

Monday
August 21st, 2028
14:47 hours (PST)

Commander Schuyler Tate stood facing the picture window in his office, admiring the view of New Tech City. The view from the 37th floor of the Delta Base was, in his opinion, impressive. It amazed him just how far the city had come in such a short time. It seemed like lifetimes ago that he and the rest of the SPD rangers defended the city against Emperor Grumm and his armada, but it was that moment that reignited the peace that New Tech City had enjoyed for so many years. Along with the other rangers, Emperor Grumm's defeat was very public, and every terrestrial and non-terrestrial resident of the city banded together in support of Space Patrol Delta. It was the proudest moment of his life.

Or at least *one* of the proudest...

"*Commander, your wife is here to see you,*" a voice, emanating from the com panel on his desk, echoed through the office. He turned his attention away from the window, taking a few steps over to his desk and pressing the button on the com.

"Send her in, Gabbi," he said calmly.

As he pressed the button, he couldn't help but notice the picture of himself and his father on the desk. It was taken by his mother years ago, and he'd carried that picture with him his entire life. It was what inspired him to want to be the red ranger. Even at a young age, seeing his father protect the city as the leader of the power rangers motivated him to want to follow in his footsteps, to make him proud. Not only had he accomplished his goals, he had surpassed them. After his ranger team was victorious and the red ranger of the time, Jack Landers, retired, Schuyler was promoted to red ranger, a job he held with distinction and pride. Not too long after, their commanding officer, Anubis Cruger was promoted, and Schuyler was next in line for the position. He now served as Commander for the entire station, overseeing the day to day operations of not only SPD, but new cadets that entered the academy with hopes and dreams of one day becoming power rangers.

A quick glance in the mirror reminded him just how long ago that picture of he and his father was taken. Years had passed, and even without the full beard with subtle hints of gray, Schuyler could see the passage of time in his eyes. He was older, tired, *seasoned*, as his wife would say. He recalled seeing the same look of frustration and exhaustion on Commander Cruger's face when he started at SPD, and now, after running the station himself, Schuyler completely understood why Cruger's temper was on such a short fuse.

The doors to his office opened and his wife walked in. Well, waddled. Just as time had caught up with him, making it obvious that he'd seen a lot of battles in his time, his wife was just

the opposite. While she served by his side as the pink ranger, time had been much kinder to his wife. In fact, she appeared to be just as beautiful as she did back then. At least to him. The only difference he could see was that now, she was several months along with their first child, and there seemed to be a glow that surrounded her. It suited her, he thought.

“Whats with the resting grumpy face?” she asked as she hurried over to him, wrapping her arms around him. He always did his best not to hug her too tightly, not wanting to put too much pressure on her stomach. She stood on her tip toes long enough to kiss him with a quick peck before walking behind his desk, sitting in his chair.

“What do you mean?”

“Are you practicing your Admiral Cruger face for the new cadets that start today?” she replied.

“No, I just...” he paused. “I do have a meeting scheduled for 1500 with a couple cadets, but...” he was cut short.

“There's no need to be so hard on this new batch of cadets, honey. Grumm is gone. The Troobian Empire is gone. There hasn't been a serious threat to New Tech City since we defeated his armies years ago. Maybe it's time to ease up a little,” she suggested.

His posture stiffened. “I can't ease up on them, *Sydney*. Just because there is no threat now doesn't mean...” he was interrupted again.

“Blah blah blah... it's the same speech from you every year. I know, you want to be ready for the unexpected. And you will be. You don't have to stress yourself out to do it, and you don't have to do it alone. Sky, the staff we have here have done an excellent job of training cadets. If something does happen, everyone will be ready,” Syd assured him as she kicked her feet up onto his desk, crossing them as she leaned back in his chair.

“Could you not...” he started to say, motioning for her to put her feet down.

“Are you really telling your wife, who is carrying your unborn child inside of her not to sit as comfortably as she can?”

He sighed. “No, of course not.”

“Good.”

“*Commander. Your 1500 is here,*” a voice came from the com panel.

Schuyler tilted his head slightly, staring down at Syd. “The cadets are here. As the commander of this station, I have to...” he was cut short.

"I know, I know. You have to project a level of authority and command. I get it," she sighed, taking her feet down.

"Thank you," he pressed the button on his com panel. "Send them in, Gabbi."

The doors slid open as the two cadets stepped into the office. As tradition dictated, each of them wore the standard cadet uniform which was primarily black, gray and white, devoid of any specific color. Colors were withheld until an assessment was done and determined which color, if any, a cadet would receive. It wasn't as though there were morphers that could be assigned to every cadet in every squad, so morphers and colors had to be reserved for the best of the best.

At first glance, the two cadets appeared to be related to one another. The girl, on the left, was noticeably shorter, but had long, dark brown hair that extended over her shoulders. The boy, who had to be at least half a foot taller, had a much shorter haircut.

They stepped in, stopping several feet away from Schuyler's desk, then stood up straight and saluted him.

"Cadets Enrile and Carson reporting as ordered, sir," the boy said, speaking for the two of them.

"I'll leave you to it, honey," Syd said as she stood up. She kissed Schuyler on the cheek, then waddled out of his office.

"At ease, cadets," Schuyler said firmly as he sat down behind his desk, picking up a small electronic tablet and began to go over the information. He stared down at the pad, then back at the cadets, then back at the pad again.

The two cadets relaxed themselves a little, but not nearly as much as they could have, Schuyler noticed immediately.

"It says here that the two of you are identical twins," he mentioned, expecting one of them to elaborate on it further.

