

Saturday
September 11th, 2028
13:01 hours (PST)

It seemed like only yesterday that Ensign Estella Enrile was unpacking her belonging into her new room, having a showdown with DeVika over who would get the top bunk. *It was actually less than a month ago*, she thought to herself as she was now packing her belongings back up.

Now that she was a full time ranger; *the pink one*, she thought gleefully, she would be living on the Astro Omega Ship full time. While she didn't have any complaints about DeVika, other than the occasional snoring, Ella was looking forward to having quarters of her own.

"I see you didn't last long," DeVika pointed out as she walked in the room, leaning in the doorway and folding her arms.

"What do you mean?"

"You're leaving. That's almost a record. You lasted a whole three weeks," she said, scoffing.

"Actually," she finished her packing, zipping her back closed. "I was elevated to pink ranger and I'm being assigned to the Omega Ship," she told her.

The smug look on DeVika's voice melted away, replaced by one of annoyance. "Are you serious?" she asked.

"Check out my spiffy new colors," Ella said, twirling slightly.

"I guess having legendary rangers as parents has its privileges," she groaned.

Ella stopped, turning to face her. "What is your problem with me?"

"I don't have a problem with you, ensign."

"Apparently you do. I have been nothing but nice to you, pleasant. Are you mad at me because you've been here like forever and you're not moving up, or because I've been here less than a month and did what you said would be impossible? How about considering that I'm *good* at what I do? I am at the helm of the most advanced ship SPD has, my sensor analysis is awesome and Commander Tate thought I was worthy enough to be the pink ranger," she leaned in. "Which is my *favorite* color by the way," she stood straight up again. "Is it so hard for you to think that I got here because I'm talented? Look at David Oliver; his dad is the most famous ranger in history, but *he* is getting any special treatment. Why would the kid of a Wild Force ranger get treated better than the grandson of *the* Tommy Oliver? Oh, I know why..."

because I'm good. And as long as you have that attitude, you'll always be stuck handing out hover cycles and filing requisition forms," Ella snapped at her, picking up her bag and tossing the strap over her shoulder. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have work to do."

Ella pushed past DeVika, but before she completely walked out the room, DeVika grabbed her arm. "You're right."

"See? You can't even just..." she paused. "Oh wait, you said I was right, didn't you?"

DeVika nodded. "You are good. I admit that I'm a little jealous, but you do good work. I mean, you tamed a Vorhsoth and now you keep him as a pet. Thats bad ass!" she said.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Hes less a pet and more like a companion, I'd say," she corrected.

"And I hated you for that, for a long time. How you can just be so cheerful and happy all the time, but still get it done and impress the higher ups. I don't get you, rookie... but I respect you," she said, extending her hand to Ella.

Ella glanced down at her hand, paused, then shook her head. "We were roomies for like, a month. We don't shake hands," she said cheerfully, wrapping her arms around DeVika. "I'm sure I'll see you around, and I'll put in a good word for you with my CO. Maybe we could use you on the ship," she said.

"Really?"

"Really," Ella promised, walking out the room.

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"How soon before the Anurian fleet gets here?" Commander Tate asked, going over the information Garr provided him.

"At fasted warp, fleet be here in week," he said.

"And how many ships are in the fleet?"

"Anurian battle fleet have 40 ships."

Commander Tate nodded. "40? That's good. The Omega Ship is almost primed to go, and especially with the upgrades the chief included, it is the perfect ship to head up our fleet," he said.

"How many in SPD fleet?" Garr asked.

Commander Tate resisted answering. "Two ships. We have the Omega Ship, and the original Mega ship, but those are the only ones battle tested. We have a few dozen shuttles, and long range traveling shuttles like the Challenger, but those two are our best," he said.

"Garr win war. Garr warrior," he said proudly.

"I believe you will, Lieutenant," he said calmly.

