

A New Doom, Part X

A Star Wars/Invader Zim crossover by Andrew Erickson

Grand Moff Wilhuff Tarkin was not a happy man. The location of the rebel base was still a mystery to him, Princess Leia was probably at it readying an evacuation, Vader was ready to pounce on any mistake he made, and (most importantly of all) he had not even gotten the chance to fire the superlaser again.

Fortunately, he had found a way to solve all those problems at once. He had begun looking through crew lists, searching for the perfect men to carry out his mission. Everything had to be done in the utmost secrecy though, and there was only one person who he had shared even a portion of his plans with.

“What about these stormtroopers?”

“What about them?” Tarkin asked, glancing over his partner’s shoulder at her datapad.

“They don’t have any letters in their designations, and just one number. Are they part of some special unit?” Natasi Daala asked, pointing to two names on the vast list of Death Star security personnel.

“Stormtrooper Number One and Stormtrooper Number Two,” Tarkin read aloud. “That is odd. Pull up their service records.”

He slowly read through the two troopers’ records, which he noted began at Geonosis. “No...” These stormtroopers had served in every major engagement of the Clone Wars – even, inexplicably, battles that had taken place simultaneously – and apparently dated back to Alpha Batch.

“I thought none of Alpha Batch survived,” Daala mused, having caught that last detail.

“If this is accurate... then these are the first clonetroopers ever produced.” He glanced up from the datapad, at Daala. “They’re perfect. With their extensive combat record and history in covert ops,” Tarkin said, noticing that they had infiltrated Utapau ahead of the main assault on General Grievous’ stronghold, “they should easily be able to discover and infiltrate the rebel base, then sabotage any evacuation efforts. Then, when the Death Star shows up, the rebels will be trapped and my triumph will be complete.”

“You’re only sending two stormtroopers?” Daala asked.

“They will pretend to be deserters to the rebellion. Any more and the rebels would be suspicious. Besides, with such distinguished records, these two troopers will be all I need. Victory is assured.”

"I'll call them in immediately," Daala said. "I'm sure it will be interesting to meet such accomplished defenders of the New Order."

Stormtrooper #1 and Stormtrooper #2 watched each other intently, studying every detail of their opponent, searching for any weakness. In a contest of strategy, they could not afford to relinquish any advantage. #2's hand hovered over the board, contemplating his next move. There was a flash of movement, and he made his move.

"All right! I landed on Free Parking!" He excitedly drew money from the bank, then returned it and placed another two houses on 500 Republica.

"I hate you."

A datapad chimed and #1 picked it up, surprised to find Grand Moff Tarkin staring back at him. "You are needed immediately in my quarters."

"Yes sir." The image of Tarkin disappeared and #1 glared at #2 (not that it was possible to tell with the face-concealing stormtrooper helmets they wore at all times). "What did you do?"

"And that is the plan," Tarkin explained. Stormtrooper #1 raised his hand. "Yes?"

"I might have missed something but, uh, doesn't your plan involve us dying?"

"How so?" Tarkin asked innocently.

"See, my understanding is that we go to the rebel base, sabotage everything capable of hyperspace travel, and then wait for you to show up and destroy the base with the Death Star's superlaser," #1 said.

"And?"

"I don't see the part where we escape."

"And?"

"Well, we'd kind of die in that scenario."

"And?"

"That would be bad."

"From a certain point of view," Tarkin said.

#1 and #2 looked at each other nervously.

“If you’re that concerned, I have an idea that may result in your survival,” Tarkin said.

“May?”

“Yes. You see, there is an incident on record of a dropship crashing into a planet at superluminal speeds. One of the stormtroopers on board survived by jumping the instant before impact. Because the dropship arrived at its target so far ahead of schedule and in such an unexpected manner, the lone trooper was able to successfully occupy an entire rebel base.”

“You’re saying we should try to survive a planet-shattering explosion by jumping?” #1 asked.

“Precisely. Now report to the nearest hangar. You will begin phase one of the plan immediately. We’re all counting on you, and good luck.”

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