

# Untill the Day we Meet Again

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*this is just a short little story i wrote tonight. dosen't go anywhere and its not going to continue, but i put it up anyways.*

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# 1 - Untill the Day we Meet Again

(A/N: this is just a short little thing. Not very good and I didn't really proofread it more than once, so don't expect much. Just something I started writing for no reason.

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There was a time when I would have disagreed with you. When I would have screamed and denied it when you say we were exactly the same; when you say I have changed into the thing that we both know you are.

As a child, nothing could have been more revolting to me, to be compared with a monster, a demon from the stars.

You were so strange to me. So alien, if you will.

I feared you, hated you, loved you, was completely obsessed with you. But I was never like you. Not in my eyes. To me I was the hero, the martyr, you were the villain, the evil creature come to destroy us all. I was our only hope.

Now, however, I know better.

I see the truth behind my own lies; the lies I have been telling myself. Now, when you scream at me from behind the bars of your cage I can only hang my head in shame. I know it is true. You know me better than I know myself, and you saw it far before I did, you just didn't care.

We grew apart over the years. I became tired of the game. I grew up.

You never changed, not in the slightest bit. I suppose when I say that we grew apart what I mean is that I grew away from you.

I never consciously gave up. I always kept up the front, the screams, the threats; "You won't get away with this!"

I'm going to miss it, Zim, I really am.

Why, then, you say? If I feel I am going to miss it than why end it? Ha-ha...what a foolish question. You

know the answer already, I know you do. You feel the same. You would do the same thing in my position, wouldn't you? You see...I am going to miss it...but not that much.

I am tired, my friend, tired of this endless game. I know you would never let it go, no matter how much I begged. This is the only way. This way we both can be free.

Unfair, you say? That we are both free, me in life, you in death? Yes...I suppose...

But who ever said life was fair?

How did it come to this, you may be wondering. Our little game, how did it become so serious so suddenly? It has been seventeen years, Zim. Maybe it's not that much to you, but to me it is my life. My LIFE! You have taken my childhood from me. Now I will gain it back by doing what I have always said I would do.

I will destroy you. Then I will take your body and all of your technology to the authorities. I will finally get what I always wanted.

And you?

Well...what you always wanted was never forthcoming.

You would never believe it, so I am not going to try and convince you.

Now you are angry. You swear revenge; you curse and scream your empty threats. Never once dose the hate leave your eyes.

I hate you too, my friend. I hate you too.

Your time is running out. I can see it in your eyes and hear it in your voice. Your screams become weaker, your speech jumbled.

Oh, don't worry. I will not give them your pak. It is mine. My trophy. Mine. No one else can have it. Ever.

Your life clock is down to less than a minute, now. Your eyes are blank and you can no longer move your body.

What's that, my friend? I'm sorry I couldn't here you; you are going to have to speak up. No? Alright then, it's your choice.

Now the final countdown has begun. The single did get numbers on your holographic wristwatch flash silently.

Three...two...one...

Goodbye, Zim. Until the day we meet again...

fin.