



THE P.T.A.  
HAS REQUESTED  
THAT WE HOLD THIS  
YEAR'S TALENT SHOW  
DURING SCHOOL  
HOURS.

PRESUMABLY  
TO GIVE ALL OF YOUR  
PARENTS AN EXCUSE  
**NOT** TO ATTEND.



TALENT!

HA!  
PFFFFFF!




AS IF ANY  
HUMAN CHILD, OF  
WHICH I AM ONE OF,  
EVER POSSESSED SUCH  
A THING!

THIS  
RIDICULOUS  
DISPLAY, IT'S A  
WASTE OF MY  
VALUABLE  
ZIM-TIME.







INSTEAD  
I'M TRAPPED IN  
THIS LACQUERED  
WOODEN CELL OF  
A GYMNASIUM!

FORCED  
TO WATCH THE  
MINDLESS CRETINS  
PARADED IN FRONT  
OF ME—

—LIKE  
A TROUPE OF  
SHMUZZ CLOWNS ON  
BARDOOKA 10!

NO.  
THIS IS WORSE  
THAN THAT.

DO  
YOU HEAR  
ME?!

THIS IS  
**WORSE!**

THAN  
**SHMUZZ  
CLOWNS!**





THANK  
YOU, MONICA.  
THAT WAS  
HORRIBLE.

NEXT UP IS  
DAVEY GUTZMANN  
FROM MR. STOKKE'S  
2ND GRADE CLASS.

SHOW US  
YOUR TALENT,  
DAVEY.

THIS IS  
MY SNAKE-BRO,  
COMMANDER  
SQUEEZERS.

HE'S AN  
EBOLA CONSTRICTOR  
OR SOMETHIN'.

NOW THIS  
ONE?! THE MOST  
PREPOSTEROUS OF  
THEM ALL!

A SNAKE  
IS NOT A TALENT,  
YOU FOOL!

HE EATS  
FROZEN BABY MICE,  
I GUESS.

I CAN  
FEED HIM NOW,  
IF YOU WANT.

HOW  
STUPID DO  
YOU THINK  
WE...

