away from that Thing!" Shrieked Zim while Pulling Gir back towards him"  
"We must hurry back to the base in order to transfer the better working clock into you and THEN Zim will deal with the Dib!" Snarled Zim.

"And a suck monkey, you promised!" Screamed Gir. "Zim made no Promises!" Snapped Zim, "oh alright, First Zim gets you a suck monkey THEN we fix your clock and torture Dib"

"Kay lets go!" Squealed the happy Gir as he grabbed at Zim arm and began to pull.

## 14 - skool encounter

The next day in skool, Dib sat in his chair as he began to entertain himself by rocking his pencil in a back and forth motion.

Hearing something hit the floor, Dib glared at the door as an angered Zim stormed inside.

Meeting eyes with his arch enemy, Dib began to squint his eyes angrily but turned around as Miss Bitters emerged from underneath her well hidden desk.

“Class, Due to your horrible behavior, we are going to do Nothing!” shrieked Miss Bitters. Raising his hand, Dib stated, “But we didn’t do anything, all we did was come in here and sit down.”

Grinding

her teeth in response, Dib lowered his hand down immediately as he glared down at the floor.

As the Time began to pass, the children began to grow restless as Miss Bitters ordered all the students who got out of

their seats to the principal’s office or the unnecessary underground classroom. Forcing his eyes open, Dib set his glasses against the table top as he began to rub the sleep out of his eyes.

After the painful after effect of rubbing his eyes was done, Dib felt around for his glasses but began to groan

as the

presence of his glasses disappeared. “Miss Bitters, I think someone took my glasses!” growled Dib while

squinting

across the room at the blurry objects in front of him.

“Do I have to send you to the principal’s office to?” asked the eager looking teacher. Slumping back in his seat, Dib glared in direction of Zims seat as he swore he could he soft rude laughter coming in that direction.

Scrambling out of class as the skool bell rang indicating that it was lunch and recess, Dib stumbled against the walls as he made his way towards the cafeteria.

Walking up to a figure, dib asked, “Gaz is that you?”

Pulling the person closer to him, Dib began to feel the beings hair as she yelled, “What are you doing Dib, Im Zita” “Oh sorry Zita, do you think you could point me in the direction of the lunch line”

“Sure,” replied Zita as

she pulled Dib towards the back of the line.

Moving further up the line, Dib purchased his lunch as he paid the lunch lady a Slightly Higher amount that was unneeded. Struggling towards his usual table, Dib was about to sit down when something shoved him. Falling face first into the tray loaded with food, Dib raised his head up as the food dripped from his face.

“Pathetic humans, always falling!” crackled Zim’s voice from Dib’s previous spot. Rolling his tongue back into his mouth, Dib gagged as the taste of boiled eggs and feathers filled his mouth and infected his taste buds.

Pulling something out of his mouth, Dib rubbed his fingers against it as he indicated that it was indeed a feather.

“Why didn’t anybody tell ME that I ordered the Boiled eggs and feathers entree!” Screamed the ticked off Dib. Rising to his feet, Dib took a couple of steps towards Zim when he once again felt his enemy push him down.

Hearing the scamper of feet and cheers about fighting, Dib positioned himself as he faced the blur that resembled Zim. Pulling his hands into tight looking fists, Dib began to swing crazily at a blur that he thought was Zim.

Grinning when his fist had contact with the thing, Dib’s smile faded as the voice of the being he had hit said, “Dib, to my office Now!” Groaning, Dib began to locate the wall and walk away when the principal’s voice boomed, “Dib, Where are your glasses?”

“I don’t know, but I’m sure ZIM has something to do with it!” Dib said nastily. Getting spun around, Zim glanced up at the taller human as he demanded Zim give Dib’s glasses to him. “Get your filthy human germ filled hands off of Zim!” warned Zim while shoving the hairy hands off of him.

“Hey, don’t talk to your superior that way!” growled the principal. As the principal and Zim’s assaults began to form into nasty gestures, the previous crowd of kids gathered around and began to scream Fight as Zim pounced at the man.

