

Hello

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*This is a one-shot song fic I wrote to go with the song hello (Evanescence)
(Depressing song) Please if you read, comment, I work at my stories and I would like to know how they
come across. Even if its a flame tell me what you think! ^^*

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Ravens_bad_side/32488/Hello

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1 - Hello

Hello

Dib woke to the sound of a bell, his hand clutching a gun in its sweaty grip. The raven haired boy stood, not noticing that his trench coat was torn, his blue shirt was ripped, as were his baggy pants. He had no idea what had happened before he lost consciousness, save a few bits and pieces. The room he stood in lay in shambles, chairs were turned over, a pile of ashes lay where a table once stood. Somehow, though, Dib knew this was not the extent of the damage.

“Oh, God,” he choked over a lump that had made its way into his throat.

In the center of the room lay a green figure, clothed in a pink dress-like uniform, torn to almost shreds. A wig that once covered its head was laying partially on the ground, revealing two antennae. It was not human.

“Zim, no,” Dib made his way over to the body in front of him, “no, no, no.”

As he neared the body he could tell that Zim was not breathing, his chest no longer moving up and down as it had before Dib had fallen unconscious.

Dib dropped to his knees, having finished the chorus of “no’s.” Something moved in him, and he let out a wrenching sob. Unable to stop it, he allowed the tears to flow, and he cried over his former enemy.

Play Ground school bell rings,

Again

Rain clouds come to play,

Again

Has no one told you she's not breathing,

Hello

I'm your mind

Giving you someone to talk to

Hello...

After what felt like hours, Dibs tears lessened, his breathing became normal again. The ringing had long since stopped. Everything was silent; he heard nothing but the beat of his own heart. He looked over the fallen Zim, and saw that, apart from a great deal of scratches, there were a few holes in the alien's chest. Bullet holes.

Dibs gaze moved back to where he had been when he awoke. He saw what he wished he didn't, the thing that he had dropped when he stood.

"I- I killed him," Dib said aloud, talking to no one, to everyone, anyone, "But... but how could I kill him in cold blood?"

Zim, Dib's sworn enemy, was the only one keeping him alive. It was their hatred for each other that made them strive for victory, enough to *never* tolerate failure or death, at least, not their own.

I didn't kill him, Dib thought, reassuring himself, this is all one of Zim's tricks! Soon he'll just appear out of nowhere and laugh in my face! Just like every other time! Just like every other time.

Zim did have alien technology, it was possible for him to have faked this, but, it was just too real. No static rippled in the background, no glitches were anywhere. Everything was real.

If I smile and don't believe

Soon I know, I'll wake from this dream

Don't try to fix me

I'm not broken

Hello

I'm the lie,

Living for you so you can hide

Don't cry

The ringing had begun again, making Dibs head throb. He looked for an door, no longer able to stand the sight of Zim lying dead on the floor. After walking around the room for a bit, he found an exit. It wasn't a door, but a hole blown through the wall.

The hole led to a short hall, the end opening up into stairs. Hopefully they would lead to the out side world, freedom from the damp deadness of the room below—they did.

As Dib finished climbing the many flights of stairs, out of breath, he found himself in Zim's living room. He sprinted through the small room and flung open the door. A gasp escaped his throat at what he saw.

The world before him was destroyed. Houses, homes, lay burning, demolished. Corpses littered the ground as if they had fallen from the sky. Dib looked up. Zim's home too was crumbling.

There was one thing worse than the sight, however. It was the silence. It grabbed a hold of Dib, smothering him, and did not dare let go.

Dib choked, looking out at the dead world. A gentle wind picked up his hair and moved his sleeves. This was real. There was nothing left.

Suddenly I know I'm not sleeping

Hello

I'm still here

All that's left of yesterday