**YES!  
YES! YES!**

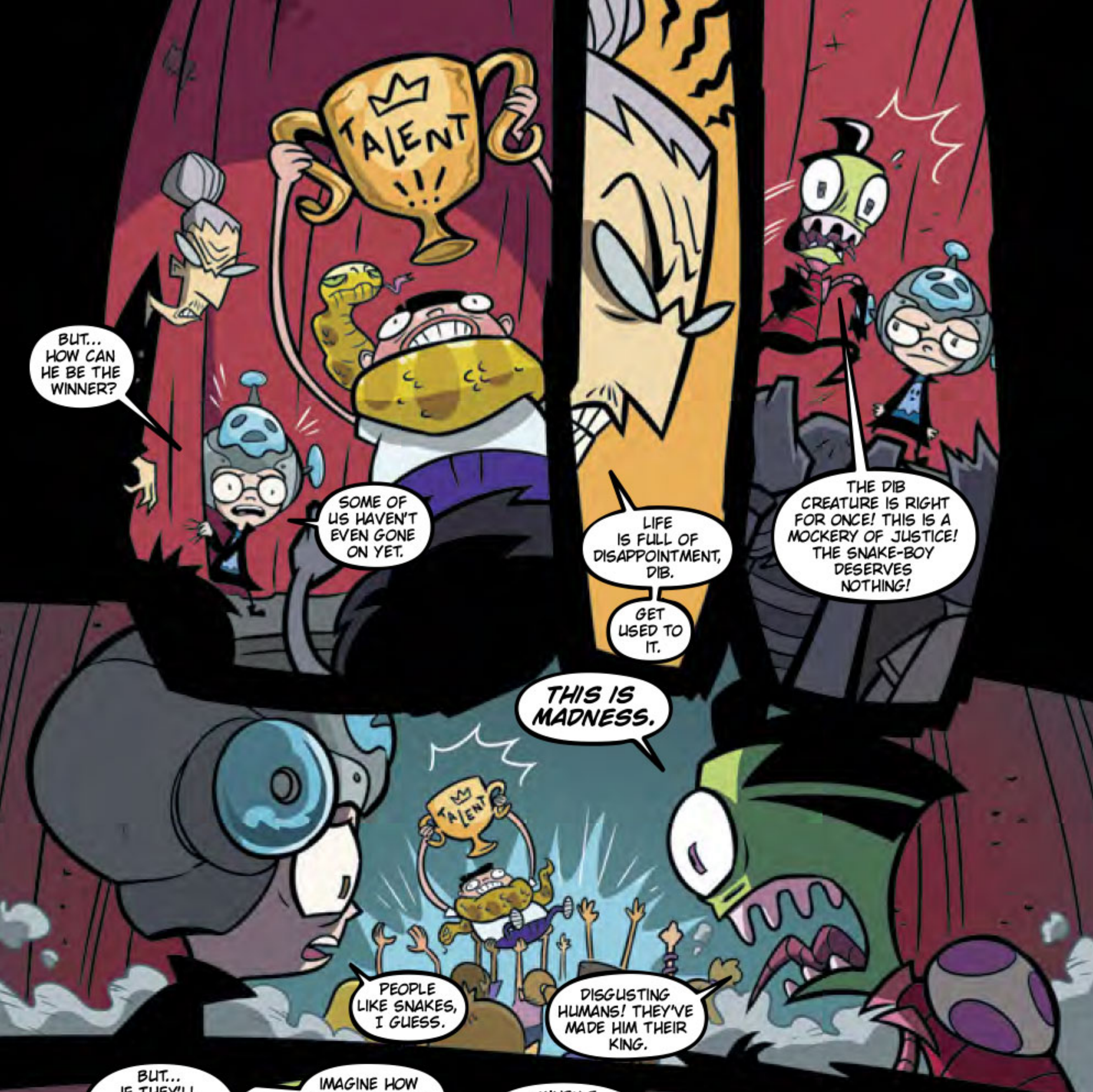
**FEED  
COMMANDER  
SQUEEZERS!**

**SO  
BLOOPIN'  
COOL!**

LOOKS  
LIKE WE HAVE  
OUR WINNER.

DASSCOOL.  
THANKS.





BUT...  
HOW CAN  
HE BE THE  
WINNER?

SOME OF  
US HAVEN'T  
EVEN GONE  
ON YET.

LIFE  
IS FULL OF  
DISAPPOINTMENT,  
DIB.

GET  
USED TO  
IT.

THE DIB  
CREATURE IS RIGHT  
FOR ONCE! THIS IS A  
MOCKERY OF JUSTICE!  
THE SNAKE-BOY  
DESERVES  
NOTHING!

THIS IS  
MADNESS.

PEOPLE  
LIKE SNAKES,  
I GUESS.

DISGUSTING  
HUMANS! THEY'VE  
MADE HIM THEIR  
KING.

BUT...  
IF THEY'LL  
FOLLOW THE  
DULLARD BOY AND  
HIS LETHARGIC  
SERPENT...

IMAGINE HOW  
QUICKLY THEY'LL  
BOW TO ZIM-

-WHEN I  
ADDRESS THEM  
FROM ATOP THE  
RAZOR-HORNED BACK  
OF A SYLVESTRAN  
SNARL BEAST!

WHY  
WOULD YOU  
SAY THAT?

WHAT?

I'M  
STANDING  
RIGHT HERE.

I  
DIDN'T SAY  
ANYTHING.



THAT NIGHT.

THE TEN BUCKS YOU GAVE ME TO STAND HERE WITH YOU IS WEARING OFF, DIB. JUST SAYIN'.

COME ON, GAZ. THIS IS SERIOUS!

ZIM IS IN THERE RIGHT NOW, PLOTTING SOME HORRIBLE ALIEN SCHEME AGAINST ALL HUMANITY, AND ALSO, I GAVE YOU 20 BUCKS.

WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE, GIR?

THE HUMANS ARE SO EASILY IMPRESSED.

GRRGGLLGRRRGH

YOU SHOULD HEAR HOW THEY WORSHIP THESE GIANT EXTINCT BIRD CREATURES.

TERRIBLE LIZARD? **BAGH!** LOOK AT ITS ITTY BITTY WIGGLE ARMS!

I'LL GO CAPTURE SOMETHING **TRULY TERRIBLE.**

BEND IT TO MY WILL AND WATCH ALL THE HUMANS QUIVER AT THE SUPERIOR FEET—

—OF **BEAST MASTER ZIM!**

GAZI! ARE YOU SEEING THIS?!

I SEE SOMETHIN'. YEP.

WE FINALLY HAVE HIM!

ZIM'S AN ALIEN AND NOW WE HAVE IRREFUTABLE PROOF! **AHHAHAHAHAH!**

GUESS I'LL HAVE DAD PUT YOUR MEATLOAF IN THE FRIDGE.

CHOOK  
CHOOK  
CHOOK  
CHOOK  
CHOOK

klik





MUST.

GET.

INSIDE!

YESSSS!!

THWAK

FOOSK

NOOOOOO!





GIR!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?

GIR!  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE?!

I  
BROUGHT  
A SELECTION  
OF FANCY  
SAMWICHES!

SAMWICHES  
TASTE BETTER  
IN SPACE.

THAT'S  
TOO MANY  
SANDWICHES!!

THIS SHIP  
WASN'T DESIGNED  
FOR SO MANY  
SANDWICHES! WE  
HAVE TO LAND  
SOON OR WE'LL  
EXPLODE!