

A New Doom, Part II

A burst of energy tore a hole in the Death Star's outer hole. The Voot Cruiser flew through, momentarily getting caught in the opening, which was slightly too small for the Irken ship. Zim pushed down on the controls, forcing his ship on into the Death Star's interior. The Voot Cruiser's canopy opened. Zim exited, using his PAK's mechanical legs to maintain steady footing. He ignored the armor-clad humans being sucked into space as he looked around.

"Ah, so this is a ship. Come along, GIR. We might be able to salvage something from this mess after all."

His robotic assistant tilted his head to the side, his glowing blue eyes looking even blanker than usual. Finally, he responded. "Okie-dokie!" GIR said, jumping out of the Cruiser. They walked along the corridor until they reached a blast door. The PAK had little difficulty cutting through them, allowing them to move on to the next section of the ship.

"Halt!" A group of men wearing white armor blocked his path.

"GIR! Duty mode!"

"Sir, yes sir!" GIR said, his eyes narrowing as they changed from blue to blood red. An armory's worth of weapons emerged from within the robot's tiny frame. The human soldiers looked at each other uneasily a split-second before a barrage of missiles and plasma cleared the way. Zim and GIR continued down the hallway.

"What fool designed this thing?" Zim asked nobody in particular, contempt dripping from every word. "White, white, white! It should be purple! Purple, I say!" Irkens preferred the color for a reason – it was much easier on their eyes than the stark, polished white that extended in all directions. Zim found himself trying to keep his eyes on the floor, which was, at least, darker than the walls and ceiling.

They arrived at a turbolift, its doors automatically opening for the pair. The PAK's arms retracted in order to allow Zim to fit in the elevator. "Let's see," he said, examining the list of possible destinations.

The lift started moving, causing Zim to look around nervously. He quickly spotted GIR, who had hacked into the Death Star's computer system. "GIR! Where are we going?"

GIR chose that moment of all moments to slip out of duty mode and back into his usual stupor. "I don't know!"

Zim seized GIR, shaking the robot. "What do you mean, you don't know!?! I'm your master! Tell meeeee!" GIR's only reaction was to start nibbling on a mouse droid he had picked up in the hall. Before Zim could say anything else, the doors opened again.

They stepped out of the lift and onto a catwalk suspended above a pit that seemed to go down forever. The chasm's only remarkable features were a set of cone-shaped objects strewn about the various walkways that spanned it.

“GIR, I want you to-” There was a whooshing sound, and Zim turned around to see that GIR – and the turbolift – were gone. He turned again and searched for another way out. Instead, he saw another human, just like the others – except this one was in black armor.

“What’s this, now?” Zim wondered aloud. The human just stood there, still as a statue. “Who are you!?” Zim demanded.

The only response he got was the human’s slow, rhythmic, mechanical breathing.

“Answer me! Nobody ignores Zim!”

There was still no response.

“Speak, you worthless human flesh sack!”

The figure raised an arm, and Zim found himself raised into the air. He cried out in pain as some invisible force constricted his body. “Ack! My squeelly spooch!”

The black-clad figure stepped forward. “What is your purpose here?”

Zim struggled to speak. “You’ll... pay... for this!”

At that moment the Voot Cruiser spiraled down to the walkway and stopped, floating next to Zim. The canopy opened, revealing GIR and another human. “GIR! Get me out of here!”

“Get me out of here’ what?”

“Get me out of here, please!”

“OK!” GIR said enthusiastically as he moved the Cruiser forward, scooping up Zim and knocking the human in black off the catwalk. It shot up through the vast chamber, eventually passing through the hole it had presumably made upon its entrance into the chamber. It twisted through several corridors before shooting up and out of the point where they had entered.

“GIR! You’re going the wrong way! We have to conquer that moon! Turn around!”

“We’re going to the Rebel Alliance, whether you like it or not,” the human said.

“Don’t listen to her, GIR! Go back!” However, the robot was playing with the mouse droid’s remains and was paying no attention to Zim. Frustrated, Zim tried to grab the controls but was blocked by the human.

“I’ve entered the coordinates for the Rebel base. Once I’m safely there you can go wherever you want.”

Back inside the Death Star, Vader picked himself off the floor. He hadn’t been sure he could slow his fall enough with the Force, but he had managed.

“No...”

He could sense it. The princess had escaped.