Sitting in the office, Dib looked at the Door as it swung open presenting two figures. “Here are your glasses Dib,” gasped the principal as he handed the partly cracked glasses to Dib. Slipping his long lost glasses back on, Dib blinked in surprise as the appearance of Zim and his principal came into view. Zim was covered in 3 or 5 bruises and seemed to have a strained ankle, while his principal was in an even worse stage.

A Lock of his hair was missing revealing a permanent bald spot and the skin that was noticeable was completely covered in odd scrapes and bruises.

"Do you two young men know why I have asked you down here?" asked the Principal who was trying to regain his pride and voice.

"Maybe because Zim," began Dib before he was rudely interrupted by the principal. "I asked you kids to come here, because it seems that you two have been fighting in Skool grounds lately!" Said the principal as he looked towards Zim then back at Dib.

"Im just going to say it once, either fight off skool property or dramatic measures might occur!" warned the principal,

"That is all"

Rising out of his seat, Dib headed out of the office as Zim darted ahead of him. Walking down the hall, Dib glanced at the clock as he released that it was surprisingly almost time to leave.

Sighing from the previous occurrence, Dib straightened the cracked glasses as he walked back into his class. Glaring at Zim on his way

back to his seat, Dib sat back in his chair when the bell out of the blue rang. Scrambling out of his seat, Dib walked towards the Door as Zim waited for him.

"What do you want Zim!?" asked the now slightly ticked off Dib.

"I know what you've done and

I SWEAR that that ZIM Will NOT let this act slide," Zim said as he tripped Dib and ran out of his sight.

Rising to his feet, Dib blinked at Zims warning as he tried to recall what he had done.

Shaking it off, Dib headed

home as Zim also hurried back to his base.

Fiddling inside his base, Zim Gripped one of his lasers and began to head back upstairs.

"What yah doing?" questioned the now normal Gir who had planted himself in front of the TV. "Gir be quiet, Zim needs Quiet to activate this laser"

"Ohh, SORRY!" Gir screamed without actually obeying Zims command.

Heading out the door, Zim began to fiddle with the laser as he made his way to his arch enemies home.

## 15 - fight

Reaching the shadowy doorsteps of the Dibs house, Zim marched up towards the door while straightening himself up and knocking loudly.

Jerking his head up, Zim slide his gun behind his back as he Gazed up at Dibs father. Staring down at the green looking kid, Prof. Membrane cleared his throat and pronounced quite clearly, "And how may I help you?" "Yes, well you see," began Zim, "I'm here to ask your stink beast Dib a question about umm Big feet."

"Oh," sighed Prof. Membrane while releasing the doorknob and meeting his gaze with Zim's. "You know, I suggest that you give up this Nonsense obsession for big feet and Move on up for Real science!" encouraged Prof. Membrane while looking at Zim.

"Yes,Zim Likes real science, but I still need to ask the question so GET the Dib now!" responded Zim. Nodding his head, Prof. Membrane Turned around and yelled, "Dib, Someone's here to ask you a ridiculous question about big feet!"

Hearing soft Scamper sounds coming towards him, Prof. Membrane trotted away from the door as his Son came into his view. Turning the corner in a hurried jog like Run, Dib Fell face First as his socks caused him to slip on the slick floor.

Pulling himself up excitedly, Dib ran to the door in hopes of educating the poor inexperienced individual that awaited his acknowledgment. Looking out the Door, Dib grew Dim as he realized that the only person or thing standing by his door was Zim.

'What do you want NOW zim?" asked Dib rudely. "Oh nothing much, just came here to destroy you!" shrieked Zim as he pulled out his gun and pulled the trigger.

Doing the First thing that came to his mind, Dib shielded his arms protectively over his head as he awaited the horrible pain to engulf him.

Forcing his eyes open, Dib began to grow less tense as he realized he was covered completely in Orange Silly string.

Blinking at the angered Zim, Dib began to get more confused as Zim began to yell in his native tongue while banging the gun against his door frame.

"Stupid earthy Gun!" shrieked Zim while he threw the Gun against the ground.

"But that's not an earth Gun," Dib pointed out but soon regretted saying it as Zim began to grow angrier.

Not knowing what to Do, Dib quickly kicked the broken Gun out of the way as Zim took this opportunity to Jump at him.

