

Events in the life of Zim

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Things that happen to Zim...Nothing new, ya know, Alien invasions, meeting a strange Irken girl, explosions, plots, mysteries...Pretty boring things that happen to Zim on an everyday basis...Lol, only kidding! PLZ READ!!!!!!!

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1 - The trip

Most of the time, things are pretty normal on Earth. Just average every day things going on...and on...and on... Zim thought about this for a while, and a smile broke out on his lips...

“Not for long,” he thought. “Things will be going quite differently when I conquer this world!”

Suddenly, the coach ran over a bump. Zim’s stomach lurched. He threw his gloved hand to his mouth and swallowed the antacid in his throat. He was tiring of this miserable 6 hour earth journey and it’s inferior vehicles. If he had known what camping was when the admission slips had been handed out on Friday, he would never have handed his back. First he found out he was to bring a “tent”, which took him all of Saturday to find, pay for and figure out how to set it up. Then he had to gather together earth clothing for the trip, and actually wear them. It was bordering on the lines of impossible to bear.

The coach lurched again. This time he knew he would hurl. He managed to stop the coach driver on the side of the road and run behind a tree just in time. He was shaking when he was done. He felt empty and cold, and close to tears.

“Being an Invader is hard...” He thought, as he drew himself up to full height.

He would have to live with it, if he wanted to complete his mission. As he emerged from behind the tree, he noticed the Dib-human pressing his face up against the window, sniggering at him. Zim scowled back and trampled through the muddy bushes back to the coach.

When he got back on the hideous earth joke of engineering (as he now thought of it) , all the miserable earth children were staring at him. Suddenly, a girl called Zita cried out:

“Hey! Look everyone, Zim’s back...from puking himself!”

The rest of the children began to laugh, while Dib threw Zim a mocking smirk. Zim peered down in misery and embarrassment at his feet . He glared at all the children , then at Dib, then Zita. She would be the next grovelling human worm-baby he would destroy- after the Dib-stink. He then silently took his seat and thought:

“All in a matter of time...all in a matter of time...”

And with that thought in his head, and a smile spread wide across his face, he fell asleep...

2 - At the camp site/ war of the beds

Okay, Dib is not horrible the whole way through. He stops bullying Zim when...U will have to find out when I submit the next chapter!

“ALRIGHT, COME ON, MOVE IT!!!! I HAVE A SOAP OPERA IN 8 MINUTES, AND YOU HAD BETTER NOT MAKE ME MISS IT!!!!”

The coach came to a stop- it had arrived at the junk yard that was the camping-site. The children moaned and scowled, but obeyed the bus drivers command. (Besides, who wouldn't...when people are as big as Bloaty the pizza hog, you tend to listen to them!)

Zim awoke when a suitcase fell onto his head. He winced in pain, and shoved it off his pounding forehead, and snarled as he saw Dib in another “Strike one for earth” face.

“Oops, sorry Zim. That’s mine!”

Dib pulled the suitcase off Zim and turned round; doing so, Dib en-planted another blow on Zim's head before running away and jumping off the coach, laughing as he went. Zim pulled himself and stumbled to the exit door, dragging his second hand travel bag behind him.

"This," he thought in both anger and misery, "Is the biggest mistake I have ever made."

"WHADYA MEAN THIS GIANT PEICE'A CRAP IS MY CABIN???!!"

Zim yelled at the camp guide.

“YEAH, WAT THE HELL DO YA MEAN I HAVE TO SHARE IT WITH HIM!”

Dib pointed at Zim.

“U KIDS WILL JUST HAVE TO LIVE WITH IT!”

Yelled the guide.

Zim and Dib peered round the room. The walls were covered in graffiti; there were parts of the room where the wall had decayed, the roof too, which putrid green guck spewed out randomly. They gasped in unison as they spotted a dead rat corpse in the corner, next to the grubbiest bed they had ever seen. Oh, the HORROR of the bed...gnarled and rotting wood, sheets black with grime, and a gross stain on the pillow case...

“It kinda looks like vo”

Zim cut himself off in mid thought, not even bothering to stop making disgust noises as his stomach did a backflip (heh heh, dat sounds soooooooooo funny!!!). Dib stopped protesting against the guide and stared at him like he was a mad man just escaped from a nearby asylum.

“What’s with u? Is this an Alien thing?” he said.

Zim glared at him and peered at the now confused guide with a smiley (and disturbing) expression.