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Patrick Harris was sitting at the furthest table he could find in the promenade, doing his best to avoid people. A waitress had stopped by a few times to ask if he wanted anything, but he was polite enough to decline. He really just wanted to be alone with his thoughts for a bit.

For years, he had been the Phantom Ranger, and giving up those powers were easy for him. It had been longer than he cared to recall, and he was looking forward to a calmer, simpler life. *Maybe find a girl, settle down, have a couple kids*, he thought to himself.

His thoughts were interrupted as Nathaniel Carson walked over to him, sitting down across from him. "Hello."

"Hi," he paused. "Nate, isn't it?" he asked politely.

Nathaniel nodded. "Yes, sir."

"You don't have to call me, sir, son. I'm not in SPD. I don't have a rank," he pointed out. "And I would like to be alone, if you don't mind."

"You may not have a rank, but you're a hero in my book. You risked your life for others, that's all the qualification you need to be called sir, at least to me," he paused. "And you don't want to be alone. If you did, you wouldn't be in the promenade. You know, where we keep all the people?" he brought up.

Patrick scoffed. "I guess you're..."

“Oh, I’m right. I spoke to my mom about you, Alyssa Enrile. I told her about your situation with the energem, and she’s going to talk to a woman she knows named Princess Shayla to see what she can do,” she said.

“What is she the princess of, exactly?”

“The Animarium, its where... “ he paused. “It’s a long story, but she may be able to help,” he brought up.

“I won’t hold my breath for that, but thats son,” he said.

“You should really...” he was interrupted as the sky seemed to be getting brighter. They both looked overhead, but couldn’t see the source of the light. Just then, a device in Nathaniel’s pocket began to beep and hum. He reached for it, going over the readings. “Thoron energy. Everywhere. It’s off the scale,” he said.

Almost all at once, a rift opened up overhead, and a giant warship came through, eclipsing the sun completely. Nathaniel stared up at it, getting a good look, and the blood rushed from his face.

“What is it?” Patrick asked.

“I recognize the configuration from the long range sensor logs... its a Vorhsoth ship,” he sighed.

Smaller rifts began to open up all around them, and Vorhsoth soldiers stepped out. Nathaniel’s only real experience with a Vorhsoth had been Gary, who was only a child by comparison. But seeing an adult Vorhsoth up close was no comparison at all. They were each different sizes and shapes, but all too familiar no eyes and no nose were completely obvious. In addition to the organic armor they all seemed to have, there was additional armor on top of it. Before he knew it, there were at least a dozen Vorhsoth on the ground, rushing through the promenade.

“Get to safety, sir. I’ve got work to do,” Nathaniel stood up. “SPD. EMERGENCY!” he called out. There was a flash of light, and Nathaniel was transformed into the blue ranger. Patrick took off in another direction, and Nathaniel charged in.

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“I’m reading four ships in orbit over the planet, and six more in the lower atmosphere. This is it. They’re here,” Pascal said, going over the sensors on the Omega Ship.

“Show me,” Serenity said. Pascal activated the monitor on the ship, revealing several Vorhsoth warships coming towards them. “Shields!”

“Shields up,” Garr announced in response.

“Nik, there's no need for everyone to be up here. I'll head down and fight off ground troops. I'll take Asia and El with me, we can...” she was cut short.

“No, your place is on the bridge. I'll go down. Lt. James, Ensign Enrile... you're with me,” he said, standing up.

“Aye, sir,” they said in unison, following him over to the lift.

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Lt. Commander KJ Ford had already morphed into the Shadow Ranger, standing back to back with Lt. Oliver, ensuring that no one snuck up on them.

“You good?” KJ asked.

“Yes, sir.”

“SHADOW SABER!” he called out, and instantly, the Shadow Saber appeared in his hand. KJ immediately handed to Lt. Oliver. “No one gets past us,” he said.

“No one gets past us!” he repeated.