Feeling Zim's powerful punches hitting his sides, Dib began to return the punches as they both tumbled to the floor kicking and screaming inappropriate things.

Getting hit in the face, Dib swung his Arm towards Zim's stomach while saying, "I Never did anything to you, well besides the part on trying to turn you in and taking you from the hospital."

"What?" squeaked Zim as he lowered his arm that was in midair.

"Nothing," barked Dib as he began to realize what he had just said.

Pulling himself off of Dibs chest, Zim straightened himself up to his full height and yelled, "What did you mean by taking Zim from that ghastly excuse of a hospital!"

Sighing Dib figured he had better tell Zim before another fight broke out, "I kind of told them you were my brother so I could get your medical records but when that didn't work I, how should I say this, I kind of broke into the pressure and Stole you from them."

Looking at the baffled Zim, Dib continued his story, "So as you might guess, when I happened to get you, the hospital sent a bunch of these crazy old lady drivers after me when they realized what I had done."

"well since I was having trouble carrying you, the crazy driving ladies finally caught up to me and threw us into the back of their car, which was not that comfortable," began Dib, "I would of gotten in a heap of trouble but since I said you were my brother and I was only trying to do what I thought was right, they let it slide but when I tried to visit you yesterday, they wouldn't let me in because I guess they figured I really Didn't have a brother."

Locking his gaze with the stunned Zim, Dib began to move out of his way as Zim whispered something. Feeling an uneasy pain of alertness running through his body, Dib quickly ran into the living room as Zim trailed after him.

Looking over at the couch, Dib gasped for Gaz to leave the Room for her own safety as Zim entered the area and activated his mechanical legs.

Paying no attention to her brother, Gaz continued to suck on her juice box as Dib and Zim once again began to Fight.

Watching lampshades and collectible books fly and rip through the air; Gaz took another sip of her drink when something forcefully knocked it out of her hands.

Pulling her eyes dangerously open, Gaz stared at the spilled juice box as her prized drink began to seep

into the carpet.

Glaring irately at the cause of the split juice, Gaz Pulled her hands into angered Fists as she realized Zim's Stupid fake legs had destroyed her drink.

Pulling her fist into a dangerous looking point, Gaz brought her Gaze to Zim and Yelled, "Zim will PAY!!!"

Not paying a word of attention to Gaz, Zim and Dib began to tear at each other as Gaz barged out of the room and reentered with a baseball bat and the emptied juice box in her hand.

Strolling over to the Fighting Boys, Gaz Swung her bat hard against Zim chest as it caused his mechanical legs to slide back in him as he slammed against the opposite Wall.

"Way to go Gaz!" encouraged Dib as he smiled happily at his sister.

Pulling her bat in the same fashion as she had done with Zim, Gaz swung it Against Dibs body as it too caused him to tumble against the wall and trip over Zim.

Smiling at her work, Gaz left the Room as she threw the box of juice on top of Zim's cricked Wig.

Pulling himself Up, Zim stumbled back down as he whispered, "don't think you have won, Zim Will get you back for putting that thing in Gir"

Gasping painfully Dib said, "I Didn't Put anything in your Stupid Robot, so stop accusing me!"

"Lies!! Zim knows you did it so how else can you explain that horribly made Spiral thing, mmmmm"

"Oh, THAT thing," whispered Dib as he forced himself to Stand up but fell back down as Zim kicked him down painfully.

"Feel Honored that Zim didn't take your life, but if you Cross my path again I might not feel that generous," replied Zim as he ignored the pain that Gaz had inflicted on him and marched out of the door with pride.

Staring blankly at the open door, Dib recollected himself as he pulled himself up and checked his wounds.

Realizing that he was having trouble moving his left arm, Dib groaned as the thought of getting a cast crossed his mind.

## 16 - ending

Earlier the next morning, Dib leaned against the Pale Colored wall as The Doctor began to wrap his broken arm inside the extraordinary snug green cast.

Wrapping the last Wrap up, The Doctor Looked up as he asked, "And how did you break your arm again?"

"I Told You, First this crazy alien came after me accusing me of Hurting his Robot, then my Sister Hit me with a baseball bat!" Gaspd Dib.

