

DEEP IN WEIRD SPACE.

THE MASSIVE, SNACK-FILLED
FLAGSHIP OF THE IRKEN ARMADA.



WHY ISN'T ANYTHING BLOWING UP? *THIS* SPACE IS *BORING*.

MY TALLEST—

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO BLOW UP HERE. WE BLEW IT ALL UP.

MY TALLEST, WE'RE RECEIVING A TRANSMISSION FROM... *INVADER ZIM*.

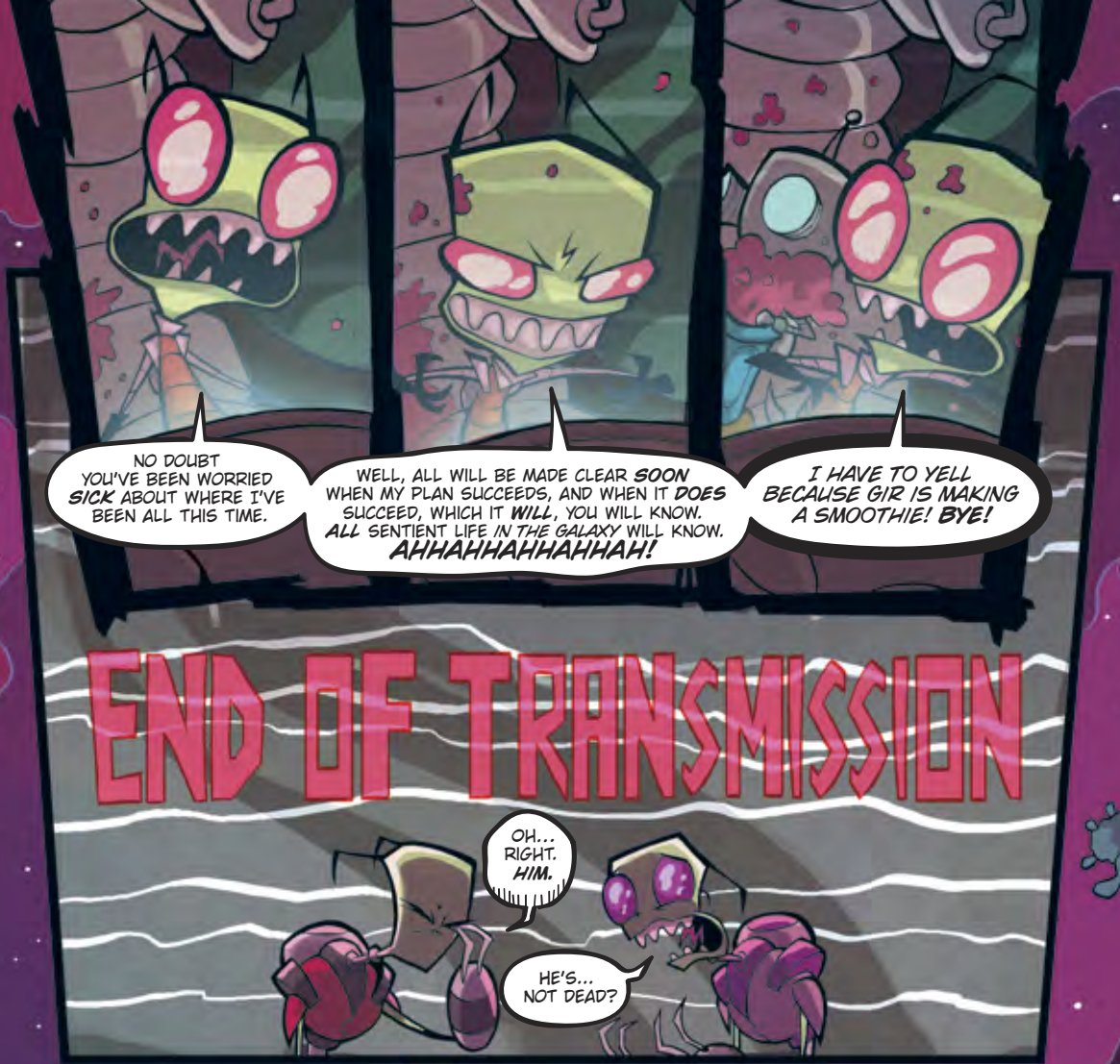
INVADER WHO? I DON'T RE—

THE GUY THAT SENDS US THE SPACE DONUTS?

NO, NO. THAT'S *INVADER JIM*. SO WHO'S—

MY TALLEST!





NO DOUBT
YOU'VE BEEN WORRIED
SICK ABOUT WHERE I'VE
BEEN ALL THIS TIME.

WELL, ALL WILL BE MADE CLEAR *SOON*
WHEN MY PLAN SUCCEEDS, AND WHEN IT *DOES*
SUCCEED, WHICH IT *WILL*, YOU WILL KNOW.
ALL SENTIENT LIFE IN THE GALAXY WILL KNOW.
AHHHHHHHHHHH!

I HAVE TO YELL
BECAUSE GIR IS MAKING
A SMOOTHIE! **BYE!**

END OF TRANSMISSION

OH...
RIGHT.
HIM.

HE'S...
NOT DEAD?

MEANWHILE,
SOMEWHERE
ELSE IN SPACE.

ACCORDING TO
MY CALCULATIONS,
I'M... LOST...
**SOMEWHERE
IN SPACE.**

COMPUTER,
IS THERE ANY WAY
YOU CAN, YOU KNOW,
TRACK ZIM'S SHIP'S
PROTON SIGNATURE
OR SOMETHING?

ZIM'S "**SHIP**" IS MADE FROM
GARBAGE AND IS PRACTICALLY
FARTING ITS WAY ACROSS THE
GALAXY, SO YES, I CAN TRACK
IT. I JUST DON'T WANT TO.



OH.
UH...?

BECAUSE
I HATE YOU.

REAL MATURE,
COMPUTER. YOU
KNOW WHAT
I HATE?

MANKIND BEING
DESTROYED BY INSANE
ALIEN INVADERS, SO I'M
TRYING TO STOP
THAT.

ZIM ESCAPED
OUT HERE TO DO
SOMETHING HORRIBLE,
I NEED **YOUR** HELP TO
FIND HIM, BUT YOUR
BAD ATTITUDE
ISN'T HELPING.

SORRY, BUT DESPITE YOUR
TAMPERING, THIS IS STILL
TAK'S SHIP AND I'M STILL
BASED ON HER PERSONALITY,
SO I'LL DO WHAT YOU **ASK**,
BUT I DON'T HAVE TO **LIKE**
IT, OR YOU.

YOU'RE GOING AFTER **ZIM**,
AN **IRKEN INVADER** WITH
UNTOLD DECADES OF MILITARY
TRAINING AND A HISTORY OF
VIOLENCE AND MAYHEM.

COME
ON. I'M
COOL.

YOU DON'T
KNOW **WHERE**
HE'S GOING OR
WHAT HE PLANS
TO DO.

AND YOU ARE A **FEEBLE**, UNARMED
HUMAN IN A **STOLEN** SHIP THAT YOU
HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO USE. WHEN
YOU CATCH **ZIM**, YOU ARE GOING TO...
WHAT, EXACTLY?

WELL...
STOP HIM!

(SIGH) RIGHT THEN.
TRACKING **ZIM'S** GARBAGE
SIGNATURE FOR THE
EARTHBABY WITH NO PLAN.

GOOD! NOW
LET'S PREPARE
OURSELVES FOR WHATEVER
UNSPEAKABLE HORRORS
WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND!

ONE SPACE JUMP LATER.

UH...UH...