“What are you talking about, you...boy? I AM A NORMAL EARTH WORM BABY!!!! I like wearing pants!!!” Zim exclaimed as he jumped on top of the grimy bed-much to his disgust- which squelched under his weight.

He leapt back down making another noise of disgust.

“Oh you’re getting that bed!” he turned to Dib.

“LIKE HELL I AM!!!!”

They both started fighting again (*SHOCK!*) whilst the guide (now totally freaked out) quietly backed out of the room, shut the door and ran away screaming. The sound of screaming snapped the boys out of it, and they turned to see there only ticket out of the cabin had vanished .(*GASP!*)

“Hey, where’d the guide go?” Dib scanned the room, confused.

“OH GREAT!” Zim yelled at him. “Your nonsensical earth gibber scared her away!” He scowled at Dib.

Dib thought for a moment, then grinned widely.

“At least I got the best bed...YAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!” Dib plunged towards the clean bed (Shield your eye’s from it’s whiteness if u wish to keep your vision!).

“OH NO YOU DON’T!!!!!!” Zim also leapt for the bed.

Both of them collided and fell to the floor. Random campers ran to the window and took pictures of them...

“ARGGGGGG!!!!!! MY EYES!!!!!!” Zim yelled in a manor that somewhat resembles a pirate.

Seizing his chance, Dib leapt onto the bed.

“HAAAA! I win, Zim!” He snickered, beginning to unpack his things.

Zim snarled, still rubbing his eyes. Stoopid humans and there flashing image capturing devices. They will all pa one day, UNDER THE POWER OF THE ALMIGHTY ZIM!!!!!!!

He tried to pull Dib off the bed, when the insane human did something neither he or Zim wanted him to do...HE LICKED ZIM'S ARM. Zim froze for a moment and just stared in disgust. Then, realizing what just happened, threw himself backwards, screaming like crazy. Dib turned nearly as green as Zim and ran to the bathroom to wash his mouth out. When Dib had finished, Zim had finally stopped screaming and was rising himself up on his feet.

“Forget about it Zim! Your not EVER getting this bed, d'ya hear me?” he jumped onto the bed and threatened:

“If you do, I’ll lick the pillow!”

Zim stared at Dib and shuddered.

“After what you did last time, ur lucky to have me LOOK in your direction again!” he remarked.

“Well, then,” Dib grinned at Zim. “Guess you’ll have to take that bed then!” he pointed to the rotting black horror of what was the second bed.

Zim looked a cross between highly amused and disgusted.

“Forget it!” he smirked, pulling out from his travel case a sleeping bag.

“I knew something like this was bound to happen so I thought ahead, and brought this.” He waved the sleeping bag at Dib.

“I’d much prefer to take my chances with the floor!”

Dib uttered a low growl, licked the pillow just for precautions, and left the cabin to explore the site.

Zim began to laugh maniacally when Dib had gone, and with his bare hands, picked up the rotting corpse of the dead rat in the corner and shoved it under the sheets of Dib's bed. With one last evil grin, he too got up and left the cabin to explore.

DUN DUN DUNNN!!! What will happen next? Will Dib and Zim ever make friends? What will Dib do when he finds the rat? Truthfully, I don't know yet. I'll just have to write...

3 - The message-part one

Zim awoke and groaned as he flexed out his legs. He wondered if the earthly torment would ever end. Rotten Dib! How could he do this to him? He rubbed his cuts, then licked them. He fought back the tears. Why couldn't the Dib accept him? Zim accepted him. A purple tear rolled down his cheek, and he sniffled into his sleeping bag. Dib was sound asleep, and he loathed Zim anyway. He had no friends on Earth, or Irk. He was alone. Hated. Except for...

Suddenly, his pak vibrated. His heart skipped a beat. "Please!" He said, jumping up. "PLEASE!!!" Dib stirred, and peered up at Zim, and fumbled for his glasses. "What the hell are you doing? And is that MY shirt? AND MY PANTS!!!" He said, as Zim pulled on Dib's cargo pants. "Dib monkey, I MUST Go somewhere, okay? PLEASE keep it a secret!" His eyes welled up with tears.

Dib was about to yell when Zim slammed the door behind him. He leapt up out of his bed and pressed his face against the window and watched Zim run into the woods. He grinned and stared dreamily at the sky. "On second thought, He can keep the pants...they look good on him." And with that , he crawled back into his bed.