"Seems you've been watching too many Mystery Mystery episodes, I suggest you take a break from television," suggested the doctor.

Grumbling, Dib jumped off the ledge of the counter as the pain from within his toes Shot up to his chest. Biting his lip painfully, Dib limped out of the room and met up with Prof. Membrane as he signed and returned the last of Dib's medical records.

Sighing at the pathetic Look in his son's eye, Prof. Membrane rested his hand against his Sons back as he pushed him gently in the direction of their car.

Halfway through the car ride Dib got up the courage to speak and said, "It wasn't my fault that the house is a mess it was Zim's fault!"

Pulling into the parking lot of Dibs Skool, Prof. Membrane didn't bother to turn around as he motioned for his son to get out of the car.

Painfully hoping out, Dib turned back towards their car but sighed as his dad pulled away.

For the rest of the day, Dib found it quiet easy to stay out of Zim's view until recess.

Looking down at his cast as Gretchen signed it, Dib looked back up as Zim came marching over towards him as if nothing had happened.

Expecting to get shoved, Dib blinked as he watched Zim yank the pen out of Gretchen's hands and shove her against the pavement.

Bending over Dib's arm, Zim wrote his name and drew an evil looking smiley face that Took up most of the front of Dib's cast.

Looking down at Zim's gigantic writing and hypnotizing drawling, Dib broke out of his thoughts as Zim raised his hands triumphantly in the air as he yelled, "SEE I'm NORMAL, ZIM WROTE HIS ALMIGHTY NAME ON THE DIB STINKS ARM HOLDER!"

Rolling his eyes, Dib went back inside as his day presented to drag on.

Finally hearing the skool bell Ring, Dib ran outside and headed home while rubbing his plastered looking cast and glancing around him.

Reaching his door, Dib walked inside and headed past his sister who was slumped back against their couch playing her Game slave 2.

Turning the doorknob of his room, Dib walked in as he plopped himself against his computer screen and began to type with his free hand.

Growing frustrated with his slow typing speed, Dib hurried towards his bed as he fell down tiredly.

Pulling his arm towards his face, Dib grimaced with disgust as Zim's name seemed to spring out at him.

"Why did I even let Zim sign my cast," said Dib as he rolled to his side and glanced at the clock.

Sighing, Dib pulled himself up and walked over towards his light switch as he shut off his light and struggled back towards his bed.

Closing his eyes, Dib began to think of the previous encounters as the thought of Gir popped into his mind. Smiling softly to himself, Dib began to think of Zim and Gir as he realized Zim might indeed have a weakness.

I could always take Gir or do something horrible to him, but if I did Zim might come after me again, Thought Dib as his Smile began to fade away.

Sighing heavily, Dib rolled to his side as he awaited the sleep that he desperately needed to overcome him.

Back in Zim's base, Zim was sitting on the cushion less couch as Gir grabbed a near by Pillow and positioned it within his cushion made fort.

Climbing within his structure, Gir squealed with pleasure as he brought his gaze to Zim and said, "You can come in!"

Getting ready to turn down the offer, Zim blinked hastily as he found it hard to resist his sir Unit. "Fine Gir, but only for a LITTLE while"

Climbing inside the darkened space, Zim pulled his legs towards him as Gir scooted closer towards him.

"Ummm Gir, Do you need something?" asked Zim as Gir climbed into Zim's lap.

"Noooo, just sitting," replied Gir while glancing up at Zim.

Groaning, Zim Pushed Gir off of him as he tried to rise but fell backwards as Gir Jumped at his Chest.

Pushing Gir off of him, Zim once again tried to stand as the cushions collided on top of Him and Gir. "I think I liked you more when you obeyed me," whispered Zim as he pulled himself up with Gir who was still clinging to him.

Marching towards the toilet, Zim Flung Gir off of him as he flushed himself down and ignored the sad look that Gir was giving him. "Awww," Sniffed Gir sadly as Zim disappeared from his view.

Allowing a smile to creep upon his face, Gir Flew happily towards the TV as the Theme song of the angry monkey could be heard.

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Well its the ending, hope you enjoyed... oh and sorry i hadnt put these last 2 chapters up, i would of sooner but for some reason it wouldn't work, But there up now ^-^