

A New Doom, Part VIII

A Star Wars/Invader Zim crossover by Andrew Erickson

After a series of micro-jumps to throw off pursuit, Han had set the Millennium Falcon on a course for Bespin. They could mooch supplies off Lando Calrissian, the “Baron Administrator” of Cloud City.

That plan hadn’t survived contact with a star destroyer. He would have complained that it was just his luck, since they were well outside any Imperial patrol route he knew of; on the other hand, at least the destroyer hadn’t blasted them on sight.

Yeah, I sure am lucky. I’m going to die a couple hours from now during “interrogation” instead of right now. What a time to be alive.

A small screen flickered on, displaying a man with a thick red beard. “Arr! I be Crimson Jack, the feared space pirate! Prepare to be boarded, ye scallywags!”

“Well,” Han said as the warship dragged the Falcon into a cavernous hangar, “we’re kriffed.”

“Must... make... weapons... more powerful! Stupid human engineering!” Zim spat. If he was going to have to use a human ship, he might as well re-engineer it in order to make it as similar to his old Voot Cruiser as possible. The only problem was that he had few parts to work with, forcing him to cannibalize the ship. It was a plan that might have worked slightly better were he not in hyperspace.

“Let’s see... if I remove the hyperdrive safeties, it should go faster. And what’s this? ‘Hypermatter containment system’? That’s taking far too much energy!”

He dug through the tangle of wires and spare parts that he shared the x-wing’s cockpit with, grabbing a hydrospanner so he could remove “unnecessary” components. Even the life support systems had been dialed back as much as possible. He was just about to use the hydrospanner to pry open the alluvial dampers when a proximity warning sounded off.

“I thought I’d removed that... What’s this, now?” he asked just before the ship was dragged back into realspace by a nearby planet’s gravity field. The navigation system identified it as “Dagobah,” a desolate swamp planet.

That’s it, I’m definitely getting rid of those safeties, he thought. Annoying, useless human heap of junk. His opinion of the rebel ship was strengthened when all its systems failed, sending the fight plummeting to the planet below.

“No! You’re going the wrong way!” Zim cried as he futilely wrestled with unresponsive controls. “You will obey Zim! Go the other way! I command you!” Despite his best efforts to stop the ship’s descent, it continued to careen toward Dagobah’s deep green surface, only stopping when it crashed into a swamp with such force that Zim thought it would fall apart around him. Miraculously, it held together... mostly. The canopy fell off upon landfall, exposing him to cool, humid air. Zim sighed, then started coughing – after months in the Voot Cruiser, he’d come to prefer filtered, recycled air to this natural stuff.

“Lost are you?”

Zim turned, spotting a short, green-skinned creature that looked like a deformed Irken. “Who are you?”

The creature smiled. “Find out soon you will.”