KJ rushed in, catching one guard with a spin kick, followed by a leg sweep, knocking him off his feet. A Vorhsoth grabbed him from behind, but KJ rammed an elbow into it's chest, breaking free of it's grip, then landed a kick to the chest, knocking it up against a wall. Three more hurried at KJ, but phase rifle fire connected with two of them, and KJ charged at the third, knocking it over. He turned around as the pink and yellow SPD rangers made their way over to him.

“Did you see that? Did you see our dramatic walk away from an explosion?! We're awesome,” Ella brought up.

“Thats real funny, but you need to focus on...” he was cut short as a Vorhsoth seemed to dive off a building towards him, but Ella blasted it out of the air with her rifle.

“Oh, I'm focused. I just wish this helmet had headphones in it or something. I need some good fighting music,” she said.

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"Incoming!" Pascal warned.

Within seconds, a torpedo hit the Omega Ship, shaking everyone on board.

"Shield down to 80%. No damage," Garr announced.

"Good. Lock onto their torpedo launcher and open fire, Garr. We need to shut them down," Serenity told him.

"Aye, sir."

Garr opened fire, but the ship didn't move.

"No effect."

"They're shield is absorbing the energy from our blasts. We're not stopping them, we're helping them," Pascal mentioned.

"What do you suggest?"

"Do we have EMP grenades on board?" he asked.

Garr checked through the ship's inventory on his control panel. "Yes. Four."

"Whenever we hit them with phaser fire, the shield rotates for .5 seconds. If we focus all our fire on one spot, the shield will have to compensate, and..." he was interrupted as the ship was hit again, jolting everyone forward.

"Shield down to 54%," Garr said.

"I think I see where you're going. Garr, can you attach the EMP grenades to a torpedo, and then just before their shield can compensate, target that opening?" Serenity asked.

"Yes. But take time. Garr need 10 minutes."

"I can give you 5."

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The pink and yellow ranger had called for their swords, each of them tearing into the Vorhsoth soldiers. No sooner than they slice one in half, the two opposite halves recombine themselves, forming two completely new soldiers.

“We can’t win at this rate. We’re not stopping them, we’re slowing them down,” Asia pointed out.

There was an explosion in the distance, and the two of them glanced over as The Phantom Ranger materialized in front of them.

“You okay, ladies?” he asked with the duality in his voice that Asia was grown accustomed to.

“We’re fine.”

“Now *that* was an entrance,” Ella squealed.

Asia turned, shooting a Vorthsoth in the head, knocking it back.

“We need a plan.”

“Not dying is a plan.”

“As long as they can regenerate like that, we won’t be able to do any real damage,” she said.

“So you’re saying we need one to study,” The Phantom Ranger said.

“Ideally, yes, but...”

Before she could finish her sentence, he charged over to a Vorhsoth, slicing off its arms and legs. As it struggled to regroup and reattach to its severed parts, The Phantom Ranger stabbed it through the chest, kicking the arms and legs away.

“Take it back to the infirmary and see what you can do with it,” he said.

“But...”

“That’s an order,” he repeated.

“We’ll cover you,” Ella assured her.

Asia glanced up and could see a drove of more Vorhsoth soldiers moving towards them. "You guys are sure?"

"That what an order means. Go!" he said.

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Garr was in the main torpedo bay, making the final adjustments to the torpedo. It would have gone a great deal quicker if the ship didn't shake every few seconds from being attacked.

"Garr to bridge. Torpedo ready," he announced.

"Good work, Garr. Arm it and get back up here," Serenity order.

"Aye, sir."

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"Pas, get ready to fire everything at one location, and as soon as the shield begins to modulate... send in the torpedo," she said.

"Yes, sir," he made the calculations. "Firing at what appears to be their engine core," he paused.

"Firing! Looks like a direct hit. Shield is modulating... firing torpedo... NOW!"

They watched on the monitor as the torpedo took off, narrowing making it through the crack of the shield, then collided with the ship.

