

A New Doom, Part XI

A Star Wars/Invader Zim crossover by Andrew Erickson

Emperor Palpatine sat on his throne on Coruscant, shrouded in shadow. Some thought that it was an aesthetic decision on his part, though in reality the throne room was darkened due to the fact that the lights far overhead had burned out and Palpatine was too proud to ask for someone to change them.

The Emperor slowly rose to his feet and started pacing the room, plotting his next evil move (4:00 – 5:15 PM was marked as “evil brainstorming time” in his daily planner). *Hmm... maybe I could build another Death Star*, he thought. *Except this one will be even more menacing. Now, what’s more menacing than “Death Star?” Perhaps... Murder Ball? Doom Moon? Big Deathy?*

The door to the room slid open, revealing Kir Kanos, one of Palpatine’s red-cloaked royal guards. “My liege, I have urgent- holy shavit!” Kanos immediately recoiled and brought one arm up to shield his eyes.

Palpatine lazily strolled back to his throne, picked up his robe, and slid it over his unnaturally pale, wrinkled skin.

“M- must you wear nothing underneath your robe? With a- all d- d- due respect, my l- lord,” Kanos stuttered.

“Must you enter without knocking?” Palpatine replied mockingly. “Now, what is so important that you had to interrupt my evil train of thought?”

Kanos extended a shaking hand, barely holding back the bile rising in his throat. He opened his hand and activated the small holo-imager in his palm, which projected a shimmering blue picture of the Coruscant cityscape. Plumes of smoke were rising into the air and several buildings had been destroyed.

“What is the meaning of this?” Palpatine demanded.

“A humanoid walker is attacking the city. All attempts to destroy it have failed,” Kanos explained. He pressed a button on the holographic projector, which switched to a still image of the assailant. It cycled through several more pictures, including one of the attacker firing a cross-shaped beam of energy at an AT-ST scout walker.

“No... There’s no way the author would go that far... I knew he was unstable, but even he wouldn’t... It’s just not possible...”

“Sir?” Kanos asked, puzzled by Palpatine’s knowledge of – and willingness to break – the fourth wall.

Palpatine glared at the ceiling and shook his fist. "You idiot! You kriffing idiot! How could you mix anime into what was supposed to be an Invader Zim/Star Wars crossover? You fething son of a whore!"

Palpatine cocked his head as if listening to someone, though Kanos heard nothing. After a few seconds of silence, the Emperor resumed his tirade. "Yes, I'm aware that Invader Zim was made by Anime Works! It doesn't count! Zim is *animeesque*, but that doesn't mean it's anime! You have no business dragging Neon Genesis Evangelion into this!"

The Emperor paused as if to listen, and apparently received no response, as the next thing to come out of his mouth was a five-minute stream of profanity interrupted only by references to someone named "Shinji" who Palpatine made a point of referring to as a "whiny, emo, gimpy loser." When it became clear that any additional mention of the attack on Coruscant would only inflame the Emperor further, Kanos quietly retreated from the throne room.

"Luminescent beings we are," Yoda said, leading into the most recent of many lectures on the nature of the all-encompassing energy field known as the Force. The power offered by this Force had briefly held Zim's interest, at least until Yoda started talking about the need to use it responsibly and not for the purpose of enslaving all sentient beings.

Boring. Just tell me how to use this power, you old fool!

"Let your rage control you, you must not," Yoda chided. "Impatience leads to—"

"Yes! I know! Blah blah blah blah blah! Now give me the secret of absolute power! Give it to me!" Zim cried.

Yoda's only response was to sigh, shake his head, and resume the lecture. Similarly, Zim went back to ignoring the hermit, doing whatever he could to stave off the crushing boredom that assaulted his mind relentlessly like a horde of radioactive rubber ants. Fortunately, his months in the Voot Cruiser with Gir had given him much practice at maintaining his tenuous sanity in the face of repetitive fools.

In a rare moment of reflection, Zim paused to consider the string of events that had brought him to this filthy swamp, on a filthy planet, in a filthy galaxy filled with humans who were, on the whole, filthy.

The Tallest had sent him to conquer a planet. A *secret* planet, no less! They would not tolerate failure, not after Zim inadvertently sabotaged Operation Impending Doom I. He could not return to them without seizing a planet of equal or greater importance or, even better, this entire galaxy. If manipulating the Force

would increase his ability to do so, he would suffer this demented fool's ramblings. Though the fact that his only means of escape was sitting at the bottom of a swamp also factored into his decision to remain on Dagobah.

Soon I will escape this backwards-talking pork-cow, and then I will make those fools pay for destroying my planet. Soon, the entire galaxy will evacuate their bowels in terror at the mere mention of the word Zim! A-hahahahahahahahahahaha!

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