"Yes, sir," the girl said.

"No, sir," the boy answered.

"Well, which one is it?"

"Both," they said in unison.

"Alright, one of you explain to me how this works."

"We are identical twins, sir. I was born two minutes earlier than her," the boy pointed out.

"Ah, I see. So you're the oldest."

"No, sir."

Schuyler paused. "Wha... how does..."

"If I may, sir," the girl said, taking a step forward. "My brother was born on a leap year. February 29th with only a few minutes before midnight. I was born right after, but it was after midnight, so technically I was born on March 1st," she explained.

"But he was still born before you, he is the oldest," Schuyler mentioned.

"My birthday only comes around once every four years. So while I was born first, I am technically only five years old, sir," the boy told him.

"And you are..." Schuyler started, turning to the girl.

"I am twenty years old, sir."

Schuyler leaned back in chair, letting out a sigh. "Very well, cadets," he turned back to the pad. "I also see her that you have two different last names. Can you shed some light on that?"

"I to..." he was immediately interrupted.

"The short version," Schuyler insisted.

"Very well, sir. I took my father's last name while my sister kept my mother's last name. They were not married at the time," he said.

"We were given the option, but I chose not to change my name once they were married," the girl told him.

"I see," there was a slight pause. "It says here your mother was Alyssa Enrile, the white Wild Force ranger back before the Interplanetary treaties were signed. And your father is..." what he read was enough to make Schuyler sit up straight in his chair. "Your father is Bridge Carson? How is that possible?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean how is Bridge Carson your parents? I served with him, and I am only a few years older than he is. How could he manage to have children in 2008?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I don't understand the question, sir. I don't have any information on the details of how my parents met and we were born, but I assure you, we are telling the truth," he said.

Schuyler stood up. "State your name, for the record, cadet," he said firmly. The tone in his voice and the overall atmosphere in the office had changed completely.

"Cadet Nathaniel Carson, sir," he said proudly.

Schuyler reached in his desk, pulling out a small device.

"Do you know what this is?"

Again, it was the girl who stepped forward. "It is a judgment scanner, sir. It monitors body temperature, pulse and electrical impulses, then renders a verdict. They are said to be 100% accurate every time," she said.

"That's right," Schuyler stood up. "And you're telling me that Bridge Carson is your father?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Nathaniel said confidently.

Schuyler pushed a button on the device, and a small flap dropped open, revealing a bright white light. The device began to beep, then more intently, but then abruptly stopped. Schuyler turned it around, getting a good look at the results.

"You're telling the truth," he said, almost unsure if he could accept the verdict.

"Yes, sir."

Schuyler turned to the girl. "State your name, for the record," he said stiffly.

"Cadet Estella Enrile, sir," she said, standing up straight. "But you can call me Ella," she said playfully.

Schuyler pointed the device at her, and again, the bright white light and beeping began, only to abruptly stop. He took a minute to read over the results, amazed at what he saw.

"You will have to forgive me, cadets. In SPD, we deal with a lot of things that are out of the ordinary. When two cadets come into my office with a story as... unique as yours, steps have to be taken to verify that story," Schuyler told them.

“Yes, sir,” they said in unison.

“Seems like I need to have a talk with Bridge when he gets back,” Schuyler sat back down. “Welcome to Space Patrol Delta, cadets. Don’t expect any special treatment because your parents were legendary power rangers. In fact, I will push you even harder than the others,” he informed them.

Ella raised her hand, slightly, and Schuyler acknowledged her. “Wouldn’t pusher us harder be considered special treatment?” she asked.

“I just meant...”

“We aren’t looking for any special treatment, sir. We only want to be given a chance to show what we can do, and to learn so that we can become power rangers,” Nathaniel mentioned.

“What color did you have in mind?”

Both Ella and Nathaniel perked up a little at the mere mention of the question.

“I thought I’d look good in pink, sir,” Ella brought up.

Schuyler turned to Nathaniel. “And you?”

“Black. Is black an option? Or purple? Maybe a dark gray, but not too dark because then it would just look like black and if there was a black ranger, people would be like ‘hey, where are there two black rangers?’ Then I’d have to stop every time and explain that I’m really gray, but it’s just really really dark,” he said.

He cracked a smile. If there was any proof that these children were fathered by Bridge Carson, it was that. Bridge had a tendency to babble on, and it was a trait that clearly had been passed down to his son.

“Heroes come in all colors, cadet. Don’t get too hung up on what color you wear. It is an honor just to serve,” he told them.

“Yes, sir,” they said in unison.

“I expect to see the two of you on the training grounds at 0700 hours tomorrow morning. But for now, settle into your living quarters. Dismissed,” he said.

“Sir!” they both said firmly, saluting him, then turning to walk out of his office.

It wasn't until the office door closed that Schuyler leaned back in his chair and let out a frustrated sigh. They were only one day into the beginning of the semester, and he was already feeling overwhelmed by it.

"What else could *possibly* happen today?" he asked out loud, turning off the tablet and tossing it down on his desk.

At that moment, the lights in the office began to flicker, there was a slight rumbling in the office. The tremors were enough to shake his desk, and the picture of his father fell to the floor, shattering the glass.

He quickly leaned down to pick it up, and as he sat up straight, he saw *her* standing in front of his desk.

She wore a SPD uniform, but it was different. It was predominately white with dark trim, and her hair was completely covering her face. She quickly pushed the hair away from her eyes, and as the trembling stopped, the white and silver portal that shimmered behind her dissipated.

"What the..."

"My name is Serenity. I have a warning for you, from the future," she told him.