"Direct hit. EMP torpedo is shutting down every system in their ship within that limited range. Their shields are down, main engine damaged. Multiple hull breaches," Pascal announced.

"Fire everything we've got at them, Pas!" Serenity said.

"Aye, sir."

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Sydney Tate watched from a window of SPD as one of the main Vorhsoth ships began to explode from the inside, then slowly began to lower, crashing to the ground.

“Yes!” she blurted out.

The doors hissed open and Commander Tate hurried over to her, pulling her away from the window.

“What are you doing? Why are you not in the shelter I built like we discussed?” he snapped.

“I’m fine here, Sky. Nothing is getting in.”

“I got in. Syd, according to Serenity you were killed in the first wave of attacks. I can’t afford to have you and our baby in harm’s way,” he said.

“Sky, the future she described didn’t happen. This is different, and I can take care of myself,” she insisted.

“I know you can, but I need you to take care of our baby. Please, get down to the shelter and stay there. Please,” he pleaded.

She sighed. “I will, but not for you. For the baby,” she said, leaning up and kissing him on the cheek. She walked over to the door, but before they could slide open as they usually do, they were completely blasted off the walls as two Vorhsoth soldiers stormed in.

Sky stood in front of Syd, then charged in. One well placed kick knocked one back, but the second one grabbed him, managing to bite him on the shoulder. Sky howled out in pain, but it was Syd who picked up a phase pistol, shooting the Vorhsoth in the head. It fell back, releasing its grip on Sky. The other tried to move, but Sky kicked it across the face, knocking it out.

“I need to take care of *you*,” Syd pointed out.

Commander Tate clutched his shoulder, trying to stop the bleeding. “It’s nothing, I’ll have someone in the infirmary patch me up. But you need to get down into the shelter now!” he insisted.

“For you,” she said, taking a phase pistol in each hand, then rushed out the office.

With Syd gone, Commander Tate collapsed from pain, hitting his head on the side of his desk on the way down.

"I think I've got something here," Asia said, still in her yellow ranger uniform, but had removed the helmet and set it on a table next to her in the infirmary.

She had been examining the torso of the Vorthsoth soldier the Shadow Ranger provided her, and she was sure she found something useful.

It was Dr. Rheas who had come to assist her, looking over at Asia's discovery. "What is it?"

"I think the Xybrians needed to destroy Gary because they didn't want the one weakness these things have to get exposed. They're susceptible to cold. Cold weather slows down their ability to regenerate, making it impossible to reform after a limb has been severed," she explained.

"What temperature does it have to be?"

"I'm not sure yet. Computer, can you erect a level one force field around exam table three and lower the temperature by 50 degrees?" she called out.

"Working." the force field went up, and they watched as it seemed to get colder and colder inside the field. *"Temperature reached."*

"How old is it exactly?"

"23 degrees celsius."

"Its not working," Dr. Rheas pointed out.

"Computer, drop temperature to 50 below zero," Asia said.

"Working," there was a pause, and ice began to build up on the torso. The Vorhsoth even started to howl in discomfort. *"Temperature reached."*

"Now, only one way to know for sure. Computer, disengaged the force field for exactly five seconds and re-engage on my mark," she said.

"Standing by."

Asia reached for her sword, preparing herself. "Now!" she said.

The force field dropped, and Asia swung as hard as she could, severing the creature's head from its torso. As soon as she was done, the force field reactivated.

“Well would you look at that?” Dr. Rheas said, sounding impressed.

“It isn’t regenerating. It’s too cold. We can freeze these things,” she said.

“But that’s just one problem. How do we handle the ships in orbit and the rifts they are coming through?” she asked.

“One problem at a time. If we can raise the dome over SPD, we can drop the temp and stop these things on the ground. That will be a major thorn out of our sides,” she said.

“And I think I can rig up an ice cannon of some kind, but nothing that will help with something the size of a ship,” Dr. Rheas mentioned.

“Let’s get to work. This is going to turn the tide in this war,” Asia said proudly.